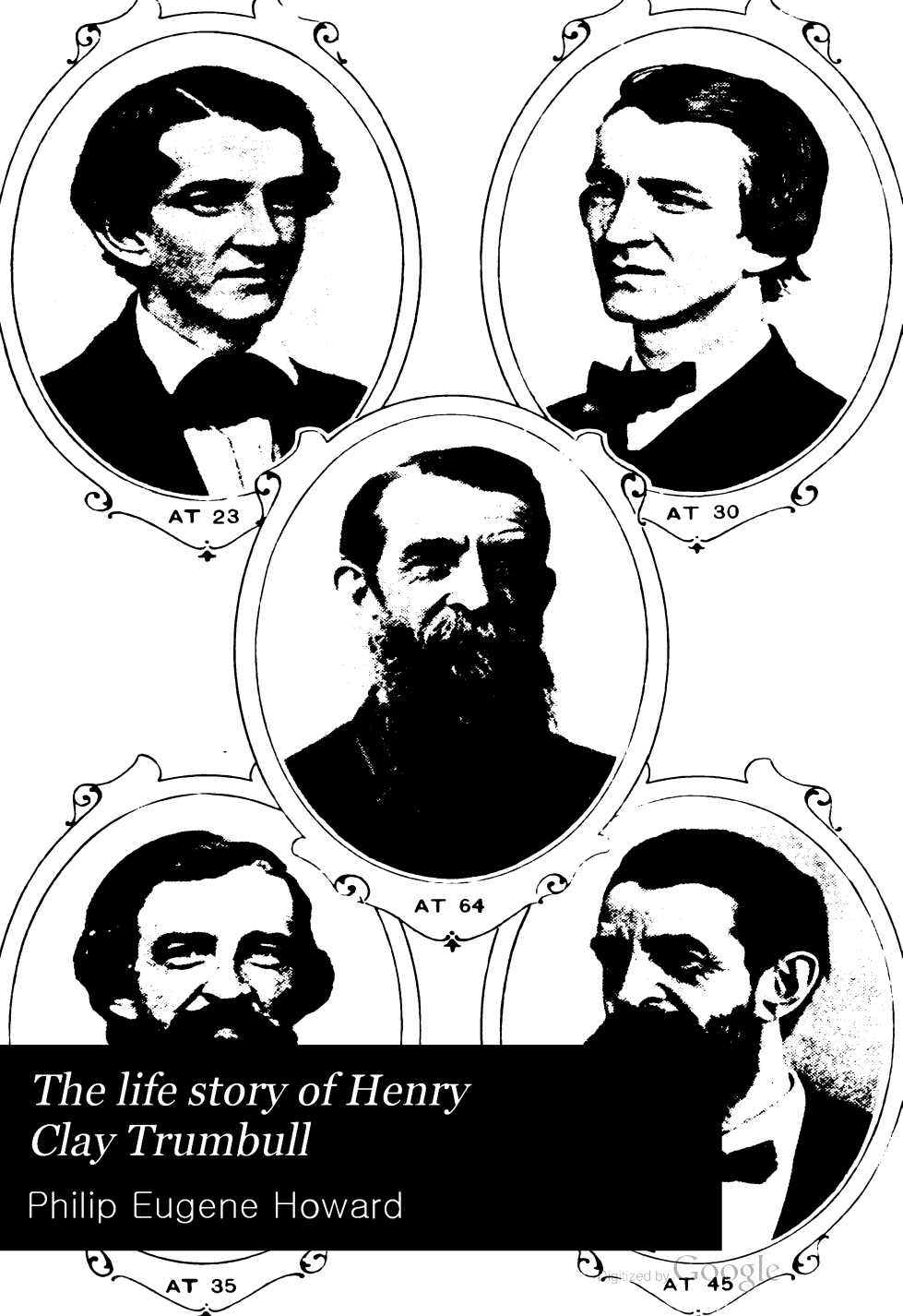


# *The life story of Henry Clay Trumbull*

Philip Eugene Howard

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# *The Life Story of Henry Clay Trumbull*

Missionary, Army Chaplain,
Editor, and Author

BY PHILIP E. HOWARD

With an Introduction by
Charles Gallaudet Trumbull

NEW YORK
THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS
1906

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# INTRODUCTION

WHAT the world at large could not know of Henry Clay Trumbull, and what no man can tell of himself, this book reveals. As editor, writer, explorer, expositor, chaplain, missionary, the world has known him; now it may know him as something better than all these. More than one who had known Dr. Trumbull at a distance, through a single branch of his varied and multiplied achievements, and who later came to know him face to face, was surprised at finding him not the man they had expected. But no man, woman, or child, was ever heard to express disappointment in what the real Henry Clay Trumbull was found to be. And it is in all confidence in the subject of this biography, and in the work which the biographer has done, that the conviction is here expressed that no man can read the pages of this life story and be disappointed.

The secret of this sweeping confidence becomes increasingly apparent as one reads this book. The master passion of Henry Clay Trumbull's life was friendship for individuals. The coming of an individual across his horizon seemed to be an instant challenge to his love. There was only one way he knew, to meet that challenge; and that was to find out, in the shortest possible time, how he could in some way lovingly serve this new life that God had brought across his path. It



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was an instinctive recognizing, long before he knew anything about the primitive East, of the sacred and primal obligations of hospitality. There was no such thing, in his life, as an "accidental meeting." As the strangers seen from the door of the tent of Abraham were welcomed as visitors from God before Abraham knew that they were indeed heavenly messengers, so the stranger, or the acquaintance, or the friend, or the relative, who came to the tent-door of Trumbull's life, was not allowed to depart until some loving service had been rendered by this self-constituted host. And people are not likely to be disappointed in a man who meets them always more than half-way in eager desire to serve.

So it was that the phrase "passion for souls" had little place in this man's life except as it meant loving interest in one soul at a time. Dr. Trumbull never looked at things or at people collectively. If he swayed audiences of thousands as a public speaker, it was because he was speaking with the needs of one in the audience primarily in mind. If an editorial from his pen brought a message from God straight to the hearts of a hundred thousand readers, it was because he was writing to help one soul who needed help. His individual leading of souls to Christ was only a single manifestation of this overmastering, selfless love for individuals which dominated his life. He was no less interested, but rather more, in an individual, after that one had been brought to Christ. And whether one was within or without the Christian faith, Gentile or Jew, Roman Catholic or Muhammadan, it mattered not, if in any way he could serve that one.

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So completely has the personality of the biographer been eliminated from these pages that it is only fair to the public that there should be a word in this introduction about him. Philip E. Howard married one of Dr. Trumbull's daughters in 1891, the year of his graduation from the University of Pennsylvania. He had been pursuing his college course with the intention of entering the ministry. But the death of Mrs. Trumbull that summer, and the rapidly failing health of John D. Wattles, Dr. Trumbull's son-in-law and partner and the business head of The Sunday School Times, led Dr. Trumbull to urge upon Mr. Howard, as a call from God, his associating himself with The Sunday School Times. Mr. Howard accepted this call as God's plan for his ministry. Upon Mr. Wattles' death, in 1893, Mr. Howard was made publisher of the paper, and upon Dr. Trumbull's death in 1903 he was elected President of The Sunday School Times Company.

Thus Mr. Howard was a member of Dr. Trumbull's family, and his intimate business associate and partner, during the last twelve years of the older man's life. Only one who was in this way an integral part of Dr. Trumbull's daily business and home-life, and who was in absolute oneness with him in his exceptional standards and principles of life and conduct, could have interpreted that life to the world as the biographer has done.

CHARLES GALLAUDET TRUMBULL.

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

In addition to those who are specifically quoted in this volume, there are many others to whom the author owes a like debt of gratitude. Mr. J. Henry Lea's "Contribution to a Trumbull Genealogy" furnishes facts not generally known even to students of that theme; Judge Richard A. Wheeler's "History of the Town of Stonington" is indispensable to one who would have any true conception of that historic borough as it was a half century ago and earlier. And no one can trace at all the magnificent pioneer and nurturing work of the American Sunday School Union apart from the close and thorough researches of the editor of the Union publications, the Rev. Dr. Edwin W. Rice, whose aid and whose courtesy the author desires to acknowledge with hearty appreciation.

Moreover, such books as Walker's "History of the First Church in Hartford;" Lawrence's "The Life of Joel Hawes, D.D.;" the "Autobiography of Charles G. Finney;" B. Paxson Drury's "A Fruitful Life,"—the story of Stephen Paxson's life-work; "Sunday-School Movements in America," by Marianna C. Brown, and other books of similar usefulness, have furnished valued information, or have proved suggestive in a further search for facts.

To Mr. Julius G. Rathbun of Hartford the author's indebtedness is gratefully acknowledged, for many facts about the Morgan Street Mission; to Mr. Albert C.



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Bates, librarian of the Connecticut Historical Society, and to Mr. Frank B. Gay, librarian of the Watkinson Library, for access to facts not readily obtainable, and in particular for copies of "Lux Mundi," Henry Clay Trumbull's first editorial charge; to Mrs. Annie Trumbull Slosson for reminiscences of her brother's childhood; to Mr. Leroy Bliss Peckham, who is the traveler mentioned on page 463; to the Rev. Dr. J. H. Sawyer, principal of Williston Seminary, and to Miss Lucy Rodman, for aid in securing facts about his school life; to Miss Annie Eliot Trumbull, to President Edward M. Gallaudet, and to other members and relatives of the Trumbull family for notes upon his characteristics. The main sources of material for the life-story are found in a voluminous correspondence of fifty years and more; in Dr. Trumbull's published and unpublished writings; in the files of contemporary periodicals; in diaries and miscellaneous jottings, and in the memory of a daily and intimate discipleship.

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## CHRONOLOGY

Born, at Stonington, Connecticut . . . . . June 8, 1830
At School in Stonington Academy . . . . . August 1, 1839
Attending Williston Seminary . . . . . 1844
Clerk in bank and railroad office . . . . . 1849
Removed to Hartford . . . . . September, 1851
Brought to Christ by a friend's letter . . . February 21, 1852
Elected Superintendent Morgan St. Mission . . April 18, 1852
United with First Congregational Church,
Hartford . . . . . June 6, 1852
Married Alice Cogswell Gallaudet . . . . . May 23, 1854
Partner in drug business . . . . . February 1, 1856
Joined Fremont Club . . . . . July 16, 1856
First Sunday-school convention address . . . April 28, 1857
Member State Republican Committee . . . . . 1858
Offered appointment by Gov. Buckingham . . April 10, 1858
Entered wool business . . . . . 1858
Entered Sunday-school field work . . . . September 1, 1858
Ordained as Chaplain . . . . . September 10, 1862
Taken prisoner on Morris Island . . . . . July 19, 1863
Released from prison . . . . . November, 1863
Death of his friend, Henry Ward Camp . . October 13, 1864
Mustered out of army service . . . . . August 25, 1865
Appointed Secretary for New England Department of American Sunday School Union . October, 1865
Degree of M. A. from Yale . . . . . July, 1866
Appointed Normal Secretary of American Sunday School Union . . . . . October, 1871
Appointed Chairman National Sunday-school Convention Executive Committee . . . . . 1871
Became editor of The Sunday School Times September 11, 1875



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Bought The Sunday School Times . . . . . August 25, 1877
Welcomed U. S. Grant to Philadelphia . . December 18, 1879
Sailed for Europe . . . . . January, 1881
Finding Kadesh-barnea . . . . . March 30, 1881
Degree of D. D. from Lafayette . . . . . 1881
Degree of D. D. from University of the City of New York, 1882
Prayer at Grant's funeral . . . . . August 8, 1885
Chosen Chaplain-in-Chief of the Commandery-in-Chief of the Loyal Legion . . . . . October 20, 1886
Preaching at Northfield . . . . . June 30, 1888
Death of Mrs. Trumbull . . . . . August 23, 1891
Preaching at Northfield . . . . . July 3, 1892
Death of partner, John D. Wattles . . . . . March 21, 1893
Sailed for Europe . . . . . July, 1895
Prayer at dedication of Grant's mausoleum . . April 27, 1897
Entered into the new life . . . . . December 8, 1903

## BOOKS WRITTEN BY HENRY CLAY TRUMBULL

The Knightly Soldier . . . . . April 21, 1865
A Useful Life and a Fragrant Memory . . . . . 1866
Falling in Harness . . . . . 1867
The Captured Scout of the Army of the James . . . . . 1868
Children in the Temple . . . . . December 15, 1868
Review Exercises in the Sunday-school . . . . . 1873
A Model Superintendent . . . . . 1880
Kadesh-Barnea . . . . . December 1, 1883
Teaching and Teachers . . . . . September, 1884
The Blood Covenant . . . . . August 14, 1885
Yale Lectures on the Sunday-School . . . September 1, 1888
Principles and Practice:
Ourselves and Others . . . . . August 14, 1889
Aspirations and Influences . . . . . "
Seeing and Being . . . . . "
Practical Paradoxes . . . . . "
Character-Shaping and Character-Showing, "
Duty-Knowing and Duty-Doing . . . . . "

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Hints on Child Training . . . . . September 15, 1890
Friendship the Master Passion . . . . . September 15, 1891
Ten Commandments as a Covenant of Love . . . . . 1892
Two Northfield Sermons . . . . . 1892
Light on the Story of Jonah . . . . . December 30, 1891
A Lie Never Justifiable . . . . . August 14, 1893
Studies in Oriental Social Life . . . . . May 14, 1894
The Threshold Covenant . . . . . Passover Week, 1896
Prayer : Its Nature and Scope . . . . . February 25, 1896
In Tribulation . . . . . 1896
Teachers'-Meetings . . . . . 1896
Hints on Bible Study (with others) . . . . . 1898
War Memories of an Army Chaplain . . . . September, 1898
The Covenant of Salt . . . . . October, 1899
Border Lines in the Field of Doubtful Practices . April, 1899
Illustrative Answers to Prayer . . . . . June 8, 1900
Individual Work for Individuals . . . . . June 8, 1901
Old Time Student Volunteers . . . . . June 8, 1902
My Four Religious Teachers . . . . . June 8, 1903
How to Deal with Doubts and Doubters . September 11, 1903
Shoes and Rations for a Long March . . . October 23, 1903

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# THE MAN HIMSELF

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In man as man, the one unifying factor, without which man can never be at his best or do his best, is the faith factor. That which distinguishes man from all the lower orders of creation is the ability to recognize the unseen and the infinite, and to rest on the felt presence of Him who is all and in all, of the universe of his creating and controlling. In the lack of a personal faith in God as *his* God, no man can be what he ought to be, or do what he ought to do. Without this faith, a man cannot work or study in assured confidence of results ; nor can he see the past, the present, or the future, in the light in which alone all its facts and teachings are intelligible and consistent. With this faith, a man can stand, as it were, at the very center of the universe, and look out over the vast sweep of God's providences, in simple confidence that all things are working together for his good ; since his Father orders them all, and he is in loving union with God through his union by faith with Him who is one with the Father.— *Character-Shaping and Character-Showing.*

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## THE MAN HIMSELF

No one who ever met Henry Clay Trumbull in even the most casual way could fail to perceive that he was face to face with a personality of extraordinary mold. He seemed to be exactly what he was,—a delicately sensitive, perfectly adjusted, rigidly controlled piece of divinely devised mechanism, undamaged by misuse, and impelled by the soul within to a high and tense efficiency.

There could be no rust, or gloom, or fearsome forebodings, or any morbidness, where he was. His temperament was buoyant, fiery, and passionate; and yet no voice was gentler than his, no tenderness more veritable and appealing, no handclasp more reassuring. His abounding spirit of good fellowship and his instant interest in others were irresistibly magnetic, while his utter hatred of evil in any guise set him sharply over against any defense of the wrong.

He was never one to stand aloof from the sweep of events. He was nurtured as a boy in an atmosphere of achievement. As a young man he learned how to work hard and continuously, and as he came into maturity he found himself powerfully attracted by the problems of the great days in which he showed himself so thoroughly at home. His awakened interest in Christian service, his high-minded and peculiarly



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efficient devotion to political problems and their outworking, his burning zeal as a chaplain in the Federal Army, and extended observation in his own land and abroad, aroused his generous nature to a consciousness of what a man might do in meeting the needs of other men, and furnished him with a wealth of experience exceedingly rare and fruitful. To this fund of experience he never ceased to add. Even in his later years, when his memory was reviving the fulness and fascination of the old days, he had a boy's keen eye for everything new and of to-day.

Dr. Trumbull never concerned himself with the discussion of anything that did not seem to him fundamental. His mind sought centers and foundations. Men who tried to draw him into argument found themselves confronted with statements of principles by which all cases must be tested. His constant search in ethics was for principles, and he carried the same thirst for inner truth into every phase of his varied life-work.

Thorough as he was in everything he did, quick to see a full truth long before most men had caught a glimmer of it, he was ever learning, rising to higher levels of ideals and purposes. His love of truth was the touchstone of his character. At any cost he must know. No labor was too great, no amount of time too precious, for the tracking down and the working out of what he wished to see or to make clear to others. He was wholly untrammeled by what any one else had thought or asserted. Always welcoming light from those whose character and views he respected, he nevertheless made his own conclusions,

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and stated them with directness and conviction, without regard to the minor question of their acceptance by others.

All this was peculiarly evident in his later life whenever he dealt with a Bible teaching. He had gained the Oriental viewpoint. He was not a literalist, but an interpreter of the letter, perceiving with Bushnell that the Gospel is a "gift to the imagination," in its inspired setting forth of truth. This attitude enabled him to get at the very heart of the Scriptures, and to understand much that was not clear to the purely Occidental mind. And because his interpretations sprang from the Book itself and from his vivid knowledge of Oriental habits of thought, he never ceased to throw light upon the tangled way of biblical interpretation.

To him the Bible was no book of rules, but a book of divinely revealed principles. From that viewpoint he taught that one must not look to the Scriptures for categorical answers to every problem of life and character, but for something far higher,—the eternal, unchanging principles by which all thought and conduct must be tested.

Unlike many other versatile men, Henry Clay Trumbull was a master in whatever field he made his own, for each work that he took upon himself was at the moment the supreme work, his life-work. What he had done hitherto was nothing. The work of now was everything, and the thought that there was so much more to do spurred him on into an intellectual and spiritual productivity that brooked no waste of strength or time.

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To trace the growth of a singularly strong and lofty character, to mark the unfolding of divine purpose in a marvelously varied human life, to walk through shadow and sunshine with one in whom friendship was the master-passion, to find how a God-led man did the impossible, and how, resting only "between heart-beats," he toiled that men might see the truth, —that is the purpose of this story of a man with an iron will to do only his Master's will, and with the joyous, trusting spirit of a little child.

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# HIS FAMILY

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And as to your family, my young friend, if you are doing more nobly than your grandfather did, you may well rejoice that he lived an honored life; but it were better for you to have been a Bushman of South Africa, and improved all your privileges and opportunities, than to belong to one of the best old families of Massachusetts or Virginia, and not make a gain on its record. The question is, not whether you are proud of your grandfather, but whether your grandfather would be proud of you.—*Our Duty of Making the Past a Success, a sermon preached in the Northfield Students' Conference, July 3, 1892.*

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# CHAPTER I

## HIS FAMILY

For the Trumbull origin one must look to the Scottish border country, and the romantic days of King Robert Bruce in the dawn of the fourteenth century. It is of no small significance that the Trumbull, or Turnbull, clan should have had its beginning in a daring deed of service, a heritage of *noblesse oblige* held in honor by all who bear the name then earned.

It was in the forest near Stirling that the first of the clan found his opportunity, when he, a strong-armed hunter, saved the life of none other than Robert Bruce himself.

"Between red ezlarbanks, that frightful scowl,
Fringed with grey hazel, roars the mining Roull;
Where Turnbulls once, a race no power could awe,
Lined the rough skirts of stormy Rubieslaw.
Bold was the chief from whom their line they drew,
Whose nervous arm the furious bison slew,
The bison, fiercest race of Scotia's breed,
Whose bounding course outstripped the red deer's speed,
By hunters chafed, encircled on the plain,
He frowning shook his yellow lion maine,
Spurned with black hoof in bursting rage the ground,
And fiercely toss'd his moony horns around.
On Scotia's lord he rush'd with lightning speed,
Bent his strong neck to toss the startled steed;
His arms robust the hardy hunter flung



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Around his bending horns, and upward wrung,
With writhing force his neck retorted round,
And roll'd the panting monster on the ground,
Crush'd with enormous strength his bony skull;
And courtiers hailed the man who *turned the bull.*"

This deed was honored by the king in a grant of land and in the knighting of his rescuer with the surname of Turnbull. In the border warfare of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the clan Turnbull, too powerful to please the kings of Scotland, and suffering from a feud with another clan, became broken and scattered, and their descendants were found in parts of Scotland, in England, and then in the new world on this side the sea.

Henry Clay Trumbull was born in Stonington, Connecticut, on June 8, 1830. His father was Gurdon Trumbull, a son of John Trumbull of Norwich Town, Connecticut, whose earliest American progenitor was John Trumbull of Charlestown, Massachusetts, a master mariner who came to America from his English home about 1636. His mother was Sarah Ann Swan, a descendant of William Chesebrough and of Walter Palmer, the earliest settlers of Stonington, and also of Captain George Denison and Thomas Stanton, the former a noted Indian fighter, and the latter an interpreter in all dealings of the colonists with the powerful Pequot tribe, whose lands once included the ground upon which Stonington stands. From Walter Palmer General Grant was a direct descendant.

It has been supposed by many outside the family that Henry Clay Trumbull was a descendant of Jonathan Trumbull, the war Governor of Connecticut in

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Revolutionary days, friend and adviser of Washington, the "Brother Jonathan" of our American vernacular. Such, however, is not the case, although the famous war Governor and the Trumbulls of Norwich are apparently of the same clan. No complete genealogy of the Trumbull family has ever been prepared, notwithstanding the conspicuous part that so many members of that family have had in American life.

John Trumbull of Norwich edited and published the Norwich Packet. After his death, in 1802, his wife, with four of her sons,—Samuel, Henry, Gurdon, and John F.,—carried on the newspaper. As early as October 2, 1798, Samuel Trumbull issued in Stonington the first number of The Journal and Times, whose motto was:

> "Pliant as reeds where streams of freedom glide;
> Firm as the hills to stem oppression's tide."

When the Norwich Trumbulls removed to Stonington, they came into a community where historic associations with colonial struggles were peculiarly vivid. And they were to have no small part in the making of local history, which, in its pioneer and representative aspects, had its bearings on the history of the nation.

Stonington is so situated that its very location gave it prominence among towns of the early days. It is close to the ocean end of Long Island Sound. It offers a good harbor and anchorage for vessels of every sort, and in both the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, it was a favorite port for privateers. On August 30, 1775, Commodore James Wallace, in

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the British Frigate Rose, led an attack on the village. He bombarded the town, which was defended with old Queen Anne muskets; and after having been repulsed by the villagers, among whom only one man was wounded, he remained near that bristling coast a week and finally sailed away.

Again, in 1814, an attack was made by a fleet under Commodore T. M. Hardy, in whose arms Lord Nelson died. With two eighteen-pounders and two six-pounders, the New England men drove off the fleet with no loss among themselves. Gurdon Trumbull shared in this famous defense, fired the first gun from the shore, and was the bearer of a flag to the commander of the fleet on behalf of the civil authorities of the town, in declining to accede to a demand from the attacking force. Mr. Trumbull told his son Henry that Hardy, during the conference on his ship, pointed to a lounge or settee in the cabin, a relic of his old ship Victory, saying: "It may interest you, gentlemen, to know that on that couch Lord Nelson lay in his death, after I had given him my parting embrace."

Gurdon Trumbull was a self-educated man. He had worked as a young man in his father's newspaper office. In his odd moments, and far into the night, he made good use of every book that might give him a wide outlook on the world. Thus he became conversant with the great English classics; thus he gained a thorough knowledge of Latin and French, even without knowing how to pronounce the words of these languages. He had no formal schooling after he was eleven years old, but he read so widely

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and studied so assiduously that he was known to all as a man of culture and fine mental attainments.

Mr. Trumbull saw that those about him often needed legal advice. Accordingly he read law, and for years drew up the legal papers of the Stonington folk, settled their disputes, gave counsel as it was needed, and always these services were rendered without pay. He was a member of the state House of Representatives, member of the state Senate, and commissioner of the School Fund, a position of much responsibility and honor. He was interested with his brother John F. in whaling and sealing, in those days the chief occupation of the Stonington inhabitants.

Gurdon Trumbull was one of the incorporators and directors of the first railroad in Stonington, incorporated in 1832, as the New York and Stonington Railroad Company, and, indeed, one of the earliest railroads in this country. He was appointed postmaster by John Quincy Adams, and he was chosen by the United States Government to oversee the building of the breakwater at Stonington. He was one of the incorporators of the Stonington Savings Bank, chartered in 1850, and a member of the first Board of Directors of the Ocean Bank, now the First National, in 1851.

And what Gurdon Trumbull was at his best in these varied fields of service, he was in his own home,—clear-headed, incisive, honored, trusted, and loved. That home must have been an incentive to the younger generation. It explains many a characteristic of the Trumbulls of our own day, and the picture of the life within that household is typical of the best American home life of the period.

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There were generally nine at the table. Mrs. Trumbull had the rare faculty of entering heartily and sympathetically into the work and thought of others, while the father was ever on the alert to interest and stimulate his children to careful thinking. He was wont to bring about a discussion by seeming to take the obviously wrong side. Sweeping generalities were challenged, opinions uttered were not allowed to stand without stated reasons, and then the reasons themselves came in for their share of the attack.

For example, Mr. Trumbull would strive to establish the saying of the French cynic Rochefoucauld, that no misfortune can happen to another that does not bring some kind of pleasure to oneself. Then the sparks would fly, until the gentle mother would cry protestingly, "Father, you have them all confused!" "That's just what I want!" would be the quick and smiling reply; and the young people, with sharpened wits, would have had another lesson of the sort that helped to make every one of these Trumbull children, as they grew to maturity, keen-eyed for truth, and by no means easy to overcome in an argument. Gurdon Trumbull made his children think; his wife met them in their studies and interests at the very point where zest may fail unless a sympathetic, understanding helper is ready to give encouragement. Under such training the natural abilities of the young Trumbulls were developed to a high degree.

James Hammond Trumbull very early showed his aptitude for scholarly pursuits. In 1842–3, when he was twenty-one years old, he assisted the Rev. James H. Linsley in preparing lists of the mammalia, reptiles,

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fishes, and shells of Connecticut. In 1847–52, and in 1858–61, he was assistant secretary of state, and secretary in 1861–64, and he had been state librarian in 1854. In 1863, he was chosen president of the Connecticut Historical Society, having been its corresponding secretary for the preceding fourteen years. He was the librarian of the Watkinson Free Library of Hartford from 1863 to 1897. In 1874–5, he was president of the American Philological Association, and was for years a member of numerous other learned bodies. Perhaps that for which he was most noted was his study and mastery of Indian languages in North America. He was known as the only American scholar in these modern days who could read John Eliot's Indian Bible. His daughter, Annie Eliot, is widely known as an essayist, literary critic, and writer of fiction.

In 1897, shortly after the death of James Hammond Trumbull, his friend and neighbor, "Mark Twain," said of him in The Century Magazine:

"He was probably the richest man in America in the matter of knowledge,—knowledge of all values, from copper up to government bonds. . . . He spent his riches in a princely way upon any that needed and applied. . . .

"Years ago, as I have been told, a widowed descendant of the Audubon family, in desperate need, sold a perfect copy of Audubon's 'Birds' to a commercially-minded scholar in America for a hundred dollars. The book was worth a thousand in the market. The scholar complimented himself upon his shrewd stroke of business. That was not Ham-

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mond Trumbull's style. After the war a lady in the far south wrote him that among the wreckage of her better days she had a book which some one had told her was worth a hundred dollars, and had advised her to offer it to him; she added that she was very poor, and that if he would buy it at that price, it would be a great favor to her. It was Eliot's Indian Bible. Trumbull answered that if it was a perfect copy it had an established market value, like a gold coin, and was worth a thousand dollars; that if she would send it to him he would examine it, and if it proved to be perfect he would sell it to the British Museum and forward the money to her. It did prove to be perfect, and she got her thousand dollars without delay, and intact."

Mary Trumbull studied in Stonington and in Bradford Academy, Massachusetts. She married William C. Prime, a prominent lawyer, then of Williamsburg, New York, who became the editor and one of the owners of the New York Journal of Commerce, president of the Associated Press, and a widely-known writer on art, on nature, and on Oriental travels. The Primes traveled extensively, and through Mrs. Prime's interest in pottery and porcelain they made a collection of representative specimens from all parts of the world. By their generous gift this became the Trumbull-Prime Museum at Princeton, Dr. Prime's alma mater.

Charles Edward Trumbull studied in Stonington, and entered Williams College, where he gained distinction as an orator. On the evening of August 17, 1852, when he was nineteen years old, and a sopho-

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more, he delivered a prize oration in an oratorical contest, speaking on Henry Clay, who had just died. At the close of the contest, the orator of the evening, Wendell Phillips, delivered an oration before the Adelphic Union Society, in which he took occasion to praise Trumbull's oration, even though he did not agree with the young speaker's attitude towards Clay.

To gratify his parents' wishes, Charles left Williams and went to Yale. He was not well. His parents desired to have him nearer home. At Yale he won fresh laurels as an orator throughout his course, and delivered a commencement oration on "The Graves of the Regicides." Horace Bushnell, who heard the address, said to Henry Trumbull the next day, "That was the best college exercise to which I have ever listened." And in recent years Dr. Trumbull repeatedly heard old Yale men speak of that oration, delivered by a boy who died when he was in his twenty-fourth year. Charles had purposed to study for the ministry, but his health suddenly gave way, and he died in Magnolia, Florida, on March 17, 1856.

Thomas Swan Trumbull was a graduate of the Harvard Law School, practised law in New York in the office of William C. Prime, and when the Civil War came, enlisted in the first three years' regiment from Connecticut, the First Connecticut Regiment of Heavy Artillery. He was commissioned as adjutant, then as major, and was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel. He was Chief of Artillery on the staff of two army corps commanders, and at one time had charge of all the artillery before Richmond and Petersburg. He

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died in Washington on March 30, 1865, while on court-martial duty, worn out in army service.

Annie Trumbull married Edward Slosson of New York City, a prominent lawyer. As an author of New England stories she has disclosed as no one else has the dreamer and the obscure seer in that fascinating country, in such books as "Fishin' Jimmy," "Seven Dreamers," and "Aunt Abby's Neighbors." Among scientists Mrs. Slosson is recognized as an authority on entomology. Two genera of insects have been named for her, and her collection of moths and butterflies is noted for its numerous rare specimens.

Gurdon Trumbull, the youngest of the children who grew to maturity, became the foremost fish painter in America. Then he interested himself in ornithology, and his book, "Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners," is an authority on that subject. He died only twenty days after his brother Henry, on December 28, 1903.

Each child of Gurdon and Sarah Trumbull who did not die in childhood or youth became a specialist of note in one field or another, and each was the product of a home life and a neighborhood environment that were uncommonly stimulating and broadening. In such a center of home life, in such close touch with local and larger affairs, the younger generation was brought into formative contact with a wonderfully varied life, and had visions of a wide horizon of usefulness.

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# HEROES OF THE STONINGTON DAYS

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Impassable barriers ought not to be a real hindrance to one's progress in the line of duty. If a man has anything to do that he ought to do, he should do it, whether he can do it or not. The fact that a thing cannot be done that must be done, is only an added reason for its doing. —*An editorial paragraph.*

Every truest follower of Christ and every exceptionally earnest servant of God to-day has before his mind some human ideal, or ideals, as his incentive and as his cheer in his daily strivings God-ward. He would never have known the beauty and the nobleness of an absolutely unselfish affection, of a simple fidelity to duty in all things, of an unswerving consistency of uprightness in conduct, of tender considerateness in word and manner toward others, of heroic bearing and doing in emergencies, if he had never seen one of those traits of character attractively illustrated in fact or in story.—*Aspirations and Influences.*

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## CHAPTER II

### HEROES OF THE STONINGTON DAYS

Along the New England coast, by reason of its age-long buffetings from the sea, ragged tumbles of surf-worn rock sturdily contest the shore-line with the ocean. But peaceful, sandy beaches temper the bravado of the granite line of battle; coves and quiet harbors gather and release the full and silent tides where troublous seas can never enter.

If you stand far out on the Point in the twilight of a November day, with a whirl of sleet about you, and the gray sea beyond Watch Hill racing into Fisher's Island Sound with the spindrift flying, you are indeed in Stonington. But the Point is narrow where you stand. On the right, within the breakwater, there is harbor; behind you are the houses of the village; to the left you catch a glimpse of Watch Hill in the mist. The dim outline of Fisher's Island looms across the Sound, and you are alone with the easterly gale on a jutting, brawny arm of the southern New England shore, thrust out into the gray of the inland water, with tumult overhead, and under the lee of the Point a quiet anchorage.

But Stonington was exceptional among New England towns in its contact with the busy world. Its whaling and sealing fleets were found at the ends of



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the earth. It was the terminus and junction of railroad and steamboat traffic between eastern New England and the rest of the country. Consequently life in Stonington was by no means narrow or dull. Historical interest drew many prominent visitors to the famous little seaport, bringing vividly to mind notable events and achievements in the persons of men who had actively shared in them.

When Henry was about three years old he was lifted in his mother's arms to see President Andrew Jackson and Vice-President Martin Van Buren passing on their way to the spot on which the Stonington men were stationed when they repelled the British fleet in 1814. In the closing year of his life Dr. Trumbull wrote: "To this day nothing that my eyes have ever seen in the way of natural scenery equals in impressiveness the sight of a great man and a true one. He is sure to excite my interest. I have seen the Alps and the Rocky Mountains, the Yosemite, Mount Sinai, the Mountains of Lebanon, Niagara Falls, the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the Mediterranean Sea, and the Sea of Galilee, but these were as nothing in my memory compared with President Jackson, my first hero, and the other heroes who have followed him in my human gaze."

Upon the occasion of President John Tyler's visit to Stonington, Gurdon Trumbull, Henry's father, was a member of the reception committee, while the boy's uncle, Dr. George E. Palmer, warden of the borough, made the address of welcome. The President was shown the old eighteen-pounders that had done such good service, and the arsenal, so dilapi-

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dated that it offered poor protection to the precious relics. Dr. Palmer suggested that the National Government should make some provision for caring for the old guns. Then President Tyler, who was known as Old Veto, said in the hearing of the wide-awake boy, then about thirteen years old, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll get Congress to vote an appropriation for that arsenal, I'll promise not to veto it!"

One Sunday afternoon Henry saw Commodore Hull, of the frigate Constitution, moving about the historic places in the village, dressed in his blue coat and trousers and buff waistcoat with gilt buttons. He saw and became acquainted with Colonel John Trumbull of Washington's staff, the artist son of that Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut to whom Washington gave the name of "Brother Jonathan." This man carried the boy's thought back to the earliest days of our united country. For John Trumbull had seen the battle of Bunker's Hill, and had known Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Roger Sherman, General Putnam, and many another man of that day when the welding and the defending of the colonies were still absorbing the best of the nation's best men.

At the railroad station, in 1848, on the great man's last journey to Washington, the boy saw John Quincy Adams. It may seem a small thing in these teeming days merely to see a man of note and power. But this was never so at any time with Henry Clay Trumbull. His interest was in men, and he never missed an opportunity to look into the face of a strong man.

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Others would do this out of sheer curiosity, he as a part of his education. How his eyes would flash as he described General Winfield Scott, who seemed to his boyish, fascinated gaze the "acme of human majesty"! How his rapid utterance would quicken as he described the pageant in New York, where he went from Stonington with his father to see the victorious General returning from the Mexican war! It was all a part of his wonderfully broad education in humankind, and throughout his life the individual was his chief study.

Henry Trumbull had a memory which even in childhood was a marvel among children's memories. Until he had passed well into adolescence he hardly knew what it was to forget anything. He could not appreciate what other boys meant when they said they had "forgotten." The books he read, or heard read, the men he met, and even their conversation, he remembered with almost photographic exactness. His chief recollections clustered about the men he had met, and the events in which these men had a part were ever vividly before him. Always his conversation sparkled with reminiscences of those days.

When he was only eight years old the story of Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, made a profound impression upon him. Burritt came of a family of Connecticut farmers. While he was an apprentice in the shop of a blacksmith he studied as he worked at the forge. In the winter evenings he read Virgil and Cicero. Then he took up Greek. Through the interest of his friend William Lincoln and the Honorable Edward Everett the public became inter-

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ested in him, and, greatly to his surprise, he was sought for as a lecturer. During the winter of 1841, he gave his lecture "Application and Genius" more than sixty times. Of that lecture Dr. Trumbull wrote:

"'*Fit, non nascitur*,' was his motto, in contradistinction to the well-known Latin proverb, '*Poeta nascitur, non fit.*' That lecture I listened to entranced while a mere boy of eleven years, in the basement lecture-room of the Stonington Congregational Church on a week-day evening. Its abiding impressions are in my mind to-day. It was a startling thought to me, young as I was, that we are to be counted the creatures of our associates and our associations; that it is not so much what is in us at the start as what is about us which must settle the question of what we are to be. That lecture, it is true, presented but a half truth, yet one well worth considering."

It was twenty years after the boy had heard Elihu Burritt to such lasting purpose that he met him in the learned man's home in New Britain, and henceforward was in frequent correspondence and close intimacy with him.

When Henry was only ten years old, Richard H. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" appeared. J. Hammond Trumbull, then a student in Yale, while at home on a vacation read aloud to his mother this wonderful story of the sea. Of course any Stonington boy would be eager to hear such a story as that, and as Henry overheard the reading he became fascinated by the book and its author. Many years later, when Mr. Dana made his famous argument for the

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continuance of the Bible in the public schools of Maine, Henry Clay Trumbull was himself becoming a factor in religious education. Then again the masterly work of Mr. Dana made its impress upon his mind, and for many years he quoted from that argument in addresses throughout the country. And, as in the case of so many other men who interested him as a boy, Mr. Trumbull came to know Mr. Dana intimately in later years.

"Peter Parley," Mr. Samuel G. Goodrich, of Connecticut, was another hero of the Stonington days. Useful knowledge was the field in which he was a pioneer writer for children, amid public criticism and ridicule. But he was read wherever English was read; and Daniel Webster, upon returning from England, said that the two living Americans best known in England were Justice Story and Peter Parley. In 1827 he began his writing for children, and in thirty years he wrote one hundred and seventy volumes. Of Mr. Goodrich, Dr. Trumbull wrote: "When I first began to read I had the help and stimulus of Peter Parley's writings. I saw his picture as the crippled old Continental, and his personality was fixed in my mind accordingly. For years he was thus my guide, philosopher, and friend. What a disappointment and shock to me it was when I was somewhat older, as I was presented to the real man as he was, in my father's sitting-room! He had just returned from Paris, where he was our United States Consul [from 1851-55]. Instead of a venerable and dilapidated old Revolutionary soldier, he was a slim and dapper gentleman of middle age in the latest cut of

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Parisian dress. What a drop from the ideal to the real!"

Among Henry's companions was a boy named James McNeill Whistler. His father, Major George Washington Whistler, a noted engineer, had a part in building the Stonington and Providence Railroad. With him was associated Major William Gibbs McNeill, whose sister Major Whistler married. Dr. George E. Palmer, an uncle of Henry Trumbull's, married another sister of Major McNeill, and so the two boys came to know each other. Major Whistler was called to Russia in 1842 to superintend the building of the railroad from Petersburg to Moscow, and the younger children were left with Mrs. Palmer during the father's absence. "At that time," writes Dr. Trumbull of young Whistler, "he exhibited none of the excessive vanity that has since excited the world's ridicule. He was an attractive boy—bright, cheerful, modest, strange as this may seem. I had practised somewhat in ordinary, very ordinary, amateur pencil drawing. 'Jamie,' who was several years younger than myself, had watched me at my work, and seemed interested in it. He was then nine years old, and I was thirteen. One day he made an offhand pencil sketch, and showed it to me. I saw at once that that was the work of genius and I praised him for it without stint. At this he seemed delighted. No admirer of Whistler in his more prominent days could believe that there was a time when he was gratified when an ordinary person gave praise to his artistic work. But that is a fact,—improbable as it may seem."

The "old corner house" in which Whistler lived,

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and in which Henry Trumbull worked for a time as a dispensary clerk, was built by Captain Amos Palmer, the fifth in descent from Walter Palmer, one of the original settlers of Stonington, from whom, as stated in the preceding chapter, General Grant and Henry Trumbull's mother were descended.

In this wonderful old house there is a picture of Whistler's father done by the artist himself. Miss Emma Palmer, daughter of Dr. Palmer, tells of young Whistler's painstaking study of the art in which he became a master. For the young artist, as Miss Palmer vividly remembers, spent many days upon the effort to paint perfectly the picture of a single drop of water,—an instance of his ever persistent and conscientious practise.

Another phase of life was brought home to Henry Trumbull with memorable distinctness and inspiring power. Adoniram Judson stopped at the Stonington railroad station for a few hours one evening on his way from Boston to Philadelphia. Henry, who was then fourteen years old, recognized him from pictures he had seen of him. Not venturing to speak to him, however, the boy hurried to summon the Rev. Dr. Albert G. Palmer, the Baptist pastor. Henry had read the story of Judson in a village library book, and he was intensely excited over the actual presence of such a man in Stonington. Dr. Palmer lost no time in reaching the station, and Henry was close at hand.

"I stood, during this interview," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "at a little distance from the two, and watched the face of the good and great man while he talked

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with his fellow-disciple of his Master and of his mission. All the while his face glowed with the light of his theme. The sight of that countenance was an inspiration and a blessing to me. I have never forgotten it. I never can forget it. In appearance Dr. Judson was tall, spare, wiry, of firmly compacted nerves. In his face were the signs of the many battles through which he had passed, and of the spirit in which he had been a victor through all; and under all, and in all, there was a spiritual uplook showing that he had endured as seeing Him who is invisible. It was the look of Michelangelo's David, with his sling across his shoulder, ready to meet the grim giant of Gath, and doubting not that he should overcome in the combat, in the name of Him for whom he stood a champion."

Nor was it alone by the vision he had of this noble missionary that Henry Trumbull received missionary impulse from those who had served in the world field. When Henry was only sixteen, Albert Bushnell, the "Patriarch of West African Missions," visited Stonington to make an address in the Congregational church. Mr. Bushnell called on Gurdon Trumbull, and during the call he expressed regret that he had no map of the Gaboon region with him to illustrate his talk. Mr. Trumbull suggested that he thought his son Henry could make such a map, and Henry gladly said he would try.

Mr. Bushnell produced a sketch of the Gaboon Mission, printed in the Missionary Herald, and wished that enlarged. Henry set to work on several large sheets of drawing paper, and in a few hours had

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an India ink sketch map measuring about three and a half by two feet, mounted on a map roller, with a cord by which it could be hung in the church.

"However it might have been about others in the audience," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "there was one boy interested in all that the missionary said about his West African field, in the meeting at the village church in my Stonington home, with the help of that map."

Gurdon Trumbull, Henry's father, in view of his natural aptitude and his position in the town, had taken a prominent part in politics. He was interested not merely in contests for local candidates for office, but he threw himself energetically into the wider battles of national elections and national policies. He had worked and voted for John Quincy Adams, and greatly admired Henry Clay. There had been four presidential candidates in 1824,—Jackson, Adams, Crawford, and Clay. When it became necessary to decide the election in the House of Representatives, Clay gave his influence and vote for Adams. When Adams was elected, and had appointed Clay his Secretary of State, Adams and Clay were the objects of severe criticism as apparently parties to a corrupt bargain. But Gurdon Trumbull had confidence in Clay and in Adams, and in 1830, when his sixth child was born, he named him after the man for whom he had so great respect and admiration. It was characteristic of Mr. Trumbull that he then said that he would never have named any son of his after a *popular* political hero.

Named, however, for a political warrior while the

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smoke of a fierce political battle still hung over the land, Henry Clay Trumbull was to find in that fact a stimulus to intense political interest throughout his life. His vision and his vote were never doubtful in any issue. In his maturity young men were wont to go to him for a clarifying of their ideas on coming elections. His judgment of men and measures was keen, and he was never confused by the wild attacks of an opposing party upon the candidates of another, or by the party picture of its own candidate with a halo poised over a head which he thought was perhaps more deserving of the noose.

This political acumen had its beginnings in his naming. It was fostered by Stonington. In the famous campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," when Martin Van Buren and William Henry Harrison were over against each other, and when in that "Log Cabin and Hard Cider" campaign popular enthusiasm was intense, the boys of Stonington did not sit on the fence. They marched in the procession. Amid excitement rarely seen now, they paraded the village streets singing the stirring songs of that campaign of songs.

When Henry Clay and James K. Polk were the presidential candidates, in 1844, one can imagine young Henry Clay Trumbull's devotion to that contest. And, as if designed to still further inspire that fiery young Whig, his father's house fronted on the village square, and the halyards of the village flag-staff led out from the observatory on the house. It was Henry's special duty to hoist Old Glory to the head of that flag-staff every morning, and to gather

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in its precious folds every night. That of itself ought to make a good American of any boy! It is truest patriotism that in our own day has set the flag flying from the public schools of our nation. When a schoolboy is permitted, as a mark of honor, to raise that flag, he is lifting his own ideals of his duty to the United States, whether he himself knows that blessed fact or not.

Another fact impressed itself upon the boy's mind in that house close to the flag. His father had put himself into the campaign for Clay. When defeat came, Gurdon Trumbull was made ill by sheer disappointment. His physical collapse was so complete that his family feared he might suffer permanently serious effects. What boy, whose father could be made ill by such a disappointment (he was after no office for himself), could fail to be impressed with the importance and burden of citizenship! Young as Henry was, it was not surprising, on the whole, that he should be led into places of early responsibility in political affairs. In 1848, when he was but eighteen years old, it was his duty to see that all the Whig voters of Stonington were at the polls in the contest between Taylor and Cass for the Presidential chair. Thus he began an active political work of which he was to do yet more as the years passed.

There was no one among all the Stonington folk of whom Dr. Trumbull used to tell with quite so much gusto as of Captain Nat Palmer. He was a master-mariner of world-wide reputation. When a mere boy of eighteen, Captain Nat, in his forty-five ton sloop,

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Hero, joined a fleet of vessels leaving Stonington for a sealing voyage to the South Shetlands. They were near Deception Island in the season of 1820-1821, when, in the distance, an active volcano was discovered. Captain Palmer went in the Hero to explore the new territory. Returning, in a thick fog, he fell in with a Russian fleet, and as the fog began to clear, the Russian commander sent a boat to the Hero. The Russians were on an exploring expedition around the world. When the Stonington boy, dressed in sealskin coat and boots, with his "sou'wester" on his head stood among the fully uniformed Russian officers and described the new country, the astonishment of the Russian commander knew no bounds. He expressed his disappointment over not having found the new land for his sovereign. Then, grasping the young captain's hand, the Russian cried:

"What shall I say to my master! What will he think of me? But be that as it may, my grief is your joy. Wear your laurels with my sincere prayers for your welfare. I name the land you have discovered in honor of yourself, noble boy, 'Palmer's Land.'"

So to-day on the map of the world is written the name Palmer's Land across that continent just below the South Shetlands in the far Antarctic. Captain Palmer came to be one of the most widely known ship commanders on the ocean highways of the world. He was a man of marked character. Huge of stature, bold and resourceful, his face and form carried the marks of a master of men. He was one of the founders of the New York Yacht Club,

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and between voyages he amused himself in his yacht.

"I was one of those," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "whom he would frequently take on his expeditions along the Long Island shore, or when he raced with the yachts of the New York Yacht Club. He started out one time to take some friends of his to Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut River. The wind died away toward evening and, as we came to the mouth of the river, the tide running out made it impossible to hold our own. We were being driven back into the Sound. 'Captain Nat' told us two boys to get out the rowboat and go ahead and tow the yacht.

"It was not an easy task with the tide and the river running out like a mill-race, even to keep the boat ahead of the yacht, and as to towing the yacht in addition, that seemed quite out of the question. At the same time 'Captain Nat' had nothing to do with impossibilities, and he made us feel that we must not consider them. My companion fell overboard and struggled for his life in the rushing torrent. Yet, after all, we accomplished our task, and toward morning we reached Saybrook. We two boys had learned a lesson that night that we never forgot. I felt the power that was commanding us more forcefully than I ever felt its like before or since. And I have never lost the impression of his overpowering effectiveness in making me ready to do what I had to do, whether I could do it or not."

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# IN SCHOOL AND OUT

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Intelligent, purposeful teaching includes the idea of two persons, both of them active. Nor is it enough that there be two persons, both of them active; both active over the same lesson. *This* may be secured by hearing a recitation, and commenting on it; but that is not, necessarily, teaching. The scholar, in such a case, may be merely exercising his memory, reciting what he has memorized verbally without understanding a word of it; he learns nothing; he is not taught anything; he is not caused to know a single fact or truth, by his teacher's hearing him recite; nor does he learn anything by his teacher's wisest comment, if he pays no attention to that comment, or if he is unable to understand it. "Teaching," as causing another to know, includes the mutual effort of two persons to the same end. The teacher must endeavor to cause the pupil to learn a particular fact or truth which he wants him to know; the learner must endeavor to learn that particular fact or truth. Until the two are at this common work, the process of teaching has not begun: until the learner has learned, the teacher has not taught. — *Teaching and Teachers.*

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## CHAPTER III

### IN SCHOOL AND OUT

"From what college were you graduated?" was a question often asked of Dr. Trumbull, and no question about his early days gave him more amusement.

"College, *college?*" he would laughingly answer. "I never went to college. My health would not let me. I never had much schooling, in the ordinary sense, after I was fourteen."

"But how did you come to know so much, Doctor?" his interrogator would wonderingly ask.

"Oh, I don't know anything," would be the instant reply. "I just have an idea where to go to find out things I want to know, and I go."

"But your work in Oriental research, your Bible study,—surely you do know more than most of us about such things!"

"That's it, that's it!" the Doctor would cry, with his brilliant eyes twinkling mirthfully. "I suppose I *do* know more than some men, because I know that I don't know anything. That's the biggest part of my stock of knowledge. I know I don't know, and so I must set to work to learn what I want to learn."

This was almost invariably the end of the cross-



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examination, for the questioner would fall to thinking about a principle of scholarship which is not too commonly cited by scholars in the open court of conversation.

Henry Trumbull's boyhood schooling was an admixture of home culture, neighborhood knockabout observation, and severely careful training in private schools under those whose character and personality, quite as much as their instruction, gave shape and purpose to the boy's active intellect.

"It was about 1830," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "that infant schools were introduced into this country from England. Children who had never been deemed of school age went to these schools. One of them, taught by Miss Grace Stanton, of Wethersfield, was held in Stonington. I attended it when so young that after my lessons I would be laid on a pillow, on a bench in the schoolroom to sleep."

The old Stonington Academy, which Henry began to attend on August 1, 1839, when he was nine years old, was taught by Daniel S. Rodman, later of Wellesley, and by Dr. Nicholas Chesebrough. "To Daniel Rodman," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "I owe very much in his power of making a subject interesting to a boy. He first made Bible stories attractive and real to me from the superintendent's desk in the Sunday-school" [of the Second Congregational Church]. A schoolmate of Henry's in the Academy, Miss Fanny Chesebrough, writes vividly of that school:

I remember still the Latin recitations in the old Academy when Daniel Rodman taught. There were only three in the advanced class, the late Hon. Ephraim Williams, then about

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sixteen years of age, Edmund D. Stanton, and Henry Clay Trumbull. I think they were translating Virgil.

I can see them now, sitting in the flood of light that came in behind them from an eastern window. Day after day I listened, drinking in the beauty of the grand poetry, and silently resolving that in a few years I, too, would study Latin, and could then enjoy the delightful story.

And what a school Mr. Rodman taught in those days! Never do I remember hearing an unpleasant word. In a school of over thirty boys and girls I do not now recollect that one was ever reproved. If so, I failed to hear it.

Among Dr. Trumbull's papers of long ago was found a poster, measuring about twelve by eighteen inches, on which was skilfully drawn, in shaded and elaborately decorated letters, this modest announcement: "All kinds of fancy printing performed at the desk of Henry C. Trumbull, Stonington Academy."

Henry's school-days were not passed entirely in Stonington. It was thought best by his parents that he should have the experience of a period of study away from home. When he was fourteen years old he went to Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, Massachusetts, for this purpose. That institution, founded by the Hon. Samuel Williston, had been incorporated in February, 1841, and in December the school was opened. Its need and place were at once recognized. In its early days there was no arrangement of studies by terms, and the students were not classified. Luther Wright, its principal from 1841 to 1849, believed it desirable to have his pupils study together in a single room, under his direction. There were two departments in the school, male and female, but in 1864 the latter was discontinued. Williston has

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made, and continues to make, a noble record in the annals of education, and, naturally, has become a fully graded school. In the forties, at its very beginning, the purpose of the founder was "to make not a College nor a Professional School, but a Secondary Institution of a far higher order than any now existing."

Henry boarded in the family of Dr. Atherton Clark, whose son, William S. Clark, was his schoolmate in Williston. In later years, when Trumbull was chaplain of the Tenth Connecticut, and William S. Clark was colonel of the Twenty-first Massachusetts, they were together at Roanoke Island, and New Berne, North Carolina. After the war, Clark was President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst.

Henry had a restless boy's desire to go away from home, into new surroundings, but he had not reckoned on the uprising of an affection for home which was almost overpowering to him. His health was not good. He was frail and nervous, and accustomed to the most tender care at home. Consequently, he was inclined to think more about home affairs and the possibility of having his part in them again than about his opportunities in school. His father wrote long and painstaking letters to the affectionate and sensitive boy, in the endeavor to set his mind at work upon the school life and interests, as opportunities for growth. In one letter, of July 12, 1844, he put the situation clearly in his carefully-framed and deliberate phrases:

> I regret that you appear to suffer under the species of discontent called home-sickness. I regret it because it makes you unhappy, and disqualifies you from profiting by the advan-

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tages of your present position. . . . We hardly appreciate the common blessings of life until we suffer their deprivation, and we are apt to make more allowances for the defects in the disposition or deportment of our nearest friends when they are separated from us, while we are more subject to self-reproach in a retrospect of our deficiencies in duty and affection when those to whom they are due are far away. . . . If I were to offer advice to you, believing that it would be implicitly followed, I should urge you to make a good use of the present time, to lose no opportunity of getting good and doing good. . . . I would have you lay a foundation strong and deep for your future happiness, and to sacrifice present ease and gratification in prosecuting this work. . . . . I would have you ask yourself, before action, whether what you propose to do is *right* in itself, whether it will afford you satisfaction in the retrospect, whether it is consistent with that law of benevolence to which I have referred. If you can answer in the affirmative, fear not to go forward, believing that your decision will be approved by your parents, by your own conscience and by your Father above. . . . I would seriously caution you against indulging discontent and impatience. They will poison your peace if not subdued. . . . Contentment and complacency depend more upon ourselves than upon circumstances, and if you would enjoy your present position or any other in which you may hereafter find yourself, you must strive to make the best of it and resist that element in our composition which makes us

"Fond of novelty, and studious of change."

Thus, although away from home, Henry was not away from the influence of home philosophy. He was in constant ill-health, and before the school year was over he was at home, among his associates in the village. But the influences of Williston lingered with him. There was henceforth an outer world for him in his own experiences. In the school, upon one occasion, he heard the great John Todd, that pioneer

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of educators, whose principles and spirit laid hold upon Henry Clay Trumbull for future outworking in his own ideals of the teaching art. It was while he was at Williston, a fellow-student with a son and a daughter of William Richards, a martyred missionary to the Sandwich Islands, that the boy visited the grave of David Brainerd at Northampton. Quickened by the story of David Brainerd, Henry Martyn had carried the gospel to India. And for young Trumbull deep, abiding purposes found their beginnings in that boyhood pilgrimage to David Brainerd's last resting-place.

After he left Williston, Henry had occasional terms at school, but with no regularity. He was not particularly interested in study, nor was he very proficient in any one branch. One afternoon, however, as he was studying Virgil in the village school-room, under Mr. L. L. Weld as the teacher, he suddenly became conscious of a new interest in his subject of study.

"As I was looking out the words in my lexicon," he wrote, "I became interested in the portion of Virgil which was my lesson. Without a thought of the class recitation before me, I felt an interest in the story I was translating. It was my first awakening to an interest in study as study. It was late in school life for such a beginning. It was not many weeks before I left school permanently. But from that day to the present, study, research, has never lost its interest to me."

Twice during his Stonington days, once before he went to Williston, and once after he returned, Henry

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was for several months in the dispensary or apothecary's store and office of his uncle, Dr. George E. Palmer. As a country physician, Dr. Palmer prepared his own remedies, and, in addition to this, he was accustomed to fit out medicine chests for the Stonington whale ships. For several months Henry was the assistant of his family physician, Dr. William Hyde, Jr., in preparing medicine chests for the New York and New Orleans steamers; and he was often called upon by these two physicians to assist in surgical operations,—all of which was of untold service to him in his army experiences in camp and field and prison.

When about nineteen Henry was the only clerk of Francis Amy, cashier of the Stonington Bank, and treasurer of the Stonington and Providence Railroad, of which Cornelius Vanderbilt was the president,—Vanderbilt's first office of the kind. Young Trumbull was kept busy. When some one asked Mr. Amy what were his bank hours, that hard-working man replied: "We open when we've a mind to, and we shut up when we get through." Then, when the bank "shut up" for the day, the railroad work was on hand for the evening. Of this Dr. Trumbull wrote:

"My office experience in the evenings was of value as training me to devote myself to my work, without being disturbed by noises about me. The treasurer's office, which was also the superintendent's, was on the ground floor of the railroad station, near the far end of the steamboat dock. The office door was always open, and persons were coming in and going out, to ask questions or to make reports. Fifty feet

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from my desk a steamboat was blowing steam through its pipes, while making ready for its next trip. Freight trucks were running by the door, unloading the cars and loading the steamer. Yet I must settle the day's accounts, with conductors and purser, in all this hubbub. After that training I could sit on a curbstone in a city street and write an editorial as easily as in an inner study of a clergyman's house."

Two and a half miles east of Stonington in Henry Trumbull's boyhood a district schoolhouse served the Wequetequock neighborhood in double capacity. For in that little building Daniel S. Rodman, Henry's beloved schoolmaster, more to him as a boyhood teacher than any other man, had gathered in July, 1845, a Sunday-school of about two score members.

The Trumbulls attended the Second Congregational Church, of which the Rev. William Clift was then the pastor. Henry had never seriously faced the question of his acceptance of the Saviour, though he was a pupil in the Sunday-school; but his generous and active spirit led him most naturally into whatever work appeared to need his help. When the Wequetequock school needed teachers, he became a teacher there. One of the boys in his class, now Dr. George D. Stanton of Stonington, has vivid recollections of young Trumbull, who, says Dr. Stanton, was the most fluent talker he had ever known. His teaching was full of illustrations, very practical, and sure to have attention. He was superintendent of the school in the summer of 1855, during a visit to Stonington, and in that capacity he gave evidence of his devotion to individual work with individuals. For it is related

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by Miss Fanny Chesebrough, who has supplied many historical facts about the school, that upon a closing Sabbath of the school (Sunday-schools in those days sometimes closed in winter) she saw Mr. Trumbull in long and earnest conversation with a young and sensitive girl, a member of the Bible class which he taught. Miss Chesebrough met Mr. Trumbull some weeks later in the Hartford railroad station, and together they discussed the case of this troubled soul, in whose welfare both were interested.

In 1850, Mr. Trumbull was teaching a class of boys in the Second Congregational Sunday-school in Stonington. This was the lineal descendant of the first Sunday-school in eastern Connecticut, gathered by Mrs. Phoebe Smith in her Stonington home in 1815. And of this school the Manual of the Second Church says: "To this church and community it has been a constant blessing, while it has had the honor of giving to this generation one of its most eminent Sunday-school workers in the person of the Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull."

Even thus early in his Sunday-school training Mr. Trumbull began to acquire his sympathetic understanding of the pupil's way of looking at things. One of his boys, at the close of a lesson, asked the young teacher to explain a picture in a library book. Two little boys who had been sailing on Sunday were about to be drowned by the capsizing of their boat.

"Was they drownded?" asked the boy with wide-eyed interest.

"Yes," answered Mr. Trumbull; "and thus, my boy, you may see the fruits of disobedience and Sab-

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bath breaking. Had those boys obeyed their parents, and gone to Sabbath-school, they might have been yet alive and happy."

The young hopeful, himself a longshore lad, gazed in silence for a moment at the perilous position of the boat in the picture, and then indignantly cried out: "Why don't the plaguey fool ease off his main sheet!"

After Stonington, Mr. Trumbull was ready for anything, particularly the unexpected.

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# EARLY LITERARY TENDENCIES

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The truest preparation for high intellectual pursuits is in the disciplining of the intellectual faculties by an enforced constraint within the limits of special studies, against which the primary instincts and the passing fancies of the student's mind incline to rebel. Not until a student has learned how to give his whole being to application or to research contrary to his natural inclination, is a student capable of application or of research to the best advantage in the line of his inclination. And he who studies only what he likes to study, and only when he enjoys studying, can never make such progress in the direction of even such study, as can his fellow, of equal native capacity with himself, who turns, by his own will, or who is turned by a sense of duty or of enforcing circumstances, in that direction after he has gained the power of working effectively against his impulses and preferences, and who, by holding all his intellectual powers in control, has gained the control of all his intellectual powers. — *Practical Paradoxes.*

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## CHAPTER IV

### EARLY LITERARY TENDENCIES

To Henry Clay Trumbull the gift of expression was vouchsafed in many forms. His brilliant eyes looked straight through you when intent and piercing; they were irresistible in their merry twinkle when the nimble wit behind them flashed out from the windows through which it was not hard to discern the soul within. When opened wide in surprise or astonishment, or in the heat of argument, they shone with an almost hypnotic fascination. Indeed, the practise of hypnotism was one of young Trumbull's delights with the village boys as his wondering subjects. Even as a boy his thought found vivid expression through those eyes of his,—keen or lambent, now merry, now dark with anger; through swiftly gesticulating, sinewy, strong hands; and by way of mobile lips that seemed no barrier to the rapid utterance of his crowding thoughts.

Of course such a nature would express itself. It could not be self-contained. The boyish pranks, the love of companionship, adventure, social exhilaration; the ready flow of anecdote, and the trip-hammer strokes of sudden epigram which characterized his conversation in adolescence and in all his later life, were the abounding evidences of an overflowing soul.



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Dr. Trumbull used to tell, with a twinkle in his keen blue eyes, of the naming of the Stonington streets, when, nearly fifty years ago, they got the names that have clung to them. Their naming was one of the pranks of the boys, who, even in fun, were working with no little imagination, and to a good purpose. The boys had a reason for each name they gave. Broad street was wider than the others; Pearl street was so called because of a girls' school on that street; Grand was the finest street in those days; Union is a short street connecting Main and Water streets. "Harmony," wrote Dr. Trumbull, in a letter to Miss Grace D. Wheeler, author of "Old Homes in Stonington," "had reference to a family that lived on it. The father, when excited by liquor, was very ill-natured, and my uncle, John F. Trumbull, told often of seeing the old man in a village store until late in the evening, when he would say, 'Well, it is time I returned to my cottage of peace and contentment.' An hour later you could go by that house and hear the wife screaming, while the husband dragged her around by the hair of the head; hence the name."

One naturally finds evidences of Henry's desire for word-expression in the local prints and speech-making of the day. In such productions one would not look for the restrained utterances of maturity and cultivation, but rather for the efflorescence of a garden run wild in its riot of new life. His first speech was delivered on behalf of a volunteer fire company in Stonington, in welcoming a visiting fire company from Providence. Henry was the

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secretary of the Stonington organization, the "Undine," a name that had been suggested by him, and adopted by the company, against the objection of members who thought "Undine" was too decidedly a heathen name, and who suggested "Neptune" as a substitute. In another saving work which was then coming into increased prominence and recognition, young Trumbull was found working and speaking with all the energy and zeal that always mastered him whenever he united himself with any good cause. For he had aligned himself with the temperance work of the day, and there is, in his fine and patient and beautifully clear handwriting, a record of one of his temperance addresses, delivered before the Mechanics' and Workingmen's Association of his native town on February 4, 1850. His beginning is characteristic:

"Temperance! Surely 'twould seem useless to employ the time of this meeting in discoursing upon this well-drilled topic. Truly it is a singular subject on which to speak in this enlightened age. Striving to convince an intelligent audience that total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages is preferable to delirium tremens and the drunkard's death, is a strange employment. What would be thought of one who should give notice of a lecture on the advantages of air in sustaining life and health, or of the benefits of sun and rain to vegetation?"

But he goes on to recognize the need of such addresses, and he proceeds to picture the contrast between the two extremes of temperance and intemperance devoteeism.

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"An ultra fanatical temperance man devotes his whole energies to the cause to which he is pledged. He uses every means in his power to secure the reformation of inebriates. He endeavors to restore the degraded drunkard to his proper position among his fellow men. He strives to arrest the descent of those rapidly going down to a hopeless grave. He warns the moderate drinker of his imminent danger and urges him to beware lest he follow in the footsteps of thousands who have become intemperate by degrees."

And after a few other outline hints he sketches the contrasting picture.

"But, I ask, is there no ultraism on the other side? Behold men, from respectable positions in society, by intemperance and that alone, brought to a level with the brute . . . who will envy the last hours of the inebriate? Watch him as his end draws nigh! . . . Ragged, filthy, loathsome object,—now striving to hide his head in the dust to escape from the dread demons of his own creation; then springing wildly to his feet, loudly calling with horrid imprecations for aid in dispelling the fearful phantoms. At one moment giving battle to his imaginary opponents; the next, sinking trembling and exhausted to the earth. Again, wildly tossing his arms to and fro, shrieking vainly for aid in the notes of despair, until worn out with his fruitless endeavors to rid himself of torment, with an oath upon his lips, his soul passes from its mortal tenement, whither, we may not follow!"

There is a singular disparity between the impassioned words and their exquisitely clear and deliberate

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delineation in Mr. Trumbull's handwriting. And while his rhetoric became more compact, and slipped its burden of superlatives, as time and culture and a maturer intensity did their work in him, it needs no look between the lines to see the flashing eyes, the lithe body, the freely gesticulating, nervous hands, and the magnetic personality of the young prophet of reform as he poured out his abundant argument.

But speech-making was by no means the only significant foreshadowing of Henry Trumbull's life-work. He was the leader among a little group of bright-minded young people who kept the borough from rust. Whimsical wit, from a perennial spring, bantering interludes in even the most casual conversations, the saving grace of seeing the funny side, and the determination to use whatever gifts one may have, are never lacking in the normal New England character. These Stonington young people were true to the blood. It was not enough that they should have their parties, their speech-making and lecture courses, their church socials and fairs, and the fanfare of political campaign excitement. They must use their latent talents. They must edit a paper.

On October 29, 1849, the nineteen-year-old editor, Henry Trumbull, and three other aspiring writers, brought out the first number of a four column, four-paged literary periodical, with the modest title of "Lux Mundi," giving as their motto "The angle of Reflection is equal the angle of Incidents." That issue contained a prospectus, two poems occupying together more than three full columns, two long editorials, a story, "I'd be a Fairy," and miscellaneous

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paragraphs, with various ravings by the Maniac, who had been "secured" by the editor to furnish shrewd remarks and reflections.

"Our paper will be called," says the prospectus, "LUX MUNDI, and will be issued on Monday, as often as the disposition of our readers may demand, or our own circumstances permit. . . . Will you not then lend us your aid. We come not as craven suppliants for money or patronage—but to sustain the position we wish it will be necessary that you add a warm and energetic support. Without this to grease the machinery of existence what were life to us. Like the thievish boy suspended by his trousers from the pike of a garden fence, we should present the splendid but evanescent spectacle of *genius* struggling against *insurmountable* obstacles."

"Too long," wrote Mr. Trumbull in his first editorial, "have the bright literary flowers of Stonington wasted

'Their fragrance on the desert air.'

Too long has modest worth and retiring genius been concealed from the outer world, and the many brilliant effusions of our Stonington *literati* been left unnoticed and unappraised because unseen."

This sad state of public ignorance was not to remain unchanged. Indeed, so brilliantly did the light shine that it apparently awakened the green-eyed demon of envy in the breasts of other Stonington persons of talent, and on November 10 appeared an opposition paper, "The Extinguisher," with its apt motto, "Out, out, brief candle!"

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The Extinguisher was crushingly critical of Lux Mundi and its several makers. They were flayed one by one. Their productions were torn to shreds. The rival sheets were the talk of the village. Then came, on November 27, an Extinguisher "extra," in which these enlightening words appeared:

"A few weeks since, four young persons, viz., Miss M. H. T. [Mary H. Trumbull], Miss B. S. W. [Bessie S. Williams], Mr. E. D. S. [Edmund D. Stanton], and Mr. H. C. T., prompted by no sinister motives, with no desire to 'lord' it over others, thinking themselves no better or more intelligent than those around them, but solely for their own amusement, issued the first number of 'Lux Mundi.' We hoped that our efforts would at least amuse the readers; we little thought that 'twould displease any; but no sooner was the paper seen than cavillers were found in abundance. Our paper was not only denounced as a 'soft, mooney affair,' but the editors were accused of arrogance and assumption in thus daring to start a literary paper. It was soon proposed to start an opposition paper, to be called 'The Illuminator,' with the sole object of 'running down' 'Lux Mundi.' But our paper was not to be 'extinguished' thus; on the very day that we learned their intentions we ordered handbills announcing the forthcoming of 'The Extinguisher.' We then appointed a young gentleman (whose modesty prevents his name being given to the public) sole editor, with full editorial powers and privileges, while we agreed to assist him by our contributions; thus it will be seen that (as we have often said) the editors of the two papers were not the same,

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nor, indeed, was either of the editors of 'Lux Mundi' an editor of 'The Extinguisher.'

"We were thankful to a few, who, in the exuberance of their love for us, denounced 'The Extinguisher' as a low filthy sheet, unworthy of notice, without a single redeeming point, and evidently written by ignorami. Persons in the village near us remarked, 'That's just like Stonington *Pint*,—the folks there are always fighting; no one can ever start anything there, not even a literary paper, without being opposed and ridiculed.' One lady remarked that 'H. C. T. did look crestfallen when he came into church on the morning after "The Extinguisher" came out!' Others asked if we would not admit that talent was displayed in some of the articles (this, of course, we were ready to do). 'You did not expect so much from that set,' says another. 'No, we did not!'"

Lux Mundi ceased, on December 31, with its fourth shining, and Henry Trumbull wrote its leading editorial, "Last Speech and Dying Confession." "Alexander the Great, 'tis said, wept when he found there were no more worlds to conquer, that his work was accomplished, that there were bounds to his power, and that he must rest content as master of a single world. With feelings like those that actuated the Macedonian, the editors of Lux Mundi now present themselves before the public but to bid farewell."

And in the same issue the paper bids farewell to its editors in an editorial written by Mary Trumbull in prophetic vein, thus apostrophizing Henry:

"And to you H. also many wishes with our farewell. ... A merry, merry life to you! We shall hear of you

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doubtless in the future as a school-master exchanging the seal rings and the Genin hat for the fur cap and the brown quaker coat of a pedagogue, in some little district school-house in the back woods. Or perhaps as an editor of a country paper. If the latter, apply always to us, and we will furnish you with news from the latest steamer, and like items at least six weeks before you could procure them in any other way. For you also a kind farewell!"

* * * * *

In the issue of the New London Star and Democrat for April 13, 1850, young Trumbull, then not quite twenty years old, gave his views as "A Lover of Justice" on the famous trial of Dr. John W. Webster for the murder of Dr. George Parkman. Dr. Webster was a member of the faculty of Harvard University, and was indebted to Dr. Parkman for money which the latter urgently required of him. Dr. Parkman was missed shortly after an appointment which he was known to have had with Dr. Webster. The discovery by Ephraim Littlefield, the Medical College janitor, of the fact that parts of a human body were being burned at night by Dr. Webster in the college furnace, led to Webster's arrest.

The trial was the public sensation of the hour, and Henry Trumbull went twice from Stonington to see it, the second time with his brother-in-law, William C. Prime, who, as a member of the New York bar, by courtesy had seats for both with the members of the Boston bar. An editorial in the New London Democrat quickened Trumbull to write a vigorous and unequivocal letter to the editor, giving his views of what

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seemed to him the point at issue. After squarely differing with the editor as to the latter's dissent from the justice of the death sentence in the case of such a man, he writes:

"'But,' you say, 'an awful responsibility rests upon the jury that convicted him,' and you ask, 'How are they to restore that life which belongs alone to God, but which they surrender to the executioner?'

"If I am not mistaken, the jury were empanelled and sworn to attend to the evidence, to receive information on points of law from the Judge, and then to say whether or no the prisoner was guilty of the crime charged. They were not to condemn him to death; they were not to say whether he should be executed, imprisoned, or set at liberty; they were simply to say whether or no the evidence proved him guilty. They were bound to render a verdict in accordance with their convictions, and there ceases their responsibility."

And again, when his views were attacked in a later issue by one signing himself "Sigma," he answers thus:

"'Sigma' desires to know why I would have Prof. W. *hung*. He is answered by Judge Shaw in his remarks upon sentencing Webster. It is because against the crime of murder the law has pronounced its severest penalty, in these few and simple words: 'Every person who shall commit the crime of murder shall suffer the punishment of death for the same.'

"In my former article I wrote as a lover of *Justice, without mercy*, I will admit, but not as a *hater* of

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mercy. I pressed the claims of *Justice.* I said not that it would be wrong to pity him, or that pity for him would be a detriment 'to the heart or morals or religion.'"

In this youthful controversy, carried on with vigor and sharp thrusting, he was holding fast to one thing. He was not then thinking about mercy, nor did he consider it the true point at issue. Webster was a convicted murderer. The law was clear,—the law must be carried out.

But young Trumbull had quite another side,—a generously playful and whimsical attitude toward men and things which gave him a popularity altogether exceptional for one having such clear and vigorously expressed convictions. His friendly intercourse was not bounded by Stonington. Mr. D. S. Ruddock, of the New London Star and Democrat, his editorial opponent in the Webster controversy, was the printer of "Lux Mundi," Henry Trumbull's first editorial venture. Henry's pen was dipped in acid, or in a kindlier fluid, with his changing moods. In February, 1850, he wrote to Mr. Ruddock, over the signature of "One of the Olden Time," an account of the result of a "psychologist's" visit to Stonington:

"As each succeeding day, by the palsied hand, the tottering gait, the dimmed eye, the useless ear, I am reminded of the proximity of the grave, and that my end is not far off, I feel more and more the priceless value of the short space of time allotted to me on earth. . . .

"Psychology! psychology! Oh, how would our

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fathers have valued this wonderful science! How much anguish and misery would have been spared the generations that are gone, had they possessed a knowledge of this heaven-born science! . . . Friend Ruddock, have you made this science your study? . . . If not, do so. Seek information. . . .

"But a few weeks ago a professor of this science condescended to visit our humble village, and by flaming handbills announced that he would perform any required miracles for 12½ cents; and for $10.00 he would unfold the mysteries of the science to any one desiring information. . . .

"As you may never have witnessed any of the experiments, I will explain to you the *modus operandi* of the psychological performer. In the first place, the 'coin' consists of a five-cent piece (or smooth 'four-pence') inserted in a bit of lead about the size of a quarter of a dollar. The 'victim' is required to hold this in his right hand at arm's length, and look intently at it, without winking, for four hours. If he has any unpleasant sensations about the arm, or water starts from his eyes, before that time, it is proof positive that he is a 'natural subject.'

"The operator then seizes the right hand of his subject with his right hand, and inserts the middle finger of his left between the olecranon process of the ulna and the inner condyle of the humerus, touching the ulna nerve (commonly called the 'crazy bone'), and if, upon pressing this, the patient feels any tingling sensation in his fingers' ends, he is 'a gone case'; he is fully 'charged with electricity.'"

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Mr. Ruddock was well acquainted with the varying temper of his young correspondent. He acquired added respect for him through a characteristic incident of which he took note in his paper:

"The Millennium Almost Here."

"Some months since, one of our young friends from one of the towns in this county was in the city transacting business. Before leaving for his residence a violent rain storm came up. Not supposing that such an event would occur, he did not provide himself with an *Umbrella* before leaving home. We loaned him ours.

"Immediately after his arrival home he sent the umbrella to our address, but by some 'hook or crook, which this much defamed article is apt to take in its transition from one place to another, it failed to reach us. Last Saturday the gentleman (for he is nothing else) was in our office. We noticed as we were conversing with him a roguishness in his manner that implied 'I'll astonish you soon.' Presently he handed us a splendid *new silk Umbrella*, with a patent sheath, remarking 'I have returned your umbrella.'

"We could hardly believe our eyes and ears, not that we considered the gentleman incapable of such an honorable act, not by a 'long chalk,' but because it is an act so seldom performed. The umbrella we loaned him was a *cotton* one, partly worn. Such noble acts as these induce one to believe that there is in this world of trouble something besides mendacity. We would mention the gentleman's name did we believe he would not 'protest.'

"P. S.—We here beg to remark that we have

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another *cotton* umbrella left, which we will loan to any of our friends upon the condition that——"

The journalistic tendency was in the blood of the young Trumbulls. Their grandfather and his son Samuel were of that craft by reason of their opportunities in Norwich and in Stonington. Lux Mundi and other early literary efforts were singularly prophetic. They were far more so than a prophecy concerning Henry which, with its circumstances, is described by Miss Chesebrough, who saw and heard as an opportune witness:

"On one occasion, walking down Main Street I observed a group just around the corner in front of Dr. George E. Palmer's office. A chair had been brought out from the office, in which was seated Henry Trumbull, then a youth of nineteen, while a phrenologist was passing his hands over his head, observing the development of the various 'bumps' (that was what the unlettered styled them), and descanting upon the qualities and endowments of his subject. I must have arrived near the close; I remember only this,—the final summing up,—that the young man would do a great deal of talking of what he was to do, but it would be mere talk,—he would accomplish little in life. I shall never forget the look that flashed over Henry's face, as, with a funny little laugh, he darted from under the phrenologist's hands and disappeared round the corner."

* * * * *

Mr. Trumbull was soon to leave his boyhood home in Stonington. He was always gratefully and keenly

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conscious of his debt to the little seashore village with its sturdy independence, its world-wide interests, its privileges of education in school and out. Before he had reached manhood Henry had become familiar with the life of the sea, its hazards and its charms. From the observatory in his father's house he had seen the ill-fated "Atlantic" go to pieces foot by foot on Fisher's Island in the great gale of November, 1846. He had sailed under Captain Nat Palmer, the typical Yankee skipper, an undaunted master of circumstances. From his childhood, Henry had lived in a home atmosphere of classical culture, New England wit, and strict religious practises, and he had taken an active part in the local Sunday-school work. At the same time he had been a social leader in the village, a light-hearted, winsome young fellow, with an eye to the esthetic in the life about him. Although he had gained in character and experience through his political, apothecary, railroad, and banking experiences, he had not gained any definite purpose for the future, nor was he giving much thought to the deeper things of life.

But all these Stonington experiences were germinal. They bore fruit with singular fertility, and in their kind. Among them all none found deeper root than a single word from Gurdon Trumbull, the somewhat taciturn father of this warm-hearted, keenly sensitive, and generous boy. Gurdon Trumbull knew the lad's nature and its perils. Father and son were walking together one day. Suddenly Gurdon Trumbull stopped, turned abruptly to his son, and asked with great earnestness:

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"Henry, would you like to be respected and looked up to by all your companions, as you grow up?"

"Of course I would, father."

"Well, if you won't drink, or use tobacco, or dance, or play cards, you will be respected by others, if you have nothing else than this to recommend you. You will be a leader through this self-control, even if the other boys have more brains or more friends than you have." Then he relapsed into silence. But the boy understood. He was not to be of the crowd.

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# BUILDING RAILROADS AND CHARACTER

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Stand in the place God has given *you* to fill. Find out what God would have *you* to be, and to do, and to say, and then be, and do, and say it fearlessly, independently. In all things be guided by God's teachings, not by the opinions of those about you. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus;" and *then* "do as you have a mind to."—*An editorial paragraph.*

In the lower sense of common usage, a man's "character" is the sum of his qualities, whereby he is distinguished from other individuals. In the higher and more restricted sense, "character" is a pre-eminence of personality in the direction of one's better and nobler being. In either the one sense or the other, character is the measure of the man; for the sum of a man's qualities as an individual is the man's seif; and the pre-eminence of a man's distinctive qualities marks the man's peculiar self. For all practical purposes, therefore, it is sufficient say, that a man's *superiority* of personality in the direction of the right is the real measure of the man.—*Character-Shaping and Character-Showing.*

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## CHAPTER V

### BUILDING RAILROADS AND CHARACTER

In the autumn of 1851, when Henry Clay Trumbull was in his twenty-second year, he left his Stonington home, and joined his brother James in Hartford. James was then assistant to the Connecticut Secretary of State, a position he had occupied since 1847. His father was at this time Assistant Commissioner of the School Fund, and later the Commissioner. Henry had purposed to secure a college education, but he was beset with serious lung trouble which had caused his family much anxiety. He was obliged to give up any thought of college life, and was compelled to turn his attention to other pursuits. His brother Charles, then in Williams College, constantly lamented the fact that Henry was not with him in that institution, at one time saying to a friend, "'Hen' would shine among the 'Kaps'!" [Phi Beta Kappas], as he ruefully contemplated what he thought was his own inability to shine anywhere.

Henry had been offered, before he was twenty-one years old, the cashiership of the new Ocean Bank in Stonington, but his health was such that the milder air of Hartford seemed more conducive to full recovery than the keen climate of the coast. Through his brother James' influence Henry was



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called to a clerical position in the engineering and pay department of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad (certain sections of which were then in process of construction), of which Mr. James M. Bunce was the President. This keen and energetic railroad president was a man of marked personality. One of his sons, the late Rear-Admiral Francis M. Bunce, was a noble representative of the highest type of the United States naval officer. Another son, Jonathan B. Bunce, was for years the President of the Phœnix Mutual Life Insurance Company, and is a man held in high honor in the world of finance.

Just before he entered upon his new duties Mr. Trumbull spent a Sunday in Mr. Bunce's home, where he met Edward Kimball, who had married a niece of the railroad president. Mr. Kimball will be most widely remembered as D. L. Moody's Sunday-school teacher, though he was distinguished for years as a "finangelist," a remarkably successful leader in the raising of money to clear churches from debt.

The two younger men were speaking of Mr. Bunce's energy and determination and intensity of purpose, when Mr. Bunce suddenly exclaimed to Kimball:

"Edward, nothing but Omnipotence can stand in the way of a determined man!"

That saying was a spur to Henry Trumbull as long as he drew breath, and fought the fight of a man in the onset of circumstances. If James M. Bunce gave him nothing but that one dynamic epigram, he gave him a life-impulse that of itself was worth all the

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costly and tedious toil of his days and nights in the railroad service.

And the work he had undertaken was hard. On October 2, 1851, he wrote to his mother:

I commenced work at the railroad office on Tuesday morning [September 30], and since that time I have worked harder than I ever did before in the same time in my life. I have to commence work at a few minutes past 7 o'clock A. M., and work until ½ past 9 P. M., with about ½ an hour allowed for dinner and the same for supper. I have to walk from the U. S. Hotel to the depot to and from every meal, of course, and also have to walk from the depot to the Exchange Bank in State Street a few times every day, and run around promiscuously on errands.

My work in the office occupies me just all the time, so that my running around saves me no work at the office. I have had apportioned to me the entire charge of the ticket department of the whole road, which I can assure you is no small item. I have to give out the tickets to the Hartford ticket master, to the agents at all the stations, to the conductors, etc., and keep an accurate account of them in books prepared for the purpose. I have to examine all the tickets collected by all the conductors, receive all moneys from them, examine all their accounts, keep accounts with all the stage agents along the line of the road, and have entire charge of all settlements for tickets with all the sub-agents and with other roads. This has to be done with the same correctness that the cash account at a bank should be kept. An error in this case is more fatal than in the other, for if I make a single error in my ticket account, or in distributing tickets, I must *pay* for it and there is no possibility of ever rectifying the error.

I am, however, enabled, by my former experience in the same line at Stonington, to perform this labor with but little of that inconvenience that would inevitably have attended my first efforts had I been a "green hand." . . .

I am very much pleased with my situation, although I have to "fly around" a little brisker than I am accustomed to.

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At once his mother answered:

I miss you very much indeed. Will you always have so much to do, or are you now bringing up work? Must you forego entirely the pleasure of Society, and your evenings be wholly occupied? Really, my son, I have shed a great many tears about it. But you are not obliged to stay. If you find you cannot perform the duties imposed upon you without injury to your health, why leave it at once and come home. Under no circumstances stay if you are sick, but hasten home.

Henry's position was indeed no sinecure, or even one that a moderately good modern clerk would have chosen. In answer to his mother's letter he wrote:

I was very sorry to think that my last letter home gave you the idea that I was overworked at the Rail Road Office. It is by no means so, nor did I intend for you to think so. I wrote as I did to satisfy you and father that I had enough to do to keep me out of mischief. I shall be employed *steadily* day and evening all the time, but I have no work that I cannot do easily, and I am not hurried at all.

I am delighted with my place, and am far from regretting that I am confined to the office evenings. If I can only satisfy Mr. Bunce that I am worth my salary [it was $400 a year] and can prove to him that I am willing to work, I ask no more. . . . . He is the most particular man I ever saw in my life. I never saw any one that approached him in that respect. He gives me always very explicit directions as to how a thing is to be done, and I always do *exactly* as he tells me; but he generally finds that what he ordered done does not suit him as well as he thought it would, and therefore he gives me directions to do it over in a different manner.

On Monday of this week I wrote 26 long letters for him between the hours of 8 in the morning and 9 in the evening, besides doing my usual work with the ticket agents, conductors, &c. Mr. Bunce goes ahead of Capt. Williams [of Stonington] in questioning the clerks about small matters, and in looking into everything and overseeing everybody from Super-

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intendent to Brakemen . . . Mr. Goodrich, the Secretary of the Company, whose immediate clerk I am, is a very pleasant man and one whom I like very much.

Letters from his parents expressing concern about his overwork were frequent, and they felt that there was good reason for their anxiety. He led a busy life for one who was not supposed to be in robust health. A single instance of his disregard of personal comfort will show in some measure the grounds for maternal anxiety. Somewhat later in his railroad experience he gave her a glimpse of his doings that was not reassuring:

I reached Stirling Hotel at Bridgeport on Tuesday night at 10 o'clock and passed the night there very quietly, and with much more comfort than at the Central Village Hotel. On Wednesday morning I walked out to "Iranistan" (Barnum's Villa) and saw that interesting specimen of architecture, with its fancy barns, green-houses, wash-houses, fountains, statues, ponds, swans, ducks, dogs, horses, hogs, etc., for as the grounds are open to all I spent some time examining the premises. At ½ past 10 A. M. I took the train on the Housatonic R. R. for Hawleyville, and stopping there I found I must take an open sleigh to Danbury via Bethel, about 7 miles distance. As the snow was falling very fast at that time, and it was very cold, this ride did not prove especially pleasant, for having left my office this winter to go to and from the center of the city, I am rather *tender* than otherwise.

Having completed my business in Danbury in a very short time, I thought that if I could reach the N. Y. & N. H. R. R. at Norwalk by 5 o'clock I should be able to reach Hartford the same night in the express train that started at that time from Norwalk, so hiring a sleigh and driver, I started for Norwalk, a distance of 22 miles. I had no comforter or scarf, no thick gloves, and nothing on but what I wear every day to the office and back, and as the thermometer stood last evening in

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Hartford at 16° *below* zero, you can imagine that this was anything but a pleasant ride, the more especially as the driver proved to be drunken, and lost the road several times, wandered some distance from the direct course, and after a ride of about 25 miles in an open sleigh, I reached Norwalk about 6 o'clock, too late of course to reach Hartford that night. Finding an accommodation train about leaving for Bridgeport, I took that train, spent last night also at the Stirling House, left this morning for New Haven, was detained six hours at that place by a breakdown on the N. Y. & N. H. Road, and to-night I am here again in my room *safe*, and I believe *sound* in body and limb.

His occupation was not a matter of hours alone as he saw it, but as he labored from day to day he was putting to the test principles that he had learned at home. A contemptuous disregard of consequences when doing the right was a part of Henry Trumbull's very nature. He did not destroy that fine sense of individual, sharply defined responsibility for his own duty by trifling with the allurements of a half-way policy in his relations with others to whom he was accountable. He was ready to master his impulses, to hold himself in check, to drive himself with the whip of absolute duty-doing in silent and sturdy independence. He set barriers to his desires, and had an eye single to the doing of a man's work, growing under the pruning knife, and gaining strength and stability. He kept himself under control.

"Yet not for power (power of herself would come uncall'd for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear;
And, because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

In the relentless routine of the railroad, he was dis-

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covering that a man grows by restraint. The free and easy days of his boy-life in Stonington were gone. They had slipped into the past with a celerity that amazed him. What he was in Stonington had seemed to him what he was to be; yet after a month or two of the exacting railroad office drudgery, he wrote to his sister Mary:

You would hardly recognize your brother, the "Hen Trumbull," "beau general" of Stonington, the foppishly particular young "devotee of fashion," the zealous worshipper of new cravats and tight boots, the admirer of every pretty female face, and the leader of the Stonington Band of Loafers, in the plodding and industrious clerk, . . . who, with soiled linen, carelessly tied cravat, thick boots, and a suit of clothes that were long since renounced as unfit for further wear in Stonington, quietly walks down a back street to the R. R. office at ½ past 7 o'clock each morning, and there scratches away, copying unintelligible and unmeaning legal scrawls, or foots up column after column of tedious figures, until ½ past 9 in the evening, with the exception of half hour each at dinner and supper; who declines all invitations to parties, sewing societies, or "sociables," who cannot find time to attend concerts, lectures, or places of amusement; who has called upon but *one* young lady, and upon her but once since his arrival in Hartford to enter upon his new duties; whose only reading consists of "Day Books," "Cash Books," and "Letter Books," and whose only comfort is in writing home once a week, in hearing from mother as often, and in occasionally meeting a Stonington acquaintance upon the arrival of the Eastern train.

Yet, Mary, notwithstanding that there is such a change in my situation and habits since my arrival in Hartford two months since, will you believe it, I am as happy as a "clam" is generally supposed to be when a high tide and a full sea protect it from all dangers of hoes and rapacious baitseeking ravishers. To be sure my enjoyment is of rather a different nature than it has been heretofore, and for a short time my employment was

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exceedingly irksome to me, and I was blessed with exceeding low spirits, with anything but good health, but I cannot be uncomfortable for any length of time. I soon adapt myself to circumstances, and already I have come to look at my close confinement and constant employment as a matter of course.

Already have I given up all the little ambitious aspirations I might once have indulged, and have determined to find enjoyment and satisfaction in devoting myself constantly to my employment, and forgetting all pleasures I have heretofore enjoyed. You may possibly doubt this, but it is really so.

And in the month following he gave evidence of his new ideas of work and duty during a visit to his old home. His parents, in their desire to have him prolong his stay as much as possible, had urged him to stay beyond what seemed to him the proper hour of return to his work. The temptation was strong, and one to which many a young man employed as he was by a family friend, would have yielded with not much thought of his higher obligations.

Yet Henry knew that he ought to leave, and he left. Soon after reaching Hartford he wrote to his mother concerning his victory:

I am still confident, as I then felt, that it would have been very wrong for me to have remained in Stonington until too late to reach the early train from New London, and since I have been here and found how much there was for me to do, I have been thankful that I was enabled to resist so great a temptation as was placed before me.

This spirit of his was shown in a battle with self on one occasion which would have seemed to most young men to offer no occasion for a battle. In the engineering department, in which Henry eventually

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became paymaster of construction, the young clerks had fallen into the habit of borrowing from the chief engineer's desk, in his absence, an inkstand containing a special ink. Henry accepted this habit as one of the office practises, and one day was using the inkstand when his chief, Mr. Samuel Ashburner, needed it at once. Sending into the room where the clerks were working, Mr. Ashburner had the young scribe and the borrowed inkstand brought before him.

"Henry," he said, with kindly emphasis, "I want that inkstand to remain on my desk at all times. You must never take it away."

"I'll bear that in mind, sir," answered the young man, and went back to his work.

A few days later the ink was missing when Mr. Ashburner had occasion to use it. Stepping to the door of the clerks' room, he called, sharply, "Henry!" Young Trumbull quickly followed him into the next room.

"Henry," he exclaimed, "what did I tell you about that inkstand?"

"You told me not to take it away again."

"Yes, and I meant it. Now, bring it to me at once!"

Henry passed into the clerks' room, lifted the missing inkstand from the desk of another, and carried it to his chief. As he placed it in its proper place and started to leave the room, Mr. Ashburner looked severely at him. "Henry," he said, emphatically, "never let this happen again."

"I'll bear in mind what you say, sir," was the quiet answer.

Later in the day the clerk who had been at fault

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manfully explained the whole matter to his superior. Henry was at once summoned. With an earnest and troubled look Mr. Ashburner received him. "Why didn't you tell me this morning that you hadn't taken that inkstand?"

"You didn't ask me, sir," replied Henry.

The chief was somewhat nonplussed. He had found men ready enough to lay blame upon others, but not so ready to keep still, when even a word of denial might clear them. Henry Trumbull's refinement of moral vision was a revelation to him. The interview was closed with an apology from the chief, and Henry went back to his desk. He was building character while helping to build railroads.

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# THE SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

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Self-examination usually results in self-deception. As a rule, the more we study ourselves the less we understand ourselves, and at the best we do not understand ourselves as well as our fellows do.—*An Editorial Paragraph.*

It is not as an exhibition hall, but as a hospital, that the church calls for members and that members continue in it. No man has made such progress in the Christian life that he no longer needs the helps that the church supplies to him. The more progress one makes the more he desires progress. If he feels that he is good enough to be a church-member, he gives evidence that he has no right view of the church of Christ, or of right life in Christ.—*How to Deal with Doubts and Doubters.*

A man has more power through believing one thing than in disbelieving ten thousand things. It is a man's duty to disbelieve, or to doubt, at a proper time, when the matter has been well considered ; but no man is capable of disbelieving, or of doubting, intelligently and sensibly, unless he first has strong and positive beliefs. A man's real power either to do or to doubt starts from his beliefs, and if a man gives attention to what he does not believe, rather than to what he does believe, he makes no progress, and he lacks practical power in any direction.—*How to Deal with Doubts and Doubters.*

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## CHAPTER VI

### THE SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

There are constant outcroppings of the golden vein of character through all these early Hartford days. Henry Trumbull was not born out of season, and his personality was in full accord with the spirit of the times. The very atmosphere of his young manhood was tingling with the keen freshness of world-currents drawing in upon him. He came into life at a time when the national character was as costly as it is to-day; when men were striking lustily at evil; when the breath came short and hard, and the pulses ran free and fast. In the twenty years following his birth in 1830, the nation was awakened to a restless and overpowering determination to have some things set right, to get at truth, to uplift the neglected and the unendowed.

In the three decades preceding 1830, remarkable impulses had gathered headway and direction in Christian enterprise. State missionary associations in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Maine, and Vermont, were organized before 1819. From 1806 to 1810 the movement begun in Williams College by the "Haystack Band" took shape in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. One of the first five missionaries who went out



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from this company was Samuel Nott, Jr.; and Samuel Nott, 3rd, a son of this pioneer missionary, was a fellow-worker with Henry Trumbull in the railroad office. In the Old South Church the Boston City Missionary Society was organized in 1816, prototype —and probably the earliest—of the work in Hartford which was to engage Henry Trumbull's first consecrated energies in Christ's service.

With the organization of the American Sunday School Union under its present name, in 1824, began a new era of Sunday-school extension and improvement, and to this great agency for Sunday-school advancement Mr. Trumbull was to devote seventeen of his busiest and most fruitful years, from 1858 to 1875.

From 1830 to 1851 the divisions in the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Baptist denominations had come. Mormon doctrines began to make their way across the country. The great battle of the forties for Sabbath observance was on, and the right was making great gains in railroad and social and business regulations. Connecticut was in the forefront of this movement, with Chief Justice Williams of that state as president of the American and Foreign Sabbath Union. He was Henry Trumbull's first Sunday-school teacher after the young man had given himself to Christ. These were the years of development for the religious press; of the Washingtonian and other temperance movements, a cause with which Trumbull was identified by pledge and service; of the founding of the Young Men's Christian Association in England in 1844 by George Williams, and the forming of associations in Montreal and in Boston in

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December, 1851. It was at the urgent request of present-day leaders of this organization in its various branches that Dr. Trumbull, in 1901, wrote his most widely-circulated book, "Individual Work for Individuals."

From 1826 to 1832 great revivals of religion swept the country. From the beginning of the century to the year 1830 the larger evangelical denominations had increased, some twofold, some threefold, and one sevenfold. It is estimated that in the five months following February, 1831, more than fifty thousand persons throughout this country, including more than three hundred college students, professed their faith in Christ.

As early as 1826, a new evangelistic method emerged. Classical illustrations and ornate phrases were tabooed. The preacher took on greater boldness of utterance; he prayed for men by name; he read requests for prayer; he adopted what were called "new measures." And among all the evangelists none was more radical, more startlingly clear and original in his simplicity and forcefulness than Charles G. Finney.

It was during a time of comparative relaxation from the general religious fervor that had swayed the nation until about 1845, when in the winter of 1851-52, upon his return from England, Finney was in Hartford conducting a series of meetings. Young Trumbull made no effort to attend these meetings. In the pre-occupation of his office work he hardly gave them a thought, assenting tacitly to the disesteem in which such doings were held by his every-day companions.

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Letters from home told of a revival of interest in religion in Stonington. One after another of his companions there had confessed Christ, but the news from home made no special impression upon him as affecting him in any direct way. One noon, however, as he was returning from dinner to his railroad-office work, he found at the post-office a letter from an intimate Stonington friend, Edmund D. Stanton, one of his collaborators in his first editorial venture, "Lux Mundi." He had heard from this friend only a few days before concerning the revival at home. He opened the letter, read a few lines, saw that it was a personal appeal to him, and at once thrust the letter into his pocket, saying to a companion, "I think there must be a big revival in Stonington if it has set my old friend preaching to me."

Young Trumbull reached the office, which was on the third floor of one of the station towers, but he passed up the stairs to the fourth floor, and entered a small map-closet, where he shut himself in. The letter had been speaking to him ever since he saw its first lines. He now opened it and read it through:

I have been too long silent. The prevalence of a deep religious feeling in this community has, to some extent, opened my eyes to my former shortcomings, and led me to consider what was my duty in using my influence, small as it may be, to direct the attention of any of my friends to the consideration of eternal things. Often have I felt like speaking to you on this subject, but as often have timidity and fear kept me back. We have been companions and intimate friends for years. We have enjoyed the society of each other, and together the society of others. Seldom has a harsh word, or an unkind feeling marred the harmony of our

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intercourse, and it seems to me that thus what you might have considered from another an act of intrusion, you will consider from me an evidence of my sincere regard, and my earnest desire for your good."

Then Stanton urged him to seek the Saviour, and find peace in him, and, finally, he said:

Do be persuaded by me. If I could be the instrument, however humble, and to however small an extent, of leading you to think seriously of this, I should consider that I had more than repaid your kindness and interest in me. Let me beg you, by the remembrance of our friendship, but more than all, by the regard for your own good, think of these things. If any impression is produced on your mind [by this appeal] do not attempt to drive it away, but seek light and help from the only source whence they can be derived.

I have now tried to acquit myself of a duty too long neglected, but do not think it has been an easy one. . . . I shall not ask you to excuse me for writing you so serious a letter, the first one [of the sort] I ever wrote you. . . .

I may never have the courage to address you again in this manner, and if I do not, be advised by me now. I ask no answer to this, nor shall I expect any, for I know exactly your feelings. But if after acknowledging the truth of what I have written, you determine to follow my advice, I beg you to let me know.

Henry Trumbull was touched beyond expression by his friend's letter, and even before he had read it through he was on his knees, brokenly asking God's forgiveness for his heedless past. Love and doubt were over against each other in another contest of the world-old warfare for the soul of a man. Trumbull's highly sensitive nature was suffering under the strain, yet he expected love to win the fight, even though he could not see the issue clearly. He had been for the

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first time swept across the line between indifference to truth and a troubled longing for it, and his eyes were open toward the dawn. Then, after what must have been a night of strange and unwonted thought-experiences, he set pen to paper and told his mother the story she had longed that he might some day tell:

MY DEAR MOTHER:—You are doubtless aware that there has been for some time past a very general and unusual interest upon the subject of religion in this city, and that, for nearly two months protracted meetings have been holden in the different churches in Hartford. I, however, have, from the confinement of my business, been unable to attend any of the numerous religious meetings, and I have only known of the continued progress of the revival by the laughter and ridicule of "Father Finney and his theater" continually kept up by my fellow boarders.

Thus has week after week passed away, and I have been not only beyond the influence of any religious excitement, but I have listened with complacency or with smiles to the frequent profane jestings upon the subject of religion and revivals until at length I became startled at the fact that I was so torpid and unmoved. . . .

Thus being alarmed because I *was not alarmed* I began to think upon what course I should pursue, to arouse myself to feel an interest in this important subject; but I fear that this feeling would have soon passed away, had I not yesterday have received two letters from Stonington, one from Frank Palmer, announcing the commencement of a revival in Mr. Clifts' church, and the other from Edmund Stanton, being a long letter upon the subject of religion, urging me by every consideration to turn my attention to the subject of religion.

Had a letter of this kind reached me from any other source, from any one whom I should expect would address me on such a subject, this letter might have had no unusual influence, but coming from Edmund Stanton who never before mentioned the subject of religion to me, and coming at just

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the present time, it has caused me to pause in my present course, and induce me to determine that I will endeavor *now* to give my attention to the important subject of my eternal salvation.

I am constantly confined to my business, and I have no time to converse with any one upon this subject, but I am now literally asking what I shall do to be saved.

All is darkness before me. I know not what I should do. I endeavor to pray, but I have no power to pray aright. I cannot pray for what I want to pray. I feel even now that I do not feel that interest in the subject which its importance demands. I feel that I *do not feel* sufficiently my condition and my danger and my need of a Saviour.

From the mother came in answer to this letter just such a word as Sarah Trumbull, out of her gentle heart, would write, with no attempt to follow the tangled threads of Henry's thought, but to assure her son that she was in loving sympathy with him:

I long to hear from you again. I have no doubt now your mind is interested in the subject that you will find many who love the Saviour, and will rejoice to take you by the hand, and will point out to you the way. I cannot tell you how much I rejoice that your mind has been brought again to that important subject with so much interest.

How good has God been unto us—unto you, my child, in that while you were separated by your occupation from hearing much preaching, or in any way attending upon the means of grace, your Saviour did not leave you, his arm of mercy was around about you, his eye was upon you. Although you had forgotten him, he did not leave or forsake you.

Dear Henry, I trust I feel grateful to our dear Heavenly Father for his great goodness in awakening (in the last year) to a sense of their sins four of my dear children. Notwithstanding my undeservedness, unfaithfulness, to these dear children. . . . God hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. "Praised be his name."

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And from his father, Gurdon Trumbull, came a letter full of sententious advice, with the not easily expressed heart-love of the reticent New Englander plainly discernible between the lines:

I cannot allow to pass unnoticed your interesting letter to your mother which was received yesterday. Interesting & auspicious, as it indicated a purpose to attend *now* to the great enquiry, a solution of which must ultimately affect your eternal welfare as it will as certainly influence your happiness and usefulness in this life. I need not tell you that painful as were the emotions you described, they were an occasion of grateful acknowledgment in our family circle. . . .

I hope you will avoid all metaphysical inquiries into the philosophy of the sinner's redemption, or of the *modus operandi* of the Holy Spirit, remembering the promise that "if ye shall do the things which I command ye shall know of the doctrine."

Dr. Hawes is near you, and his whole life has evidenced his love for the souls of men, and his ability and willingness to point the way that leads to heaven. Confide in his advice so far as you may find occasion to seek counsel from humanity. Religion is a matter between the individual and his God and Saviour, who are always near, always ready, always willing to hear even the most broken, incoherent petitions of the humble and contrite. . . . I can only add, persevere and turn not back, whatever trials may await you.

Because Henry Trumbull suffered keenly at this time, because he came to solid ground over quicksand and morass, because his swiftly analytical mind was providentially directed to the sane shutting out of the irrelevant in one's religious experiences, he was enabled in later years to save many another from the retarding mental distress which had clouded his own vision of the Master. Introspection was then a characteristic of the times, and the self-analysis which

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so hampered him in youth was an exercise that became utterly abhorrent to him in maturity. It was while he was still groping in the fog, determined, and not baffled, that the sun broke through. He called upon Dr. Joel Hawes, pastor of the First Congregational Church, who, in addition to giving him words of encouragement, advised him to attend some of the derided "Father Finney's" meetings.

Charles G. Finney was precisely the man who could appeal to young Trumbull's ready responsiveness to the unusual and unconventional. Finney was then President of Oberlin College. He belonged to no recognized school of theology. He was quite by himself in his methods of thought and work in preaching and teaching. Albert Barnes, the leader of the New School Presbyterians in the United States, wrote of him: "Few men in our country have been as well fitted to act on the higher order of minds, or to bring men, proud in their philosophy, or their own righteousness, to the foot of the cross."

When Finney began his meetings in Hartford, he had just returned from a visit to England, where he had preached for a time in the Tabernacle in Finsbury, London, working with Dr. John Campbell, the successor of Whitefield. Crowds thronged his services there, and the impression he made was profound. "Why," said Dr. Campbell, "I don't understand it. You did not say anything but what anybody else might have said just as well."

"Yes," replied Finney, "they might have said it, but would they have said it?"

Finney wrote of himself: "In writing and speaking

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[as a lawyer], I had sometimes allowed myself to use ornate language. But when I came to preach the Gospel, my mind was so anxious to be thoroughly understood that I studied in the most earnest manner on the one hand to avoid what was vulgar, and on the other, to express my thoughts with the greatest simplicity of language."

He was unconventional, not only in his language, but in his ways of leading men to Christ. It is said that when he was on his way home from the scene of a fire in Oberlin which destroyed a grist-mill, he accosted a young man with "Good evening, we've had quite a fire,—haven't we? Are you a Christian?"

This was the man under whose influence Henry Trumbull came in his time of hesitancy. He attended one of Finney's evening meetings, at the close of which he went to a young men's prayer-meeting held a little after nine o'clock in a room over the post-office, for the benefit of clerks and others who could not attend at an earlier hour. On that night neither Finney's words nor the text, "The Spirit and the Bride Say Come," nor the prayer-meeting testimonies gave him peace of mind. Of his troubled state he wrote to his mother:

I wrote to you a few days since that I had determined to seek the Saviour, and to turn my entire attention to the eternal interests of my soul.

Thus I vainly strove to pray. I besought God to bring me to a sense of my lost condition, to convince me of my need of a Saviour, and to grant me faith to believe in his willingness and power to save me. But I apparently prayed in vain. The more I prayed, the more fully was I convinced that I was not

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to be saved, that because I had frequently grieved the Holy Spirit and quenched its strivings within me, I was now forever given over to the consequences of my iniquity, and, like Dives of old, I was to enjoy all the blessings of this life and be refused all comforts and peace in eternity.

Then I would despair, and rise from my knees almost in *anger*, thinking that I had done all *I could do*, and that no blame could be attached to me if I were refused spiritual aid and comfort. Again, I would endeavor to humble myself in the sight of God, and acknowledge my inability to do aught for my own salvation and urge his counsel and assistance to be granted to me in my distress. . . .

On Tuesday afternoon I went to see Dr. Hawes, and stated my case to him and asked his counsel and advice. He talked to me kindly and plainly, and advised me to apply to God as the only source of light and knowledge as to what I should do. He wished me to attend Mr. Finney's meetings holden every evening in some one of the Congregational churches, and also the inquiry meetings which follow every evening service.

The same evening I was enabled to leave the office and attend Mr. Finney's meeting where I heard a most excellent sermon from the words, "The Spirit and the Bride say come, &c." At the meeting I met Kate Goodrich's brother Samuel who after church asked me to go with him to a young men's prayer meeting, which is holden every evening in a room over the Post Office, commencing at the close of Mr. Finney's services.

I attended the meeting and heard some speak who described exactly my state of mind, but still I could not be comforted. I read some tracts which Dr. Hawes gave to me, but they only seemed to *narrow* the path that leads to salvation. I still sought refuge in prayer, but with no better success than at first. I began to think that the Spirit of God was not striving with me, nor would come nigh me, and I felt that I did not have a proper conviction of my sin, and of my utter helplessness, and could not therefore seek assistance of God aright.

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But he was not to be left in this maze of uncertainty and spiritual unrest, for he continues:

Last evening I was again released from the office early in the evening, and again went to hear Mr. Finney. He preached from the text, "I pray thee, have me excused." Mr. Finney is by no means an exciting preacher. He makes no appeals to the feelings, no appeals to our fears. He presents a subject calmly and rationally, and treats it logically; he appeals to the reason and understanding rather than to the passions and feelings.

He, last evening, spoke of the different excuses that were offered for not accepting the invitations to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Amongst others he mentioned every excuse that *I* had offered to myself, and showed their folly. He said, "you say that you have not sufficient feeling on the subject. What good would it do you if you had all the *feeling* that a condemned sinner has in perdition? *Feeling* does not save him, neither will it save you. You say that you do not see your sins in their true light, and do not sufficiently feel your unworthiness. Does not your *reason* prove to you, as well as your conscience, that you are a sinner; and if so, is not *that sufficient* to lead you to seek forgiveness?"

This appeal from one who described my feelings so exactly, and who evidently understood my difficulties and my doubts, apparently opened my eyes and gave me a glimpse of the truth, and of my duty; and as I offered up a mental prayer that Christ would accept of my offer of my life and strength to be devoted to his service and glory, it did seem as if I had found the true entrance to eternal life.

Dr. Hawes told me this afternoon that the appearance of truth in the heart was like the first sprouting of some seeds that had been planted; at its first appearance it was almost impossible to tell whether it were flowers or weeds, but it would be folly to pluck up every green sprout that showed itself for fear that it were a weed. "Let it grow," he said; "cherish it, and cultivate it, and when it has shown its quality, separate the weed from the plant, for then you may do it safely."

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Then, with the evangelistic spirit breaking down the barriers of doubt within him, he gives naive expression to the reality of the new life that was in him, as he exclaims:

> Oh, how I trust and hope that the revival may continue its good work in Stonington, and that Tommy, [a younger brother], as well as many others may be brought to Christ!

In his sketch of Finney, in his book "My Four Religious Teachers," Dr. Trumbull thus described more than fifty years after the event, the effect Finney's preaching had upon him in that crisis time of his youth.

"I never heard such sermons as those, before or since. There was something in them of Henry F. Durant's lawyer-like directness of appeal to the hearer's conscience and best consciousness, with something of Dwight L. Moody's unconventional and unmistakable application of the truth to the individual's heart and sound sense. Yet Finney was like neither Durant nor Moody; he was Finney and was like Finney, and like no other man. There was no getting away from him, nor thinking of anything else while he preached. There were no appeals to mere feeling; the feelings, if moved, were moved by and through the conscience and reason, and as an inevitable result of the simple truth pressed by itself.

"I have always been grateful that my first religious teaching when I had entered Christ's service was from a teacher who uttered God's truth positively, but in such a way that neither he nor I could be counted of any recognized school of denominational theology. And I have never since been obliged to count myself

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of any one denomination in strict and conventional theological views."

Whatever else Finney may have given to Henry Clay Trumbull, he taught him a fact which Trumbull never allowed himself to overlook in his efforts to help others—the worthlessness of *feeling* as a guide in one's turning to Christ. In his conversations and in his writings about duty-doing, Trumbull steadily refused to recognize feeling as rightfully a controlling factor. To turn to Christ was a duty, whether a man felt like it or not. "Feeling right is your duty; but acting right is also your duty," wrote Dr. Trumbull in 1903. "In the long run you are more likely to feel right by doing right, whether you like it or not, than by neglecting your known duty until you may feel like doing it."

On March 14 his mother wrote lovingly and gratefully to Henry, in the light of his latest communications:

> Your letters have, all of them, been *intensely* interesting to us. They have been read until they are nearly worn out. . . . Your father reads them over and over, and never with dry eyes. After your second letter in which you told us you had found Christian friends, we felt at ease about you.

Then follows a hint of the spirit in which Henry Trumbull, like Andrew of old, had entered into the new life in Christ, for his mother adds:

> Your letter to Tommy was a very seasonable one. It was just what he needed. He has been quite in the dark lately and thought he never had repentance or faith, but he now seems on his feet again. You may well suppose there has been a great change in him. . . . . He offered himself as a teacher in the Sabbath-school, but as there was no class for

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him now, he today took little Gurdon and taught him, and seemed very anxious to do him good, and to teach him to keep the Sabbath.

But the very thought that his brother, so young in the Christian life, should attempt to teach a Sunday-school class, aroused Henry to an expression of concern which gives light upon his exalted idea of the new opportunities and obligations disclosed by his and his brother's resolves. To his mother he wrote:

You mentioned in your letter that Tommy had volunteered his services as a teacher in the Sabbath-school. Now I have no desire to dictate to him as to his course, nor do I know how the Sabbath-school at Stonington is at present situated as regards teachers suitable to instruct him or scholars of his age, but it does seem to me that he could get more good from being under the instruction of a teacher who was *one hour* older than himself in the Christian life, than he could by teaching others, or in any other way.

To show to Tommy that I feel the truth of what I say and that my remarks are not prompted by an underestimate of his abilities I will merely state that feeling my own ignorance of spiritual things and of the duties of a Christian I myself commenced attending Sabbath-school as a scholar at the Center Church last Sabbath morning. I believe that I am the oldest or one of the oldest scholars in the school but I felt that I was a babe in grace, and that I should desire the sincere milk of the word, that I might grow thereby, and I therefore asked admission into the school as a scholar, to learn the same lesson each Sabbath as that learned by the children eight years old.

My teacher is the venerable Judge [Thomas S.] Williams (ex-Chief Justice of our State), and a most excellent teacher he is, too; and I hope that I shall receive great benefit from his instructions. Tommy will, of course, do what he thinks best under the circumstances, and will I trust be guided in this matter by the advice of yourself and father. But I hope that he will not think that his being or considering himself a Chris-

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tian leaves him nothing to *learn* of the Bible, or its truths, and that no pride will prevent his seeking instruction wherever it is to be found.

As I sat in my Sabbath-school class today some one remarked that what was not often the case, our *entire class* were hoping that they had *within a few weeks all* passed from death unto life. But although this was the case none of us thought of being too old to study God's Word in that hallowed place.

And then Henry goes on to recount some of his own reflections and experiences, and to quote a word of advice from Dr. Bushnell, whose views and ways of stating truth were already finding a response in his awakening spiritual nature:—

It was with unfeigned delight that I again found myself on Friday night in the evening prayer circle over the Post Office and again had the opportunity of calling upon God from my accustomed place of prayer. It is with a new light that I now view everything in this city, and I feel more attached to it than ever before. . . .

I have today attended five services and that has left me but little time for *reading*, except my accustomed amount of reading in the Bible, and I had some doubts as to whether it was proper for me to *write* this evening, but as I have no other time for writing home, and I do not intend to write upon secular subjects I hope that I am not doing wrong.

. . . A single remark by Dr. Bushnell at one of the inquiry meetings was so good and appropriate to my present state of mind that I will tell it for Tommy's benefit. He said to the young converts: "You are doubting about your *hope* and are uncertain whether that will sustain you at all times and in all trials. If you have any fears as to the *strength* of your *hope* as to whether it is sufficient to *bear you up, fall right through your hope*, sink right down through it, into the arms of Christ your Saviour. Loose all hold upon your *hopes*, place no dependence upon that, but sink right into the arms of Jesus, and he will sustain and uphold you.'

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Meanwhile Henry was preparing to unite with the church of his own and his father's choice, the old First (or Center) Church in Hartford. This church installed Thomas Hooker as its first pastor, at its organization in Newtown (now Cambridge), Massachusetts, on October 11, 1633. But in June, 1636, Thomas Hooker, the pastor, and Samuel Stone, who had been installed at the same time with Hooker as teacher, removed with some one hundred of the congregation to Hartford, and established there not only the first church in that place, but the first church in Connecticut. In the one hundred and eighty-five years from the ordination of Thomas Hooker to the ordination of Joel Hawes, the church had had but ten pastors, each one of them dying in office.

Dr. Hawes was a man of mark in his community and far beyond it. His father was a Massachusetts blacksmith and farmer, and the boy grew up among rough companions, and with no early education in higher things. At eighteen he was unacquainted with the Bible, but through his reading of a copy, secured about that time, his course of life was changed. In 1839, he was the first choice of Yale College for the then vacant chair of pastoral theology, but the faculty did not think it advisable to take him away from his Hartford work. In 1846, he was made a member of the corporation of Yale College, and so continued to his death in 1867.

Dr. Hawes was tall in stature and commanding in appearance, a man of strong and quick sensibilities, having no patience with sensational preaching or eccentric church methods. He was a warm friend of

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revivals, and especially strong in his work among young men. His "Lectures to Young Men," delivered in Hartford in 1827, and later at Yale, were published, and attained a circulation of more than a hundred thousand copies in America, and even more in Great Britain.

Many are the stories about Dr. Hawes that crowd the memories of those who knew him well. He was distinctly a character, owning no man as his master. Mr. Trumbull used to describe, with keen relish, the nervousness of the good old Doctor when young men were speaking in any of the church services. At a monthly concert service on missions, Dr. Hawes said: "I understand that the young men have arranged to report from different missionary fields to-night. They have not informed me of their plans, but will they go on? Who comes first?" Then as one after another finished his report, the Doctor became more perturbed. When Mr. Trumbull rose to report for the Sandwich Islands, the Doctor could stand it no longer. "Stop, Trumbull, stop!" he cried. "Judge Williams, as soon as Mr. Trumbull is through, won't you speak or lead in prayer? A few words of age and experience would do us good to-night. Now go on, Trumbull!"

This was not altogether encouraging to a beginner in the difficult art of "speaking in meeting," but it must not be supposed that Dr. Hawes repressed his young men habitually. Out of the First Church, during his pastorate, came thirty-seven candidates for the ministry, seven of whom went to the foreign field, besides nearly thirty lay workers in the mission field at home and abroad.

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Henry Trumbull had attended the services of this historic church in company with his employer, Mr. James M. Bunce. He found encouragement in the companionship of Christians old and young, and he was deeply grateful for the influences set about him. When he had made up his mind that he ought to make a public profession of his faith in Christ, he was eager to have his parents in Hartford on the Sunday when he should take that step. On Tuesday, May 27, he wrote earnestly to his mother:

Last Sabbath 46 persons were propounded for admission to Dr. Hawes' church on the first Sabbath in June, and several others were propounded for admission by letter. It will be a solemn time for us who are to act so prominent a part in that scene, in the presence not only of those on earth who see us take this step, but also of God our Father and His Son our Saviour, and of all the angels of the Most High, with the countless host of the redeemed and happy saints.

I wish that you and father would come up here at that time and be with me on that day. Why can you not? You and father would both go to Williamstown to see Charlie graduate from his college, and to hear him pronounce the Valedictory, and now why will you not come and see me close my connection with the world, the flesh and sin? Why not come and hear me pronounce a Valedictory to all things that would separate me from Heaven and from God?

Henry's joy in his new life impressed his parents strongly. They had known his absorption in the social affairs of Stonington, in the lighter side of neighborhood doings. They had known the buoyancy and elasticity of his many-sided temperament, and now they were rejoiced that he should enter into his Christian experience with no diminishing of these qualities and with a glad heart and high-

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minded good cheer. Early in June he wrote to one of the family:

You speak of my religion as being of a cheerful nature, but it seems to me that religion can only make *any* person cheerful and happy. No matter how dispositions may differ, or what variety there may be in temperament and feeling, *religion* must make *all* contented and cheerful and it is only when we *forget* our religion, or *doubt* the precious promises of our kind Father in heaven that the present or the future can look to us other than bright and pleasant. The contemplation of what *is ours* and of all that is in *store* for us can only cause our hearts to swell with gratitude to the God who has done & promised so much for us and not unless we forget these things shall we ever doubt or be sad.

It seems to me that if all only *understood what it is* to be a Christian and how pleasant it is in *this* life (even were there no future hope) there would be no unbelievers, none impenitent or unforgiven.

And the life in Christ was conferring upon him immediate blessings, which touched him deeply, warming his responsive nature into a lively sense of gratitude. As the time drew near for him to take his stand before the world for the Master whom he loved, he was laid aside a few days with a sudden though not serious illness, and was confined to his room. Of this incident he wrote to his father:

It seems that all Hartford is aware of my sickness, and I have been delighted to see so many friends as have called to inquire after my health; and I have reason to be very, very grateful to my Heavenly Father, not only for restoring me to health, but for making my sickness so pleasant to me, and for bringing to my bedside so many kind and sympathizing friends, and for making my path in life so pleasant and so easy.

Each day do I have renewed cause for gratitude to him for giving me some new inducement to a life of holiness, and

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for holding out to me some fresh incentive to continuing in the narrow path that leads to life, and to pressing forward yet more earnestly to obtain the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus.

Thus, as you will readily believe, it was only *Christian* friends that came to my bedside, it was to them I was indebted for kindness and sympathy, and I had the pleasure of knowing that more than one heart was lifted up to God in prayer for my recovery. Oh, where are the crosses I was told I must expect in my endeavors to serve God? Where is the yoke and the burden I was told I would be obliged to bear?

From the moment I first determined to give my heart to God, every step that I have taken in the path of duty and of right has been a step in the path of *pleasure*, and oh, if all the wandering prodigal children knew of the delights they would experience in their journey homeward, in company with their loving, merciful, tho' long neglected Father (who will gladly meet them "while yet afar off" from their home and final resting-place), how few would longer suffer in the service of a hard and cruel master vainly endeavoring to satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit with the husks and the scanty nourishment which this world of sin affords.

Henry united with the First Church on the first Sunday in June, 1852, but even before this he had begun his life-time service of winning individuals, one by one, to Christ.

In the same house with him was a fellow-boarder who was also an associate of his in the chief engineer's office of the railroad. Walking one day from the house to the office, Henry told his friend of his decision for Christ, and urged him to accept the Saviour. That friend's response was typical of the answer that may often surprise the messenger of Christ who seeks to reach those near at hand in the home or business circle.

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"Trumbull," said he, "your words cut me to the heart. You little think how they rebuke me. I've long been a professed follower of Christ; and you have never suspected this, although we've been in close association in house and office. May God forgive me for my lack of faithfulness!"

Then it was that Henry Clay Trumbull made a resolve that he never abandoned. "I determined," he declares, "that as I loved Christ, and as Christ loved souls, I would press Christ on the individual soul, so that none who were in the proper sphere of my individual responsibility or influence should lack the opportunity of meeting the question whether or not they would individually trust and follow Christ. The resolve I made was, that whenever I was in such intimacy with a soul as to be justified in choosing my subject of conversation, the theme of themes should have prominence between us, so that I might learn his need, and, if possible, meet it."

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# LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AN OLD-TIME MISSION SCHOOL

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The Sunday-school membership of no church is in any sense complete, unless it includes the children and youth of the outside neighborhoods which are of its proper field of labor,—that is, of the entire field which can easier be reached by it than by any other church ; even though from two to ten branch Sunday-schools have to be started in order to secure this additional membership. And only by some such method of home evangelism as this, can our American communities be brought under and held by the training influence of the Church of Christ. It is within bounds to say, that there are at least two or three millions of children and youth now outside of the Sunday-school, who could be added to its membership within the current year by systematic and persistent efforts in their behalf, by the churches of America already professing an interest in Sunday-school work. And obviously there would be a better prospect of bringing into the church fold the parents of these children through their children's winsome leading, than of reaching the parents in such out-of-the-way places without the help of their children's potent influence.— *Yale Lectures on the Sunday-School.*

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## CHAPTER VII

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AN OLD-TIME MISSION SCHOOL

Within a few weeks after his decision for Christ, and several months before he became a member of the First Church, Mr. Trumbull found himself called to a work which was to have much to do with shaping his life-course and life-interests.

Shortly after he began his business life in Hartford, The Young Men's City Mission Society was organized by members of the Congregational churches of the city, "for the better promotion of the benevolent efforts in the city," according to its prospectus of November 1, 1851. Its organization was due to suggestions made by the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet. Its purposes included the support of a city missionary, the establishing of Sunday-schools, and meetings for prayer or religious services in various parts of the city where such special labors seem to be required.

The prospectus announced the fact that Mr. David Hawley, who had been at work among the destitute "during the past month," had been engaged as City Missionary. This prospectus and the new organization were endorsed by the pastors of the Center, South, North, and Fourth Churches,—Joel Hawes, Horace Bushnell, Walter Clarke, and W. G. Patton.



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On March 21, 1852, under the auspices of the Society, a mission Sunday-school was opened in one of the roughest quarters of the city. It was held in a third-story room at the corner of Morgan and Front Streets, on the banks of the Connecticut River, in the heart of a tenement neighborhood, where laborers and river hands and factory workmen, of varied nationality and of many forms of religion and irreligion, swarmed in shanty and hovel and courtyard. Rodney Dennis, afterwards President of the Connecticut Humane Society, was the first superintendent, and he with nine others constituted the working force. And force was needed, both spiritual and physical. On his fourth Sunday Mr. Dennis resigned, being about to leave the city. On the second Sunday of the school's life, an invitation was extended to members of Judge Thomas S. Williams' class of young men in the old Center Church to help in the Morgan Street Mission. In response to this call Henry Clay Trumbull, Julius G. Rathbun, Edward M. Gallaudet, a son of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, with three or four other young men, reported for duty at the mission.

At Mr. Dennis' request, Henry Clay Trumbull was almost immediately elected to the office of superintendent, taking up that work on April 18, with Miss Antoinette Phelps and Alfred W. Gleason as his assistants, and Mr. Gallaudet as clerk and librarian. At that time the school had fifteen teachers and forty-one scholars,—twenty-four boys and seventeen girls.

Because the Morgan Street School was a typical mission school, and because in it Henry Clay Trumbull gained his earliest lessons in Sunday-school

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work as a servant of Christ, it is well to see that school as it was, and its superintendent as he was.

Such schools were then comparatively new in America. Through the organization of the Five Points Mission, in New York, in 1849, an impulse was given to mission-school work in this country, and the Morgan Street school in Hartford was one of the earliest and one of the most difficult of its kind. Skilled mission speakers who visited it admitted frankly that nothing in their experience as mission-workers had ever equaled the crowd that faced them there, and sometimes routed them with nonsense and ridicule and shrewd personalities.

On one occasion, as described by Mrs. Alice Goodwin (one of the first and most efficient teachers in the school), Charles P. Brace, of the Five Points Mission, visited Morgan Street. He was accustomed to a rough crowd at home, and therefore, says Mrs. Goodwin, "rose with much assurance to address our boys and girls.

"'Boys,' he said, 'I am going to tell you two stories; one is true and the other is not.' Whereupon a boy called out, 'You needn't come here with any of your lies!' For a moment Mr. Brace seemed quite disconcerted, but soon recovered, and when he went away the boys were loud in their shouts of 'Come again, John!' Mr. Brace afterwards told Mr. Trumbull that in all his New York experience he had never been taken so aback as at our school."

When Henry Clay Trumbull made his way up the rickety stairs and through the dim passageways into this school for the first time, he was accompanied

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from the street door by a man who was to become his chief teacher in hand-to-hand Christian work. That man was David Hawley, the city missionary. Mr. Hawley had not been in the school on the day of its organizing, and he too was now entering for the first time the turbulent room where he and his young companion in service were to be so much to each other and to the work among the wild youngsters of the river settlement.

"Father" Hawley, as he was lovingly called, was a thoroughly sensible, keen-witted, and tactful Christian worker, of self-effacing spirit and rare attractiveness. He was of fine New England stock. His brother was the father of the late Joseph R. Hawley, distinguished as General Hawley in the Civil War, as Governor of the state in 1866, and from 1881 to 1904 United States Senator from Connecticut.

David Hawley was one of the four men to whom Dr. Trumbull looked up as his principal religious teachers. No others outside his family circle were counted by him as comparable with these in their direct influence upon his early life, and upon his views of life and truth. Charles G. Finney had taught him that feeling was no measure or test of one's yielding to Christ, and Finney had illustrated in his bearing and words the reasonableness and good sense of the Christian experience as the supreme experience in life. Elias R. Beadle and Horace Bushnell were yet to make their impress upon him. David Hawley personified the outreaching, uplifting spirit of brotherly love and encouragement, and this spirit Henry Clay Trumbull was not slow to perceive. It

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found a response in his own inner nature, free-handed and generous as that was, and now touched with a love for Him who knew no other work than the outpouring of himself for others.

But notwithstanding his fervent zeal, Mr. Trumbull went to the Morgan Street Mission with misgivings. Could Sunday-school work be of any service to such a crowd of incorrigibles as he had heard were to be found there? He considered such efforts hopeless and misdirected, though he was willing to examine the conditions fairly. And as he stood near the dilapidated three-story brick building in which the school was gathered,—a building surrounded by taverns, grog-shops, pawnbrokers' dens, and wretched hovels, and including in its ground-floor a meat-market, a clothing repair shop, and a coffee-roasting establishment,—he was amazed and unencouraged by this his first view of that part of the city.

In the third story of this building he found the schoolroom,—the hall of a lodge of colored Odd Fellows,—with its low ceiling, yellow-washed walls, dirty windows, and rough benches. Pandemonium reigned. The ragged youngsters were tumbling about the room, calling from the windows, or staring at the good clothes of those who had come to teach them. Hardly one of the scholars could read, or showed the slightest indication of ever having had any religious instruction. It was just a tangle of wild-eyed, harum-scarum street gamins, who were on hand to see whatever fun might be forthcoming.

Then it was given to Henry Clay Trumbull to render his first service in the Sunday-school missionary

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work as a follower of the gentle and sympathizing Nazarene. In the low-browed room, among the bruised and blunted urchins of the streets, a little child was in such needy plight that the hungry, unloved soul within his wasted body cried aloud to Henry Trumbull above the din of that pitiful place, though the boy had made no sound. And he heeded that cry, with his ever-sensitive responsiveness to the wordless longings of any soul in need of a sympathizing friend.

"As I sat watching," he wrote, "with mingled emotions of wonder, doubt, and pity, this strange collection of young immortals in such pitiable blindness and such a depth of depravity, my eye fell upon the face of one child even more forlorn looking than the others. Apparently about ten years of age, he bore in his dress and person unmistakable marks of the most abject poverty, and the expression of his face betokened a close and sad acquaintance with want, suffering, and care. No smile lighted his countenance as he listlessly gazed around the room and upon its inmates, and no expression of interest in anything around him could be detected there; but apparently suffering from toothache or other source of physical discomfort, he was vainly endeavoring to adjust around his face a coarse, dirty rag as a bandage for his swollen cheek. Seeing that he was unable to secure it above his head, I stepped across the room, and, taking the cloth from his hands, folded it anew and tied it carefully as he desired.

"As, with a few words of sympathy, I removed my hands, the boy turned up his face to mine with a look

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of mingled wonder and gratitude that I can never forget. It was most expressive and comprehensive, for in it I read his whole life's history of sadness and suffering. It told of the harsh treatment which heretofore only he had met, of the unkind looks, hard words, and frequent blows which he had been accustomed to receive from those whom he considered as his best friends, and now, at this simple proof of kindness and sympathy on the part of a stranger, his heart evidently bounded forth with gladness, and overflowed with new and strange feelings of gratitude and delight.

"That look disproved in an instant all the assertions, and answered as quickly all the arguments in support of the claim that these poor, depraved, and hardened sinners were beyond the reach of good influence, were lost to all the better feelings of our nature, and could not be won by gratitude to love a God of mercy, goodness, and kindness, of whom they should for the first time hear."

Henry Trumbull had come to the Morgan Street School believing that the conditions which surrounded it were not to be met by the work that the Sunday-school could do. But in the eyes of a wondering, grateful boy of the streets he saw the Sunday-school fulfilling its mission, and straightway he followed the vision.

"See that dirty child! He would not weigh much in avoirdupois now, but in the balances of eternity his soul will outweigh a planet!" That was Theodore L. Cuyler's vivid way of giving his estimate of the

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immeasurable value of such a soul, as his voice rang out in the Second Connecticut State Sunday-school Convention in 1858. It was with no lighter estimate of the worth of a soul that David Hawley and Henry Clay Trumbull laid hold upon the work God had given them to do in Hartford among the rougher children of the city.

David Hawley himself came to realize in the course of his rich experience how much there was for any man to learn in dealing with the suspicious, wary youngsters whom they wished to reach.

"It seems a very small matter," said Father Hawley, "to put one's hand on to a little boy's head, and yet it took me a long time to learn just how to do it. I mean, it was a long time before I learned to put my hand on a boy's head as he never had a hand put on before, so that he could feel my heart in the ends of my fingers, and know that my hand was on his head because I loved him."

And Mr. Hawley and Mr. Trumbull learned to use the hand of steel beneath the velvet glove. A little colored boy ran forward and stood on his head in front of the platform. "Why, bub," said Mr. Hawley pleasantly, "you made a mistake,—you got the wrong end down;" and so saying, he turned the little chap right end up, and went on with the opening service of the school.

The superintendent's self-control and his rapier wit were called into play on more than one occasion. At one time a big boy named Murphy appeared, wearing a very high paper collar, in burlesque of the fashionable one worn by Mr. Trumbull. He walked to the

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desk, removed the collar, and laid it before the superintendent. Mr. Trumbull accepted it with a serious face, in spite of the laughter of the school. His opportunity came after the close of the session, when Murphy said to him as they were leaving the room:

"Do you know I have taken to the stage?"

Mr. Trumbull, with a twinkle in his eye, turned to another boy, saying:

"And *you* drive stage, too, Dennis?"

"Did he think I drove an old rattletrap, like Dennis?" muttered Murphy in a disgusted aside to those near him. "I do the literary and classical. I'm playing Macbeth!"

Morgan Street teemed with experiences for its young superintendent. When the enrolment was about two hundred, he noted the fact that among these were about twenty Jews, seventy-five Roman Catholics, forty blacks, and others of some nine different nationalities. Here was a company, even when smaller, not easy to manage or uplift. Yet it was the rule under Mr. Trumbull's superintendency not to call the police under any circumstances.

"Straight-flung words, and few," was the platform rule, and no one had better control of himself, and hence of his listeners, than Mr. Trumbull, in those crowded moments in the dingy room with its restless and explosively critical audience. Here he caught the spirit and observed the method of the Rev. Dr. Elias R. Beadle, pastor of the newly organized Pearl Street Congregational Church, a man who was equal to any emergency in public speech, and exceptionally

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impressive in words to individuals. Dr. Beadle had been a missionary in Syria, and, at his suggestion, Trumbull a little later seriously thought of going to the new Micronesian field, and would probably have gone if he had not been called to other mission service. At Morgan Street Dr. Beadle was one of the few who could grip the attention of the school, and any man who could do that was worthy of study on the part of the superintendent.

When Dr. Beadle was addressing the school one day, he held up a fresh-water clam shell, and called out, "Boys, what's that?" "A clam shell," was the prompt reply.

"Yes, it's a clam shell—a rough, coarse clam shell." Then he showed the other valve, with a polished outside. "And what is that, boys?"

"That's a clam shell, too."

"Yes, but see how much prettier this side is. What makes the difference?"

"It's been rubbed down," said one.

"It's been polished up," said another.

"Yes, that's it. And, boys, do you know that's just what we are trying to do with you in this Sunday-school? This polishing business is hard work, boys, and it takes time; but it pays."

And Dr. Beadle was ever afterward heartily welcomed by the boys of that school as "the clam-shell man."

Trumbull learned there the scanty mental holdings of the children of the streets. One little fellow was asked by one of the teachers the usual questions,—who his Maker was, who was the first man, who

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built the ark, who was cast into the lions' den. To none of these could he give answer.

"Why, my boy, what *do* you know?" cried his teacher, despairingly.

"I know the head from the tail of a cent," was the cheery reply.

In an address at the semi-centennial of the Hartford City Missionary Society, the outgrowth of the young men's organization which had founded the Morgan Street Mission, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet thus described the young superintendent, who was his intimate friend and co-worker, and later his brother-in-law:

"He had an eye as piercing and masterful as Father Hawley, and he was equally persuasive and magnetic in manner.

"The two terrors of the school bore the name of John Cunningham. One was 'big' John, the other 'little.' On a certain Sunday big John came in, evidently under the influence of liquor and looking for trouble. The usual kind words did not avail to keep him quiet, and when the superintendent endeavored to get him to go out peaceably, he took the gentle hand laid on his shoulder as the beginning of a fight, for which he was more than ready.

"But no sooner was his coat off than he found himself backed against a post which supported the ceiling of the room, with Father Hawley's strong hands grasping his wrists, his hands crossed behind the post, and Mr. Trumbull standing before him.

"Spitting in the face of the superintendent, he cried with an oath, 'It's all I *can* do!' Mr. Trum-

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bull kept his temper, and was presently able to secure John's promise that he would leave the room without further trouble, which he did."

But there was encouragement in the work that the school was doing with its most difficult material. A troublesome class of boys had been brought under fair control. Its teacher, absent on account of illness, sent a friend to teach the class. The newcomer was helpless. Mr. Trumbull saw his predicament, spoke with the class quietly, and appealed to them to honor the friend of their friend and teacher. His appeal touched them. "All right," spoke up one of the youngsters, "let him go it. We'll try him. But *he* must *train* us; our teacher did."

It was not merely that his work in the mission gave Mr. Trumbull experience in dealing with school problems. He was learning very early the hopefulness of any honest attempt to uplift a fellow-man in the name of the Saviour, and that lesson was well worth all its costly acquiring.

One young fellow in the school seemed rather lower in the human scale than any of the others. Determined and unshaken in his perversity and shamelessness, he repeatedly left the school, only to be brought back again and again by dint of much tact and persuasion. At last he disappeared completely. He had seemed wholly incorrigible. After a long interval, a letter came from him in British India, where he was serving under Sir Colin Campbell, bound for the relief of Lucknow. With a march of nine hundred miles behind him, heavy with hardships and distresses, sick at heart in his loneliness, and over-

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whelmed with bitter memories, he had turned to the Saviour of whom he had learned in the Morgan Street Mission. And now he was asking his teacher and the other workers in the school to pray for him, and to thank God, as he did, for his new vision.

The first little fellow whom Mr. Trumbull saw in the mission room, a boy wretched beyond expression, he afterwards met in Virginia on the Bermuda Hundreds front, a soldier in the First Connecticut Artillery. After the war he came in a carriage to call upon Mr. Trumbull in New Haven, a valued member of a prominent church in that city.

A colored boy, who had tried the patience and faith of the mission workers almost beyond measure, had been in jail, even while a member of the school. On the Sunday of his release he came back to the school. He went to the war as an officer's servant, was stationed near Washington, and became a teacher of the freedmen who were then pouring into that city. So good a teacher was he that he was sent to North Carolina by the Freedmen's Bureau, and was there licensed as a preacher. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of North Carolina in the days of reconstruction. One day he called at Mr. Trumbull's office, presenting letters of commendation from Major-General O. O. Howard and ex-Governor Holden, of North Carolina.

"You see, Mr. Trumbull," said he, "your work in Morgan Street was not all in vain."

What if the young roughs did break up twilight prayer-meetings by jeering the speakers, and by piling easily-tumbled barrels on the rickety stairs? They

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got tired of that; and the most disreputable of the lot, a one-legged colored boy, appeared on a certain Saturday at the schoolroom to ask if he might help the teachers in fixing it up by "yellow-washing" the walls. What if one ragged urchin was hunted on the run by his irate father for a half-mile along the river-bank to hale him to school? A little German lad would bring some other almost every Sunday; and one day he came in leading a little girl, followed by two small boys, and called out to the city missionary: "Mishter Holle, I vas gyne bring de hole zity!"

Unutterably sad that a little girl of five should come to the school intoxicated by strong drink given by her mother, only to be carried home to die! Yet beautiful indeed was the love of a little girl for her teacher when the child called her mother to her bedside, and with her dying breath said: "Mother, don't tell my Sunday-school teacher I am dead, for it will break her heart to know it." Thus the work had its lights and shadows, as all work has.

Morgan Street was Mr. Trumbull's proving ground in the Sunday-school work,—a work by no means generally accepted in the year of our Lord 1852 as even a desirable feature of church activity. The child, as a child, was not then studied with much attention or hopefulness, nor were his peculiar needs recognized to any noteworthy extent. Dr. Trumbull has told of his first acquaintance with modern Sunday-school hymnology, to which he was introduced by a visitor in his school, who stood in the middle of the Morgan Street garret room while he taught the scholars to sing "Little drops of water."

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The visitor and singing leader was Daniel C. Gilman, superintendent of a mission school in New Haven, in later years president of Johns Hopkins University, and again until recently president of the Carnegie Institution.

Singing, and plenty of it, was one of the winsome features of a well-defined purpose to make the school a delightful place for all. Gradually the scholars came to learn that the mission knew how to provide for their likes as well as for their needs. In addressing the first Connecticut State Sunday-school Convention in April, 1857, after five years' experience in mission work, Mr. Trumbull said, as throwing light on ways of securing attention: "'How shall I interest my scholars?' asked one of our teachers of the city missionary. 'Tell them bear-stories, if you can't do better!' said Mr. Hawley, and his idea is the one which must possess every laborer in this field to insure success.

"I have known one boy rise from a bed of weakness and pain, contrary to the command of physician and friends, and hurry on his ragged clothes, drop himself from the window, and, scarce able to stand, totter over to that room at the hour of gathering. I have seen that room filled week after week, and why? The reason of their gathering, in spite of all opposing influences, was given in the remark of a little fellow who put his head out of the window of that room one Sabbath noon, calling to his companions in the street below: 'Boys, come up here; here's more fun for a quarter than you'll find anywhere else in Hartford.'"

The Morgan Street school had a weekly teachers'-

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meeting. Mrs. Alice Goodwin states that the teachers, of whom she was one of the first, often read at these meetings a journal or report of their classes, and that "Mr. Trumbull had the faculty [which he never lost] of recalling long conversations, giving the dialect of the speaker, and, with his quick sense of humor, the striking features of the situation. Ways and means of work were reported and discussed, and Mr. Trumbull maintained that the mission was as real and important as if our work was in India or China. So impressed were all by this view that when an epidemic of Asiatic cholera prevailed in the neighborhood of the school the teachers were found Sunday after Sunday in their accustomed places."

Notwithstanding the confining nature of his railroad work, Mr. Trumbull was by no means neglecting his preparation outside the school for the work inside of it. He looked back to the Morgan Street Mission as the beginning of more than one phase of his life-work. It was while he was seeking an illustration for a talk to the school that he began a study of the coral insect which drew him on into many nights of research. Not satisfied with the common story of the coral builders' self-sacrifice, he studied book after book on the subject in the local libraries until he really knew something about coral. Then, and not until then, was he prepared to use the illustration he wished to use. That was his first bit of real research.

Henry Trumbull believed in prayer with a belief that kept nothing in reserve. It was always a characteristic glory of his nature that he trusted a friend

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freely and without question. When he had his Saviour's word for it on any subject, that was enough for him. He could trust that Friend above all others, and he did.

This was as true in his Morgan Street work as elsewhere. In 1854 a Christmas party for the school had been under consideration. Something better than sliding with bare feet on frozen pools—a neighborhood pastime—was thought desirable. The day was close at hand, and the sleigh-ride which had been planned as the chief feature of the day's enjoyment was apparently not to be; for the weather was moderate, there was no snow or sign of snow, and to all appearance a fair spell had set in.

But all this was the Lord's work, reasoned the superintendent, and he could trust Him. So he advised all to go on with the plans for the sleigh-ride, and he prayed for snow. During the night before the appointed day the ground was covered to a sufficient depth with a snowfall that lasted just long enough for the ride.

That experience was never forgotten by the superintendent, or sophistically set aside as an accident. He knew no accidents. The Saviour was his Friend. Was not that enough?

Mr. Trumbull ever counted himself a debtor to this work which others held was in so great debt to him. In a letter read at the semi-centennial of the Missionary Society he wrote feelingly:

> And now counting myself a product of that work, I want to give thanks to the society under which this work was carried

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on, and to tell how grateful I am for what it was in my bringing out and bringing up. Can any say at this semi-centennial anniversary that they are glad and grateful graduates of Morgan Street Mission School? "So am I." Do any claim that they look up with admiring and reverent thankfulness to Father Hawley as their leader and example? "I more."

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# IN THE HOME OF THE GALLAUDETS

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Nor is it sufficient to have Jesus Christ as the ideal standard of human character and of human conduct, without any intermediate exhibit, between him and ourselves, of the attributes and traits which his nature personifies and illustrates. Human nature needs the inspiration and the encouragement of purely human ideals, reflecting and, so far, reproducing the one perfect Ideal, as an incentive and a pattern to worthy being and doing. We know that we ought to be like-minded with Christ; but Christ is so far above us, and we are so hopelessly unlike him at the best, that we are in danger of despairing in the struggle, while we have nothing before us but that absolutely perfect Divine-human standard of attainment. When, however, we see the likeness of Christ imaged in one trait or another of a human follower of Christ, that trait has new attractiveness to us from its very possibility of imitation; and so the followers and witnesses of Christ become our inspiring helpers toward Christ.—*Aspirations and Influences.*

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## CHAPTER VIII

### IN THE HOME OF THE GALLAUDETS

Long before Henry Clay Trumbull had any thought of making his home in Hartford, one man of that city had been pre-eminent among his boyhood heroes as the ideal writer of books for youngsters like himself. That man was Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, who passed away on September 10, 1851, only a little while after young Trumbull had removed to Hartford from his Stonington home. Gallaudet was a pioneer in the writing of books for children, particularly in the field of religious reading and instruction. His books for the young were widely popular at home and in Great Britain, and they were variously translated into French, German, Spanish, Italian, Modern Greek, Greco-Turkish, Armeno-Turkish, Modern Armenian, Russ, Arabic, Persian, Burmese, Hindoostanee, Siamese, Malay, Chinese, Nipongwa, Hawaiian, Choctaw, Dakota and Ojibwa.

Although the privilege of personal intercourse with Dr. Gallaudet was denied him, Henry Trumbull was conscious of a sense of nearness to this early mentor whom he had known afar off, because he was now in the city where the great man's work was conspicuously prominent in one of the city's most notable institutions. And, in the providence of God, this



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boyhood hero worship was not to die away in embers and ashes, but was about to be rekindled by events which only served to add fuel to the fire.

On the 26th of June, 1852, in writing to his mother, Henry declares enthusiastically:

I feel that I *belong* to Hartford, that I am interested in its prosperity, and blessed when it is blessed. Among my friends here of whom I have not written or spoken particularly to you, I value none higher than the Gallaudet family, of whom I have spoken casually in one or two of my last letters. Mr. Gallaudet was, as you may remember, the first author with whom I became acquainted. James [Henry's eldest brother] procured for me his child's picture, defining, and reading book, and from it taught me to read. I then read his "Child's Book on the Soul," which was just published, and I looked up to the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet as *the* writer of the English language. I first became acquainted with his son Edward in the nine o'clock evening prayer-meetings, being introduced by Sam Goodrich, and *he* is now my most intimate friend in Hartford. . . .

He is a good boy, actuated by firm and high principles. I am with him a great deal of the time, and through him I have become acquainted with his family, whom I find to be equally lovable, and whose friendship I find myself greatly blessed in securing. . . .

Miss Kate Gallaudet his older sister, came on the train from Bristol this morning, and I escorted her to the carriage. She is beautiful, and a very agreeable young lady. She asked me if I had been to their house during her absence of some 10 days, and when I replied in the negative she scolded me for not being neighborly, and urged me to call there frequently and spend much of my time at the house.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was indeed a man who would attract others to himself by his ways and spirit, and his family was worthy of him. He was a

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descendant on his father's side of French Huguenot ancestry that could still further trace its origin to Antonio Priuli, Doge of Venice in 1618–1623. On his mother's side he was the great-grandson of the great-granddaughter of Thomas Hooker.

It was while he was a student of theology, at home on a vacation, that Mr. Gallaudet became interested in Alice Cogswell, the deaf-mute daughter of Dr. Mason F. Cogswell of Hartford. Mr. Gallaudet found that he could teach Alice written language by means of picture-language, associating in her mind the object with the appearance of its name; and as the child's knowledge thus increased her father was eager to have her instructed by the methods which were then well understood only in Europe. So Mr. Gallaudet, at the request of a committee of citizens, went abroad with his expenses provided by them, studied the sign language under Abbé Sicard in Paris, and brought back with him an apt pupil of Sicard, Laurent Clerc. Incidentally, while in Paris, Mr. Gallaudet laid the foundation for a work which resulted in the establishing of the American Chapel in the French capital.

Out of this pioneer effort arose the great work of the American Asylum for the Deaf, or, as it has been later called, the Hartford School for the Deaf, to which deaf-mutes are grateful debtors for pioneer and continued exposition of the principles of deaf-mute instruction. Before this there was no school for the deaf in America, and only three such schools in Europe.

Shortly after Mr. Gallaudet returned from abroad to begin the teaching of the sign language, two daugh-

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ters of a family living near New Haven entered the class first taught by him in the school. The younger of these, Sophia Fowler, was possessed of a rare and charmingly beautiful personality; and yet until her nineteenth year she had received no such instruction as was made possible by Mr. Gallaudet. Under his instruction she developed to a remarkable degree her natural gifts, and most unexpectedly to her, she was called to a place of prominence in the work which had so opened to her the world of expression, by a proposal of marriage from Mr. Gallaudet.

When she became his wife she became his co-worker in his life mission. Her eldest son, Thomas, came to be the beloved pastor of St. Ann's Church for deaf-mutes in New York City, a man who gave his life in self-denying devotion to the field of his choice. Mrs. Gallaudet lived to see her son Edward, Henry Trumbull's intimate friend, lay the foundations of the National Deaf Mute College, now Gallaudet College, Washington, where for ten years she presided over the household affairs of the institution. Thus she lived and worked for those who, like herself, belonged to that great, and until her husband's day, neglected company of the eager-eyed children of silence. In the institution in Washington there is to-day in one of the corridors a memorial tablet bearing the name and the dying message of a youthful student. President Edward M. Gallaudet relates that when Joseph Chamberlain, the British prime minister, was visiting the college some eighteen years ago, he saw this tablet and took for the text of an eloquent address to the students its remarkable inscription :

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"It will take away half the bitterness of death to have been allowed to learn something."

That glad outcry from a soul which, without the Gallaudets must have been but a silent and expressionless shadow of a soul through all its lonely earthly days, voices the significance of the unsparing service that this family has rendered to those whose gifts were under bondage, and are now set free.

Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet in his biography of his father, quotes a letter from Dr. Yung Wing, a Yale graduate, a Chinese mandarin of high rank, and for some years assistant Chinese minister at Washington, in which the distinguished Chinaman wrote of a visit made in his boyhood to the Gallaudets:

The entire domestic surroundings carried with them a heavenly atmosphere, and no one who was present in that house on Prospect Street, either immediately after breakfast or after tea in the evening, when all the members met together, could have failed to be charmed with the scene.

There was the doctor himself, the central figure of the group. In person he was of medium height. He wore spectacles. He had a full, oval face, every feature of which bore lines of thought and beamed with gentle cheerfulness. His uppermost thoughts seemed to be of Christ and humanity, and his whole appearance betokened a soul well anchored in Christian trust and serenity.

Then came Mrs. Gallaudet. I remember she was the last member of the family to whom I was introduced. I was not aware, at first, that she was a mute; her face was full of healthful color, with large, clear brown eyes that spoke volumes, though she could not give her thoughts articulate expression. She had a dignified and queen-like air, softened with a sweet smile which seemed to be perennial.

Three sons, Thomas, William, and Edward, the last the youngest member of the family, being about my own age, and

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two daughters, Kate and Alice, completed the group [Peter Wallace, the second son, and Sophia and Jane, the two elder daughters, were absent from home]. I remember their faces well. The two young ladies played on the flute, while one of the brothers played on the piano. The sight and sound were novel to me, but the music they made at evenings was symbolic of the gentleness and harmony that pervaded the family.

Into this family circle came Henry Clay Trumbull while he was a drudging clerk in the railroad office. The spark within him sought an atmosphere congenial to its brighter glowing, and he became a frequent visitor in this home of talent and good cheer. While never professing any knowledge of music, he was a lover of it, and had more discrimination in his musical likes and dislikes than he would ever admit. He had the poetic temperament, a fine sensitiveness to the spiritual and imaginative, with no little skill of thought and touch in drawing, and a certain facility in the writing of verse. The collection of verse manuscripts in which his youthful poetic flights had been set forth was summarily destroyed by the poet himself, when sudden impulse and a convenient open fire drove him to the deed.

But evidences of his skill with pencil or pen have been preserved, and none more strikingly shows his fidelity to detail,—a most notable characteristic in all his work of every sort,—than a piece of sheet music which he copied from an engraved four-paged production. Only the most minute scrutiny can detect the slightest difference between the original and the copy. And not only in such delicate mechanical accuracy was his skill shown, but in careful little pencil sketches from nature he exhibited in another

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form, and with different material, his capacity for receiving accurately the true impressions of atmosphere and perspective and relative values.

Mr. Trumbull's letter, already quoted in this chapter, fails to mention a certain member of the Gallaudet family, who, however, finds a place in a letter written to his mother on July 5, 1852:

> Tell Grandmother that I called last Thursday evening on the rich Miss —— of whom she has often told me. She sent word to me by Ned Gallaudet to call upon her upon that particular evening, as his sister Alice was to be there and spend the evening. Ned Gallaudet and myself invited the young ladies to go to the Atheneum to see a "night-blooming Cereus" on exhibition there. It was a magnificent sight,—9 large flowers in full bloom. Crowds were there to see it, and Miss —— and Miss Gallaudet insisted upon staying to see the flowers cut off, and they remained until nearly 2 o'clock.

Alice Cogswell Gallaudet was the fourth daughter, born soon after the death of the deaf-mute, Alice Cogswell, who had been the means of leading Dr. Gallaudet into his beneficent life-work. If there was any one characteristic more than another that distinguished Alice Gallaudet in her childhood and throughout her beautiful life it was the utter forgetfulness of self. It was more than that. She verily seemed not to know that she had any self to call for any thought from her, or from any one else. Her thought was ever of others, and consequently all others loved her, and were drawn to her by her selfless interest in them.

She was hardly more than eighteen when Henry Trumbull came as a visitor into the Gallaudet home.

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She was in every way lovely, and to the friend of her brother she was friendly in her welcome and in her interest in what interested him. That was her way then, and always.

Alice was a lover of music, as indeed were the others in that talented home. Her opportunities for musical culture were increased by the generosity of a family friend and neighbor who sent into the Gallaudet home a piano as a gift to the household. To Alice particularly that was a source of immeasurable delight. But one morning when her deaf-mute mother, standing near the instrument, made signs of regret that she could not hear the music, she for the first time was painfully conscious of her mother's deprivation. It had never really occurred to her that her mother was shut out from such delights as she herself was privileged to enjoy. She turned away from the piano, and hastened in tears to her own room, overwhelmed with sorrow.

It was only after her mother and father had lovingly urged her to go on with her practise that she was willing to do so. Years afterwards, when her mother was in heaven, Alice often spoke of the joy she had in the thought that their neighbor and friend, Mrs. Sigourney, had expressed in her poem on Alice Cogswell's entrance into the new life:

"Sisters! there's music here!
From countless harps it flows,
Throughout this bright celestial sphere,
Nor pause nor discord knows.
The seal is melted from my ear
By love divine;

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And what through life I pined to hear
Is mine! is mine!
The warbling of an ever tuneful choir,
And the full deep response of David's
sacred lyre.
Did kind earth hide from me
Her broken harmony,
That thus the melodies of heaven might roll,
And whelm in deeper tides of bliss my
rapt, my wondering soul?
Joy! I am mute no more!
My sad and silent years
With all their loneliness are o'er.
Sweet sisters, dry your tears!
Listen at hush of eve, listen at dawn of day,
List at the hour of prayer,—can ye
not hear my lay?
Untaught, unchecked it came,
As light from chaos beamed,
Praising his everlasting name
Whose blood from Calvary streamed,
And still it swells that highest strain, the song
of the redeemed."

Alice and her brothers and sisters were nurtured in an atmosphere of music, and each of them was taught to sing; and Alice herself, after her father's death, in order to contribute what she could to the family income, gave lessons on the piano, receiving under her care, at his special request, the pupils of her own teacher, Mr. Gordon, when he left Hartford to become a notable figure in the musical world.

Henry Trumbull was charmed and inspired by Alice as he became more and more intimate with the family. The two were very different in temperament, yet alike in spirit and aims. Miss Gallaudet worked

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with him as a teacher in the Morgan Street Mission, disclosing there, as elsewhere, her sweet sensitiveness to the joys and sorrows of others. As their acquaintance ripened, the two found themselves drawn into the ties of a friendship which only gained in its ideals and unselfish outreaching toward a life of service through their marriage, by Dr. Joel Hawes, on May 23, 1854.

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# MIXING POLITICS AND RELIGION

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Everywhere and always it is sentiment which is the chiefest force, as a swaying agency of the human heart; the differences are in the nature and the object and the measure of that sentiment. That sentiment which rises to the highest ideal, is ever that which rises from the profoundest depths of a consecrated being; and he who sways others mightily, is always one who himself is mightily swayed.

When General Joseph R. Hawley was advocating, in the United States Congress, the fitting observance of our Centenary of American Independence, he was met by the sneer that "after all this is but a sentiment." "I know it," responded the general, in his red-hot earnestness; "but I haven't a sentiment that I'm not ready to die for." Whatever sentiment is worth living for, is worth dying for,—if dying be in the line of its right achieving. And it is good to be so possessed with a noble sentiment, as to count it a minor matter whether life or death be a result of its expression and advocacy.—*Aspirations and Influences.*

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## CHAPTER IX

### MIXING POLITICS AND RELIGION

From his boyhood Henry Trumbull, though spare and slight in bodily frame, was a surcharged battery of vital energy. An easy chair was one of his pet aversions; a reclining posture, mental or physical, during the hours when work was doing, or waiting to be done, was temperamentally impossible to him. He gave himself intensely and freely to any work that was his to do, and if it offered sharp and obstinate resistance to the pressure he brought to bear, then he let loose upon it with the reserves he had in abundant store, and drove through it as a liner takes a head sea.

"Trumbull," said a young Hartford business associate of powerful physique, "I can turn that copying press down so tight that you can't turn it any further!"

And the challenger set his strong hands to the iron wheel and turned the plate of the press so hard upon the creaking letter-book that his boast seemed not an idle one.

Henry was roused. Everything on earth save that letter-press was as nothing. He seized the wheel, gave it a sudden, agonizing wrench, and the heavy screw, unable to move a hair's breadth, obediently



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snapped in two. That Henry had a lame back for a few days was of no account whatever to him. He had given the letter-press another turn.

Put energy like this into clerical work such as Mr. Trumbull was doing in the railroad office, and there would be a margin that must be accounted for. The Morgan Street Mission could take care of some of the surplus, as any Sunday-school superintendent very well knows. But even that strenuous service among the "Big John" Cunninghams and the like was not enough to give the Trumbull dynamo a sufficient load.

These were the early days of the Young Men's Christian Association, but there was no branch in Hartford. Among the young workers in that city was one who, because of his denominational connection, could not become an active member of a Young Men's Christian Association. For this and other reasons, his fellow-workers organized a religious association under the name of "The Moral and Social Union," in which all could have full membership.

In this Union Mr. Trumbull was deeply interested. It was he who secured the Rev. Dr. Thomas M. Clark, of Christ Church, Hartford, to preach the sermon at the first public meeting of the Union. More than a half century later Dr. Trumbull wrote of that sermon from Ecclesiastes 4 : 9, 10:

"Work for another soul has appealed to me with fresh power and hope ever since hearing it, and this I said to Bishop Clark, when, fifty years after that, he was last in Philadelphia as the presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

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"It is not for me to say," he wrote of the Union itself, "that we acted wisely in deciding as to the name and bounds of our organization, but I do say unhesitatingly that we did well in planning for work for Christ and for souls."

And one who wrote the salutatory of the Union, then a clerk in a publishing house, and now Professor Henry E. Robins of Rochester Theological Seminary, writes out of his own mature conviction:

"I think we all concluded, after experiment, that we were not as wise as serpents in dropping the word Christian, in the mistaken notion that we could allay the prejudice of worldly men by so doing. Frankness in our dealings with men always wins."

There was other work that a man might do in the complex, troublous days of the fifties, even as now in our less hectic times. As early as 1844, when young Trumbull, at fourteen, raised his voice with any man in Stonington for the principle-loving Whig party, he was a politician, in a sense which, unhappily, is not always a connotation of that term to-day. He was familiar then with the name and reputation of every member of both Houses of Congress, from all parts of the country, and he could give, offhand, the latest electoral vote of every state, with the state majority on either side. He attended political meetings for miles around his native place, and he had a perfectly normal and, consequently, a very definite and intelligent interest in political affairs.

Shortly after Mr. Trumbull moved to Hartford the Scott-Pierce campaign was in full swing. It was the

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last national contest between the Whigs, as such, and the Democrats. At the height of the campaign the Whig meeting was held in Hartford, led by Isaac W. Stuart, who owned the famous "Charter Oak Place," where stood the old oak in whose hollow trunk had been hidden the charter given by Charles II to the younger John Winthrop, as representing the Connecticut colony. At this Whig meeting the principal speaker was Henry C. Deming, later mayor of Hartford, and again war mayor of New Orleans under General Butler.

Mr. Trumbull was in the audience as one of the enthusiastic Whig young men. Suddenly Mr. Stuart called out Trumbull's name, saying that he had heard of him as a mission-school speaker, and from his name and work he ought to have something to say. Taken clean aback, Trumbull promptly tried to leave the room, but Mr. Deming detained him, threw his arms around him, and led him to the front. Then Trumbull made his first political speech.

It was while the Kansas-Nebraska bill was under discussion in Congress that Mr. Trumbull attended a notable meeting in the old City Hall, on Kingsley Street. It was a non-partisan gathering, to protest against the violation of the Missouri Compromise. In that meeting were Thomas S. Williams, formerly a Federal member of Congress and later chief justice of the state; William W. Ellsworth, formerly a Whig member of Congress, governor of the state, and then a judge of the state supreme court,—a son of Chief Justice Ellsworth of the United States Supreme Court in Washington's day; John M. Niles, Postmaster-

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General in Van Buren's cabinet, for years the editor of the Hartford Times, the leading Democratic paper in the state; Gideon Welles, also a veteran Times editor, a naval bureau chief in Polk's administration, and later Secretary of the Navy under Lincoln; and young Joseph R. Hawley, then an active supporter of the "Liberty Party."

Such a gathering as this was likely to make an impression on such a man as Henry Clay Trumbull. He reported the meeting for the New York Tribune, and he went out from it with his mind clear on issues which led to the formation of the Republican party, with which he united in 1856.

On February 1 of that year Mr. Trumbull formed a co-partnership with Charles P. Welles, under the firm name of Charles P. Welles & Co., to conduct what was known as the "Hartford Family Medicine Store," of which Mr. Welles had been the sole proprietor. The local papers heartily commended the new firm, and the Courant spoke of Mr. Trumbull as "well known to great numbers in this community for his active labors in various philanthropical works," and as one who "has returned to the business to which he was early trained." The construction work of the Hartford, Providence, and Fishkill Railroad was nearing completion, and Henry Trumbull not unnaturally reverted to the business of which he had learned much in the dispensary of his uncle, Dr. Palmer, in Stonington. Apparently the drug business was to be his life-work. It is said that atavistic tendencies will assert themselves.

As a member of the new firm, Mr. Trumbull's time

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was more his own than it had been in the employ of the railroad. He was profoundly stirred by the great principles that were then at stake in the national life, and he grappled with the problems of the hour even as he had flung himself, with every spark of power he possessed, at the rigid iron wheel of the letter-press.

The Republican party was calling to its ranks the conservative elements of the old Whig and Democratic parties in the northern states. Free Soilers, Free State men, men of the "Know Nothing" or American party, rallied around the Republican candidate, John C. Fremont. Where individual independence of party action and habitual consideration of principles was a characteristic of the people, the demand for such men as Henry Trumbull, in committee work and on the stump, was unceasing and compelling.

During the campaign of '56 he was in charge of the local canvass in Hartford. His unhampered vision of the rights of any matter, of the way to get at the heart of a truth or a method, was showing itself even then. Political battles had been fought time and again with the handy, but unreliable, weapons of excitement and momentary enthusiasm. Mr. Trumbull believed in this as far as it was good and effective, but he knew its uncertainties. He began a month before the Fremont election to make a systematic canvass of his field, making a list of voters and getting helpers to look after small sections, and to round up the voters on election day. All this was new then in the field of politics. Edward H. Rollins, of New Hampshire, was doing a similar work in his field, but

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neither knew of the methods of the other. That work carried the day for Fremont in Hartford.

It was one of the significant occurrences in Mr. Trumbull's varied life that he was *not* elected to the office of constable and collector on the Fremont ticket, losing by one hundred and sixty votes to Oliver D. Seymour, the very satisfactory incumbent, who won partly because of his own record, and partly because the Fremonters thought Trumbull was sure to win.

But Mr. Trumbull was not working for office. He was on the stump throughout the state. When he signed the roll of the Fremont Club, on July 16, 1856, at a rousing meeting in the Hartford City Hall, he made a speech that the Courant characterized as a "telling speech, which brought down the house repeatedly." Whether he was in West Hartford, or Meriden, or Rockville, or in any other town, his speeches always made a hit. He was, as ever, a captivating teller of stories; in facial expression, word, and gesture a perfect mimic, playing upon the feelings of an audience with the clever touch of an unerring dramatic sense.

As he went about the state during the campaign, in one town the papers would report his speech as "one of the very best speeches to which it has ever been our privilege to listen." In another, as in old Stafford, he attained the distinction of a bitter diatribe flung at him by a townsman of the opposite party, who hurled his shafts from the security of anonymity in the public press; "insensible twaddle and slang" was the sum of his oratorical failure

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there. Or, again, in his Hartford home he was stigmatized by a local paper as "apothecary, innocent orator, and political squib," after a banquet of Fremonters on November 15, 1856, at which he was presented with a silver cup in recognition of his services to the victorious local ticket.

Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, relates that Mr. Trumbull's speeches were "interspersed with anecdotes," one of which the Senator vividly remembered. The young orator was speaking of the "dough-faces," men without spirit enough to stand by their convictions. "They have not even the spirit," he said, "of the hen-pecked husband who was compelled by his strong-minded wife to crawl under the bed when visitors came. Upon one occasion he lifted the valance and furtively looked out, observed only by his wife. After the company had gone she berated him for his temerity. He roused himself enough to exclaim, 'I want you to understand that just so long as I have the spirit of a man I will peek!'"

"When at the close of that campaign," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "I, with two of my political campaigners, called at the home of General Fremont in New York City, and passed an hour with 'Fremont and Jessie' [Jessie Benton Fremont, his nationally popular wife], they both seemed to us all that we had imagined them. We had been ready to do everything in our power for them; and they had done much for us in causing us to be thus daring and hopeful.

"Mrs. Fremont's hearty interest in her husband's campaign was shown in her enthusiastic comments

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that evening on its details. Speaking of the closing days of the canvass, she said:

"'The Sunday before the election the General and I went over to Brooklyn to hear Mr. Beecher preach. It was a treat: pastor and people were heartily in accord with the great issue at stake. When they recognized us in the congregation, they seemed inclined to break into cheers. Indeed, at the close of the service, they practically did so. We had difficulty in getting away from the enthusiastic crowd. As I saw how they felt about us, I wanted to say to them all, "I hope you'll all show how sincere this feeling is by being on hand early to vote right next Tuesday."'"

For the canvass of 1858, in the campaign which resulted in the election of William A. Buckingham as Governor of Connecticut, Henry Trumbull was appointed by the State Republican Committee as a member for Hartford County of the State Central Committee. On April 10, Governor Buckingham offered him a place on his military staff with the rank of colonel. "In the appointment of my aids," the governor wrote with his own hand, "I have felt that I might be governed in a great measure by my personal preferences, knowing that such appointments would have but little influence upon the general interest.

"I have been much pleased with what I have seen and heard of you, and knowing you possess traits of character which I highly esteem, I have felt that I could offer you the position of one of my aides-de-camp, with full confidence that your acceptance would be highly satisfactory to myself and our Republican friends. . . . I would not press you into any such service against

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your interest or wishes, but would have you consider the matter after this formal and cordial offer."

But Dr. Trumbull could not see the way clear to accept the offer, and he was obliged to decline it. He was already getting the first glimpses of a work which was to claim his attention for many years. His connection with C. P. Welles & Co. had lasted hardly more than a year. At the close of the campaign of '58 he was chosen editor of the Hartford Evening Press. Gideon Welles was to aid him in an advisory capacity, and William Faxon, afterward Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was to be the publisher.

At this juncture Mr. James M. Bunce, one of the owners of the Press, urged Trumbull to make a business connection with him in cotton and wool brokerage, and to turn aside from the editorship. Mr. Bunce took it upon himself to secure the other owners' consent to the change of plan. Having done so, he, with Mr. Trumbull, secured Joseph R. Hawley as editor, and this was Hawley's beginning in his long editorial career.

The wool business was prostrated, and for the time being wiped out, by the after effects of the panic of '57. With no diminution of commercial credit, Mr. Bunce and Mr. Trumbull within a few months closed up their affairs, and Mr. Trumbull was listening for the next call of duty. It was not long in coming.

One day he met Father Hawley on the street. The good city missionary greeted him with "Trumbull, I hear you're out of business. I'm glad of it. I hope the Lord will harrow up your nest as often as you build it outside of his field!"

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# SUNDAY-SCHOOL FIELD WORK IN THE FIFTIES

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It is hard to be always restless; but nothing that is good is easy. Dying is easy; it is living that is hard. Rest is the symbol of death. Unrest is the assurance of life. Let us thank God that we live and that we are unceasingly restless.—*An editorial paragraph.*

It is just thirty years ago, on the day of this writing, that I entered the Sunday-school field as the field of my chosen life-work.

My belief in the value of the agency was a cause, and not a result, of my being engaged in it. If there was a better agency available in the plans of God, I wanted to change my course accordingly. And so it was that I entered upon a critical examination of the teachings of the Bible and of outside history, in order to learn more surely what was God's chiefest provision for the ingathering and for the religious upbringing of the children of men. The more I studied the more I found, in the teachings of Scripture and of history, which was at variance with traditional practices and views, but which must be accepted by him who would follow God's word and the leadings of sound reason. I came to realize, as never before, that the Sunday-school of to-day substantially represents God's chosen agency, from of old, for the evangelizing and for the instruction of those whom his Church is set to reach and to rear; and in this new conviction I gained steadily in devotedness to the work which I now deemed God's work pre-eminently. —*Yale Lectures on the Sunday-School.*

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# CHAPTER X

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL FIELD WORK IN THE FIFTIES

American life can hardly be said to have felt the influence of the Sunday-school before 1815-20. As late as 1814, the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher preached his famous sermon on "The Waste Places of New England," in which he pointed out the good that might be done in meeting the religious destitution of his day by systematic religious instruction in the home. In 1828, when he republished the sermon, he added this note: "Since this was written, the system of Sabbath-schools has more than realized all that at the time had been asked or thought."

Even as late as 1830, it was by no means generally accepted that a little child could be taught spiritual truths. Rote memorizing of catechism and of Scripture was by many supposed to be the nearest approach that the child could make to the truth contained in the words. This foreshortened view of the child-soul totally distorted the popular picture of the Sunday-school. "Who would have supposed," said President Francis Wayland of Brown University, speaking of "infant schools," then new in America, "that the memory, the judgment, the understanding, and the conscience of so young a child were already so perfectly formed, and so susceptible of improvement?"



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In 1824, in the Seventh Annual Report of the Philadelphia Sunday and Adult School Union, the predecessor of the American Sunday-School Union, it was given as a striking fact that "in St. James' Sunday-school, Lancaster [Pennsylvania], there are some pious *children*,"—the word "children" appearing in italics. The report is distinguished also by this remarkable statement, that in one of the Delaware County schools [in Pennsylvania] "a boy has made a public profession of religion."

When, a few years earlier than this, Harriet Lathrop, as a young girl, gathered a little group of children for Bible study in the gallery of the First Church in Norwich Town, Connecticut, she was soon forbidden the use of the gallery, and withdrew to a near-by schoolhouse, from which she was ousted by public sentiment and by her pastor. Henry Clay Trumbull was told by an eye-witness that "when the old pastor of the church passed the schoolhouse where this young teacher had her Sunday-school for a season, he shook his ivory-headed cane toward the building, and exclaimed, in honest indignation, 'You imps of Satan, doing the Devil's work!'"

Harriet Lathrop began again, and this time on the church steps. Her struggling Sunday-school had not yet finally crossed the threshold of the house of God. But the little school survived. It was back in the church gallery before long. Harriet led her whole family to Christ, and she became the wife of the Rev. Dr. Miron Winslow, missionary to Ceylon. Mr. Trumbull attended the fiftieth anniversary of her Sunday-school, and heard the pastor

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pay a glowing tribute to her memory, as he read the names of twenty-six ministers and missionaries who had gone out from the school.

That the modern Sunday-school was designed primarily for the children of the poor is a fact that kept the institution from reaching all whom it might have reached in its American beginnings. Dr. Lyman Beecher was one of the more daring spirits who broke away from the prevailing ideas on this point, by taking his own children to Sunday-school, and by inducing his neighbors to do likewise. His radical departure from the custom of the day was widely discussed, and was projected in its results far beyond his own neighborhood, until throughout the land the children of the needy well-to-do were having privileges of Bible study not inferior to those hitherto accepted almost exclusively by the children of the poor.

When the more far-sighted and faith-filled Sunday-school workers of those early days found themselves so confronted by prejudice, and when unfriendliness to progress, together with narrow conceptions of the place of the Sunday-school, seemed to stand squarely in the way of the free course which was coveted by many for the educational department of the church, then united action was clearly demanded. A literature must be created for pupils and teachers and officers. An exchange of ideas was needed by all in order to a fuller understanding of an institution which gave promise of great achievements.

At the beginning of the century the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet had been able to discover thirteen books for children, including such productions as "Goody

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Two-Shoes," "Blue Beard," and "Who Killed Cock Robin?" In 1817 the Philadelphia society mentioned above began with one book, Mrs. Sherwood's "Little Henry and His Bearer." When the American Sunday-School Union took up the work of that society, in 1824, only eighteen small books of the sort appeared in its catalog, whereas three years later it was announcing fifty volumes suited to young people's needs, and Sunday-school libraries were everywhere common. As early as 1823 a small periodical for pupils was started in New Haven, Connecticut, called "The Teacher's Offering," which was bought by the Sunday-School Union, and issued under the title of "Youth's Friend," attaining a circulation of thirteen thousand monthly. Again, in 1824, the American Sunday-School Magazine was issued monthly by the Union as a help to teachers and other workers. Thus a beginning was made in America in the literature of the Sunday-school, apart from that devoted mainly to lesson study and lesson teaching.

But the printed page was not enough to quicken into co-ordinate activity the uninstructed and widely-differing elements. In 1791 the "Society for the Institution and Support of First Day or Sunday-schools in the City of Philadelphia" was organized. In 1816 two societies were organized in New York City, the "Female Union Society for the Promotion of Sabbath-Schools," and the "New York Sunday-School Union." In 1817 the foundations of the American Sunday-School Union were laid in "The Sunday and Adult School Union" in Philadelphia.

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Such societies stood for a sentiment which found its expression in unions of a somewhat different character, in city and county and state, when the need for mutual stimulus became increasingly apparent. During the decade 1820-30 local Sunday-school conventions were held, as, for instance, in Hartford County, Connecticut, where a local union had been in existence since 1818. In 1829 Daviess County, Indiana, was organized for this work, and in 1832 the first Indiana State Convention was held. Some four hundred similar organizations were reported as in existence by 1830; and two years later the first National Sunday-School Convention met in New York City, assembling again in Philadelphia in 1833 as an adjourned meeting.

Convention work, state and national, languished until the fifties, although in 1846 Stephen Paxson, that famous and beloved missionary of the American Sunday-School Union, held the first of his ever-widening series of county and local conventions, in Winchester, Illinois. The Maryland Sunday-School Union was organized in 1845; a state convention was held in Massachusetts in 1855; another for New York, at Albany, in 1857, and later in that year the first Connecticut State Convention was held in Hartford.

In March, 1857, the friends of Sunday-schools in Hartford and New Haven, after consultation with others in various parts of the state, called a convention of Sunday-school teachers, to meet in Hartford for two days, April 28, 29. When the convention had been called to order by A. G. Hammond, of

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Hartford, Albert Day, of that city, was chosen president; the Hon. Thomas S. Williams, Henry Trumbull's former Sunday-school teacher, first vice-president; and first in the list of secretaries appears the name of H. Clay Trumbull.

At this gathering Mr. Trumbull made his first convention speech. It was characteristic of him that he never dealt with any theme from the purely academic point of view. He spoke and wrote out of experience, and, having a vivid memory and a finely adjusted sense of analogy, he could take a theme, turn it over and over, in and out, analyzing it, comparing it, illustrating it, with a convincing thoroughness and illuminating picturesqueness which the mere theorist could by no means attain. Upon this occasion, Mr. Trumbull spoke in defense of the entertaining of scholars in mission schools, as over against the common opinion that nothing entertaining or captivating could possibly be religious.

"Such children," said he, "have [at the start], of course, no love for the Sabbath school, and no desire to be content there. . . . Abstain from mere conference-room commonplaces, and feel you must interest your scholars at any cost and in any way. 'Why do you wish to leave your class?' asked Mr. Hawley [the city missionary] of a little girl who requested to be put under the care of another teacher. 'Because my teacher don't talk about anything but the lesson!' was the reply. And a great truth was conveyed in that answer. With them [the mission children] you must strike out from the beaten track of instruction, and lead the way through green fields

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to the strait and narrow path you would have them eventually take. . . . In all our Saviour's teaching while on earth, it seemed his first object to *interest* his listeners. He told charming stories, he spoke in beautiful imagery, he presented truth in attractive allegories, 'and without a parable spake he not unto them.' . . . He understood human nature, and, by his endeavors to interest while he labored to profit, gathered listening crowds about him."

One of the speakers at this convention was Albert Woodruff, a New York business man residing in Brooklyn, who had just returned from a tour abroad. He was shocked by the continental desecration of the Sabbath, and in Paris he began a Sunday-school work which grew into the Foreign Sunday-school Association, a movement to which he devoted his entire time after 1860. And Mr. Woodruff was to be a factor in the winning of Henry Clay Trumbull to the work of the Sunday-school at large. He himself was the superintendent of a Brooklyn mission school, which had grown in four years from a small school of eleven members to a great institution of fifteen hundred members. He knew Sunday-schools, and he believed in their power to lift a community out of spiritual darkness. Mr. Trumbull won his attention as a young man who was intelligently in earnest in this field.

The Connecticut State Sabbath-school Teachers' Association was organized at this convention, and Henry Clay Trumbull was appointed secretary for Hartford County. He was assigned the duty of preparing the convention report for printing, and of

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tabulating a statistical report on the basis of the facts which the county secretaries were to secure under his direction. To his work under these assignments, Mr. Trumbull's most significant early contributions to Sunday-school progress are directly traceable.

With his inherent dislike of wasted time, he promptly began the work which the first Connecticut State Convention had given him to do. He was on new ground when he attempted to gather Sunday-school statistics. That, however, was a condition altogether stimulating and agreeable to his inventive, resourceful mind.

In the month following the convention, he prepared and sent out statistical blanks to representative Sunday-school workers in each town in the state, to county secretaries, and to superintendents in his own county. Three months later the complete convention report, including the statistics, was ready for publication.

He had managed to secure reports from about half the schools in the state, and the facts they gave him he tabulated with systematic clearness. Here his banking and engineering experience served him well. His completed report gave ninety-five large pages of printed matter, comprising the gist of the convention addresses, and the details of the sessions, all of which he had noted with great fulness, although he could not write shorthand. In addition to these solid pages there were eleven pages of statistics. In these figures there was dynamite.

His report included the name of the town; the denomination of the school reporting; the name of the

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superintendent; the number of scholars under eighteen and over eighteen years of age; the average attendance; the number of church members in the school; the number of conversions, and the number of deaths in the past year; how many volumes there were in the library; the amount of regular benevolences; and answers to two questions of special interest at that time: Is there a teachers'-meeting for study or prayer? Do you have a monthly Sunday-school concert?

To his direct reports Mr. Trumbull added such figures as the government census afforded, and prepared a careful summary, keeping his estimates separate from the reported figures. Eleven per cent of the scholars in reporting schools were church members; and out of the 40,074 scholars in these schools, 981 had confessed Christ within the year. But the startling fact—the explosive—in the summary was this: The estimated number of children destitute of Sunday-school instruction was 65,216, a little more than half the estimated whole number of children and young people from five to twenty years of age residing in Connecticut.

That this could be true in one of the most progressive and enlightened communities of Puritan foundation was scouted by many, yet no one could disprove Mr. Trumbull's general conclusions. No one else had any offset to his facts, other than local opinion by which the whole state could not fairly be judged. Some were wise enough to put aside preconceived notions of religious conditions in that field, and to look upon the statistics as reliable and compelling,

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and irresistible in their call to a campaign of improvement throughout the state. And there is no reason to suppose that Connecticut was behind any other state in the Union in her religious condition. It was simply that the conditions there were becoming known, while other states were yet in comparative ignorance of their true standing in this respect.

When the second state convention met in New Haven, on June 1, 1858, Mr. Trumbull's report had fixed itself like a barbed arrow in the Connecticut conscience. Though he had been obliged to resign as secretary for Hartford County on account of recurring ill-health, he was able to report that he had visited during the year every town in the county, some of them again and again, and had found that the first convention had brought about an increased activity and interest. A gain of two thousand scholars in the county had been secured during the year, which was almost equal to the gain for the previous year in the two hundred and twenty-seven schools reporting throughout the state. This was done by the organizing of a county union and by the districting of the field for visitation. Similar reports came from other counties. The state was aroused.

Strong as were the addresses from Theodore L. Cuyler, R. G. Pardee of the New York Sunday-school Union, and Governor Buckingham, the convention mind was chiefly bent on doing something about that Trumbull report. Mr. Pardee asserted that he doubted if any other state in the Union could show more than one-third of her children in the Sunday-school, while Connecticut could now show more than half. But

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the Rev. F. A. Spencer of New Hartford, as a Connecticut resident, was more impressed with the needs than with any present achievements, and he urged the necessity of doing something for the rural districts. The Rev. Dr. Dutton of New Haven read a letter from the Rev. Dr. Bond of Norwich suggesting that the State Sabbath School Teachers' Association employ a missionary to go through the state, to establish new schools and to quicken interest in those already existing. Then Dr. Beebe, the chairman of the Central Committee, told of the great demand for his own services throughout the state, as indicating the readiness of communities to be helped, and he moved that the whole subject be referred to a special committee to report the next morning.

This report came at the time appointed, from the Business Committee, who urged "an accurate and continued survey of the Sabbath-schools of the state, and a proper attention to the wants of the neglected portions of Connecticut," and asked that the Central and Finance Committees be constituted a Board of Managers, who should be empowered to "employ and pay any person or persons who should, in their estimation, be required to carry out their plans for the advancement of the Sabbath-school cause in the state."

Soon after the convention adjourned, the board met twice, and, after much consultation with pastors and others, decided to put a missionary in the field. Then two questions confronted them—the man and the money. The first was the more easily settled, so far as their choice was concerned. The second was

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settled when the American Sunday-School Union "came forward and offered to assume the entire expense of the undertaking, while conceding to the managers the nomination of the missionary and the general direction of his labors."

Not only were the Connecticut Sunday-school authorities eager to secure Mr. Trumbull for this aggressive effort, but others outside the state were alive to the situation and its problems. Mr. Albert Woodruff was in attendance at the Hartford and the New Haven conventions, and as he heard the reports and discussions he made up his mind that if the Connecticut brethren were going forward with a campaign of Sunday-school extension and improvement, young Henry Clay Trumbull was the man for them.

Of Mr. Woodruff's thought Mr. Trumbull had no intimation whatever, until the Missionary Secretary of the American Sunday-School Union called upon him with a letter of introduction from Mr. Woodruff. At once the proposal was made that the young mission-school worker should enter the state field. To Mr. Trumbull that was a startling suggestion. But he could not refuse to consider it. His Christian experience had taught him already that a call of God to any duty need not surprise any child of His, and he had chosen to keep no will of his own when he gave himself wholly to Christ. He now took counsel with friends; he prayed for light, and at length saw what he must do. He accepted the call, and entered upon his Sunday-school missionary work on September 1, 1858.

From 1850-60 the American Sunday-School Union

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had utilized as the main force of its missionaries Christian students from colleges and seminaries, who could give their summers to the work, under the supervision of a few permanent missionaries, the whole number varying from one hundred to three hundred and twenty-four each year. In 1854-55, under this plan, 2,440 new schools were organized in destitute places in twenty-five states, territories, and provinces.

But national growth required different methods, on a more permanent basis. After 1858 the student force was discontinued for the time, collecting-agents were dispensed with, and the operations of the Society on stronger lines were enlarged to meet the new conditions of immigration, additional territory, and the increase in debasing literature.

It was at this moment of newly determined aggressiveness on the part of the Union that Mr. Trumbull flung himself into the work. And that expression is used advisedly. He at once sent out this letter to Sunday-school workers:

At the request of the State Association of Sabbath School Teachers I have been appointed by the American Sunday-School Union as Sabbath-school Missionary for Connecticut, and am to devote my whole time to the interests of the Sabbath-school cause in this state.

My work is in no sense a denominational one, neither am I a collecting-agent, the only object of my appointment being the increase and improvement of Sabbath-schools within our borders.

I am to travel through Connecticut, and if I can be of service in your neighborhood, either in organizing new schools or in visiting those already established, I will thank you to inform me.

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I shall be pleased to learn of any gathering of the friends of Sabbath-schools or the meeting of local unions in your vicinity, and it will at all times gratify me to hear from you in relation to your own field of labors or observation, while such information as I can give, personally or by letter, to aid those engaged in Sabbath-school work, I shall be happy to impart.

Mr. Trumbull resigned at once from the Morgan Street Mission and from the State Republican Committee. For the first ten days of his incumbency he spent much of his time in preparing the report of the recent state convention, and in sending letters to persons "who talk most in the convention of our state destitution, asking to be informed as to the localities where is greatest need of special labor. In this way," he wrote, "I hope to gain a better understanding of the wants of the community." His engagements for Sunday-school addresses began to pour in upon him, and of these and his office work he wrote: "In such ways I am endeavoring to do *something* while preparing to do more."

In the statistics of 1857, only 227 schools out of 659, the estimated number in the state, had reported their figures. After the convention of '58, Mr. Trumbull had secured reports from 566 schools. From these reports it was deduced that sixty-three thousand children in Connecticut, between four and eighteen years of age, were not in the Sunday-school, out of a population of school age of 115,000. Not less than eight thousand children in that year had publicly confessed Christ. But Mr. Trumbull was intent upon the sixty-three thousand, and he proposed to bring as many as possible of that number into Sunday-school.

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On September 29, he wrote to the missionary secretary:

My correspondence is already quite extensive, and increasingly so. Inquiries of every kind in connection with Sunday-school work are pouring in upon me from all parts of the state.

And again on October 14:

Before the month of September had closed, I was already engaged for each Sabbath in October, and also for each available weekday, with but two exceptions.

My work opens even more pleasantly than I hoped, and I have every reason to thank God and take courage. Perhaps you may like to have upon paper, one or two little incidents of my first month's labor, to which I alluded verbally when we met in New York.

I reached home on Saturday, the 25th ult., after a hard week's work, too late to enable me to go out that day. As, however, I did not wish to lose the Sabbath, I started early on the morning of the Lord's Day with the full intention of visiting Ellington in Tolland County, where, however, I had no appointment made. I drove along a short distance, when I became strongly impressed with the idea that it was my duty to turn in another direction toward the little town of Bolton. And although I had no intention of going elsewhere than to Ellington when I left home, so firm had my convictions of providential leadings toward Bolton become that I turned my horse, and drove on to that place. I reached the house of the minister of the Congregational Church just as he came out with his wife, bound to the house of worship. Seeing me drive up, he called my name in tones of delight, and coming to the carriage laid his hand upon me with the exclamation: "Brother Trumbull, the Lord sent you here; you have come most opportunely." On entering the church with him, he announced my presence to the congregation somewhat on this wise: "Brethren, you know I have been preaching a series of sermons before different classes of my people. I have preached to the fathers and mothers, the husbands and wives, and the

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young people, and to-day I have promised a sermon to the children of my flock. I am to leave home now for a number of weeks, and I wanted the children to have a good talk to them before I went away, but a funeral on Friday and other duties yesterday prevented me from preparing the sermon I was to preach to the children, and I arose this morning a good deal in doubt as to what I should do. I prayed over the matter earnestly, and then with rather a heavy heart I opened my door, when there drove up Brother Trumbull. The Lord sent him. He will talk to the parents this morning, and this afternoon he will address the children." At the minister's request, I addressed the people particularly with reference to the work of the American Sunday-School Union, and of course, coming to them under such circumstances, I had their willing ears.

I find in many portions of our state considerable Sunday-school destitution to exist, and I could very pleasantly and profitably without doubt spend more or less time in these destitute localities, gathering the children, and establishing Sunday-schools, but I feel that the work I have in hand is for many years to come, and that I must begin with a thorough and complete survey of my field, laying broad and deep foundations for a substantial and permanent structure hereafter to be reared.

In the following month, Mr. Trumbull had gained in experience and knowledge, and in determination to get results. He wrote to the Philadelphia headquarters on October 27:

The Sunday-school interest in this state is manifestly increasing, but I find still many dark corners, and if I live until next spring, I can, I think, astonish the good people of Connecticut by the developments as to the moral destitution of some localities, and the state of torpor in which many of our large churches are lying.

In his first year of missionary work Mr. Trumbull visited eighty of the hundred and sixty-one towns in

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the state, traveling more than ten thousand miles in that field alone, visiting, or meeting at union gatherings, more than two hundred and fifty schools of ten denominations, writing more than a thousand letters, and making about three hundred public addresses. His one thought was the saving of the sixty thousand, counting no labor too great, no obstacles as real obstacles in the achieving of his aim.

But these plain statistics of the young missionary's beginnings tell nothing of the day-by-day self-sacrifice which was so great a joy to Henry Clay Trumbull even then. In the starting of the first Sunday-school that he founded, there is an earnest of what his God-led determination was to accomplish through nearly a half-century of Christian service.

Tolland County was the smallest in the state. It was a manufacturing community, with no cities and with only thirteen towns, wherein were to be found twenty-nine Sunday-schools. On a bitter December Mr. Trumbull started to keep a series of appointments in that region. He kept the engagements, but not because it was easy to do so, or because the days were favorable, from the ordinary view-point. He thus reported the tour to the home office of the Union:

> On Sabbath last, during a very severe ice-storm, I rode in an open conveyance a circuit of forty miles, addressed four assemblies in three different towns, and was privileged on this jaunt—with our secretary of Tolland County [E. B. Preston, a sketch of whose life Mr. Trumbull wrote]—to establish a new Sunday-school in a manufacturing village [Mansfield] where one was much needed, there being none within some miles. I was then seven hours in the open air in a driving cold storm

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that day, and was unable to get dinner only at 9½ P. M. On Tuesday, with Brother Chidlaw, I rode sixteen miles over the hills in the early cold morning, and this forenoon I returned over the same road in an open wagon, through a pouring rain. In addition I have ridden over thirty miles in the cars to-day, and am now hurrying this letter for the mail.

I love this work with my whole heart, and I implore God to strengthen and help me in it. May my labors be blessed to the welfare of some of the wandering lambs of His fold!

That was a busy week for Mr. Trumbull—so busy that he could find time for none but imperative duties. At its close, he glanced over the doings of its crowded hours, and he saw with conviction that which many another driven man could see if he would, as he wrote earnestly to the missionary secretary:

I have found time to pray much the past week, and to this I ascribe more than to my other work. May God continue to help me!

In all his efforts to be of service to others, Henry Clay Trumbull sought points of agreement, rather than points of difference, as he tried to lead men into any new course of thinking or living. His work in Connecticut demanded this in no small degree, for he moved where precedent had planted prehistoric footsteps in once plastic rock, a trail from which men of certain types are not easily turned aside.

Denominational lines were sharply drawn. Mr. Trumbull must arouse no antagonism on the score of any favoring of one denomination as apart from another, and this just then was no easy task. But he did find it easy to adapt himself to denominational peculiarities, and without yielding any principle of

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honorable social adjustment. In a district in New Haven County where there was no Sunday-school, and a closed Methodist church, he gathered workers for a new school to be held in the Methodist house of worship. One of the workers, an elderly woman, said to a helper of Mr. Trumbull's:

"What church does Mr. Trumbull go to?"

"I believe he goes to the Congregational Church," was the reply.

"He can call himself what he pleases. He's a Methodist at heart," responded the good woman, with enthusiastic conviction.

In Windham County he had a somewhat similar experience, when trying to revive a closed Baptist Sunday-school. He spent considerable time in the homes of the people. He was urged to settle there as pastor of the church. He was told that they had paid a former pastor as much as three hundred dollars a year, but they offered to make it three hundred and fifty if he would come.

Mr. Trumbull devoted a large part of his time in the first year or two of missionary service to vigorous resuscitation of the schools that had almost perished in the snows of winter. With the appearance of the first frost on the bleak hills of Connecticut Sunday-schools were closed in scores of communities, not because the weather was so dangerously cold, but because the school had always closed in winter. What was the use in keeping it open when only a half-dozen would come? To be sure, the district school could be kept up, but that was a different matter.

No one who reads Sunday-school history can fail to

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be impressed with the ripe old age of almost all the "newest" Sunday-school problems. As early as 1828 the secretary of the Hartford County Sabbath-School Union reported that nearly all the schools in his field had promised to continue during the approaching winter. Then he remarks confidently: "The day when it was necessary to resort to argument to prove the expediency of this practise is past. The number of successful experiments recently made sweeps away every objection. If the time has not already come, we do not believe it is more than one year distant, when the dissolution of a school at the approach of cold weather will tell loudly of a want of holy zeal in the cause of Christ."

Thirty-one years after this hopeful outlook, the Rev. Dr. Daniel Curry and Henry Clay Trumbull were appointed by the state convention of September 28-30, 1859, to send out a letter to about one hundred and fifty of the more than seven hundred Sunday-schools in Connecticut, urging the abandonment of the winter closing habit. After two years of special emphasis on this reform, forty schools became thawed out. The recollection of this experience with indifference never ceased to stir Mr. Trumbull's righteous indignation. In an unguarded moment, I once asked him if he could see any reason why a city Sunday-school should close in summer,—the problem as it affects cities like Philadelphia or New York.

"Close in summer!" exclaimed the Doctor. Then, more vehemently, "Close in summer! Yes, I can understand why *some* schools ought to close in summer, but I *don't* see why they should ever open again!"

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One may imagine that Henry Trumbull at twenty-nine did not allow a lazy superintendent to be perfectly content in his laziness, if the young missionary could get at him.

Mr. Trumbull began to write for The Sunday School Times in the first month of that paper's existence, his first article appearing in the issue of January 15, 1859, having for its subject the house-to-house visitation of London, England, in a single day,—April 20, 1856. The Sunday School Times was started as a weekly helper for workers by the American Sunday-school Union, on January 1, 1859, with Professor John S. Hart as its editor. Mr. Trumbull not only wrote for it constantly, but in these early days he also busied himself in securing subscriptions for it.

His work was crowding in upon him from all sides. There were many demands outside the busy round of his state missionary duties. Again and again he addressed the inmates of the state's prison at Wethersfield, where, upon one occasion, he saw the youthful face of a boyhood acquaintance looking up at him as he spoke,—a living illustration of the unreached who should be reached by the Sunday-school.

He attended the National Sunday-school Convention in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, on February 22-24, 1859; he was chosen the first secretary of that convention, and was entertained by George H. Stuart during the course of his visit. Three months later Mr. Trumbull attended the anniversary meeting of the American Sunday-school Union in Tremont Temple, Boston, and there addressed a great audience on the neglected regions of New England. In the following

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month, he was a prominent speaker and co-worker with the local officers in the Mercer County Convention in Trenton, New Jersey, and again in the same month, on June 22-23, he took an active part in the fifth convention of Massachusetts Sunday-school Teachers at Northampton, going within a few days to the first Maine State Convention at Portland on the 28th and 29th, where he aided in the organization of the State Sunday-school Association. And on October 25 he attended the first New Hampshire State Sunday-school Convention at Manchester. Thus his Sunday-school horizon was rapidly widening.

Mr. Trumbull could not entirely withdraw from politics, nor did he wish to. He was often in political meetings at home and elsewhere. His friends could not forget the part he had taken in stirring the people by his oratory, and in canvassing his county with unprecedented thoroughness, for individual voters, in the campaign of 1856. On April 2, 1859, he wrote to the missionary secretary:

> I have just been strongly urged to give myself to politics, and am now offered $1,500 per annum to act as permanent chairman of the Republican State Committee, to supervise party movements in Connecticut. So if you wish to reduce the number of "supernumeraries," here is an opportunity; but I would not leave this field for three thousand per annum in any other work.

The allurements of financial gain outside his sphere of duty were singularly active at the time of Mr. Trumbull's early Sunday-school work, but he was not to be turned aside from his duty. An older brother missionary, who had yielded to the plausible arguments that

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to some ears ring true whenever the dollar is struck, had real pity for Trumbull in his comparatively meager money support.

"Trumbull will find," said he, "that he can do a great deal better in mercantile pursuits than in this agency."

"I can only say," answered the young missionary, "I hope Trumbull will 'trust in the Lord and do good' all the days of his life, and, if so, I doubt not he will be fed."

For some years the Congregational General Association had been considering the desirability of a more thorough evangelization of Connecticut, and in the summer of this crowded year, having determined to explore the field, the Home Evangelization Committee asked Mr. Trumbull to assist them. When, through breaking health, he was obliged to withdraw from the more aggressive duties of that effort, he was nevertheless able to co-operate with the Committee, while the work was carried on with conspicuous energy and thoroughness by the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, then of Litchfield, thenceforward a life-long friend of Mr. Trumbull.

His study of the Sunday-school field, as well as his work with this Committee, led Trumbull to a conclusion which he defended vigorously to the end of his days. He held that in country districts was to be found a greater depth of moral and spiritual depravity than in the cities, for he had observed that the restraints and conventions of city life, its manifold activities, its sharp competition, kept individuals from much of the unspeakable degeneracy which

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he found in the laxer and lonelier life of rural neighborhoods. He found ample missionary motive in the heartbreaking conditions he discovered among unevangelized country regions, where the children were pitifully ignorant of the simplest moral standards of family and social life. Of course Mr. Trumbull was met with hot denial on the part of those who had never had his opportunities for observation in city and in country, but he had seen for himself, and there were enough who agreed with him to bring about a right emphasis on rural mission work.

Now all these activities were not too great for a man of Mr. Trumbull's energy, but he was making one vital mistake. He was observing no Sabbath. He believed that because he was in the Lord's work, he could keep at it without the sabbatical rest required of men in secular pursuits. He lived to suffer from this course, and to see the error of it.

In the first seven months of his missionary work he traveled more than five thousand miles, made one hundred and eighty-two addresses, and wrote about six hundred letters, usually not mere notes, but full, explanatory, urgent, tactful letters, written with copy-book neatness. How many personal calls he made on families no one knows, but he would frequently visit twenty families in an afternoon when organizing a Sunday-school.

On April 14, 1859, he failed for the first time to keep a missionary appointment, because he was too ill to leave his bed. He wrote only three letters that day. The next morning found him on the six-thirty

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train for Willimantic. Thence he took stage to Chaplin "Depot," walked to Chaplin Center, made a call on a minister, returned to the station, thence on horseback to Westminster, thence to Willimantic, and was in Hartford in the evening in time to attend a meeting of the managers of the city Sunday-school Union. A few weeks later, having spent the day in bed, he roused himself to make five calls and to write four letters by way of rest from his labors.

Mr. George Langdon, of Plymouth, tells of a typical day spent with Mr. Trumbull:

"One fine Sabbath morning in spring we started out for work. We drove six miles and organized a new school (a canvass having been made) in the ball-room of a building formerly used as a tavern. This has since become an organized church with a chapel of its own. Then we drove two miles, where we reorganized a school that had stopped for the winter. Next a drive of six miles to attend a general Sunday-school service in a village church. Then a drive of eight miles to a mission-school service held at four o'clock. As we were riding home in the edge of the evening the spire of the Congregational Church in Bristol came in sight. Mr. Trumbull exclaimed:

"'Why did we not make an appointment for a service there this evening?'

"I was ready to go home, and there were seven miles more to go; but the suggestion stimulated me in after years to make the best use possible of the Sabbath days."

But Mr. Trumbull had no Sabbath whatever. Every day in the week was filled with appointments. On a

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single Sunday he visited seven Sunday-schools in Hartford, and addressed a large meeting in the evening. It was not until he had been more than a year in his missionary field that he spent a Sunday at home, and then he did so because he had begun to break down, mentally and physically. But on the following day he wrote eight letters, visited three towns in Massachusetts, made five calls, and addressed a union gathering of Sunday-school workers in the evening.

In November, Mr. Trumbull was ordered by his physician, Dr. Hunt, to stop work. He did make the attempt, speaking fewer times on Sunday, and getting rest when he could. Then, while he was mentally broken and confused, his daughter, the first of his children, and as yet an only child, was taken violently ill with scarlet fever. Mrs. Trumbull was in constant attendance upon her, and Mr. Trumbull remained at home as much as he could, racked with pain and anxiety. When the fever had passed, and convalescence was well advanced, the broken law of God-ordained expediency began to be mended, and with the dawn of a new light upon Christian Sabbath-keeping, the first month of the new year brought a new joy, another daughter. While the work that Mr. Trumbull continued to do was no less strenuous and fervent, thenceforth he kept a sabbath resting-time sacred and apart from all other time or times in his calendar. To the end of his days Monday was his resting-time, week by week. On that day no real work would he do, because he had learned at great cost that even a Christian must keep the sabbath.

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# ENTERING ARMY LIFE

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To become soldiers, you yielded home with all its comforts and delights, sacrificed your personal ease and security; left the side of loved ones, gave up all that you had before enjoyed and prized for this life, and entered knowingly upon a course of hardship, of privation, of toil, and of danger. Your patriotism cost you something. . . . For your generous sacrifice you deserve the same praise as was the due of Reuben and of Gad when they said, "Our little ones, our wives, our flocks, and all our cattle, shall be there in the cities of Gilead: but thy servants will pass over, every man armed for war, before the Lord to battle."

What though dear ones were to be left alone in sadness and sorrow? What though position and property were to be yielded? What though army life was to be a life of privation and peril? What though your food was to be poor and scanty, your bed the hard ground, your home the open air in sunshine or in storm, and your comrades those who might be least congenial to you? What though you were to have your privileges of speech and action abridged, and be forced to submit to most rigorous discipline or to harshest military rule? What though you were to pine away in hospital or to lie bleeding on the field of battle; to suffer on for three long years, or to die in the first fight? Anything, everything, you would give or do for your country—your country, dearer to you than home or friends, than comfort or life.—*An Army Sermon, "A Good Record"* (*Joshua 22 : 3*).

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## CHAPTER XI

### ENTERING ARMY LIFE

Three years of missionary labors had made changes in the Connecticut field. To the State Convention of 1861 Mr. Trumbull brought facts that gave encouragement to all.

When he entered upon his work, sixty-three thousand, or fifty-five per cent, of those between the ages of four and eighteen in the state, were unreached by the Sunday-school, and probably one-fourth of the schools were in the habit of suspending their sessions for the winter months. After three years of effort not more than forty-six per cent of those from four to eighteen were outside the Sunday-school, and not more than one-sixth of the schools were frozen tight in winter. In other words, there was a gain of one hundred and sixty-five new schools, 1,866 teachers, and 14,762 scholars of all ages.

In these three years Mr. Trumbull visited one hundred and forty-six of the one hundred and sixty-two towns in the state. "Figures," said he, "give, of course, but a partial view of such a work as that to which I am called. . . . To show that my whole time has been occupied in the duties of my position, it is perhaps sufficient to remark, that for every week in the three years of my service, I have averaged of



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Sabbath-school work two hundred and twenty-five miles traveled, five schools visited, five addresses made, and twenty-five letters written, while the schools organized have averaged nearly two a month."

Now this bare recital of the spending of a certain amount of time conveys no hint of the tense and troublous character of those days as they passed into history. Somewhat later in his report Mr. Trumbull had need to touch upon the burning theme of the hour, when he asserted that "patriotism is the legitimate offspring of piety, and in this hour of our nation's peril no class are so loyal, so prompt, so brave or reliable, as Bible students and Christian men. There is reason to believe that at least fifteen hundred of the Connecticut soldiers at present under arms are directly from the Sabbath-school, while a multitude of our youth, who three years since were growing up in ignorance of both law and gospel, are, through the work of this association, being put in mind to 'obey magistrates,' and instructed that 'the powers that be are ordained of God,' and that 'whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God.' Viewed even in the light of political economy alone, this work is both profitable and important."

"On Sabbath, the 14th of April [1861]," wrote Mr. Trumbull to The Sunday School World, "when intelligence of the evacuation of Fort Sumter and of the President's call for volunteers was being flashed in all directions over the telegraphic wires, it was my privilege to visit five Sabbath-schools—

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four in the center of a flourishing city, and one in the outskirts of a country village. All these I found of unusual numbers and interest.

"The following Sabbath, when the national capital was considered in greatest danger, and solicitude in its behalf was so intense throughout the North that church services were in many places suspended for a portion of the day, I addressed three full congregations, in adjoining towns, and seemingly had the attention and the sympathies of the people in behalf of the children's cause as undividedly as ever."

Nor was the excitement any less in Mr. Trumbull's home city than in the outlying towns. On Monday evening after the fall of Fort Sumter a prominent citizen of Hartford had consented to preside at a "Peace" meeting. The meeting had been called before the attack on Sumter, but the announcement was not withdrawn. On Monday morning the proposed chairman was met by a personal friend, a cultured man of letters. Said the latter:

"You cannot preside at that peace meeting tonight."

"Cannot! What do you mean?"

"If you attempt it you'll be hanged at a lamp-post."

"Why, who'll be ready to hang me?'

"I, for one," said the quiet literary man, "would help to fit the halter round your neck, while other friends of yours would help string you up."

"Good heavens," cried the astonished man, "what shall I do?"

"I'll get you an opportunity," said his friend, "to

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present a flag to one of the companies that is already enlisting for the army."

The prominent citizen presented the flag to the company, and eventually went to the war, where he became distinguished for his bravery and ability.

During the summer of '61 and winter and spring of '62, Mr. Trumbull was exceedingly restive under the restraints which ill-health put upon him. He was subject to agonizing headaches, and to sudden nasal hemorrhages, which left him weak and almost unfit for work of any sort. Yet he would push on in his missionary work by force of will, getting what relief he might from occasional days or half-days at home. The Hartford Post said of him that on one Sunday which he spent in New London "he attended religious services at thirteen different places during the day, and addressed eleven meetings upon the subject of Sunday-school work. That's the way men do when they have their whole heart in the work."

Mr. Trumbull's whole heart was in whatever work the Lord might call him to do. He wanted to be where God would have him. It seemed to him increasingly clear that he ought to be at the front in the national conflict, but he was assured that it would be nothing short of folly to attempt the soldier life in his uncertain condition of health.

But the spirit militant waged warfare against caution. How could a man of his temperament and ideals, in the face of his country's need, be halted by such a barrier as that! The Christian life—warfare! The work of overcoming the opposing forces in his field—warfare! The Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, who knew

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him intimately in these years and to the end, draws a vivid picture of the militant missionary:

"My first acquaintance with Henry Clay Trumbull was in 1858, when, myself a young man, seven years his junior, I was spending a vacation in my theological course preaching in the Congregational Church of West Winsted, Connecticut. He was at that time acting in the capacity of a Sunday-school missionary, or, rather, a Sunday-school evangelist, seeking to quicken and arouse the churches of the East to move forward and preoccupy the critical and strategical points of the great West and Northwest, with the Sunday-school as the John Baptist to prepare the way of the Lord.

"And a flaming evangelist he was! Tall, thin, dark-eyed, long-haired, intense, earnest, and fluent, we used to hail Henry Clay Trumbull's visits with delight. All the neighboring pastors, like the gifted Dr. Eldridge of Norfolk, used to welcome his coming, and vacate their pulpits to give him room.

"Dr. Trumbull, then a young man of twenty-eight, gave clear signs of his future. Already he had the peculiar incisiveness that always marked his utterance. His eyes flashed fire, his hands kept time with his voice and lent emphasis to his words, and as for his mouth, like that of his famous namesake, 'it spoke for itself.'

"What peculiarly struck me in this dear friend of my youth was his singular power of marshaling facts. He was a field marshal in the realm of oratory. He understood the military tactics of the orator. He first sent out scouts to learn the exact position and number of the enemy, then he organized his own battalions—arguments, illustrations, pathetic appeals, poetic de-

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scriptions, imaginative forecasts, moral and spiritual applications—till he surrounded and captured the foe. It was remarkable oratory for a young man. There was the regular advance of infantry, with the dash of cavalry, and the thunder of artillery, all at once.

"But there was nothing artificial. Mr. Trumbull's speaking was natural. He spoke as one who believed and felt all he said. He uttered conviction, and from conviction it was easy to advance to persuasion. His enthusiasm was contagious. He moved his audiences. I am very sure he always moved me. It was in the best sense impassioned oratory. It was seldom my privilege to hear the Dr. Trumbull of forty years later, but when I did, I saw that he had only carried to maturity the promise and prophecy of his youth. He did great service, in those early days, to the Sunday-school cause. What he afterward did by the pen, in pushing forward this great pioneer of churches and promoter of church life, he had begun to do by his tongue in earlier days, when he swept like a flame through the East, kindling interest everywhere in the setting up of Sunday-schools in the destitute districts of the undeveloped empire toward the sunset. To recall his favorite metaphor, he aimed to carry the flag of the cross forward, onward, upward, to every new point and height, and plant it as a rallying point for God's people, that they might, like the Spartan band at Thermopylæ, meet and resist the hordes of evil. We have often wished since for other Trumbulls, to link the Eastern churches with the great open fields of the West by a bond of intelligent interest and earnest co-operation."

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In some unpublished notes of reminiscence Dr. Trumbull himself says: "I should have been less than a man, had I not desired to go. My elder brother [James Hammond] was, at the time, Secretary of State for Connecticut, as he was all through the war. He could do most by aiding our 'War Governor' Buckingham in his important sphere.

"My younger brother Thomas, then practising law in New York City, enlisted in a three-months' regiment from Connecticut, and at his request was later transferred to the first three-years' regiment from the state. After four years of hard service he was buried on the very day when Petersburg was evacuated, April 2, 1865. My youngest brother Gurdon enlisted in a nine-months' regiment, but was taken severely ill before the regiment left the state, and was unable to go with it.

"Governor Buckingham offered me a major's commission in one of the volunteer regiments, and I desired to accept it. But I was then in very frail health, and my physician protested that I could not live six weeks in active service; hence my accepting the commission would simply be the means of keeping out of the position a man who was strong enough to do its duties. My brother Thomas, already in service, was still more positive as to my unfitness for army service. He said that one good march would kill me, and that I had no right to think of entering army life. So I supposed myself fairly excluded from an active share in the war.

"It is a noteworthy fact, however, that my brother Thomas, who was a trained athlete when he entered

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service, died in four years, worn out with his endurances. On the other hand, when I finally was in active service for three years, I came out stronger than I went in. I really believe that I should have died within a few years if it had not been for my army service. Yet I have lived more years since the war than I lived before it. This is not the first time that a man in God's service found his life by losing it.

"Because I was shut out from active service in the Civil War, I was all the more ready to exert myself to the utmost in encouraging enlistments. I frequently accompanied recruiting officers in Connecticut, and made patriotic speeches before they called for recruits. I was, of course, freer than many able-bodied men to make such appeals, because I could not go, as some others might.

"I sometimes said, 'You may ask me why I don't go myself. I tell you I would go if I could. If a recruiting officer will take me, I'll enlist to-night.' On one occasion, at a mass-meeting for Eastern Connecticut for raising volunteers, I spoke in Norwich, when Governor Buckingham was chairman of the meeting. Referring to this matter, I said I was willing to crawl into a hundred-pound Parrott gun, as a wad, and be fired off for my country. Of course, my efforts at arousing others to enlist increased my desire to be in service. In August [on the eleventh of the month], 1862, a call came to me most unexpectedly to be the chaplain of the Tenth Connecticut Regiment, then at New Berne, North Carolina. Although I was not a clergyman, I was known to many officers and men as a Sunday-school worker.

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"This new call I deemed providential. Governor Buckingham urged me to accept it. Not knowing precisely the duties of a chaplain, I thought I might accept that position when I could not a more active one. Hence I applied for ordination as a Congregational clergyman, in order to be qualified for a chaplaincy. The standard of orthodoxy in war-time was patriotism, and I was ordained in the Center Church, Hartford, September 10, 1862, and then went to my regiment in North Carolina. Here was a beginning of a new phase of my life-work. I still retained my connection with the American Sunday-School Union, being counted one of its representatives in the Union Army."

In his little book "Illustrative Answers to Prayer," Dr. Trumbull has told just how that call came:

"One Saturday evening I returned to my home exhausted after a vigorous campaign through the towns of Hartford and Tolland counties, where I had accompanied Colonel Dwight Morris, of Bridgeport, commander of the new Fourteenth Regiment, appealing for volunteers.

"Although it was near midnight when I reached home, instead of retiring to my room for sleep, I stopped in my parlor below stairs, and sat before the Lord for a season of communing with him. My own earnest appeals that evening to others to count their country's imperative call for help in its life struggle to be limited in their case only by their possibility of service, came back on my mind at this hour with tremendous force. I asked God earnestly if there was not something more that I could do in view of that summons.

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"In response the Lord seemed to ask me whether it did not seem decided that I lacked the physical ability to serve in either the field or line in the army. I said it did, but I had come to question more and more whether I might not do something as a chaplain or as a lay Christian worker in camp or hospital, even if I might not in more active service.

"At this the Lord pointed me to the remark made by Colonel Morris that very evening as to the surplus of applicants for a chaplain's commission at the present time. He had told me that some thirty clergymen had applied to him for an appointment as chaplain. Therefore there was no special call on me to proffer my service in that line just now. But, I suggested, an unsolicited call had come to me a year ago from the officers of the Tenth Connecticut Regiment to be their chaplain. 'Yes, but that regiment now has a chaplain. If the place proffered you a year ago were again before you, you might indeed count its acceptance a duty, but in the lack of such a call you must be contented as you are.' And with this conclusion I had to rest the case at issue, and retire for the night.

"Sunday, with its duties, followed that night. On Monday morning the first mail delivery brought me a letter from New Berne, North Carolina. It was from the colonel of the Tenth Connecticut Regiment, saying that their chaplain had resigned, and he now again proffered the position to me. He spoke of the needs of his regiment and of the military post where it was now stationed, and he suggested reasons why I should accept the call. The providence was too

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marked to leave me in any doubt as to God's purpose for me. From my library chair I called to my wife in the room above:

"'Alice, God has called me to the war.'

"'Then I suppose you'll go' was the quiet response of the brave and patriotic and self-denying little woman."

Mrs. Trumbull had no thought of urging her husband to remain at home, for she was then, as always, forgetful of self. And she courageously set her face, in company with so many thousands of other brave women north and south, toward the sure anxieties and heart-breaking personal sacrifices of the women of the war.

From his boyhood Henry Clay Trumbull had been an acquisitive student in the school of every-day life. Any glimpse of character, any showing forth of personality, any exhibit of the workings of human nature, was as fascinating to him as an experiment to the physical scientist. It was worth something to know how a man's mind would probably work under a given set of circumstances. It was no small thing to learn the delicate lessons of tact in one's relations with others, no light matter to approach another life with the hope of influencing it for good. Tact is not tact unless it is ready for instant use. It leaps to the occasion, or it is nerveless and dead. Mr. Trumbull could not have survived many months in the good graces of the Connecticut Sunday-school workers if he had lacked the sensitive readiness to put himself in the other man's place.

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All the shrewdness of the New England seashore village, all the spirit of watchful aggressiveness in political contest, all the methodical exactness of business, and the intimate life-touch of the mission and missionary Sunday-school work, gave into the chaplain's hands an equipment of perfect adaptability for his service among the soldiers in camp and field. He was ordained as chaplain of the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers on September 10, 1862, with no theological training, but with an acquired expertness in biology. He knew life, knew what the mental content of the average man was likely to be,—knew what would interest him, influence him, uplift him. Hence his ways of getting at men, either as individuals or in the mass, were chosen with careful recognition of their needs and their capacity.

The Tenth was already in the field, quartered at New Berne, North Carolina. Mr. Trumbull's first chaplain's sermon was not preached to his own regiment, but, on Sunday, September 21, 1862, to the Twenty-second Connecticut, then in a rendezvous camp near Hartford. "A small table," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "had been borrowed from a neighboring house, and set in the open air on the parade-ground, as a reading desk for me. A flag was thrown over it. On this rested a large Bible and hymn-book. As I took my place behind it, in the presence of the assembled regiment, I saw that an open pack of cards was on the Bible, as if in mischievous desire to test the new chaplain. Without being disturbed or annoyed, I quietly gathered up the cards, and put them out of sight, saying in a low tone to the colonel, 'Hearts are

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trumps to-day, and I've a full hand.'" The new chaplain was not new to ways of men.

On October 8, Mr. Trumbull was off for the South on the steamer Ellen S. Terry, out of New York. It was a rough voyage, plunging the young chaplain into the depths of seasickness and soul-sickness, for the floods of the deep were not more disheartening to him than the floods of profanity, the like of which he had never experienced. He was not disabled, however, and he kept a sharp lookout for opportunities for service. He not only held services with a motley crowd in the close, hot cabin of the rolling propeller, but he missed no opportunity to do the individual work to which he had given himself ten years before.

A roystering, profane Major from a Massachusetts regiment had been so impressed by the chaplain's sermon on the ten cleansed lepers that he had uttered no oath during the rest of the day. In a letter to Mrs. Trumbull the chaplain relates that on the following Saturday, as he lay on the deck reading his Bible, the Major drew near.

"That's a pretty book you have there," he said.

"Yes, it is," I replied, and I showed him its maps, its index, its binding, its case.

He pulled out a book of infantry tactics from his pocket, saying:

"You carry your book, and I carry mine."

"Yes," I replied, "and both are necessary in their places."

"I have one of your kind in my trunk," he added.

"I'm glad of it," said I. "But I hope you don't always keep it *there*."

"Well, I don't read it much," he said.

"The more you read it the better you'll like it," I said.

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Then I told him of my being sick and heavy-hearted on my second day out, and thinking much and anxiously of home and loved ones, as well as of my own future in the army, and how I found, in my daily reading, the beautiful promises of the Ninety-first Psalm, which I read aloud to him.

"That must have been comforting to you," he said with evident interest, as I concluded the reading. The next morning he came into the cabin while I was making some notes for my sermon. My Bible lay near me. Without a word, he took it up and began to read. After sitting a while he lay down on the sofa, and still he read. His companions were hilarious about him, but he read on for half or three-quarters of an hour. God grant that he may not have read and heard in vain during our passage!

On the first Sunday after his arrival at New Berne Mr. Trumbull gave to the men of the regiment the key-note of his purpose, when he preached his first sermon on the text, "I am among you as he that serveth." He wanted that to be his starting-point, as leading to solid ground for right relations with his army parish.

He promptly organized, on October 26, a Sunday-school in the chapel tent given to the regiment by the Connecticut Chaplains' Aid Commission. Of this army Sunday-school he was elected superintendent, and Adjutant Henry Camp ("The Knightly Soldier") his assistant. On the same day he conducted his first army funeral service, aided in administering the Lord's Supper in the local Presbyterian church, and in the evening he visited the men in the temporary hospital at the camp, later visiting many in their tents, and closing his day with a midnight talk with an officer concerning his spiritual longings and weaknesses.

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A chaplain was not readily accepted by the soldiers as necessarily a fellow-man. Mr. Trumbull knew the noble record of many a devoted chaplain, and he knew the ignominious story of the failure of many another to get alongside the men and officers, for one reason or another. He decided two or three questions very early in his chaplaincy. His place was with his parishioners, whether on the firing line or in the quiet of the chapel tent. His watchword was service. He was highly sensitive, and often asserted that he was physically timid. He determined that he would overcome his physical shrinking from danger and bloodshed at any cost, and he would stay with his men. But all this was not taken for granted by the regiment. They had yet to prove their chaplain.

Shortly after he joined the regiment, the emancipation of the slaves was arousing much discussion among the soldiers. It was Mr. Trumbull's custom to move about among the men, after supper, when they were at leisure, and talk with them on subjects that were of interest to them. As he was passing through one of the company streets, a sergeant accosted him, while others were standing near.

"Chaplain, do you think President Lincoln had any right to issue that proclamation?"

"I suppose *he* thought he had," replied the chaplain.

The others laughed at this, and the sergeant said:

"Well, I suppose a soldier's got a right to hold his own opinions, Chaplain, hasn't he?"

"Oh, yes!" the chaplain answered, "if he'll take care and *hold* 'em, and not always be slinging them around carelessly before others."

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"Sergeant," said one of the bystanders, "hadn't you better go into your tent and take a little something warm and lie down?"

When, at the end of October, the regiment left New Berne for Washington, North Carolina, Mr. Trumbull was deemed by the surgeons hardly well enough to go on the expedition. But the chaplain made up his mind to go, and go he did, with consequences that affected his whole army life. For it was on this march, near Williamston, that he was for the first time under fire. To have been absent during the engagement would have been to lose heavily in influence.

The chaplain was by no means sure how he would act under fire. He wanted to safeguard the only danger point of which he actually stood in real and conscious fear, so he gave orders to his negro servant to shoot him if he started to run to the rear. That would at least prevent him from disgracing the cause which he represented. But when the fight was on, and Chaplain Trumbull was for the first time under fire, he forgot about his instructions to his faithful body-guard, forgot, in fact, to think of his fears in the excitement of the hour; and the terrified servant himself was with no little difficulty restrained from making a break for the rear. What this occasion meant to the young chaplain he told in a letter to his wife, as he described the engagement near Williamston on that first Sunday in November:

The afternoon passed slowly. About 5 P. M., just as the day was closing delightfully, the western sky all aglow with the setting Sabbath sun, firing was heard ahead. It increased.

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Muskets and howitzers were at work. It was close at hand. Instantly all was preparation for fight. Everything was in confusion, yet everything in order. The fences were torn down like a flash. The artillery from our rear dashed past us into the fields to secure a good position. Our regiment filed off, and drew up in line of battle to support it. With Dr. Newton, I went ahead of the regiment to a clump of trees on the opposite side of the road, and a good place for surgical operations was selected. We were under fire. The bullets whistled about us merrily. The peculiar sound of the musket and rifle balls of which I had heard so much was now in my ears. As I sat talking with Dr. Hart on horseback, a ball passed directly between our faces, which were not three feet apart. . . . The hour was an important one to me. I shall not be likely to forget it. . . . I was ready to do anything, to go anywhere in the line of duty. I thanked God for the calmness, the strength he gave me. I felt more at my ease than ever I hoped to in such circumstances.

Before Mr. Trumbull left Hartford, his medical friends gave him the comforting assurance that he would probably be able to live a few weeks in the army, but no more. On this first expedition he started as a sick man, and gained four pounds in about as many weeks of soldier life. A little later he wrote to his wife:

About that beard! Sometimes I have shaved, and sometimes I have not. On the march I cannot shave. At New Berne I can. Naturally my beard is longer when I do not shave than when I do. This is true of both upper lip and chin. Now if you are so very anxious not to have me home with a beard, and I should be on a march or elsewhere beyond the reach of razors before obtaining a furlough, I suppose I must give up all hope of seeing you. Moreover, if you dread the thought of my looking differently in consequence of my army life, I must, of course, wear off the bronze of exposure

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from my face, and thin myself down to the old skeleton finish. I will bear your request in mind.

Whatever the chaplain's gain in health may have been, he had won the confidence of his comrades, a thing which was just as essential as health to the successful prosecution of his work. He was a fellow-soldier with them. He took no advantage of the somewhat common expectation of a chaplain's non-combative inclinations and position when a fight was on. As he rode along the lines on the return march to New Berne, when the regiment had halted by the way, the men would greet him with marked cordiality. "There's our chaplain smiling at us," one man said quietly to another. As the chaplain sat by a fence putting some court plaster on a soldier's face, another, passing by, put his hand on Trumbull's shoulder, saying:

"What are you doing here?"

"Oh, the chaplain thinks a good deal of me, and he's fixing my face where I barked my nose," interposed the patient.

"I thought so," said the other. "I knew he was doing something good. You ain't like some of your brother officers, off hunting whiskey and seeing what you can steal. You're a good minister."

To the chaplain it must have been worth all the fatigue and danger of the expedition to have another fellow-soldier greet him, when they were once again in New Berne, with this cheering observation:

"I thought, when I saw you in the hospital first, 'There, about three days' march will finish that man.' But you *have* stood it *first rate!*"

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# A SOLDIER FRIENDSHIP IN FIELD AND PRISON

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Friendship is love for another because of what that other is in himself, or for that other's own sake, and not because of what that other is to the loving one. Friendship is love with the selfish element eliminated. It is an out-going and an on-going affection, wholly and inherently disinterested, and in no sense contingent upon any reciprocal relation between its giver and its object, nor yet upon its return or recognition. Friendship, in short, is love apart from love's claim or love's craving. This is pure friendship, friendship without alloy. This is friendship at its truest and best ; and this it is that makes the best and truest friendship so rare, so difficult of conception, so liable to misconception. This also it is that multiplies the specious resemblances of friendship—in hearts that are incapable of comprehending its full reality ; and that gives to those imperfect substitutes for its reality such a disappointing power.

In all holiest and most unselfish love, friendship is the purest element of the affection. No love in any relation of life can be at its best if the element of friendship be lacking. And no love can transcend, in its possibilities of noble and ennobling exaltation, a love that is pure friendship.—*Friendship the Master-Passion.*

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## CHAPTER XII

### A SOLDIER FRIENDSHIP IN FIELD AND PRISON

More than a year before Chaplain Trumbull had come to the Tenth Connecticut, a young law student in Hartford was practising the difficult art of self-denying recognition of filial obligations while the call of his country was ringing in his ears. He saw that the day would come when he must answer that call, and he quietly prepared himself to give an answer that should count. When in November a commission was offered him in the Tenth Connecticut, the way was made clear for him, and in December Henry Ward Camp entered the army as a second lieutenant. When Henry Clay Trumbull joined the regiment in October Camp had been its adjutant for two months.

The two had known each other well in Hartford, but now they were to be friends. To Henry Trumbull it was no mere social convenience to enter into a friendship with another. To be a friend, as he understood that relationship, was to have for another an outgoing, unselfish love, a love that sought nothing for self in return. To have a friend was not, in Mr. Trumbull's thought, to possess a means for personal gain, but an opportunity for personal service. Henry Trumbull and Henry Camp were at once drawn to each other in the closest intimacy. Of this friendship



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the chaplain wrote in his biography of Camp, "The Knightly Soldier":

"Their tastes were similar. Their characters were sufficiently unlike to be in harmony. The training of each was such that he possessed what the other deemed his lack. One [Camp] had a finely cultured, richly stored mind; the other a fund of personal experience. The opinions of the one were all formed from the study of underlying principles; the judgments of the other were based upon practical observations. Their regimental duties kept them near each other. Their home friends being side by side, they were linked in every interest."

The "twins," as they soon came to be called, were together in tent and field, in work and spirit. When, in January, '63, the Tenth had gone into camp on St. Helena Island, opposite Hilton Head, South Carolina, the adjutant and the chaplain were seldom separated. They had ample time, aside from their military duties, to discuss problems of deep interest to both. Camp was a Yale graduate, a man of the finest sensibilities, and trained to think. Trumbull was already a past-master in the art of dealing with men, and alert and incisive in his mental habits. Of their differences in characteristics the chaplain wrote:

"Camp's calm, reliable judgment many times held in check the chaplain's nervous impulsiveness; his stores of information proved the other often in error as to facts bearing on a question at issue; his uniform fairness liberalized some sentiments of his friend as to men and measures, and his remarkable purity of mind and consistency of adherence to his conscien-

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tious views of right could not fail to be elevating and ennobling to one closely associated with him. On the other hand, Camp had been so accustomed to examine every question in its purely logical bearings, as sometimes to overlook its practical relations to every-day life in the world as it is."

The total abstinence question they discussed nearly all of one night on the deck of an army transport; card-playing received a similar examination on another evening. The danger in the occasional use of alcoholic liquor and the practical inexpediency of card-playing was made so clear to Camp that he came squarely and forever over to the chaplain's views and practises.

On the other hand, Trumbull found in his friend a personality that was to him captivating and inspiring, and if he enabled Camp to get nearer to a practical application of right principles, Camp in turn was all-unconsciously putting into the concrete noble ideals of manhood which aroused all that was best in the chaplain. To Mrs. Trumbull he wrote, enthusiastically:

> The adjutant—or Henry, as I call him now—is a very fine man. Oh, Alice, he is unequaled. He is beyond any ideal I ever had, and he is up to the highest mark your very particular self ever set before the race. He is the purest-minded man I ever imagined. I never saw his like in this.

On St. Helena Island, while engaging in moral and metaphysical discussion with Henry Camp, the chaplain was finding experiences in a world quite outside anything with which he had been familiar in the North. Some of the freed slaves were within the

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Federal lines just there, and twenty or thirty of them were officers' servants. These young fellows had never known what it was to read, much less to own a book. But they had in some way secured two spelling-books or primary readers, and day or night in their spare hours they were learning to read, taking turns with the two books.

"As I lay in my tent at night," wrote the chaplain, "I would hear low negro voices, back of the tent, repeating words as from an elementary school reader,—'The hen is in the yard,' 'The dog barks at the hen,' 'Puss sits by the fire. She is warm.' 'This boy is James. He drives a hoop.' 'Now is the best time to do well,' and so on. Hearing these sounds night after night, I was led to go out and look up their meaning. I found that back of the field and staff tents there was built a blazing fire of pine branches under the moss-hung live oaks, before which some of the boys were poring over their treasured books, learning their lesson for the night. The flickering light in the deep shadows gave a weird look to the strange scene, but it was a vivid reality.

"Those who were too old, when they were freed, to learn to read, or to gain the advantages of an education, were all the more desirous that their children should attain the prize of knowledge which they had missed. This secured a full attendance at all the many schools for freed slaves, started along the coast within our lines by the various missionary associations and freedmen's aid societies at the North that undertook this work. The first school of this sort

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that I saw in operation was on St. Helena Island, in March, 1863, although I later saw many others."

On March 27, General Stevenson's brigade, of which the Tenth Connecticut was a part, left St. Helena for Seabrook Island, as the advance of Hunter and Dupont's expedition against Charleston. The Tenth was first ashore, while the iron-clads shelled the woods of the island. Captains Goodyear and Atherton led skirmishers in advance of the regiment, while General Stevenson, Colonel Otis, Lieutenant-Colonel Leggett, Chaplain Trumbull, and Adjutant Camp led the column. That night a sergeant of the Tenth on the picket-reserves was mortally wounded, and was taken prisoner. "He is the first man," wrote Camp, "ever taken forcibly prisoner from the regiment. It would have been better to lose a dozen in action."

Among the iron-clads that had protected the landing of Stevenson's brigade was the monitor Catskill, bearing Commander George W. Rodgers, in command of the fleet, whom Henry Trumbull had known as a boy. Rodgers called on him at Seabrook Island, and invited the "twins" to visit the monitor.

"On the occasion of my first dining with him," wrote Trumbull, "I was impressed with the symmetry of his Christian character. Our only companion at table was my tent-mate and loved friend, Adjutant Camp. As we three sat together, the steward brought wine to us. The adjutant and I declined it. 'Would you like a lighter wine than this?' asked Commander Rodgers. 'Thank you, no,' was the reply from each of us. 'Do neither of

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you drink wine?' 'Neither of us.' 'Then, steward, you can remove the wine,' he said. 'I have not used wine for twenty years.' "

The chaplain conducted a service on the Catskill, and was often with Rodgers on ship and shore. In July, the fleet was off for Charleston. In August, when George Rodgers, in advance of the rest of the fleet, in an attack on Charleston, was in the pilot-house of the Catskill, a shot from one of the forts struck the iron house in which he stood, "shivering a scale and bolt from its inner surface, killing him instantly."

When this gallant and daring son of a race of naval heroes died at his post of duty, the chaplain and the adjutant were passing through an experience which at the time they would gladly have exchanged for almost any other in army life.

"It was on Saturday evening, July 18, 1863," wrote Chaplain Trumbull, "that General Gillmore made his disastrous assault on Fort Wagner, at the entrance to Charleston Harbor. The next day the dead and many of the wounded lay on the sand plain and among the sand hills between that fort and the outer line of the Union works, then held by our brigade. A flag of truce arranged for a cessation of hostilities, in order to bury the dead and remove the wounded. At the suggestion of one of my commanders, I went out on the field to render such assistance as I could in the line of ministry to the wounded. My tent-mate and intimate friend, Adjutant Camp, accompanied me. As we were moving along in the prosecution of my work, we were met by a Confeder-

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ate officer and three or four men who were on a similar humane mission. The officer claimed that we had passed the truce line agreed on, although it was unmarked, between the two forces, and that we were in consequence his prisoners. When we protested against being thus held, as we were still very near our works, and at a much greater distance from the enemy's, we were assured that the commanding general would not wish to take any advantage of an unintentional mistake as to the truce line at such a time, but that we must be detained until he authorized our return. It was thus that I came to be a prisoner of war.

"When word came back from General Hagood, referring the ultimate decision of our case to General Ripley at Charleston, we were led up the island. Our eyes were blindfolded while passing the works of the enemy, so that we should not have any important information to carry back in case of our release. . . .

"Just after dark we were taken on board a small steamer, on which were many of our wounded in the recent fight, together with sound enlisted men, both black and white, who were also prisoners. On our way up to Charleston we stopped at the sally-port of Fort Sumter, through which Major Anderson and his command had passed out after the opening conflict of the war. We realized, even then, the historic associations and profound impressiveness of that spot. I think we were the last Union officers who were there before the army and navy bombardment reduced the imposing fortress to a shapeless ruin, without, however, destroying its value as a fortification. A way

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for our steamer was opened, from that point, through the chain of obstructions across the entrance of the harbor, and we proceeded to Charleston."

It was dark as they passed through jeering crowds in the Charleston streets, side by side with captured negro soldiers of a Massachusetts regiment, on their way to jail. Throngs were cheering over the news of the riots in New York City; battles had been lost to the Federal forces, and the last news they had received from the North told of the giant conflict at Gettysburg, then undecided.

The two officers were shut in with murderers and desperadoes, with the riffraff from the city's purlieus. The room in which they were confined was so packed with prisoners that there was not space for all to stretch themselves on the floor, and the stifling closeness of the reeking cell was well-nigh suffocating to men who had lived for months in the open air. Early on the next day they were removed to the room in which other Morris Island officer-prisoners were confined. They were examined in the jail office by an aide of General Beauregard, and, before many hours had passed, the chaplain was ordered out on parole, for service among the wounded in the "Yankee Hospital," a four-story brick building, an old slave pen, on Queen Street. One hundred and sixty-three of these trampled, sand-swept, wounded soldiers were on the straw pallets of the receiving room, or on the operating tables in the yard, or lying on cots in the upper rooms. Eight Confederate surgeons, doing everything in their power, labored untiringly to relieve the agony and to save the lives of these pitiable

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sufferers. Sisters of Mercy moved about the wards, ministering tenderly to the men, and now and again pointing out to Chaplain Trumbull Protestant soldiers who especially desired his ministrations.

The chaplain gathered canteens and carried water from the courtyard hydrant to those who were thirsting. As he was thus at work on the upper floor a Confederate surgeon, pointing to a cot, said to him :

"Chaplain, there's a little fellow who is sinking rapidly. He'll not live many hours. I think you'd better talk with him."

The chaplain turned to the boy, a New England lad hardly eighteen years old. As gently as he could he told the lad that he could not expect to live.

"But, Chaplain, I'm not ready to die."

"Jesus Christ can make you ready—to live or to die, if you'll just put yourself in his hands."

"Oh ! but, Chaplain, I've been a very wicked boy. I was a bad boy at home ; although I had a real good home ; and in the army I've been just as bad as I could be."

"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," said the chaplain, "and he loves to have those who have been bad come to him to be saved."

"Will you pray for me, Chaplain?" After his prayer, Mr. Trumbull left him, only to return in a little while. The boy was soon ready to ask the Saviour to forgive his sins, and with the chaplain's hand resting tenderly upon him, he prayed in simplicity and trust, while the nurses and surgeons gathered around the two in tearful sympathy.

"A third time," wrote the chaplain, "after a brief

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absence, I was by that soldier lad. His eyes were closed. His face was very pale. At first I thought he had already passed away, and I stooped over him to find if he were still breathing. Seeming to feel my presence, he opened his eyes, and for a moment looked up vacantly. Then, as full consciousness returned, he recognized me with an 'Oh, it's you, Chaplain,' and throwing up both his arms he clasped them about my neck, and drew my face down to his to give me a dying kiss.

"'You are the best friend I've got in the world,' he said. 'You've saved my soul.'

"'No, no, my dear boy,' I said, tenderly. 'Jesus saves your soul.'

"'Yes, yes, but you've told me about Jesus, and *he's* saved my soul. He has, Chaplain,—I don't have any doubt about it. He has forgiven all my sins, and now I'm going to be with him. Oh, how happy my father and mother will be. I want you to write and tell them all about it.'"

As the chaplain rose from the bedside of the dying boy, he was tapped on the shoulder by a messenger from Captain Mellen, Beauregard's aide, and ordered to go with the captain to the provost's office. On the way he was informed that he was remanded to jail by order of General Jordan, Beauregard's chief of staff, this time in close confinement. Henry Camp had been taken to Columbia for imprisonment while the chaplain was on service in the hospital. The latter was not therefore to have the companionship of his friend; he could get no information concerning the new orders; he never knew until months afterwards

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that he was under suspicion as a spy. To Mrs. Trumbull he wrote:

And now, by an order from the general, I am to be placed in close confinement,—for what, I cannot imagine. I am led across the hall and into a room with a single window, overlooking the yard instead of the street. . . . No furniture is here, no bedstead, table, or stool, and not a bench against the wall. Despairing of attaining these, I ask the turnkey if I may not hire a mattress, or purchase some straw, or at least have a log of wood to serve as a pillow, but each request is met with a decided negative, and I must content myself as I am. *Content* myself! Oh, Alice, consider me, so nervous as to be accustomed to stand or walk when desirous of rest, rather than to endure the confinement of sitting or lying,—so fond of excitement as to risk my life often needlessly, rather than be quiet when motion and a struggle for an object are possible,—so socially inclined as to do my studying at home with the family all about me, and to hurry, out of breath, to walk half a block with a mere acquaintance,—here in a prison house with windows and doors barred against me, unable to move beyond these contracted walls, having no occupation, nothing to call for or admit of the slightest exertion, and shut out, not only from the companionship of the friend without whom I have scarcely breathed since entering the army, but from all human fellowship and sympathy, and the society of any created being,—and imagine how contented I must be, and how pleasantly the hours go by! . . . How can I stand this? Can I live long in such a place and plight? . . . Anything but this confinement, and I fear not what man can do to me beyond keeping me thus shut up. Hanging would be so pleasant in comparison with this.

The pleasure of being hanged was denied to the chaplain. He was, indeed, under suspicion as a spy, for he had been recognized in the "Yankee Hospital" by a Confederate officer who had seen him within the

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Confederate lines on a flag of truce near Kinston in the previous year. But his release was demanded by a flag of truce from General Gillmore, at General Terry's request, on the ground of unfair detention, and he was taken to General Beauregard's office repeatedly for examination by General Jordan. No evidence was found, however, to convict the chaplain, and he was, on Friday, July 24, 1863, removed to Richland Jail in Columbia, South Carolina, and was once more with Henry Camp.

Three months in Columbia brought many strange experiences to "the twins." There was ever the harassing, depressing sense of confinement making its mental and physical inroads upon the spirit and constitution, but there was opportunity for service, and relief from the tedium of prison surroundings. The chaplain was allowed to preach, and this he did, to officers and to the enlisted men in their separate quarters, or standing on the steps of the jail, while prisoners filled the yard. He had often talked with prisoners in northern jails, but never from their own standpoint, and never with a guard close beside him, with bayonet and loaded musket ready to punctuate any utterances that might, contrary to orders, touch upon the conflict uppermost in the minds of speaker and hearers.

Through the kindness of the captain of the prison guard a copy of Shakespeare was supplied for the officers' use, while books for the study of German were bought by some of the Union officers, and utilized by nearly all.

From the windows of the rooms in which Trumbull

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and Camp were confined with brother officers, they could see, close by, the town hall tower with its clock, and its balcony on which a watchman made his nightly round. At fifteen minutes before nine he would ring the tower bell long and furiously as a signal for the housing of all the negroes in the city; and when the clock had struck, his far-reaching call, "Pa-st ni-i-ne o'clock," rang out over the city. Through the night, as the hours passed, they were quartered and halved by his cheering call, "Pa-a-st twelve" and "All's well," until morning dawned. Mr. Trumbull made a careful pencil-sketch of this neighborly and consoling clock tower, a sketch which could hardly be surpassed for fineness and accuracy of detail. He was by no means lacking in skill with the pencil, a trait that so distinguished his brother Gurdon, and in war-time he exercised this gift on more than one occasion. One of the illustrations in "The Knightly Soldier" is an engraving made directly from a sketch of his.

It was not "all well" or all peaceful within those prison walls. While the superior officers of the prison heartily accorded soldierly treatment to the prisoners, there were underlings who showed nothing of that spirit, because ignorant or coarse or brutal in themselves. The Confederate prisoners on the floor above the Union soldiers were treated with greater severity than the latter. On one afternoon two of them, who were quietly looking out of their windows contrary to orders, were shot without warning by one of the guards. A few days later, a Federal officer who, severely wounded, had been for weeks in a hospital, seated

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himself in a grated window of the jail in order to get a breath of air. The Federal prisoners had not been forbidden to go to the windows, but a sentry brutally told the captain to get out of the window, or he would shoot him. As the captain feebly tried to obey, Chaplain Trumbull, impetuously breaking all prison restraint, and aroused to the highest pitch of righteous indignation, leaped on to the window-seat, and thrust himself between the captain and the grating, shouting as he did so :

"If you want to shoot anybody, shoot a well man! Don't be so cowardly as to shoot down a poor, sick, wounded officer. Take a well one, if you must shoot anybody. We shouldn't be in here as prisoners if we hadn't been willing to face shooting. Shoot away, then, if you want to!"

The sentry lowered his musket and walked away. When the lieutenant on duty heard the story he at once replaced the sentry with another, and said that the prisoners were to occupy the windows as they pleased.

It was undoubtedly a tremendous relief to the chaplain to let himself go at that time. He was wont to say in his later years that he never had felt so much at home in civilian surroundings as he did in the army, for there he could be intense without seeming to be overstepping the mark. The defense of the captain was characteristic. But there was another experience yet to come to Mr. Trumbull in his prison life which was not to be met by intensity or physical courage.

No word from home had reached Chaplain Trum-

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bull since his imprisonment in Columbia. The prison regulations forbade the receiving or the sending of more than a half-sheet of note paper at a time, and the transmission of the mails was uncertain at the best. But one morning early in September the lieutenant of the guard called out the chaplain's name, and handed him a letter from home, addressed in the handwriting of Edward M. Gallaudet, his brother-in-law.

Mr. Trumbull seized the letter with an eagerness born of long silence and weeks of prison loneliness and depression. He tore open the envelope with impatient, trembling fingers, and, seeing that the letter was from his wife, he scanned the first precious lines with a quick and comprehensive glance, even before the sheet was unfolded.

But on a still unopened fold a few words seemed to leap to his vision through all the rest, and he dropped, chilled and stunned, to his bed upon the floor. For he had read in a flash the news that his baby girl, of whose illness he had known before he was imprisoned, had passed away. His grief was overwhelming. His prison bars never had seemed so stern and so intolerable. Out of a full and breaking heart he wrote to his wife, who was then making her home with her brother in Washington:

. . . May God sustain and comfort you, dearest, and grant you strength for this very trying day. For you I grieve, for you I am anxious, and oh, for you I pray. I am not unmindful of your peculiar need. And for myself I need new strength, new blessing, new grace from my loving, tender Father, who has taken to his heavenly home our darling. If anything had been wanting to make prison life irksome, to make these bars

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and bolts oppressive, the atmosphere of confinement stifling, and the thought of the barriers between me and my home intolerable, the message you sent to me would have supplied it. Oh, how I chafe as I am! Fifteen persons in these two rooms! Where may I turn for privacy to weep or to pray? Even my words of condolence to you must pass the inspection of stranger eyes, and not be forwarded unless approved by those of whom we know nothing but the pressure of present power. . . . For *her* we need have no sorrow nor regret. All the peace, all the joy and blessedness, of the redeemed she is to know, without the long years of suffering and sadness, of temptation and trial, which so many must endure. Blessed be God for his mercy to her!

With its message of comfort and its expression of a father's grief, this closely written letter of more than forty years ago reveals yet another glimpse of the human heart. It is documentary evidence of the brotherhood of man that exists even when men are set over against each other for the time being, by sundering differences. For the letter is not confined to one page, but runs its course over four ample pages, by the grace of the Confederate prison officers, brother men with the Union chaplain in the common heritage of bereavement. The passing of a little child had suspended the prison regulations.

* * * * *

It was not many weeks after this that the Federal and Confederate authorities were acting under the terms of an agreement by which all chaplains on both sides were to be unconditionally released. Late in October, while Chaplain Trumbull lay ill with a fever which well-nigh proved fatal, an order came for his removal to Richmond, presumably on his way to free-

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dom. To leave his friend Henry Camp was by no means easy. "It was like the parting of friends," wrote the chaplain, "when one is going out into the freedom of a better life beyond, and the other is to stay behind. Each was glad and each was sad. It must be so."

Northward the chaplain was taken, under guard, with Confederate deserters and conscripts, who were to be left at Wilmington, North Carolina, and upon reaching Richmond, he was temporarily remanded to Libby Prison. As he climbed the ladder leading to the upper floors, he was welcomed by a shout from the prisoners, "Fresh fish! fresh fish! fresh fish!"—thus receiving his initiation into his third war prison.

He found himself among acquaintances at once. There was hardly more than standing-room on the rough floors of the heavily beamed old warehouse. A new-comer had small chance to find a sleeping-place in the Libby just then. But General Neal Dow of Maine was among the prisoners, and he claimed the New England Sunday-school worker and temperance advocate as his own, making room for him on his straitened floor-space.

It was cold in the Libby. The November winds swept through the barred and broken windows, causing more real physical discomfort to the chaplain than he had known in any of his army service. He spent less than a week in this most famous prison of the Civil War, preaching once at the request of Colonel Ely of Norwich, of the 18th Connecticut. When it was understood that he would soon pass through the lines, even his capacious and retentive

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memory was taxed to its uttermost by verbal messages from officers to their friends at home. Each prisoner was put on his honor not to take any *written* message from any one inside to any one outside, and this restriction the chaplain, of course, observed.

"Boat up! boat up!" was the cry that was heard in the Libby when the flag-of-truce boat from City Point came in, with orders for the release of prisoners. On the next day, "Dick Turner," the prison inspector, appeared at the doorway and sang out, "Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull of the Tenth Connecticut!"

"I had never in my life," he wrote in "War Memories of an Army Chaplain," "been so glad to hear my own name as then. I sprang toward him at his call. He said: 'If you want to go back in this boat, hurry up.'

"'Is there time for me to run upstairs and get my things?'

"'No; go just as you are, or not at all.'

"I had left upstairs, on the floor above, a little basket of my belongings, which I had brought from Columbia, but it was nothing in comparison with liberty. I left all, and followed him who gave me hope of freedom.

"As I passed out from the Libby and down Carey Street under guard, I looked up and saw the glad, sad faces of my fellow-prisoners crowding the windows of that gloomy building. Their kindly farewells made my heart sick, because I must leave them there.

"'Good-by, Chaplain; I'm glad you're going home.'

"'God bless you, Chaplain! I wish I was going with you.'

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"'Good-by! good-by!'

"These sounds are in my ears to-day, as fresh as thirty-five years ago."

And this story of the prisoner set free, as the wistful faces of his fellow-prisoners pressed against the bars that still shut them in, was told by D. L. Moody around the world to men who had only to answer the invitation to leave all and follow.

"I went on the little steamer, A. H. Shultz, down the James River. A white flag was above her bow, the Confederate flag was above her stern. Until the steamer had passed the defenses of Richmond I was kept below. As we neared City Point, I was permitted to come on deck. When I came in sight of the United States flag floating over our flag-of-truce steamer New York, I could hardly contain myself for joy, but I had to be restrained until formally released. I was, however, treated courteously by Captain Hatch, the Confederate agent of exchange, and I made myself as contented as possible until the hour for my transfer. On the following morning I was given over by Captain Hatch to Major Mulford, our agent of exchange, and my prison experiences were at an end.

"From Major Mulford I learned more about my imprisonment and my return. My government had steadily pressed for my release. Finally Judge Ould, the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, asked Major Mulford if he could give his personal assurance that I was what I claimed to be, a simple chaplain, and not a spy. The Major said he had relatives in Hartford, where I lived, and could easily ascertain the truth. The Judge said if he was satisfied on *this*

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point, I should be released. He also promised not to use to my disadvantage the Major's silence on the subject, if he found he could not vouch for me. Major Mulford, afterwards General Mulford, had a cousin living near me, connected with the church of which I was a member. In response to his inquiry, she spoke of me in such terms that he was no longer in doubt. He told Judge Ould, and an order was sent to General Beauregard for my release.

"When Richmond was taken, a friend of mine, in command at the Libby, found among the official files an important paper in my case, and gave it over to me. It contained the order of Judge Ould for my transfer to Richmond, in response to the demand of General Meredith, our agent of exchange, with the protest of General Jordan, General Beauregard's chief-of-staff, endorsed on it:

"'Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull has been directed to be sent to Richmond at once. He is a tricky fellow, and has little the air of a chaplain. The great desire manifested to get him back, coupled with the circumstances of his capture, make it doubtful whether he is really a chaplain or a spy.'

"Some years after the war, a man, who then met me for the first time, said:

"Mr. Trumbull, you don't look a bit like a minister.'

"'I know that,' I replied. 'I once came near being hanged for it. Because of my lack of the conventional "choker," they proposed to give me one of hemp.'"

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# SAVING LIFE AND SOULS IN THE ARMY

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Having a knowledge of others is not in itself having an interest in others ; and it is an interest in others, not a knowledge of others, that it is our duty to have and to show. In order to show an interest in others, we must, for the time being, be absolutely forgetful of ourselves. We must think only of those in whom we are showing our interest. Our eyes must be theirs ; our ears must be theirs ; our whole attention must be theirs. Listlessness in such a case is hardly less than insulting. They must see, as they look at us, that just now we are, in a sense, living only for them ; that whatever interests them, has an interest to us, because it has an interest to them. And we must be even readier to show an interest in what *they* tell us about themselves, than to show an interest in what *we* tell them about themselves. What they say to us about themselves quickens their interest in us, and strengthens their confidence in us, more than anything that we can say to them about ourselves or themselves.

An experienced army chaplain used to say, that when he could get a soldier to bring out from his knapsack his little card-photograph album, and show the pictures of mother or sister, of wife or child, he felt sure of him. The chaplain's interest in the soldier had then an opportunity of showing itself beyond mistake. And this is a truth that runs through every sphere of social intercourse. — *Ourselves and Others.*

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## CHAPTER XIII

### SAVING LIFE AND SOULS IN THE ARMY

Chaplain Trumbull's prison experiences had brought him very close to the soldier heart. After a brief home visit, he was again with his regiment, then stationed at St. Augustine, Florida, and to the close of the war his labors in his army parish were almost incessant.

Shortly after his return he gave an address on his prison experiences, and at the close of the meeting he was presented with a field-glass and a silver-mounted sword, in token of the gratitude of his regiment for his unsparing service in its behalf in camp and field.

When Trumbull reached St. Augustine there was no Protestant pastor in the town, and no army or post chaplain. He was in demand not only among his own men, but for public services in the town. He did not confine his work to the camp, but responded, as far as time would permit, to calls for pastoral or pulpit service in the town. Regular services were held by him in the Presbyterian church or in the Episcopal church, and he enjoyed the most friendly relations with the Catholic priest, whom the chaplain termed "a lovely spirited Christian pastor."

It was in the Episcopal church on the Plaza that



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the chaplain made his closing address in St. Augustine, when the Seventeenth Connecticut had arrived to relieve the Tenth. Among the new comers was young Anthony Comstock, to whom the chaplain turned over the keys of the church after that service, bidding him keep up the meetings.

"As I often told him afterwards," writes Mr. Comstock, "he placed upon me a very heavy cross. The meetings, however, were kept up, although the first meetings after he left were so poorly attended that once or twice we put out the candles in the church for economy's sake, and went into the vestry-room, and there had our meeting by a single candle light. These meetings, however, gathered in a large number of those who professed faith in Christ and came forward and united with the church. After I began my present work, in 1872, I had in the earlier years frequent interviews with Dr. Trumbull. He was always a tower of strength and comfort to me, and always had a sympathetic word for my cause and myself."

In the chapel tent Mr. Trumbull had hung a copy of the "Silent Comforter," a large-paged collection of Bible texts, which he used in many places throughout the war, and afterward as long as he lived day by day in his own home. A copy of this hung in the military guard-house of the provost-marshal, where the chaplain made use of it in his visits to prisoners.

Services were held also in the Catholic chapel of the old Spanish fortress San Marco. Within the fortress a part of the regiment did garrison duty, and here the chaplain held a Sunday-school and mid-week meetings, while close to the chapel was a pile of rusty

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cannon, on which men would often sit during the services.

Through a barred dungeon door in the casemated walls the chaplain saw a strange, repulsive face glaring at him one day. Certain that the man must be one of his parishioners, Mr. Trumbull accosted him, and found that because of insubordination he had been in confinement most of the time since enlistment. The chaplain met him again occasionally after his release, but it was not until the regiment had left Florida for Virginia that there was anything like a conversation between the two. Even the optimistic chaplain had considered the man as comparatively not a very hopeful case. As they moved northward on a crowded transport, the hopeless case sought the chaplain, and asked if he might talk with him. Leaning over the steamer's rail, the soldier told his story.

"Misser Chaplin, you 'member when you talked to me at the dungeon door. You spoke kind to me. You said you's my chaplin. I never forgot that, Misser Chaplin. I'm a rough fellow. I never knowed much. I suppose I'm human, that's about all. I never had no bringing up. Fust I knowed o' myself I was in the streets o' New Orleans. Never knowed a father or mother. I was kicked about. I came North and 'listed in the army. I've had a hard time of it. My cap'n hates the very groun' I tread on.

"I *did* worry my cap'n. And he hated me. Ten months with ball and chain! A hard time of it! But what you said at the dungeon door's all true. And what you said in prayer-meetin' is all true."

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"Prayer-meeting!" exclaimed Mr. Trumbull. "I never saw you in prayer-meeting!"

"No. I was jus' outside on those old cannon. And now, Misser Chaplin, I want to do right. Misser Chaplin, I suppose we's goin' into a fight, and I want to do my duty. They say I'm a coward. I've never been in a fight, but I want to do my duty."

He had his wish. After a fight in Virginia, Lino was called by his captain before the whole company, and was commended for his bravery. The chaplain looked him up.

"You've done bravely, I hear, Lino, and I'm glad of it."

"Yes," he said with a chuckle. "They call me coward, but I tried to do my duty. 'Taint always the frisky ox that's at the far end of the yoke."

While the regiment was on its way north, Henry Camp, having made a frustrated attempt to escape from Columbia, and having at last been exchanged, was on his way to freedom by way of Libby Prison and Fortress Monroe. Trumbull was at Fortress Monroe on May 1, when the flag-of-truce boat from City Point arrived, and the meeting of the two friends was unspeakably joyous. It was very brief, but they were reunited when Camp rejoined the Tenth Connecticut, then a part of General Butler's advance near Drewry's Bluff, on May 15.

During the summer of 1864 the regiment was again and again under fire on the Bermuda Hundred front, on Strawberry Plains, at Deep Bottom, and on the Petersburg front. The chaplain kept with the colors in the fighting. He determined that his duty was

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where the men were most in need. His presence on the firing line was a constant source of encouragement to officers and men alike, for he was ready for any service which he might be called upon to render. He acted often as an aide to Colonel Otis, carrying orders, or rallying men at weak points in the line, and his intense love of excitement and seeming disregard of danger had ample scope for exercise in that memorable summer.

During a day of sharp fighting on Strawberry Plains, the chaplain was constantly exposed as he moved among the men on the entrenched firing line. General E. D. S. Goodyear, then captain of Company C, describes an incident he witnessed in which the chaplain was distinctly the central figure. A six-pound shell, hurtling across the open, struck a tree just above Chaplain Trumbull's head, exploded with a rending shock that splintered the tree, and hurled the chaplain to the ground, in a rain of wood and iron, whirling him around and around as he fell. It seemed to the heart-sick onlookers that the chaplain must surely have been killed. But as they hurried toward him, he staggered to his feet, dazed and half-stunned by the terrific shock, and yet entirely unharmed by the missiles that had poured about him as he fell.

In this summer of 1864, Mr. Trumbull had his first glimpse of General Grant, and an extended opportunity to observe him. On one occasion, as a man on horseback passed the camp of the Tenth, on the New Market Road, wearing a private soldier's blouse, one of the men exclaimed :

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"Why, there goes General Grant!"

"Nonsense!" said another, "that isn't General Grant. It doesn't look a bit like him."

"Well, I say it *is*. Don't you see those stars on his shoulder? There's only one man in this army who wears three stars."

It was indeed Grant himself. Then, as always afterwards, Mr. Trumbull was impressed with Grant's freedom from the popularly expected signs of greatness. He came into personal relations with Grant after the war, and learned to see and to admire the true greatness within the man, of which there was so little outward display.

A chaplain's pastoral work was not conventional. Upon one occasion during this summer in Virginia, while the men were lying in the open woods behind hastily built earthworks, the chaplain was interrupted in the writing of a home letter by the sudden ceasing of a bullet's hiss, as it noiselessly struck a man close by him. Instantly the chaplain saw that a young officer just behind him was the victim, and the blood was spurting from a wound in his neck. The look of death was already shadowing his haggard face. Trumbull was peculiarly sensitive to the sight of blood. In his later years, even the recital of any story of bloodshed would set him quivering with emotions of shrinking dread. But this was a time for prompt action, not for feeling. He thrust his thumb and forefinger into the open wound, seized the lacerated sub-clavian artery, and while he thus checked the flow of blood, he sent messengers right, left, and rear for a surgeon. Lying close alongside the wounded officer,

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he talked with him of home and friends, prayed with him, and held his life literally in his hand, until the chaplain's anxious eyes caught a glimpse of the green sash of the surgeon who was bending over him. The artery was taken up, and the officer was borne to the field hospital.

General Goodyear characterizes Trumbull as "a man who had his eyes wide open and ears pointing to the front. If there was any news," says the General, "he got it first. Our regiment was the best posted regiment in the brigade, because the chaplain was always on the lookout for anything that would interest the men. And if there was any fun of the right sort on hand, he was sure to have a part in it." Hence Mr. Trumbull was on terms of unreserved intimacy with officers and men, counting his ministry manifold and various in its scope and purpose. As the men of the picket reserve were about to leave for the outer posts on one occasion he said to them:

"I just want to say that the Colonel has detailed me, as the chaplain, to do whatever swearing is necessary on this round of picket duty. So if any of you men think there is a call for something in that line, just send for me, and I'll attend to it."

Then, as he afterward moved along the picket line, and heard any profanity, he called out:

"Look out there! You are interfering with the chaplain's work. He'll attend to all the swearing that needs to be done."

And the men themselves would call out to a comrade if he swore while on that line:

"Mind your own business there! Don't be doing the chaplain's work."

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There was yet another side to his service for and among the men. Corporal J. E. Parmelee, of whose devotion to the flag the chaplain wrote in his "War Memories," himself writes of the part his chaplain took in a time of crisis:

"General Lee had sent one of the best divisions of Longstreet's Corps, General Field's, with the determination of forcing the Army of the James back across the James River. The attack was made upon the extreme right of our line at a point beyond our line of fortifications. We were in the woods. When General Field's Corps came sweeping down upon our right flank, I remember the chaplain's encouraging words, as he shouted at the top of his voice 'Stand! The Tenth Connecticut never falters!' And when the regiment on our right began to waver, he ran to that point and helped the officers to encourage the men."

General Plaisted, the brigade commander, in his official report of the battle expressed the opinion that the conduct of the Tenth saved the Army of the James from disaster, and the chaplain's work as he rallied the men, dashing up and down the line and throwing all his tremendous personality into word and gesture, gave new rigidity to the line that had almost broken.

"At this time," writes Parmelee, "we had no major, and this promotion was urged upon Chaplain Trumbull. But he said that he felt he could be of more service to us to remain as chaplain. There is nothing that commands from a soldier so much respect and admiration for his chaplain as the habit of never flinching from duty."

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That Mr. Trumbull was careful to discover and to meet the needs of his parishioners was evidenced by a change of habits on his part by no means easy for one of his temperament. Until he entered the army, he had been accustomed to speak extemporaneously. But he soon found that the men with whom he mingled day by day, and with whom he was in frequent conversation, would come to the services in larger numbers when he wrote his sermons than when he did not. On one occasion, when he was preaching without notes, a soldier looked in at the entrance of the chapel tent, and turned away in disgust, saying to a comrade, "Pshaw! he is only talking. I thought he was preaching." So the chaplain wrote his sermons even "under the siege firing until midnight, in a splinter proof by the light of a candle stuck in the fuse-hole of the upper half of a spherical case-shot." Sometimes his preaching was in the open air, sometimes in a chapel tent, or again, as in the winter of 1864-65 near Richmond, where the regiment had its camp from November to March, in a rustic chapel built with great skill and taste by the soldiers.

No phase of army life gave Chaplain Trumbull more concern than the terribly disastrous results of the "substitute evil," a system that came to be a serious menace to character at home and in the field. "Substitute brokers" came into existence, whose business it was to secure men to enlist, taking a large share of the bounty offered by the state. These brokers saw that desertion from the army was a good risk; hence men who became known as "bounty

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jumpers" were persuaded to enlist and desert as often as opportunity offered.

Dr. Trumbull has told of an Irish-American mother who proudly said of her son Michael:

"It's a place under the government he's been afther gittin', and it gives him very good pay."

"What sort of a place is it?" asked a friend.

"Well, I'm not quite shure as to that. But I belave they call it 'lapeing the bounty.'"

The evil grew to fearful proportions. Desertions increased. When at last the government was fully aroused the executions of deserters was pushed to frenzied extremes. Again and again Chaplain Trumbull was called upon to minister to men as they knelt by the open grave facing the fatal firing party. The last deserter to whom the chaplain was called to minister was a mere boy, an underwitted lad who had been enticed away from his city home by a substitute broker. When he arrived in camp he decided that he wanted to go home, and he started away in broad daylight toward the boat-landing. When he was brought back, in his simplicity he started to run. He was rearrested, and then sentenced to be shot.

Chaplain Trumbull tried to have the sentence set aside. But the orders from the department commander were for immediate execution, and there was no time to secure any reversal.

"At first," wrote the chaplain, "he gave way to an outburst of childish grief on being told that he was to be shot. 'I don't want to be killed,' he said. 'Won't the general parole me?' Having cried his first cry out, he quieted down and listened to my

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words of sympathy. His thoughts were unselfishly of his home. If he must die, he did not want his family to know it. 'They'd feel so bad about it,' he said. 'I suppose it would kill 'em all. They'd be thinking of it nights. Don't tell 'em of it. I suppose it would kill my father.'

"After that first burst of grief over his lot he seemed not to be troubled in the thought of death. When he came to the place of execution he was in no degree disturbed by the terrible preparations. He walked to the open grave, and looked into it with childish curiosity. He knelt again to pray as calmly as though he were by his own bedside.

"He looked at the firing party with interest, as though he saw only kind-hearted comrades. Just as his arms were being pinioned, a little bird flew over him. He turned his head and followed the bird with his eyes, as though he would like to chase it. Then he looked again at the muskets of the firing party, with soft, steady eyes, as before.

"'Let me kneel on the ground and rest on the coffin,' he said, as they fixed him in position.

"'No, kneel on the coffin,' was the order.

"Hardly had he taken this position when he fell forward dead, with every bullet of the firing party directly through his body—three through his heart. He uttered no sound, nor did his frame quiver."

But such scenes as this did not reduce the number of desertions. The chaplain, in conversation one day with General—then Lieutenant-Colonel—Goodyear, suggested that "the new deserters in such a case were men who were already guilty of the crime for which

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the others were executed, and that the sight of its punishment tempted them to take flight before they were discovered and brought to a similar end. It seemed evident that the only cure for such a difficulty would be the proffer of immunity to those who would confess their guilt, and make the best possible amends in the case."

Goodyear rode over to talk on the subject with General Ord, the department commander, and the result was Lincoln's proclamation of March 11, 1865, exempting from punishment confessed deserters then in service. One-seventh of the men in the regiment at once confessed to being deserters, and the conduct of that regiment in the closing campaign of the war disclosed the fact that these men were nevertheless capable of the highest efficiency and courage.

Through all that fighting summer of '64 the chaplain and his friend Henry Camp were together constantly. It was in September that Camp received from Governor Buckingham his commission as major of the Tenth Connecticut, and for a few days after he had taken up the duties of his new position there came a brief respite from long weeks of hard fighting. But on September 28 the regiment moved hurriedly from its position before Petersburg to Deep Bottom, whence it pushed on over the Darbytown road toward Richmond in two days of forced marches. On October 12, after days of peculiar privation and exposure, the regiment passed out of the works near the New Market road in light marching order, only to return within an hour or two. That night Trumbull and Camp sat together until past midnight, talking

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and writing, and sharing their evening devotions as they retired for a night of rest.

At three in the morning they were on foot again. The column moved out of the works to the plains between the Darbytown and Charles City roads, where the troops formed for an attack. For several hours, in the brilliant sunshine of that autumn day, there was brisk firing. Shortly after noon Camp started down the road with a party of men under orders from the corps commander, and while he was away the regiment took up a position at the extreme right of the division, in evident preparation for an assault on the Confederate works. Between these strong entrenchments and the Union lines there was a tangle of "slashings," the chopped and broken branches of trees, and a thicket of scrub oaks, vines, and laurels, through which a dashing charge was impossible.

The chaplain anxiously hoped that his friend would not return in time for that desperate charge. But he reached the line just in time. The men well knew the inevitable disaster that must meet them in the bullet-swept tangle before them, but Camp moved in and out among them with a cheerful face and words of encouragement. The Tenth had never yet fallen back, and it would not do so now.

When the signal for the charge was given Camp had by his own choice the left of the front line, a position of vantage in directing his men, and one peculiarly exposed. For the first time in any fight the friends clasped hands and bade each other good-by. They pushed on together through the thicket. The

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chaplain turned to his wounded and dying soldier comrades round about him, while Camp struggled through with his men to the open plain beyond the thicket, and stood for a moment to reform the broken lines.

"His tall and manly form," wrote the chaplain, "was too distinct a target to escape special notice from the foe. Waving his sword he called aloud cheerily, 'Come on, boys, come on!' then turned to the color-sergeant just emerging from the thicket, that he might rally the men on the regimental standard. As he did so a bullet passed through his lungs, and, as he fell on his side, he was pierced yet again and again by the thick-coming shot. His death was as by the lightning's stroke. His eyes scarce turned from their glance at the tattered, dear old flag, ere they were closed to earth, and opened again beyond the stars and their field of blue."

* * * * *

Chaplain Trumbull accompanied his friend's body to its resting-place in his Hartford home. His grief seemed inconsolable. The two were so veritably one that in his dying the one seemed to bear away with him the very life of the other. But the chaplain did not permit himself to forget his duty to the cause to which his friend had given all that he had. There were yet many months of service with the regiment in the long winter before Petersburg, and in the closing months of the war. Mr. Trumbull was urgently needed in the Sunday-school field work, but he saw that he ought to stand with his comrades to the end in the completion of his task and theirs, and with them

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he remained. It was not until August 25, 1865, that he with his regiment was mustered out, and he was free to return to his Connecticut field work.

There is no more significant testimony to his work as a chaplain in his three years of service than a modest bundle of faded papers, telling in a way which is probably unparalleled in the records of chaplains of the Civil War the story of the love and respect his comrades bore for him. From the brigade headquarters before Richmond this petition was forwarded to General Alfred H. Terry, Commander of the Department of Virginia:

"We the officers of the 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 24th Army Corps, have the honor to request that Rev. H. Clay Trumbull, chaplain of the 10th Conn. Vol. Infty., receive the rank of Major of Volunteers by Brevet, for distinguished services in camp and on the field. Mr. Trumbull has not confined his labors to his own regiment, but has in reality been the chaplain of the brigade, and as such has won the love and confidence of all. No man, certainly, could be more faithful in the discharge of his duties; none, we believe, more successful.

"But the fidelity and efficiency of Mr. Trumbull in the performance of his legitimate duties as chaplain is not the only ground upon which our request is based. Always at his post in time of danger, he has, on two occasions at least, displayed marked and conspicuous gallantry, dashing into the thickest of the fight to rally and encourage the wavering line.

"We earnestly hope that our request may be favorably considered."

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That this petition could not be granted by the War Department was solely due to the fact that no law provided for the promotion of chaplains, the only officers thus debarred from such recognition. But General Terry forwarded the petition with this endorsement:

"The 3d Brigade referred to within was for a long time a part of the division which I commanded, and I am personally cognizant of the services of Chaplain Trumbull. No officer of his regiment has displayed more gallantry in action or done more to animate the men to do their duty than he, and if the recognition of services asked for within can be made, it could not be bestowed on a man more worthy than he. He is a brave, high-minded Christian gentleman and patriot."

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# SECRETS OF POWER IN WORD AND WORK

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Most persons desire to be recognized as persons of real character. It is important, therefore, for all to understand that real character cannot be shown by conformity to the common standards of right, or of expediency, in one's sphere. To show character, one must consent to be distinguished from others generally. To be distinguished, one must decide for himself what to wear, what to eat or drink, how to bear himself among and before others, what to believe, what to refuse to use, what to refuse to do, and what to refuse to believe. Not eccentricity or mere singularity, but personality,—God-reliant, hell-defiant, and man-resistant personality,—is the basis of true character. It is being one's self, as in the sight of God, and as responsible directly to God, that shows character, and that secures the recognition of character.—*Character-Shaping and Character-Showing.*

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## CHAPTER XIV

### SECRETS OF POWER IN WORD AND WORK

Before Chaplain Trumbull was mustered out of the army at the close of the war he had prepared his memoir of Henry Ward Camp, "The Knightly Soldier," and had received the first published copy while he was yet with the regiment before Richmond. The book soon ran through several editions. It was everywhere received with frank enthusiasm as the best biography that the war had produced, and its author had made a distinct impression upon the public as a discriminating, sympathetic, and faithful biographer, whose fine sensibilities had enabled him to give a true portrait of a true and noble man.

Mr. Trumbull was no sooner at home again than he was beset with invitations to address gatherings, religious, patriotic, and political. His army experience had brought him into closest intimacy with men of many sorts. He had seen the human soul under stress of danger and privation and hardship laid bare to the light which does not easily penetrate to any depth in the constrained and muffled life of the civilian. Where he was eloquent and forceful before he had passed through these experiences, he was now in his public speech tense and vibrant with the emotions awakened by his army life, and he spoke with a



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pathos and realistic vividness of utterance which gave him power over audiences everywhere.

Before the war he was a voluminous letter-writer, an almost voluble speaker. After the war his letters attained a dignity and simplicity, and his speeches a compactness and sharpness of outline not by any means so noticeable in his earlier work. The three years had wrought temper and strength into the framework of his character as no other period in his life had done.

Even before he had left the army, during the five months after Appomattox while the Tenth Connecticut was still near Richmond, Trumbull began to receive proffers of positions of influence and responsibility. One of his army commanders proposed to buy a paper of national prominence, The Baltimore American, and offered Trumbull a one-half interest in it, if he would become its editor. Another call came from a group of New England men who were to organize a corporation for the purpose of starting a military school, with General Burnside as its military head, while Trumbull was asked to be his associate in the general educational work of the institution. Still another came from the New York Sunday School Union, who sought him as secretary and general agent, while pastorates in cities on the Atlantic and on the Pacific coast were urged upon him. But the chaplain had at no time during the war relinquished his connection with The American Sunday School Union. He did not believe that it was his duty to do so now, and he declined to turn aside from what he could not doubt was God's chosen work for him just then.

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In October, 1865, he was appointed Secretary for the New England Department of the American Sunday School Union. Other missionaries were placed under his supervision, his field was now the whole of New England, and his maturer experience was brought to bear on Sunday-school problems not only in Connecticut, but in other states as well. From his investigations of the Connecticut field before the war, and his startling disclosures of religious destitution in some parts of that state, it was supposed by many that Connecticut was behind other New England states in the work of religious education. But he soon found that a careful canvass of the four western counties of Massachusetts disclosed the fact that there was one town with no church of any kind; that three towns had no Sunday-school, and that nineteen towns contained only one Sunday-school each. Further, he found that in thirty towns containing 6,300 children between the ages of five and fifteen only 2,100 were claimed as attending Sunday-school. In Rhode Island he found by actual canvass that two-thirds of the children were not under religious influences, and even a greater proportion was found outside the Sunday-schools of Maine. There was work for missionaries to do.

Mr. Trumbull had no idle time on his hands. He had written constantly during the war for papers like the Hartford Courant and The Springfield Republican, and had continued his contributions to the religious press. His army letters to the Sunday School World teemed with human interest; his letters to the daily papers were always picturesque and often polemic, when he wrote in defense of slandered officers or

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men, or attacked abuses originating in the cowardice or cupidity of those who would not go to the field. Now, with his widening opportunities, he began to put into definite form some of his acquired convictions on religious education. He entered with thoroughness into historical studies of the Sunday-school, and as early as July, 1866, he was given the degree of Master of Arts by Yale College.

Because of the circumstances in which he was placed he cultivated habits of work which enabled him to use his time to the utmost. He did much, if not the most, of his writing on the cars, carrying with him a portfolio, and a traveler's inkstand which he would place upon the window-sill of the car, while he held his portfolio in his left hand, clear of any solid support. In this way he minimized the effect of the jarring of the train, and incidentally got himself into disfavor with some of his acquaintances who thought that reading or writing on the cars was a dangerous habit. They held that Trumbull set a bad example and preached a harmful doctrine by the indefatigable use of his faculties. But all this did not deter him from making time while others were wasting it. Before 1870 he had published, aside from his periodical contributions, biographical sketches of E. B. Preston and John W. Barton, co-workers of his in the Sunday-school field; a careful essay in booklet form on Childhood Conversion; a book entitled "The Captured Scout of the Army of the James," the story of a war-time hero; and "Children in the Temple," a book of more than three hundred and fifty pages, treating of children's worship, and of gatherings of

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children for religious exercises of a general character. This was an exhaustive study of the history of children's worship, its character and claims; a manual of appropriate exercises prepared by himself or gathered from widely-scattered sources; suggested Bible lessons for the children's service; and a thorough study of the essentials of sermons and addresses to children, with specimen discourses from prominent ministers and laymen.

Mr. Trumbull was given little rest from the facing of calls to positions of influence and of prominence. He was invited to succeed Dr. John H. Vincent in the Chicago Sunday School Union when Dr. Vincent left Chicago for New York.

Not long after this, when the secretaryship of the Connecticut Board of Education was vacated by the departure of Daniel C. Gilman to accept the presidency of the University of California, the governor of the state offered Mr. Trumbull that position, and informed him that a number of men had volunteered to pay him an additional sum equal to the salary paid by the state, if he would accept the office.

Following hard upon this a well-known insurance company offered him a guaranteed minimum income of twenty thousand dollars a year, if he would become a solicitor for that company. Trumbull assured the insistent officials of the company that they were mistaken in supposing that he could be as earnest in the insurance business as he was in the Sunday-school work, and he declined that offer, as well as the governor's.

The missionaries under his charge, or within the

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sphere of his influence, felt his power. Missionaries in the West, for whose work New England Sunday-schools were giving money, were expected to write letters from the field to the schools from which such support came. He had supervision of these letters, so far as his field was concerned, and he was characteristically particular about them. Thus he wrote to the home office of the American Sunday School Union:

I wish all missionaries would date their letters from the *states* where they reside. Traverse City and Tuscola and other localities are doubtless somewhere, but I do not know where. They indicate no more clearly the field of effort than would Cedar Swamp, Four-acre Lot, Honeysuckle Meadow, or Red Barn Hollow.

Or, again:

—— dates at Olivet. Where is that? He also begins with the statement that he fears he shall not interest his correspondents. There is no need of his bragging of that.

Sometimes he was obliged to ask a missionary to cease writing to one school or another, but not always with the result he hoped for. For example, in a letter to headquarters he writes:

Speaking of grindstones calls —— to mind. He still grinds away for Middletown First and Derby South, although I requested him to hold up in April last. Three more of his letters are at hand this week. Now all I can say this time is, that if he won't stop writing, and you can't stop him, and I can't avoid receiving another of his forty times forbidden scrawls, one of us ought to commit *hara-kiri*, and be denied a decent burial.

When, in December, 1869, Mr. F. G. Ensign, now

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superintendent of the Northwest District of the American Sunday-School Union field, was chosen to that office with the title then of secretary, he went to Hartford for a consultation with Mr. Trumbull. "He took me to his house," writes Mr. Ensign, "and gave me a clear and exact outline of the work to be done. He understood the needs of the West perfectly. When I left his house and started for Chicago, I understood clearly what course I ought to pursue to accomplish that which the Society expected.

"I had never met, up to that time, a man who could so enter into the life of another, and who so understood another's ability to do his chosen work as to forecast the practical way to it for him. I realized that I had been with one of the wisest of Christian workers, if not one of the seers of our age. Every suggestion he made for my guidance was carefully noted at the time, and after thirty-five years of actual service as superintendent of the missionary operations of the American Sunday-School Union in the Northwest I am able to say that the outline given to me by Mr. Trumbull in December, 1869, has been followed, and it has given to the cause whatever success has been secured."

And others far away, or near his own home, have borne grateful and generous testimony to Henry Clay Trumbull's influence and spirit in these fruitful years. Mr. John B. Smith, then a Sunday-school co-worker of his, and from the early days until the close of his life in 1905 a contributor to the paper to which Dr. Trumbull gave so extensive an influence, has told of

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the "eminently social" character of the missionary secretary, and of his readiness to make life brighter for all.

"He could recognize a man however rough his exterior," wrote Mr. Smith, "and take him into fellowship. An Irishman of most disagreeable manners and a face almost ugly, but with a big streak of manliness in him, used to work for me in my market-garden in East Hartford. As Mr. Trumbull was once calling on me he happened to spy this man, and shouted out: 'If there isn't Mike Collins!' Mike's face was radiant. The comrades met. The joy didn't leave Mike's heart for a year at that greeting from his old chaplain, and I saw that Trumbull loved and honored the man."

"I have often heard him say," continued Mr. Smith, in commenting upon Trumbull's emphasis on certain principles of Sunday-school work, 'You can never be sure that you have given anybody a clear idea till he has given you back what you gave him.' And he himself practised on the same principle, not only in his teaching, but in many ways. I repeatedly knew him to hire a hack and drive across a toll-bridge, and a mile and a half farther, to my house to consult me about some matter about which we both knew my advice would have almost no value, and when, on parting, I would regretfully express that conviction, he would say, 'Well, no matter; I got what I came for; I see it more clearly now.'"

Of necessity Mr. Trumbull was away from home much of the time. Yet he was not forgetful of his obligations to Hartford. He could have no regular

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post of duty in church life because of his absences, but his influence was felt in no ordinary way in more than one circle of activity. What he was and what he did in his home field is graphically described by the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, pastor then and now of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church of Hartford:

"My earliest recollection of Henry Clay Trumbull dates back to some time in the '50's, while I was a Yale undergraduate, when, passing a Sunday in the old hill town of Wolcott, Connecticut,—my ancestral town,—I heard him address the congregation in church on the subject of the importance and the needs of the Sunday-school work in which he was engaged. His appearance and manner on that occasion I clearly recall,—his very slender figure, his smooth-shaven face, his animated, intensely earnest style of speech. He became well known to me by reputation during the Civil War in connection with his services as army chaplain. Though I was also an army chaplain, we were not military neighbors, and I cannot remember that we ever met on the field. But at the close of the war I had a letter from him saying that he was preparing a memoir of his beloved comrade, Major Henry Camp, who had fallen in battle, and asking me to contribute to it an account of the Yale-Harvard boat race in 1859, in which contest Major Camp and I had pulled oars together for the Yale. This I was more than willing to do, for to me Camp had been exceedingly dear.

"It was at the commemoration of the Yale men who had laid down their lives in the war, held during commencement week at New Haven the following

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summer, that, coming upon one another in the crowd pouring out of the Centre Church on the Green, where Dr. Bushnell's great address had been given, we went aside, and, seating ourselves on the steps of Trinity Church hard by, made acquaintance, and had a long talk of Major Camp and other mutual friends, and the war and many things beside,—the first of unnumbered such talks we were to have in coming years. But that day I gained an impression of his quality as a man, of his overflowing vital energy, of the phenomenal quickness of his mind, of his humor, of his deep affectionateness, of his limitless loyalty to those he loved, and of his spirit of Christian devotion and enthusiasm, that all my subsequent intercourse with him served only to confirm and strengthen, so that when, in December, 1865, I went to Hartford to begin my life there as pastor of the newly-organized Asylum Hill Church, it was a circumstance to me full of interest, and a special subject of my self-congratulation, that he was to be my parishioner. I felt that I had much reason—as indeed I had—to account myself fortunate in the prospect of the sympathy, fellowship, and co-operation in my ministry of such a man. And fortunate I was.

"He preached for us as often as he would. His noble sermon that gives its title to his volume entitled 'Shoes and Rations for a Long March' [1903] was, I remember, the first we had the privilege of hearing from him. It was seldom that he sat in the congregation, and of those participations in the life and work of the church that are peculiar to the Lord's Day we had from him of necessity small share. But this did

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not at all signify that the measure of his profit to the church and to its pastor was small. It was far otherwise. As regards the church, he was, notwithstanding to so considerable an extent an absentee, a distinctly active member of it. As he journeyed up and down he bore it on his heart. He thought and planned for it.

"Most unmistakably was I, from the outset, made to feel that he was very particularly concerned in my work and welfare as minister. It could not but be that he, being a recognized leader in the Christian community and my senior in age, I should consider him in the relation between us of parishioner and pastor, the weightier partner, as I certainly did, and as he certainly was. I ever regarded what he was to me as of more consequence than what I was, or could be, to him. My mentor, I named him to myself, and that to a marked degree he became. I had abundant reason to know that, though the busiest of men in his own sphere of labor, and, as I have said, much away from Hartford, he was keeping a close eye on me. He was sedulous, on every opportunity, to inquire of me in detail how things were going in the parish. He was wont freely to indicate to me his judgment of the course in one and another regard which it was advisable for me to adopt. And if in any manner I was not doing what seemed to him best, or was doing what seemed to him not best, he frankly told me of it, for which I am grateful to him to this day. But never in either case, and when his criticism was the least flattering, was it possible for a moment to doubt his generous motive, his perfect friendliness. He had

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a genius for friendship, of which from first to last I experienced every proof.

His total effect on me was distinctly and only that of encouragement. And though he was, in the manner I have intimated, my mentor,—to my great profit,—he did not fail, as touching himself personally, to honor my office as pastor. Never can I forget his coming to my study once in deep perturbation of spirit to tell me humbly that he was in a sore struggle with temptation, and to beg me to pray for him that he might obtain the victory over it. Neither then nor at any time did he impart to me the nature of the temptation, but I have since had reason to suppose that it came in the shape of an overture made to him to abandon the spiritual calling to which he was consecrated for a secular employment with a salary several times larger than that he was receiving. Being comparatively a poor man, with a family of children, no wonder he was tempted.

"I can scarcely overstate the benefit to me, as his pastor and friend, of the contagious influence of his tremendous ceaseless energy. He was, I think, the hardest worker I have ever known. Work, in fact, was his element, the breath of his nostrils. It was when he was immersed in action, every nerve tense, every faculty in full play, that he seemed to be in the state of equilibrium. He was constitutionally of the toughest fiber, or he never could have endured the unflagging pace of effort that almost without intermission he maintained year after year. As it was, he at times overtaxed his strength, and had to slacken speed, which was a hardship to him. Meeting him

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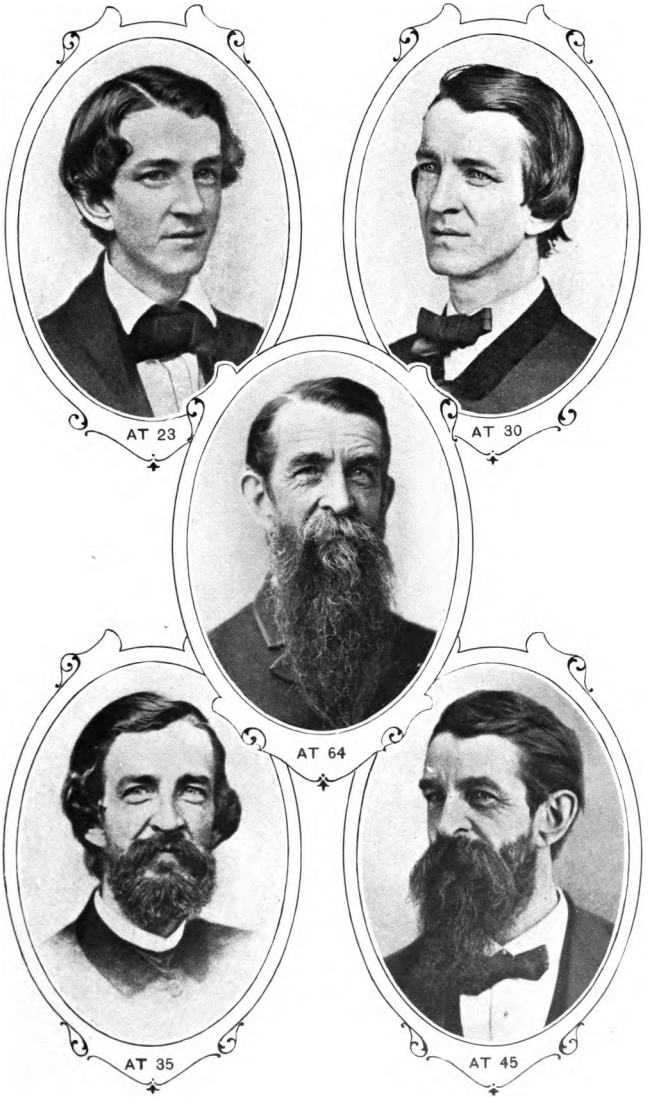


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one day on the street I remarked to him that he was looking worn and not well. He admitted that he was so, and felt himself seriously out of condition. I asked him if he had seen his doctor about it. 'No,' he said, 'I haven't, and I don't mean to, because I know perfectly he would prescribe the one thing I cannot bear the thought of—a vacation.' To be in frequent touch with a spirit so electric with vitality and vigor, pitched to so high a key of purpose and endeavor, could not but have a stimulating effect. I never came away from a half-hour with him that I was not conscious of being aroused and summoned to bestir myself to a more diligent performance of my duty, which, as I look back, I thankfully own was worth ever so much to me. And to the end, whenever our paths crossed and we exchanged greetings, or when I had a word from him by letter, or when by any means he was brought vividly to mind, I seemed to be admonished to be up and doing."

A man who wrote so much and on so many subjects as Henry Clay Trumbull made his own, could not escape the charge of writing easily. But he could not compose easily, and this was increasingly true as he wrote more. He was in the habit of making jottings on whatever scraps of paper he might have in his pocket, and notes in well-ordered and classified memorandum books, which for the most part were seldom carried out to the end of the plan. He was systematic in the extreme, but he would drop a system without compunction whenever the system was about to enslave him to the detriment of his work.

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He exacted systematic habits from those in his employ, or under his direction, and yet one hardly knew that he was insisting on that phase of organization, because he seemed to couple system and accomplishment so naturally. He often told laughingly of his Hartford neighbor, Rose Terry Cooke, the writer of New England stories and poems of true sentiment, who was asked if she "pursued a system?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cooke, "I do, but have never yet caught up with it."

In preparing an article or an address Mr. Trumbull's methods were unconventional. He would carry in his thought many themes germinating side by side, and coming to flower only after long processes. But he kept so many ideas under cultivation, so many themes growing, that his yield was perennial. Sometimes under the spur of an occasion he would flash out impromptu utterances; indeed, many of his most carefully prepared sentences seemed like creations of the moment when he came down upon an audience like a whirlwind. He was highly sensitive to the appeal of the composite life of an audience, speaking up to him through individual expressions in a sea of faces; so sensitive that he would sometimes forsake his carefully prepared memory-retained set of facts, and launch out to meet the human needs his sympathetic eye could see in the uplooking, listening crowd, whose temper his preparation had perchance misconceived. But these came to be rare occasions, for he knew the human heart as few men of his day. His thought was not centered in his topic or his text, but in the human soul to which he had a burning

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desire to carry his message. That was the secret of his platform and pulpit power.

From 1865 to 1875 Mr. Trumbull had a continent-wide reputation as a speaker. He began as early as 1867 to preach to college students at Yale, continuing this ministry to the end of his preaching days in institutions of learning throughout the land. Where a message of tense and vital Christian manhood was needed, or sharper definition of spiritual meanings and an awakening to life's choicest opportunities, there Henry Clay Trumbull was welcomed.

Invited to preach to Williston Seminary, the Easthampton school of his boyhood, he began his preparation. He took as his subject the "Duty of Being a Man;" as his text, "Be thou strong therefore, and show thyself a man."

"Having decided on my text and sermon plan," he wrote, "I set myself to gathering the material for the filling in of the outline. I sought special needful knowledge and illustrative facts in books in my own library, then I bought other books by the score. . . . Week after week went by, and yet I was by no means ready with my sermon, or even prepared for its writing. I made notes of the material I would like to use in my sermon; but I found these notes expanding and multiplying beyond all my anticipations. As my sermon was to touch on all the phases of true manhood, I must know about the proper training of the body, the intellect, and the spirit of one who would have character as a true man, and hence there came much of my preliminary study.

"After some eleven months of this preparation, I

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set myself to arranging my gathered material. In order to have it fairly before me for selection, I made a careful index of the whole, so that I might study that, and then choose what I deemed the best. I then began to write. It was only after some thirteen months from the time I undertook this mission that I had a sermon ready for its preaching."

That sermon was not dashed off. Possibly the method of its preparation had something to do with the calls that came to the preacher for its repetition at Amherst and Williams and Yale. Be that as it may, it was the method that Mr. Trumbull followed in all his sermon preparation.

While the missionary secretary for New England concentrated his efforts on his chosen field, his radio-activity was intense. Whether speaking at the Bunker Hill celebration in Charlestown in 1867 with Charles Sumner and Richard H. Dana, or arousing his army comrades to vociferous and prolonged applause in his stirring address at the Army of the James reunion in Boston in 1868, or writing in the same year vivid and picturesque letters from the South to home papers, describing the conditions of reconstruction days, Trumbull was keenly alive to his opportunities and his surroundings.

He must share, too, in the very practical and commonplace duties of citizenship, striking at evils, local and national, and encouraging others to do likewise. No man could be more intolerant of corporate soullessness than Mr. Trumbull always was. In his opinion a public franchise was not to be used without regard to public comfort. Upon one occasion he

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was remonstrating with the superintendent of a local road against annoyances to which passengers were subjected, when the superintendent, with a good deal of asperity, blurted out, "You talk as if this railroad was run for the especial inconvenience and annoyance of its passengers."

"I did not intend," Trumbull answered with unnatural calm and formality, "to charge what has so naturally suggested itself to your mind, and with such suspicious spontaneity, but if such be your design, I can only say you have enjoyed unusual success."

When, during reconstruction days, there arose at the North the feeling among many that only Republicans ought to be taken into account in legislation, the attempt to enact the infamous "Force Bill" aroused his deepest indignation. He was confined just then to his home by illness, but not shut out from doing his duty as a citizen. He wrote three letters, one to General Joseph R. Hawley, then a member of Congress, simply to let him know how angry he was; one to Marshall Jewell, who had been Governor of Connecticut, and who was then Postmaster-General in Grant's Cabinet, to assure him that "if lovers of right and justice, South and North, should rise up to resist that great wrong by force of arms, I would be with them to the death;" and the third to Senator John B. Gordon of Georgia, the famous General of the Confederate army, to assure him that a Union soldier and solid Republican was with him and his friends in his opposition to the Force Bill, and would be to the last.

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In answer came a letter from General Hawley, saying, "God bless you, Chaplain! I like a man who can get mad. I then know what he means. . . . After reading your letter I decided to make a speech against it and I've made it." From Marshall Jewell came: "Dear Chaplain, after reading your vigorous letter I drove up to the President's with it, and told him I wanted to show him how a Union chaplain felt. Then I read him your letter. He said he knew Chaplain Trumbull, and he didn't wonder he felt that way. He hoped that the proposed wrong action wouldn't pass." Then from General Gordon came a letter thanking the chaplain for his words. He said that on reading it he had stepped across the Senate chamber and asked the two senators from Connecticut, ex-Governor Buckingham and General Ferry, if they knew Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull of Connecticut. They said they did, and that he was the peer of any man on the floor of that Senate. Then Senator Gordon had incorporated the letter with the Connecticut Senators' comment into a speech he was making against the Force Bill.

While strictly a party measure, the bill was nevertheless defeated. "I am glad to this day," wrote the chaplain, "that I yielded to a good impulse to express myself heartily against a proposed wrong, even though there seemed to be little hope of doing so successfully. It is always safe to do right, and to express oneself against wrong, even though there seems little hope of doing good through the expression."

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# LEARNING TO SEE SPIRITUAL TRUTH

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As it is in seeing with the natural eye, so is it in the realm of mental and of spiritual vision. One man sees all that he cares to see, because he sees all that he supposes there is to be seen, in the direction of knowledge or of faith, at his first looking in that direction. Another man is sure that, because he has seen something as he looked thither, there must be a great deal more there for him to see, if only he will continue to look expectantly; for there is always more to be seen, in any and every direction, by him who expects to see more and more. Just here, indeed, is the line of marked distinction between the true scholar and the vain pedant. The one sees; the other supposes he has seen. The one sees more and more; the other saw it all the first time he looked. The one will make progress in knowledge and in faith as long as he lives; the other reached the limit of his progress when he opened his eyes to the light of day. The one has no conception of any light or sight beyond that which was his at the earliest hour of his life's morning; the other is always in that pathway of "the light of dawn that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—*Seeing and Being.*

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## CHAPTER XV

### LEARNING TO SEE SPIRITUAL TRUTH

"A street boy, with a piece of smoked glass, can see the spots on the noon-day sun. It takes the keen-eyed scientist with his spectroscope to discern the brighter colors of every ray of the sun in its course. Similarly, every preacher can perceive the defects in the sayings and doings of a young man just beginning to work for his Master. But only the superior lover of Christ and of his fellows can recognize in a young worker indications of promise that are worthy of cultivation and development. And therefore it is that such a man as Horace Bushnell incidentally does so much in bringing out and bringing up men whom a lesser man would never have deemed worthy of special notice and effort at training."

Thus Henry Clay Trumbull gave grateful expression to his disciple-love for Bushnell, more than fifty years after his first meeting with that seer of the nineteenth century. For Horace Bushnell was nothing less than that,—a prophet of vision, whose philosophical, speculative, discerning mind gained an independent grasp of spiritual truth by daring exploration, a mastery of expressive language by rigid training, and, through startling convictions and unconventional ways of stating truth, the bitterest animosity and the warmest



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devotion that could well be accorded a modern religious leader.

"It was at a meeting of friends of the Hartford City Missionary Society," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "in the social parlors of the Pearl Street Congregational Church, of which Dr. Beadle was the new pastor, that my first acquaintance was made with good Dr. Bushnell. And that indeed was a new starting-point in my religious life, to which I ever look back gratefully. As the young superintendent of the Morgan Street Mission School,—where Dr. Bushnell's eldest daughter, the poet-saint, was my valued helper as a teacher —I was at this meeting, following Father Hawley with a statement of the possibilities and needs of the city mission field. Dr. Bushnell sat in a chair just before me, showing a kind interest in my words.

"At the close of the meeting he stepped up and gave me greeting, and expressed an interest in me and my work. He said he should be glad to aid me at any time and in any way in his power. That was his first helpful work as my personal teacher.

"Dr. Bushnell meant what he said at that time. From that hour he did aid me in my religious thinking and in my Christian living and doing. . . . His greatest service to me, as it has been to many another, was in bringing me to see that . . . Bible truth at the best suggests to us far more than it can define."

Up to the time of his more intimate intercourse with Bushnell, Mr. Trumbull was a literalist in biblical interpretation, having little or nothing of that peculiarly Oriental cast of mind which he acquired in later years. On the other hand, Bushnell's most dis-

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tinctive contribution to the religious thought of the day was his "Essay on Language" in his volume "God in Christ," given again in its substance in his "Building Eras" volume, under the title "Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination."

That sermon, or essay, as Dr. Trumbull puts it, "aims to show that, necessarily, the truth concerning the spiritual and the infinite cannot be stated in precise human language, since all human words have a human origin with human limitations. Such words, when employed to convey truth which is beyond the realm of sight and sense, have their main value in suggesting, not in defining the higher meaning."

In the very title there was a challenge. It was not easy for men to conform their habits of biblical interpretation to Bushnell's theory of the failure of human language to exactly express the spiritual and the infinite, and to his belief in the supremacy of suggestiveness where words are used to approach spiritual meanings. Views like this did not appeal at first to Trumbull, but they came to be so veritably his own that all his Bible study and Bible exegesis were shot through and through with that golden thread. When Bushnell was attacked theologically, Trumbull had a part in defending him in the public prints.

As the two men came to know each other in the years immediately following the war, they would take long walks, discussing problems of life and thought, Bushnell the while leading his young friend "out from the bondage of dead literalism . . . into the larger liberty of God's truth as beyond human expression." Bushnell longed to have Trumbull in the

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pastorate, and he presented to him again and again invitations to prominent churches, hardly deeming the Sunday-school work of sufficient scope and value to claim his young friend's talents permanently.

"Meeting me on the street one day," wrote Trumbull, "Dr. Bushnell said he wanted to have a serious talk with me, and he asked me to name a day when he could find me at my home. I named a time, and at the appointed hour he called, with General Joseph R. Hawley.

"Dr. Bushnell had come with a proposition to me from one of the Hartford churches to be its pastor. He urged my acceptance of it as he alone could urge a cause. He considered both the church in its needs and my individual mission and duty. He said I was known to the people and I knew them. It was no uncertain experiment to which I was called. As an inducement he promised to be one of the parish, and to assist me by preaching as often as he could.

"General Hawley, who already attended there, and was a leader in its choir, urged my acceptance of the call in the name of the young men. Yet neither he nor General Hawley would consent to my giving an answer or discussing the matter at that interview. I was asked to think it over before giving any answer. This I did, and refused that call, as every other that would remove me from the Sunday-school field as my chief one."

In 1869 the Connecticut Sunday-school workers reorganized the association whose state convention work had been discontinued with the outbreak of the war, and Mr. Trumbull, who was the prime factor in

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the reorganization, persuaded Bushnell to preach the opening sermon at the convention. "God's Thoughts Fit Bread for Children" was his sermon title. The preacher had come, in the course of the years, into a higher conception of the Sunday-school, and not long before his death he said to the Sunday-school missionary, one day as they met on the street:

"Trumbull, you knew better than I did where the Lord wanted you. I honestly thought the pulpit was a bigger place for you, and I tried to get you into it. But now I've come to see that the work you are doing is the greatest work in the world." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "Sometimes I think it's the *only* work there is in the world."

It was while under the stimulus of Bushnell's teaching that Henry Clay Trumbull made his first independent attempt at close exegesis, in a study of the Third Commandment, with especial reference to the significance of "name." He concluded from his studies that to "'*take* . . . in vain' the name of Jehovah as our God was not to speak or write it profanely, but was to claim a right to uplift or bear it without doing this in sincerity and reverence." To the enthusiastic explanation of this study Bushnell listened heartily and sympathetically as they drew near the end of their walk one day.

"I see, Trumbull; I see. So that commandment is not against mere *profanity*, as we ordinarily understand it, but it is against *hypocrisy*, which is a great deal worse. Being insincere or hypocritical is a vast deal more than merely saying words that we ought not to."

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When they were about to part Bushnell grasped his companion's hand, exclaiming earnestly:

"Trumbull, you've given me a great truth, and I thank you."

Thus Dr. Bushnell was always ready to learn from his pupils, and he was too great a man to pose as a "great" man. When he wrote his volume on "Forgiveness and Law" he read the manuscript to his brethren in the Hartford Ministerial Association, so that he might have the benefit of their criticism. This book was intended to supplement, and, in a sense, to modify, the views expressed in his book, "The Vicarious Sacrifice," which had been violently attacked. "Forgiveness and Law" was an illustration of his willingness to change his opinions as new light came to him.

"It is undoubtedly true," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "that the storm of opposition raised against Dr. Bushnell in his earlier ministry, by representatives of different schools of theological thought, was rather because of the havoc made with their pet forms of dogma by his attacks on all human explanations of spiritual truths as necessarily incomplete and partial, than because of people's belief that he directly denied, or squarely took issue with any biblical declaration of a truth, vital or less important.

"When he stated and applied a great truth in the realm of character or action or providence, he quickened thought and carried conviction. Even men who were prejudiced against him as 'heretical' or 'unsound' theoretically, were ready to admit the exceptional value of his thinking and teaching in

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other realms. It was only when he opened fire on the earthworks of the defenders of a formal system of doctrine that he had to meet the return fire from enemies all along the line,—front, flank, and rear."

Trumbull did not follow his teacher blindly, or without reserve. When Bushnell himself tried to indicate or define the "nature and necessity and limits" of the "Atonement," and in his "Forgiveness and Law" endeavored to define spiritual and infinite truths so that they might be conveyed to the human mind with no possibility of misconception, Trumbull saw that these volumes "at the best, were but essays in the direction of the limits of the illimitable." He said to Bushnell:

"You must remember, Doctor, that you have taught us that these greatest truths cannot be expressed in human language. *I* was slow to learn this, but at last you got it into even *me*, through your 'Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination.' Then having convinced us of the utter futility of such an attempt, you undertake it yourself, and you wonder that we do not at once accept as final your definitions of forgiveness and salvation, and their relations to law. You know, Doctor, how great I think you are, and how I prize your opinions, and I assure you I am ready to admit that when we get beyond the realm of the finite I shall probably see that you have been nearer right in your thoughts and ideas than anybody else. But as we are here and now, I don't think that God intends me to feel that his truth on these subjects is disclosed and defined by your explanations of them."

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Trumbull realized that these were venturesome words, but he knew that Dr. Bushnell liked frank opinions concerning his views. Nor was the great thinker unmoved by such opinions. On one occasion Trumbull heard him preach in the South Church his sermon on "The Coronation of the Lamb." He was uplifted by the sermon as a whole, but as he afterwards told Dr. Bushnell, he "could not give assent to certain incidental references to his peculiar views of sacrifice and atonement."

A few weeks later he heard Bushnell preach the same sermon in the Asylum Hill Church. With Dr. Philip Schaff he joined the preacher, and walked down the hill with him.

"Trumbull," said Bushnell, "I was disturbed when I saw you come in this morning."

"How so?" asked the other.

"Why, I said, 'There's Trumbull. He's come to hear me preach, and this is the very sermon I preached the last time he heard me.'"

"Well, Doctor, when I saw by the hymns that you were to preach that sermon, I was more than glad, for I think I can always get more out of one of your sermons on the second hearing than on the first. I watched this one with especial care this morning, and I'll tell you frankly that it didn't seem to jar on me this time, at the points I talked over with you, as it did the other time."

"I think quite likely, Trumbull. They were not *there*. After that talk with you, I went home and looked that sermon over. I said to myself, 'I've stuck too much of Bushnell into this. Those things

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are not essential here. If they trouble Trumbull they may trouble somebody else.' So I struck them out."

One of Bushnell's distinctive characteristics in sermon writing was the framing of a title which should embody as completely and as concisely as possible the essence of the sermon. The text and title taken together were often a whole sermon in themselves.

That this characteristic made a vivid impression on Mr. Trumbull is readily seen in the titles he gave to his own writings, when he entered the field of religious journalism, and in his sermon preparation as well. He often worked harder and longer over the title of a sermon or an editorial than he did over the elucidation of the theme itself. Indeed, he framed his title first, and until he could do that, until he could express his thought concisely, succinctly, he knew that the thought was too hazy to work out. Titles chosen at random from his addresses and editorials show his mastery of this method,—"Heroism in Unfought Battles," "Inclination a Hindrance to Success," "The Gain of a Contracted Sphere," "Having Strength to be Weak," "Our Duty of Making the Past a Success," —these embody the very essence of the editorial or sermon wrought out from each. Thus Bushnell stimulated him to make use of his power of insight, and of concentration in expression, so that at the very start of an address or of an article he could command attention; while in the end, after his dissertation had been forgotten, the essence of it should linger in the memory in a pungent title.

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Nothing that Dr. Trumbull told of his intercourse with Bushnell more felicitously or characteristically disclosed the secret of the seer's power, or the secret of his influence over this pupil of his, than one of the homely and illuminating sayings that fell from Bushnell's lips in conversation. "One day," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "as I was walking with him, and he had been pouring out the treasures of his rich thoughts for my benefit, I burst out with :

"'O Doctor, you are simply grand! How good it is to be with you! There's no one in the world like *you*.'

"'Oh, no, Trumbull! I just look at truth from another corner of the room, that's all.'

"But who like him could find that corner? And what a privilege it was to hear him tell what he had seen as he stood there!"

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# LIVING THE LIFE OF PRAYER

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There is no one of us who can manage his own affairs as well as God would manage them for him. Left to ourselves, we are sure to make fools of ourselves.

It is time gained, rather than time lost, which is given to prayer before beginning a day's work. If one must start his work a little before daylight, he would do well to start praying a good while before daylight.

Hardly anything frightens us more than a fulfilled promise of God. When he does just what he said he would do, trembling and astonishment take hold on us.—*From editorial paragraphs.*

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## CHAPTER XVI

### LIVING THE LIFE OF PRAYER

Tracking the story of these years through his diaries of events, one is amazed at the number of personal interviews Mr. Trumbull was able to combine with the other duties of the day and night. His habit of writing on the cars disposed of much work that would have occupied him at home. Yet he was constantly meeting in travel those with whom he wished to converse. He held that his work with individuals was his chief work, and he would drop his pen for a talk with a friend or acquaintance just as readily as he would take it up again when the conversation with its opportunity was closed. He could take hold and let go instantly in any work that engaged his attention, seeming to turn with his whole being from one thing to another without friction or waste of time. Bundle of nerves though he was, he could detach himself from the pressure of thronging duties, from the fetters of physical ailments, and even from grief itself, and apply himself wholly to the one duty of the hour with marvelous concentration.

Even his library was not secluded. It was, indeed, the play-room and the living-room of his home, as well as his work-room. He could write or read with all the little noises of the household going on about



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him, though he was by no means oblivious to them. And as he worked, he kept track of any conversation in the room, and would comment upon it in his lively fashion, turning as quickly to his writing again.

But this distinctively social being, this man of friendly address, found it by no means easy to keep a certain resolve made very early in his Christian life, —the determination to speak a word for Christ to any individual with whom he might be associated in such a way that he could properly choose the subject of conversation. He had many occasions to know how hard it is to make up one's mind that *now* is the time to speak, but none more rich in God-given lessons than one that came to him during a sojourn in the South in 1868, in company with a young relative of "The Knightly Soldier," who went there in search of health. The journey took the chaplain and his companion through scenes that were filled with sad associations, for they traversed memorable battle-fields, and their eyes rested upon waste and desolation everywhere.

The chaplain with his ready pen sent home travel letters to secular and religious press, picturing with minute faithfulness post-bellum conditions in the South. The journey was extended to many localities, but it was in Florida that a life-long impression was made upon Mr. Trumbull, not originating in any recollection of the four years' conflict, but in a battle with a foe which is peculiarly the Christian's foe,— that subtle, paralyzing poison of reluctance to speak to another of Jesus Christ.

The two friends took up their abode in a Florida

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boarding-house, where dwelt also a young couple from the North who had tried their best to find other quarters when they heard that an army chaplain was about to arrive. Mr. Trumbull exerted himself to win the confidence of the young man, but weeks went by, and at no time had he been alone with him.

On the eve of Mr. Trumbull's departure he decided that he had not been living up to his life-resolve to speak to others for Christ, made very early in his Christian experience. It was not an easy journey across the hallway, nor did his knock on the opposite closed door sound with any great assurance. But he was cordially received, and when he told of his purpose to leave the next day, he was pleasantly surprised to hear expressions of sincere regret.

That was an opening. Mr. Trumbull said that his joy in Christ's service was his greatest possession, and he had come to say that he had longed to have his fellow-boarders know that joy with him. The young man promptly replied that he would like to know more about Mr. Trumbull's religious belief, and asked what books would enlighten him.

Mr. Trumbull did leave the next day, but with him went the young man and his wife, changing their itinerary in order to be under his instruction. In their subsequent talks Mr. Trumbull held the conversation and their common thought to Christ himself, and would not let his new companion's mind dwell at all upon his old habits or prejudices. It was very soon clear to the seeking soul that the question of practises would fall into line with little difficulty, when once the whole being had been yielded to the

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Master. Out of those days of friendly intercourse grew a life-time friendship, and two new workers, the man and his wife, were won for the kingdom, and became widely useful in mission-school service.

In this single incident was wrapped up the secret of Henry Clay Trumbull's power. Nor was the power his, for before he had entered that boarding-house room, knocking in his Saviour's name at more doors than the one that swung on hinges, he had given himself to prayer. Of course the case was "hopeless." Therein lay the opportunity. Indeed, nothing was more significant in Mr. Trumbull's spiritual stability than his childlike reliance upon God as his willing, watchful, all-wise heavenly Father. Communion with that Father was not the rarefied ether of spiritual mountain peaks, attained through costly occasional effort, but rather the normal atmosphere of his daily life on the level of his simplest needs and humblest endeavors. Therefore in crisis times there was no unwonted, frenzied struggle toward a veiled and awful Power, vaguely benignant and remotely condescending, but rather the confident turning of a trusting child to the Father who had shown his unchanging love in little things and great, to the God of whom he indeed could say with Tennyson:

> "Closer is He than breathing,
> And nearer than hands and feet."

One evening, when Mr. Trumbull was to leave Hartford for Boston on a midnight train, he was folding a manuscript to be mailed without fail that night to the National Teacher in Chicago, when he

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was startled by a cry of pain from his wife in the room above him. He ran to her assistance, and found she had burned herself slightly with a lamp. When he returned to the library the manuscript was missing. He searched the table and floor, the stairs, the rooms above, and his eight or ten pockets, with no success. But the midnight train would not wait, nor would the magazine presses. He must find the manuscript. So he knelt at his study table and prayed for help, and while he knelt, came the clear mental impression:

"Stand up, and throw off your coat and vest."

So doing, he found the manuscript in an inner vest pocket, which he had not known was there. Before he hurried away for the train, mailing the manuscript as he went, he knelt again, and this time to thank God for his goodness. "For although," as he wrote in describing the incident years later, "this was all within the realm of the natural, I was none the less helpless to find the missing paper within the time allowed me; and I needed God's supernatural oversight of the natural in order to enable me to do my duty for him in my little sphere. And he came to my relief with his guiding voice, as he is ever ready to do for his children, according to their need and faith."

Mr. Trumbull became so accustomed to count upon God's answers to prayer that his life was filled with incidents which he was ever recalling as showing forth the Father's personal interest in each of his children. Many devoted Christian workers, to whom prayer was even a frequent resource, were not quite

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able to free themselves of a certain sense of astonishment at Mr. Trumbull's every-day reliance upon his heavenly Father's promises. That he could pray about a lost manuscript, really expecting and really getting help, was almost petty in the opinion of some whose large views of the Deity took minor account of the individual and his little perplexities. But Mr. Trumbull had no patience with any theory of divinity that thrust the individual away from God, and massed him or classed him as an atom of the whole. To his mind, God and the individual normally sustained a perfect personal relationship which ought to be claimed and entered into without reserve by the man, and which would be maintained in absolute integrity by God himself, given a submissive will and whole-souled devotion on the man's part. So he believed and so he lived.

One night he was in Brooklyn, whither he had gone on behalf of a New England mother whose wayward son was in trouble in that city. Mrs. Trumbull alone knew her husband's plan and purpose on that errand of mercy, and because it would take him into a dangerous quarter of the city, to allay her fears for his safety, he took with him a pistol,—his last mistake of that sort. In trying to board a crowded street-car in Brooklyn, his pistol fell from his pocket, struck on the hammer, and from the shot that followed, the car-conductor received a flesh wound. With the rapidly gathering crowd came a policeman, into whose charge Mr. Trumbull at once put himself, giving as he did so an explanation of the accident. At the police station his case was fully

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considered, and he was promptly exonerated. He saw the conductor, and offered to meet any expense which he might incur as a result of the accident. Then Mr. Trumbull inquired whether it was necessary that his name should be made public in connection with any report of the affair. To his great distress he was told that the police office had no power to suppress his name, and as he returned to his home, he began to realize that a newspaper report of the affair might throw suspicion on him without giving him an opportunity to clear himself.

When he reached home, he laid the whole matter before the Lord, with the realization that any blot upon his good name would put him under obligation to retire from the Lord's public service.

In at least three of the New York papers the next day a full report of the Brooklyn incident appeared, but in each report a name bearing no resemblance to Henry Clay Trumbull's was given. "As I read these reports," said Mr. Trumbull, "I dropped on my knees before God, and thanked him that he had thus indicated his wish that I should still continue in his work under his guard and guidance."

Relying thus upon God for specific direction and protection and strength, Henry Clay Trumbull lived out the conviction that Bushnell had crystallized in his sermon, "Every Man's Life a Plan of God." That was a favorite theme of Mr. Trumbull's in thought and word, and the great fact therein embodied was the life-chart from which he got his bearings.

Through this habit of taking God at his word, this trustful servant, pliant to every touch of the divine

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hand, sensitive to the divine voice, however speaking, was led along an ascending path into one field of usefulness after another. This was so evident to men who knew him best that some would wonderingly inquire how it was that he could so unerringly discern the open door. And then Trumbull, lest he should seem to assume a peculiar power which he earnestly disclaimed, and in the interests of simple truth would answer in his native Yankee fashion:

"Open door? Oh, yes; I have gone through many an open door, but generally it has been with the hand of the Lord on the nape of my neck, and a strong lift from behind!"

He would not pose as exceptionally favored of God, and if his way of dispelling the illusion was homely it was at least effective. But there was a serious meaning in what he said, for while he sought God's will with constancy, he had no exemption from the testings of cross-road vistas, when a man comes for the moment to a standstill.

He was, indeed, not far from such a time as the seventies opened, when he was led to the securing of a helper in his New England work who was to have no small part in helping Henry Clay Trumbull follow to conspicuous success a pathway new to both, and rich in service to each.

In May, 1870, when Mr. Trumbull had been without an office assistant for the first time in several years, he was a visitor in the Second Congregational Sunday-school in Norwich, Connecticut. He had been prayerfully on the lookout for the sorely-needed assistant, but he had no reason to think that he might

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find him there. Indeed, he was not giving any thought to the subject as he listened to the opening service. But as he was about to bow his head in prayer he caught a glimpse of a young man passing at his right. He did not see his full face, but at once it was borne in upon him that he had seen the helper he was seeking. And he had. After the service he found upon inquiry that the young man's name was John D. Wattles; that he was the assistant in a Norwich drug store, where he was learning the business. Mr. Trumbull interviewed him later, and presented the question to him, leaving him free to act as God might lead him. It was four weeks after the first interview that John Wattles decided to undertake the proffered work.

"Before six months had passed," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "Mr. Wattles said he would never go back to his former position even at ten thousand dollars a year. He felt that God was leading him to better service. He soon had his younger brother in another branch of the work which now had his heart, and he himself was pressing onward and upward. He became the general secretary of the Connecticut Sunday-school Association, and he developed special power in organizing and directing movements for the improvement of the Sunday-schools of the state. He showed himself also an effective speaker in conventions and institutes throughout New England. Moreover, he was showing power and gaining influence and winning friends more and more widely all the time.

"And in this way my life came to be linked

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with the God-led life of John D. Wattles, who was later my loved friend, my dear son-in-law, my business partner, and a helper, an example, and an inspiration to me, while proving himself a helper and an inspiration to many thousands of those who never saw his face or heard his voice, and an example to every one who ever knew him as he was."

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# GUIDED TO THE EDITORIAL CHAIR

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Work at the command of Jesus is successful work, whatever the result may be.

There are never two duties which are both supreme for the moment to any individual.—*From editorial paragraphs.*

A man of God, or a child of God, ought to know that he is in a universe controlled by his God, and that it is his duty and his privilege to be wholly the Lord's, and to do fully and effectively all the work that the Lord has for him to do. Knowing this, he must know also that his real power lies in his dependence on his God instead of on himself. This sense of dependence, so far from lessening a man's personal independence of thought and action, is the very basis of the highest independence possible to a man,—the independence of every one and of every thing save Him who is over all and in all. In fact, no man can be so independent of all else as he who is consciously and trustfully dependent wholly on God.—*Duty-Knowing and Duty-Doing.*

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## CHAPTER XVII

### GUIDED TO THE EDITORIAL CHAIR

His wide knowledge of the Sunday-school and its needs, his unremitting labors in the New England field, and his vigorous articles for the religious and secular press, brought Henry Clay Trumbull's peculiar gifts into lively requisition. He was bold in utterance to the verge of rashness, taking extreme positions on every subject that he treated.

"Oil has its uses," he said to a Hartford neighbor. "Some people use one kind, some another, in getting on with other folks." And then half-ruefully, and yet with his hearty laugh, "*I* generally use oil of vitriol!"

In upsetting false notions, in effecting reforms where prejudice and conventional error were in control, he knew that the bite of an irritant would often do more real good than the soothing flow of an emollient. He knew the necessity of one-sidedness in urging a reform, or in putting a truth that might not be readily accepted. In the course of his historical studies of the Sunday-school, carried out in great detail through careful collections of pamphlets, fugitive articles, and of old books and new, he had gained convictions about the place and work of that institution which the superficial student could not attain. His observations had confirmed these studies so strongly that he became



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boldly confident of certain great principles and facts underlying the whole structure of religious education. If he wrote of preaching to children, an art and a duty sorely abused by its ignoring, he could not be calmly argumentative. In The Advance, in 1869, he wrote:

"Any other preaching, for purposes of evangelization, than to children, should be exceptional in a nominally Christian community. Yes, that is the truth about it. Godless adults are the fag-end of humanity. . . . But shall irreligious adults be utterly neglected as a hopelessly lost class? By no means. 'While there is life there is hope.' Grown-up sinners may be saved. Offers of grace should be extended to them, even though they may be already sentenced to the gallows, shut in states prison, clustered in inebriate or insane asylums, huddled in dens of vice in city purlieus, or cushioned in easy seats as godless pewholders in fashionable churches. Certainly. Words of warning should be dropped to all these forlorn classes, while the hopeful work of evangelizing the young and of training church members goes on apace. . . . But, oh! never, never should the children be overlooked for the best of these venerable reprobates. . . . The man who cannot preach to children is not half a minister, whatever titles may stand at either end of his name. He may . . . do well as a lecturer on any theme but homiletics in a theological seminary, but, oh! he is never fit for a pastor. He ought not to palm himself off on to any parish as such. . . . Good Dr. Tyng said years ago of the minister who devoted himself to adults exclusively: 'I should like to know how Satan would

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want that minister to be more completely mounted and equipped by his side, Satan saying to the preacher, "Now you just stand there and fire at the grown people, and I will stand here and steal away the little children,—as the Indians catch ducks, swimming under them, catching them by the legs, and pulling them down." ' "

Or, again in 1870, when striking at the too prevalent idea that family religious instruction had been abolished by the advent of the Sunday-school, he wrote in The Advance under the title of "Ancestral Worship" :

"On no point is there clearer argreement among the yellow-skinned Yankees than as to the reverence due their ancestors for the godly household training of little ones before the degenerate days of Sunday-schools. For the return of no departed souls are more earnest and frequent calls uttered by ministers and editors alike than for those of the mythical Puritan patriarchs, from whose lips dropped wisdom and love for the dear children of their charge in every American household, until the child-destroying Sunday-school arose and hurried the good parents into Hades, leaving their illustrious record on the ancestral tablet, and their reprobate descendants to stalk abroad untaught and unpunished. . . . Surely the Taoistic tendencies of Occidental Christians are alarming. At this rate Yankee pagodas will multiply, porcelain images of 'Josh' will find niches in Protestant meeting-houses, . . . and religious newsapapers, east and west, will be printed on second-hand tea-paper."

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Among the curious perversions of church and Sunday-school management then, as now, was the refusal of many a church to support from the church funds its educational and most fruitful evangelistic work, while expending liberal sums in other directions. To put this short-sighted practise in its true light was one of Mr. Trumbull's chosen tasks.

"There are churches," he wrote in the Congregationalist, "which estimate and pay annually so much for the pastor, so much for the organist, the chorister, or the quartet; so much for the bell-ringer or sexton; so much for hard and soft coal, and kindling; so much for gas or kerosene; and so much for the little boy who blows the big bellows of the great organ; yet which never count a dollar for the use of the Sabbath-school with its fifty or its five hundred scholars, its five or its seventy-five laborious and faithful teachers, and its hard-worked, sore-taxed, and self-denying superintendent. The bellows boy is the only little one really provided for in many a church home. . . . What claim has a church to control a Sabbath-school, for the daily bread of which it makes no provision?"

Thus Mr. Trumbull, on these questions, and on the pertinacious host of the same tribe, wrote and talked in season and out of season. Sane convictions make good wedges. Mr. Trumbull's were not always pleasant to his readers or hearers, nor were they driven in order to increase the natural cohesiveness and inertia of the rock he would rend. Yet, with all his power of attack, and his ruthless upsetting of old landmarks in the hope of erecting better guides, his social charm, his candid, guileless directness in his dealings with all,

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kept his record exceptionally free from the enmities and rankling resentment that so often blight the career of a positive, aggressive man. Every one of any wit could see that a man who could never go up or down stairs one step at a time, who could never walk fast enough to answer the impulse from within, whose eyes would fill with tears over any one's story of wrong or suffering, and who, at any cost, would spend himself for a friend, must of necessity be intense and fervid, even while tender and sensitively considerate in personal intercourse. Hence it was that Mr. Trumbull in his true spirit was seldom more than momentarily misunderstood, and there were few who had any mind to resist the charm and magnetism of his glowing, affectionate personality.

He was a welcome guest everywhere. In Boston and at Wellesley, for example, the home of Henry F. Durant was always open to him. Mr. Durant was a leader among the intellectual giants of the New England bar. Rufus Choate, with whom he was often associated in important cases, used to speak of him as the "silver-tongued Durant." Upon the death of his only son in 1863, Mr. Durant gave up his great law practise, and henceforth devoted his whole time and means to Christian service, as an evangelist, teacher, and patron of higher education. One of the men whom he led to Christ was Henry Wilson, then United States Senator, and afterwards Vice-President. Mr. Durant was the founder of Wellesley College, and to it he and his wife gave unsparingly in money and time. Concerning this work he unselfishly declared, "I won't have any bust, or picture, or statue of me at

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Wellesley College; it is a matter of principle. The college belongs to God, not to me."

Trumbull first met Mr. Durant in the Sunday-school of the Union Church in Boston, where the missionary secretary had been speaking. The two men were at once drawn to each other. They were often together after that in conventions and in the home of one or the other.

"I think," said Mr. Trumbull, "that in all the years of our intimacy I never talked with him for ten consecutive minutes in public or in private, on week-day or on Sunday, in doors or out, without his bringing the subject of Christ and His cause into prominence. He used to say to me, "I've lost so much time for Christ, before beginning actively to serve Him, that I don't want now to lose another minute."

To many who saw and heard him, Mr. Durant seemed in countenance and spirit to satisfy one's ideal of the Apostle John. His beautiful face glowed with an inner light. His hair was wavy, and of snowy whiteness. When he spoke it was in musical cadences, with what President Rankin of Howard University called "his burning seraphic speech," and with what Joseph Cook characterized as a "a lawyer's overmastering logic, with a new convert's spiritual fervor."

On the evening of Mr. Durant's first day in Trumbull's home, the eldest daughter in that household said to her father:

"I think the name of Jesus never sounded quite so sweet to me, as when Mr. Durant speaks it. He seems to love it so, and he seems to cling to it as if he didn't want to let it go." And then, a few days later

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she added, "I think that the name of Jesus sounds sweeter to me now when anybody speaks it, since I first heard Mr. Durant say it." No wonder that Trumbull's voice always took on a peculiar tenderness whenever he spoke of this man of God, who in these busy years in the New England field was to him so noble an example of consecrated intellect and spiritual fervor.

Trumbull himself was like Mr. Durant in the radiancy of his personality. He was so genuine, so frank, so hearty, that he disarmed the unapproachable and won instantly the confidence of all. Men talked to him freely. His quick sympathy drew out the best that there was in others. In this way hidden phases of character were disclosed to him. No better instance of this could be given than in his conversations with General Grant, who was by no means given to effusiveness.

His first meeting with Grant was in the General's home in Washington, just after General Joseph R. Hawley, as chairman of the Chicago Convention, had notified Grant of his nomination to the Presidency. Hawley had invited Trumbull to accompany him, but the latter, on his way home from a Southern trip, did not reach Washington in season for this. He called on Grant, however, and after a few moments the General entered the room, greeting him cordially, and saying :

" Excuse me for keeping you waiting, but I was out in the yard playing circus with my children."

The simplicity and naturalness of the General impressed him anew. The newspapers were at that time

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speaking of the reticence of "the silent man;" yet he talked freely with his visitor about the political situation, inquiring who Trumbull thought would be nominated by the Democrats for the Presidency. He answered that there seemed then to be more than a possibility that they would nominate Chief Justice Chase.

"I hope they'll nominate Chase," said Grant at once. "Then we shall feel easy for our country in either event."

At another time Trumbull spoke to Grant of the "sense of personal responsibility which he must have felt for the great number of officers and men under his command," and wondered how it was that the General could remember all those whom he must have in mind in carrying out his orders.

"As to that matter," said Grant, "I didn't have to consider personally as many men the last year of the war as the first. When I was colonel of a regiment, I knew every man in the regiment, and I had them all in mind. But, as I rose in command, I made it my business to keep up my knowledge of commanders under me sufficiently to be sure that they could be trusted to attend to those whom they commanded, and not to concern myself about others. When I was at the head of all the armies, I didn't especially burden my mind with any man below the rank of division commander. Being sure of these, I could trust them to look out for those below them."

One evening Trumbull was in Governor Burnside's parlor in Providence as one of a delegation from Hartford to invite Grant to that city. A great

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crowd was outside serenading the President with a band, while he and Burnside stood by an open window. There came loud calls for a speech. The President stood silently looking at the crowd and bowing his acknowledgments.

"You know, fellow citizens," said the Governor, "that the President doesn't make speeches."

"Oh, General Grant, do say just two words to us!" cried a voice from the crowd.

"*I won't*," responded Grant, in a firm tone, with no change of expression in his face. He could do what the man asked, and yet stick to his customary reticence.

"Although he was not accustomed to show emotion," says Dr. Trumbull, "and was supposed by many to be regardless of adverse criticism, General Grant was sensitive to the opinion of others, and felt deeply the misjudgment of his spirit and motives by those who ought to have understood him better. Being with him in a private car on one occasion during the second term of his administration, I sat near him while no one else was by, and ventured to speak of the love which I in common with his old soldiers generally bore him. My words seemed to touch his heart, and to start him on a train of thought about the popular judgment of his course. As he thanked me for my grateful words, he continued in a kind of personal soliloquizing:

"'I don't wonder that people differ with me, and that they think I am not doing the best that could be done. I can understand how they may blame me for a lack of knowledge or judgment. But what hurts

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me is to have them talk as if I didn't love my country, and wasn't doing the best I knew how.

"'It was just that way in war time. I didn't do as well as might have been done. A great many times I didn't do as well as I was trying to do. Often I didn't do as well as I expected to do. But I had my plans and I was trying to carry them out. They called me "Fool" and "Butcher"; they said I didn't know anything, and hadn't any plans. But I kept on, and they kept on, and by and by Richmond was taken, and I was at Appomattox Court House, and then they couldn't find words enough to praise me.'

"Then he returned to present days, in his quiet soliloquy:

"'I suppose it will be so now. In spite of mistakes and failures I shall keep at it. By and by we'll have specie payments resumed, reconstruction will be complete, good feeling will be restored between the North and the South; we shall be at Appomattox again,—and then I suppose they'll praise me.'

"That soliloquy of General Grant gave me a glimpse into his great heart. I knew better than before how he felt, how he endured, how he trusted, and how he hoped; and I loved him more than ever."

In the summer of 1871 Trumbull was urgently called to the editorial chair of The National Teacher of Chicago, when Edward Eggleston left that work to go to New York. The suggestion appealed to him. He saw in the proffered position a national vantage-point from which he could press his convictions on Sunday-school work. When he had gone out of his

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New England field on special occasions he felt himself somewhat beyond the bounds of his legitimate sphere, and yet his accumulations of Sunday-school experience could readily be made of use to schools everywhere. All this he discussed with officers of the Union headquarters, and he found them individually so favorable to an extension of his field within the scope of the society that he declined the offer from The National Teacher, and expressed to the managers of the Union his willingness to undertake a more extended work for the improvement of schools.

None were more alive to Mr. Trumbull's popularity and efficiency than these managers. They were intent upon introducing improved methods of Sunday-school work, and they saw in him the man by whom that purpose could be furthered with hope of large success. In October of 1871 Mr. Trumbull was appointed "Normal Secretary" of the Union to attend institutes and conventions in any part of the country, with the duty of "presenting and illustrating modes of organizing and conducting Sunday-schools, and principles and methods of teaching; and of advocating whatever tends to the greater efficiency for good of the Sunday-school and its workers, as opportunities offer, and as accords with the designs of the Society."

Besides the more extended field work of the new position, Mr. Trumbull retained all of his New England responsibilities, and took charge of a "Teachers' Department" in the Sunday School World, published by the Union, writing several pages for each issue.

In 1871, when Edward Eggleston resigned as chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Sun-

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day-school Convention, Trumbull was chosen for that office. Hence the call for the Fifth National Convention went out over his signature, the convention at which the uniform lesson idea was adopted, and action was taken making the scope of the convention international by the inclusion of Canada.

For more than three years he traveled over the length and breadth of the land, some twenty thousand miles a year, holding institutes and speaking in conventions. And this was not the day of railway connections that make traveling a pastime. Trumbull could remember overhearing in the national House of Representatives a discussion concerning the building of a transcontinental railroad. At that time a distinguished member of Congress said to him:

"Trumbull, you and I may see strange things before we die; but neither of us will ever live long enough to see a railroad built to the Pacific coast. It is practically impossible."

When Trumbull crossed the plains on the railroad that was never to be, he saw the West in its old-time frontier garb,—Indians, herds of buffaloes, and the occasional "bad man"—one with a bullet freshly lodged in him as he was helped to the train. Alexander Faribault was still living in the little town he had founded in Minnesota, a small place of a few thousand inhabitants when Trumbull visited it.

Persons were always more interesting than places to Henry Clay Trumbull, as was pointed out in an early chapter. On this transcontinental journey, however, he came upon one masterpiece of nature which fairly held him spellbound. It is evident that his eye for

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the magnificently impressive was not untrained or unappreciative.

"My first sight or glimpse of the Yosemite Valley was from Inspiration Point, on my way into the valley from San Francisco in the spring of 1872. As we slowly ascended the mountain road on the Mariposa trail, a dense fog shut down all around us, and I had little hope of any extended view from there. As we reached the Point I dismounted and walked to the spot where, if the day were clear, we might have a view to be ever remembered. Lo! there God granted me an unexpected sight which has been in my mind ever since, although I have been in various portions of our world of beauty.

"Suddenly, as I looked out into the gloom, the clouds parted, the declining sun shone out, and the valley before me was disclosed at a glance. There on one hand was El Capitan with its sheer walls of granite standing like a massive cube of rock rising from the green sward to an elevation of fifteen times as high as Bunker Hill monument. Beyond this, at the right and left rose a dozen or more other granite walls, and lofty domes, and towering peaks, some of these as high above El Capitan as five, or ten or fifteen Bunker Hill monuments piled above the first fifteen. The beautiful cataract of Po-ho-no was pouring its vibrating sheet of water over a height three times as great as Niagara, while other falls three times as high as Po-ho-no were shimmering in the sunlight.

"There in the compass of a view three miles by fifteen were clustered such bewildering sights of grandeur and beauty as overwhelmed me with their sense

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of vastness and majesty, and put at fault in an instant every standard of mountain measurement and every ideal of natural scenery I had ever before conceived. It was but for a moment. The clouds returned. The veil was lowered. All at once again was mist and gloom. But Inspiration Point had done its work for me. I had gained from it a new and higher standard, which I retained thenceforward for my lifetime."

The continent-wide field work, much as he really enjoyed it, with its constant travel and public speaking, taxed Mr. Trumbull's strength severely. Could he survive the strain as he grew older? he was forced to ask himself. Would it be wiser for him to seek the less nerve-racking work of editor and writer?

As he was about to leave home in the spring of 1875 for a Sunday-school institute in Toronto, he learned that Mr. John Wanamaker had become the owner of The Sunday School Times, and was seeking an editor. Mr. Trumbull thought that Mr. Wanamaker might perhaps consider him as an available candidate, but he put away from him any thought of suggesting anything of the sort to the Philadelphia merchant, and prayerfully left the whole matter to the Lord.

When Trumbull returned from Toronto, he found a letter from Mr. Wanamaker, asking if he would consider becoming the editor of The Sunday School Times. There were repeated conferences between the two after that. Mr. Wanamaker was just leaving for Europe, and wanted Trumbull at once. He, on the other hand, as chairman of the Executive Committee, could not abandon the preparations for the

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First International Convention to be held in Baltimore. Yet one by one such questions were disposed of.

Then, as Trumbull was leaving Philadelphia one morning, Mr. Wanamaker asked him:

"What now stands in the way of your decision?"

"I must see two other persons,—one of them in New York, the other in Boston."

"Why not go at once and see them?"

"Because I have an important committee meeting in Hartford the day after to-morrow, and I must be at that meeting."

"Well," said Mr. Wanamaker, "then we must wait, and hope for things to work out."

Things did. After Trumbull had boarded the Hartford train in New York, he saw in the seat next to him the New York man who represented a national religious society that had asked Trumbull to take charge of a department of its work. It was the man in the next seat who could tell him all about the details of that field of service, which he had promised to consider. Trumbull soon saw that his duty did not lie in the direction of that call.

"When I rose the next morning," he wrote, "I prayed earnestly over my important duties of the day in Hartford, and asked that the Lord would give me further light as to The Sunday School Times matter. My next desire as to this was to see my Boston friend, Mr. Thomas C. Evans. Yet there were two points in connection with my committee meeting, and another interest for the day, that burdened my mind as I prayed. It seemed as though the Lord coun-

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seled me, 'Go down town, and do the best you can there, and leave the rest to me.'

"All went well at the committee meeting. The points of difference which I feared would cause trouble were settled satisfactorily to all, and soon after noon I returned to my house grateful for the day's results so far."

When he came home from the committee meeting on that memorable day, he saw in his parlor his friend Evans, who had never been in his home before.

"Tom Evans," he cried, "what brought you here to-day,—or, rather, what do you think brought you? I *know*, but I would like to know what you *think*."

Then Mr. Evans, an army comrade, and one who understood the business side of newspapers, told how he had been led to come.

"Last night," he said, "I was at my brother's home in Shelburne Falls, above Greenfield, Massachusetts. This morning I started for my home by the way of Springfield. Just as I was starting [that was about the time Mr. Trumbull was praying over the case] a strong impression was borne in upon my mind, 'Go down to Hartford and see Clay Trumbull. I said to myself, 'I've nothing to see him for, and it will take me out of my way and delay my return home.' Again the impression came, 'Go down to Hartford and see Clay Trumbull.' So I came, and here I am."

"That is right; and now I'll tell you what you came for," said Trumbull.

The conversation with Mr. Evans removed the last barrier. Mr. Trumbull became sole editor and part

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owner of The Sunday School Times, with John D. Wattles as its business manager.

It was by no means easy for Trumbull to leave Hartford. He had lived there for nearly a quarter of a century. There he had been led to Christ; there he had been married, and his home had been blessed with seven children. Two of these, Fanny, and Henry Camp, had died in babyhood. The others, Sophia Gallaudet, Mary Prime, Alice Gallaudet, Annie Slosson, and Charles Gallaudet knew no other home than Hartford. The youngest child, Katharine Gallaudet, was born in the new home to which the Trumbulls went.

Hartford is distinctively a city of true New England culture and ideals. In the Asylum Hill Congregational Church alone, a church organized after the war, and of which the Trumbulls became members, there was a remarkable number of persons conspicuous for their achievements in one field or another. Among those were General and Governor—afterwards United States Senator—Joseph R. Hawley; Governor Marshall Jewell, United States Minister to Russia, and Postmaster-General in President Grant's Cabinet; United States Senator Francis Gillette, and his son William Gillette, the playwright and actor; Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"); Charles Dudley Warner; Dr. James Hammond Trumbull, his daughter Annie Eliot Trumbull, the author; his sister Annie Trumbull Slosson, the author; his brother Gurdon Trumbull, the artist and author; Rose Terry Cooke, the author; Professor Calvin E. Stowe, the Bible scholar, husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe;

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Judge Elisha Carpenter, of the Supreme Court of Connecticut; and the pastor of the church, the only one it has had, Chaplain Joseph H. Twichell, known and loved everywhere as "Joe Twichell."

It meant something for Mr. and Mrs. Trumbull to leave such companionship and associations, but they confidently did so, trusting God for the outcome.

When the move to Philadelphia was made in July, 1875, Mr. Trumbull said to his wife:

"Alice, if future events should seem to show that I have wrecked my business prospects, and even my reputation, by going to Philadelphia, I want you to know that I was sure, when I left Hartford, that God wanted me to go there. Whether I personally am to gain or lose by the move, *God* knows. That God clearly indicated his wish for me to make the move, *I* know. The result I am glad to leave with God."

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# DARING THE IMPOSSIBLE

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With things as they are, whatever it is a man's duty to do he can have power to do. God never gives responsibility without being ready to bestow strength and grace for its discharge.

There are a great many Christians who would gladly give God a handful of meal after he had filled the barrel who would hesitate to give him the last handful on his promise to fill the barrel when empty.—*From editorial paragraphs.*

No single element of personal power is greater and more potent than singleness of power, or than the power of singleness. No man can be so much of a man, in any one direction, as when he is a whole man in that direction. He who can concentrate his whole being, all his energies and all his capabilities, for the compassing of the one thing on which his mind is fixed for the time being, is obviously more potent, in behalf of that object of his endeavor, than would be possible were his energies divided, and were only a portion of himself given up to that for which he is striving. And this power of concentration it is that makes the man of pre-eminent practical efficiency in any and every sphere of human endeavor—material, mental, and spiritual—from the lowest plane to the highest.—*Duty-Knowing and Duty-Doing.*

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## CHAPTER XVIII

### DARING THE IMPOSSIBLE

One locality in Philadelphia seemed to the Trumbulls more like Hartford than any they had found, and there, in West Philadelphia, they selected their home, on Walnut Street, near the corner of Forty-first. Spacious grounds of private residences were around them, and in the neighborhood were many whose ideals of life and daily interests were akin to those of the newcomers from the Connecticut city. Indeed, many New Englanders, among them some of Philadelphia's strongest men, had settled in this western section of the city, forming a community in which the Trumbulls soon were very much at home. Even to-day, notwithstanding great changes in the neighborhood, West Philadelphia numbers among its residents no less than seven editors of prominent religious periodicals, seven officers of denominational publishing, Sunday-school, and missionary boards, and five Sunday-school workers of national or international reputation. In 1875 West Philadelphia was none the less noted as a center of Christian influences.

The Trumbulls found a congenial church home in the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Stephen W. Dana was the pastor. That congregation is representative of the best life of a choice



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section of a noble city, and in that church Henry Clay Trumbull was a potent factor to the end of his days. He led the Bible class of its Sunday-school until within a few years of his life's close. His five sons-in-law, with the exception of one who was a member of another church, at one time or another superintended the school or taught in it, his daughters studied and taught there, and his only son was pupil, teacher, associate superintendent, superintendent, and now is his father's successor in the leadership of the Trumbull Bible Union. When Dr. Trumbull was asked to what denomination he belonged, he was wont to say:

"I'm a Presbyterian layman, and a Congregational clergyman, and the only religious body that can call me to account and discipline me is the session of the Walnut Street Church."

When he took hold of editorial work, Trumbull showed his knowledge of the human mind and its limitations by letting go his field work. For nearly a quarter-century he had been a public speaker, using the platform as his medium for communicating ideas. To be sure, he had written much, but his writings until 1875 were subordinate to his use of public address. At forty-five, he undertook a work which was not only new to him, but which, as he saw it, was quite contrary to the genius of his chief labors up to that time. The vocabulary of the speaker could not be that of the writer; the speaker and field worker must disappear as the editor and writer emerged. So he set himself to become just what his new call demanded, with keen realization of the fact

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that all his experience in Sunday-school work would have value only in so far as he could adjust himself to the new conditions.

The way was not dangerously easy. While The Sunday School Times was even then the most widely circulated and most influential Sunday-school newspaper, it had a subscription list of less than twenty thousand. The International Lesson System was spreading in popularity, but it had its strenuous opponents even before it was fairly under way. In the issue of The Sunday School Times of September 4, 1875, wherein Mr. Trumbull's predecessor, I. Newton Baker, announced his final retirement and welcomed Trumbull to the editorial chair, it was related that a good sister in a pioneer region, who felt that the International selections somewhat limited her, thus spoke out in meeting:

"Why d'ye think I want them 'ere things that cramps me? I never knowed whar the lesson was till last Sunday, and the next Sunday they tie me up to six varses! I'm not training with such a slow set. I'm a-goin' to be free; and I'll beat 'em all,—front, aft, and behind 'em! I'm going in for a hull chapter!"

Mr. Trumbull gave no sign of being "cramped," and he went in for "a hull chapter,"—of radical changes in the paper, and masterly strokes that told heavily. Around the International selections of Bible material he gradually built up a structure of commentary, and brought into play a galaxy of "side-lights" that explained and illuminated the Bible text as no one else in periodical literature had tried to do.

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Some months after Trumbull and Wattles had fairly begun their new work, it became clear that a considerably larger circulation was essential to the very life of the paper. It therefore must be secured. The paper must be brought into wider prominence in order that its merits might become known. The two men had been going over the paper's financial condition one day, in the small office at 610 Chestnut Street, and the result was anything but encouraging. Trumbull rose from his seat beside Wattles with determination showing in every motion of his wiry frame. His inner purpose was disclosed without delay.

"Wattles," he cried, "come in here with me!" And they entered the little partitioned room set apart for the editor. "Wattles," he went on, "we came to this work because the Lord called us, didn't we?"

John Wattles nodded his assent.

"Well, John, there is just one thing for us to do. We must right now place this whole matter in the Lord's hands, and trust him fully. He called us here, and he can show us what to do."

Then the two kneeled together and prayed together, committing their affairs to One to whom their problems were not problems at all.

About this time Trumbull was brought close to the heart of a problem of immeasurable import to Philadelphia and to the nation, if not indeed to the world. It was in connection with the occasion which gave rise to this problem that he felt anew the power of God in guiding men and events, and was led to make the needed stroke in behalf of The Sunday School Times.

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Plans were making for the opening of the Centennial Exposition, and the chairman of the Centennial Commission was Trumbull's friend General Hawley. The advocates of Sunday opening were planning in various ways to secure the vote of a majority of the Commission in favor of rescinding the earlier vote for Sunday closing, and then to bring the matter up for decision just before the opening day. When the members met late in April it appeared, after a conference, that a majority would vote for Sunday opening.

"I was so circumstanced at this time," wrote Trumbull, "as to know much of the movements of both sides. On the day before the vote was to be taken, my old commander and friend, the President of the Commission, told me of the situation as he saw it. He said modestly: 'I know, chaplain, that you have more faith than I have that God gives special help in an emergency in answer to special prayer. So I want you to pray to-night for God's help in this contest.' That very utterance showed this leader's faith. It was in itself the prayer, 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.'

"As we two talked together at that time, an earnest and hard-working advocate of Sunday opening, a member of the Commission, came up and said exultingly, 'It's no use. We've got you. You'll find that out to-morrow.' And, on the face of it, it looked so.

"Before going home, I went to my office, and stated the case to my associate in editorial work, the Rev. Dr. George A. Peltz, a man of faith and prayer, and asked him to pray earnestly that night that God

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would help in this crisis. When, on my knees that evening, I essayed to pray for God's help, my words seemed to come back to me. It was as though God said, 'There is no necessity for your prayers. I need not to be entreated of you. Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord!' It was a peculiar experience. I have never had anything just like it. Yet with it came the conviction that all was right. I realized that God was working.

"Going to my office in the morning, I found my associate there, and, without speaking of what had happened to me, I asked him if he had remembered his promise of prayer. 'Yes, indeed,' he said, 'and there was a singular occurrence as I attempted to pray.' Then he told of his experience as almost identical with mine. He was confident, he said, that, the Lord had taken this matter in hand.

"The Commission met in Parlor C of the Continental Hotel. When I met its president there that day, he said to me, 'Chaplain, there is a remarkable change here since last night. They are not so sure as they were of carrying their point. I doubt if they will.'

"Then I met Mr. George H. Corliss, whose mammoth engine was one of the wonders of the exhibition, and the motive-power of all its machinery. He was to present the majority report in renewed favor of Sunday closing. He spoke of the remarkable change that had come over several of the members since the day before, and he said he believed that the vote would be different from what had seemed probable twenty-four hours earlier."

The discussion of the two reports presented to the

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meeting was long and intense. It was recognized by one side as a fight for the American Sabbath, and by the other as an opportunity to open the way for money making.

"When a friend of Sunday opening sneered at the others as 'narrow-minded Puritans,' a member of the Commission, whose position had not been known, called out, 'I'm on that side, but don't call me a Puritan. In politics I'm an old line Democrat; in religion, I'm a Universalist. There's not much Puritanism in me.'

"'Then you don't believe in any hell,' said one.

"'I believe you'll have a hell here in Philadelphia, if you open those exhibition gates Sundays,' was the earnest and startling response.

"The feeling had by this time reached a rare degree of intensity for any deliberative body. Members of the Commission who had thought lightly of the whole matter at first, or had been positively in favor of the Sunday opening, realized that a momentous issue was presented, and that they must accept the responsibility of acting for or against the right. There were loud calls of 'Question! Question!' by those who were ready to finally record themselves.

"At this moment an impressive incident occurred. Mr. Haynes, of Nevada, rose, and said: 'Mr. President, before the question is taken, I wish to say a word. I feel like a returned prodigal, and I want to make a confession. More than twenty years ago, I went out from an Eastern home to the Far West. I have lived since then beyond the Rocky Mountains, where we hardly have a Sabbath, and where other

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than the best moral influences are all about us. But, as I have listened here this afternoon, old memories have come back to me.' Here the speaker struggled with strong emotion, and he continued with choking voice: 'All these truths were familiar to me long ago, and it seems to me again to-day that I hear them repeated as I used to listen to them from the lips of my sainted mother, as, every evening, I kneeled by her side in prayer. I want to give my vote in favor of observing the Christian Sabbath.'

"The effect of this remarkable speech was overpowering. It seemed to represent the uplifting of the whole Commission in moral character and tone, and men who would an hour before have voted to open the exhibition for seven days in the week recorded their names heartily in favor of Sunday closing when the vote was called. The vote stood twenty-seven for closing to nine for opening; and so the question was settled—and settled right. God had led the leaders. God be praised for this result!"

* * * * *

In simple faith Trumbull pressed on to discover what God's will might be, in the direction of a plan that would lift The Sunday School Times into the greatest prominence, within the limits of its proper field. The whole country was keenly interested in the Centennial Exposition. Was there a right way in which that interest could be linked with The Sunday School Times? If so, what was the most striking, the most widely impressive, contribution that the paper could make to this national occasion?

Trumbull believed in the good Anglo-Saxon doc-

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trine of attempting the utmost, whether the thing looked feasible or not. It was the thing that couldn't be done which he had so often found God ready to do. Accordingly he sought, directly and through friends in Washington, a Centennial message from President Grant, an address from General Hawley, and a letter from Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the Sunday School Union of England and Wales, who was the British representative at the Exposition.

Presidents of the United States have not, while in office, paid much attention to writing for religious or any other papers, but President Grant was moved to do what the chaplain-editor asked him to do, as were the others to whom requests were sent. The President's message was copied throughout the United States by papers of every sort, as having appeared in The Sunday School Times. Portions of that message, as printed in the issue of June 17, 1876, and as given here in full, have been quoted perhaps as widely as some of Grant's most famous war-time utterances :

WASHINGTON, JUNE 6, 1876.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES,
PHILADELPHIA :

Your favor of yesterday, asking a message from me to the children and youth of the United States, to accompany your Centennial number, is this moment received.

My advice to Sunday-schools, no matter what their denomination, is : Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet-anchor of your liberties ; write its precepts in your hearts, and PRACTISE THEM IN YOUR LIVES.

To the influence of this book are we indebted for all the

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progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation: but sin is a reproach to any people."

Yours, respectfully,

U. S. GRANT.

That one issue was enough to give a new dignity to The Sunday School Times in the public mind, and to set in motion the influences which led to an early upward tendency in the circulation.

There was no time lost in taking advantage of that tendency. The lesson department was enlarged to include regularly such men as Professor C. H. Toy, then of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; Professor A. C. Kendrick of the University of Rochester, a member of the Bible Revision Committee; and Professor Austin Phelps of Andover Theological Seminary, with many others of like prominence as occasional contributors. And early in 1878 Mr. Trumbull prepared for another notable issue, broader in scope, and far more difficult to provide, than the issue of June 17, 1876.

Washington's Birthday as a national rallying day seemed to offer an occasion for cementing still further the increasingly cordial relations between North and South. The Sunday School Times could contribute in its own way to that feeling, but that way must be out of the ordinary. So Mr. Trumbull went to work. He decided that he would bring out a Washington's Birthday number, containing communications from the governors of each of the original thirteen states, and a message from President Hayes. He soon

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found that he had undertaken something that would tax him to the utmost. To fail in securing a single one of those included in the plan would be total failure.

When the presses of The Sunday School Times were ready to receive the forms for the special number, nothing had come from the President, and from several of the governors only promises or flat refusals had come. And the presses could not wait forever.

Holliday of Virginia, whom Trumbull knew slightly, had said he did not think it would be proper for a governor to write a letter to a newspaper. Hartranft of Pennsylvania had never answered the editor's letter, nor the letter of any one who, at Trumbull's request, had written to him. Rice of Massachusetts and McClellan of New Jersey had not acted on the suggestion, while Colquitt of Georgia was away from the capital in attendance upon his dying mother. The President had said that he would write, but the pressure of public business had interfered.

"Mr. Trumbull," asked one of his associates, "what would you do if you got all but one of the fourteen letters?"

"Do!" cried Trumbull, "I'd die in the effort to get the fourteenth!"

An intimate friend of the President's was an intimate friend of the determined editor's. That friend went to Washington, interviewed the President while he was dressing in the early morning, secured the message and telegraphed it to Philadelphia, bringing to the Times office the original manuscript.

Trumbull knew Dr. J. L. M. Curry of Richmond, and had been entertained in his home. Curry was

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then working with Governor Holliday in some important state measures. To him Trumbull despatched an account of the situation in the Times office, saying that it would be a pity if the only state not represented should be Washington's own state. In reply came a letter from Curry enclosing the desired word from the Governor.

An old Boston friend of the editor's went to Govenor Rice's house on Sunday morning, and induced him to stay at home from church to write on Washington, which his visitor told him was "Sunday-school teaching on a high scale." With the aid of William C. Prime, Trumbull's brother-in-law, and intimate friend and adviser of Governor McClellan, New Jersey was added; and a friend in Atlanta sent a stenographer to Governor Colquitt with a letter from the editor, and beside his mother's death-bed Colquitt dictated his communication.

Van Zandt of Rhode Island had said he would not write, so the shrewd editor asked him by telegraph to telegraph a refusal to print as his contribution to the symposium. That brought Rhode Island into line with a communication that was not a refusal.

Hartranft was yet to be heard from. The editor learned that George W. Childs could get that communication for him if he really desired to, and he at once set about the task of enlisting Mr. Childs in the fight. He did not know Childs personally, but he asked three of his own neighbors to go with him when he sought the favor,—Hon. E. A. Rollins, Hon. John Scott, and Samuel Field, one and all men of prominence and influence, nationally or locally.

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When the four called upon Mr. Childs, he was told that three of them had come to ask him to do anything that their friend, Mr. Trumbull, might request.

"Mr. Trumbull," said the great newspaper publisher, with his pleasant courtesy, "you have improved your time in Philadelphia pretty well, to have such a delegation as this to back your request. Now what can I do for you?"

The case was stated briefly.

"I will write at once to Governor Hartranft. You shall have what you want."

Then, as all thanked him and withdrew, Trumbull quickly stepped back alone.

"Mr. Childs," he said, "will you kindly write that letter now? I have a man waiting outside ready to go with it to Harrisburg and deliver it into Governor Hartranft's hands. If it went by mail, Governor Hartranft might not receive it to-night. He might be out of town."

"Well, that looks like business. I like that," said Mr. Childs.

Within an hour the man with the letter was on his way to Harrisburg. He found the Governor outside the city reviewing some troops, and delivered the letter. When he had read it, Hartranft said:

"I'll be at my office to-morrow at half past seven o'clock and write that letter."

The next morning, when the Governor arrived at his office at a quarter before seven, the messenger was there.

"You are early," said the Governor.

"I can wait."

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"You can come in and wait."

When the Governor began to write, the messenger said:

"Will you give me that slip by slip, Governor, as you write? I have a boy here ready to take it to the telegraph office. We want to save time."

The first part of the letter was in type before the last page left the Governor's desk, and the fourteenth communication completed the Washington's Birthday number.

When the presses began to hum with that issue, possibly it may have crossed the editor's mind that a quarter of a century before, when he was about to begin his work as a clerk in a railroad office, he had heard the president of the road say, with dead-in-earnest conviction, "Nothing but Omnipotence can stand in the way of a determined man!"

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# A PRACTICAL IDEALIST AT WORK

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Unless there is something that a man holds dearer than money, he is a poor man, or a bad one.

A double-mind is in itself a failure. In order to do anything well a man must be ready to give himself wholly to the doing of one thing at a time. Two bran-new locomotives pulling in opposite directions would be worth less as a motive power than one lame mule.—*From editorial paragraphs.*

An ideal is necessarily altogether of the imagination, but an ideal is not necessarily altogether imaginary. An ideal is always an object of the imagination, but it is not always a creation of the imagination. Because a thing is in itself unreal, it is not therefore beyond the possibility of realization ; because as yet unattained, it is not as a matter of course unattainable. An ideal is that which at the present exists in thought, in conception, in imagination ; it is a fancied, but not therefore a fanciful, standard or model, beyond the ordinary or the commonplace in actual realization or attainment.—*Seeing and Being.*

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## CHAPTER XIX

### A PRACTICAL IDEALIST AT WORK

It calls for no very highly developed moral sense to admit the practical worth of high ideals in another man's business. It is easy and not inconvenient to discourse piously about the stand that the other man really ought to take, regardless of consequences to himself. But when the man who believes in high ideals has lost his breath in declaiming a program for his neighbor, he will perhaps fall into a reflective mood, from which he emerges with a trace of uneasiness. He is conscious, if only dimly conscious, that there is a hitch in the program at one point when applied to his own life; for just there his reason tells him that he would lose dollars if he kept *his* ideal. And, after all, isn't it a practical world wherein we must make various adjustments?

Mr. Trumbull and his young associate, John D. Wattles, were most "impractical." In 1878 they bought The Sunday School Times from Mr. Wanamaker, who had owned and published it at a great expense to himself. None of these men held the dollar so close as to eclipse the ideals they had set up.

"I saw a great man in Henry Clay Trumbull the first time I met him," writes Mr. Wanamaker. "I had just climbed over the boyhood boundary, and found in him



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the hero and fast friend I was looking for. We were together in the first great national Sunday-school convention at Jayne's Hall, with George H. Stuart, John H. Vincent, now the bishop, and the younger Tyng. Trumbull's tall form, and strong face, already marked with deep lines; eagle eyes, alert spirit, and good sense always and unanimously elected him captain. Any one could see and feel that he was a Christian all through. His look and step always plainly said: 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' 'I must work the works of him that sent me.'

"Soon after the war The Sunday School Times, established by the American Sunday School Union, and edited by Prof. John S. Hart, of the Central High School, was transferred to private publishers.

"It finally fell into my hands more dead than alive, and I undertook its publication as a religious duty.

"Without thinking much about it, I actually felt at that time that inasmuch as my object in publishing it was not for personal gain, but solely to assist the work of the church in developing the Sunday-school, it was sure to prosper.

"This blindness lasted for more than three years, when I woke up to the fact that religious work, whatever its form, to be successful required the exercise of precisely the same talents as secular business.

"I immediately wrote for Mr. Trumbull to come, and it was he who kindled the light in the dark lamp whose Christian endeavor had been without any burn to it.

"Mr. Trumbull came to Philadelphia, and walked me round and round for a month to see whether it was

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likely that I would be able to stand up under the large undertaking I wanted him to assist with.

"His conclusion to come to Philadelphia brought along John D. Wattles, and we three wrought steadily upon the new foundations of The Sunday School Times, upon which its great structure of usefulness is built. For years I came in almost daily contact with Mr. Trumbull—Sundays as well as week-days, for he and Mr. Wattles came regularly to Bethany and taught classes until they settled in the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church. Giving up the ownership of the Times entirely to them did not separate us; on the contrary, Mr. Trumbull constantly declared that no man could do his best work without some other man close to him to hold on to. To be yoke-fellow to the man who carried in his heart that great book 'Friendship' was a great privilege. It enabled me to sometimes touch his life in perplexities, and at times of ill health with comfort and relief, notably once when he charged me with driving him off to the Holy Land. He always said that his 'Kadesh-barnea' was my doing.

"The momentum of Mr. Trumbull's life was felt throughout the world.

"Each number of The Sunday School Times added to the boxes of tools he supplied for Bible students and Sunday-school workers up to the time of his departure.

"He was absolutely tireless in his work. His mind was a seven-days' loom, never stopping until the Master broke the long brittle thread. Such a man as he could never be tired, for those who knew

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him well saw a form like unto the Son of God standing up within him moving him on and halting him betimes as the column of cloud and fire guided God's children of old.

"The devil had a more difficult time in carrying out his purposes whenever Mr. Trumbull came upon the scene. He knew when to be silent as well as to speak, and his silences often swayed men who calmed under his eyes that seemed to say, 'If I were you I would be more gentle.' So well proportioned was he, and in such perfect balance, that he could fairly be taken for the expression of God's square man unfolding, day by day, God's way of life to man. No one ever found him sitting in mental twilight, nor did his mind become twisted and tangled or suffer eclipse. Like an eagle his soul stretched its wings in the sunlight, where he caught the whole horizon of highest duty and noblest endeavor, not only for himself but for those to whom his words were also heavenly inspirations.

"To my eyes there is not a blur on the memory coin I have of Henry Clay Trumbull."

Trumbull believed profoundly in the sacredness of the Sunday-school as the divinely planted teaching agency whose roots struck deep and whose fruit was gathered even in Abraham's day. Had he any right to be easily satisfied and cheaply content with anything less than the highest skill and the most Christ-like spirit in those whom he should gather about him as teachers of teachers? Whether he could "afford" it or not, he would hold to that ideal.

John Wattles, hardly more than a fair-faced boy,

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whose expressive brown eyes and charming smile, and agile, well-knit frame, singled him out as noteworthy even in the passing crowd, was gentleness and courtesy and frank good nature inwardly and outwardly. But underneath his delicacy of touch, and his irresistible personal magnetism, there was a moral rigidity, an intellectual drive and cogency, a will to do and to dare that made no compromise with conditions, within or without. Wattles made conditions. For example, he set up certain advertising rates which he would allow no one to upset, and that stand was by no means a common one in his day. In business matters of every sort Wattles stood for righteousness first, and for "success" as a purely secondary matter.

Trumbull, in these earlier years of his editorial work, began his ransacking search for the best thought that the progress of Bible study and Bible teaching had produced. He increased his corps of helpers in the office, adding trained workers and writers as his plans grew. Dr. George A. Peltz had been with him almost from the start. Later had come Charles F. Richardson, as literary editor; Professor Isaac H. Hall, to have special oversight of questions pertaining to Oriental manners and customs; the Rev. Samuel W. Clark of New Jersey, who had been the corresponding secretary of the New Jersey Sunday-School Association, a Sunday-school expert, whose son, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Clark, has an international reputation as secretary of the Ohio Sunday-School Association. And in addition to these came E. Payson Porter of Chicago (then widely known as the statistical secretary of the International

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Convention) to gather Sunday-school information for the pages of the Times.

"On one occasion," writes Dr. Peltz, "there was a conference of the business and editorial staff upon certain new lines of policy. For a time there was some difference of opinion on the subject, but suddenly Dr. Trumbull smote the table with his clenched hand, and with a flash in that eagle eye of his, he exclaimed: 'But this is The Sunday School Times!' That closed the discussion and settled the principle that nothing was too good for those columns.

"A similar incident occurred in those early days when it became necessary to secure a writer for the Critical Notes of the paper. The venerable and learned Professor Tayler Lewis, then of Union College, was decided upon as the best man for this work. He had not been consulted on the subject, but he was wanted; so the associate editor was dispatched forthwith from Philadelphia to Schenectady, not merely to consult with Dr. Lewis, but to secure his services. This was promptly accomplished, and the closing work of that eminent scholar's life was upon those very notes which are to this day remembered with reverent admiration, and which mark an epoch in the Sunday-school literature of the world.

"Dr. Trumbull had a remarkable faculty for discovering and developing men who gave promise of usefulness. One, for instance, whom he held in high esteem, was a natural genius, but he was wofully without culture. The world's editorial staff would have rejected him on sight, but Dr. Trumbull determined to use this man's gifts; so on many an occasion he

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brought him several hundred miles, paid his expenses, churned over his work, and finally, with credit to all concerned, presented the result to the Sunday-school world, while none outside of that editorial sanctum ever dreamed of how these valuable helps were wrought out."

A double number at the close of the year 1879, preliminary to the second seven years' course of International Lessons, well illustrates the editor's striving for exalted ideals of scholarship and practical value in his provision for Sunday-school teachers. In that issue appeared, in addition to the regular lesson-helps, special contributions from ex-President Sears of Brown University; Professors M. B. Riddle, then of Hartford; Austin Phelps of Andover; J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond College, Richmond; Philip Schaff of Union Theological Seminary, New York; George Rawlinson of Oxford; Edmond de Pressensé of Paris; and Frederic Godet of Switzerland. But even these were not enough. There were contributions in that issue from Dr. F. H. A. Scrivener of London, one of the Revisers of the New Testament; Dwight L. Moody, Charlotte M. Yonge, Bishop Ellicott of Gloucester and Bristol; W. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book"; Chancellor Howard Crosby, of the University of the City of New York; and Dean Stanley of Westminster. This symposium was designed to form, and did form, an introduction to the popular study of the Bible; and each writer was chosen, not because easy of access, but because each, in the Editor's opinion, was the one person in the world who could be of the greatest

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service to Sunday-school teachers on the assigned theme.

One of this distinguished group, Professor Riddle, still continues as an honored and valued regular contributor to The Sunday School Times. Out of a long and close association with Henry Clay Trumbull he writes:—

"It was at Hartford in 1871 that I made his acquaintance. Not much time was required to discern his earnestness and energy, and during the closing years of his residence in Hartford I learned to esteem him highly for his personal qualities.

"But, singularly enough, when he went away to Philadelphia I was brought much closer to him. When he became the editor of The Sunday School Times he expressed the wish that I should contribute to its columns. From October 2, 1875, until now it has been my privilege to fulfil that wish, and in this fulfilment I came to know and appreciate Dr. Trumbull very thoroughly.

"The relations of a contributor to an editor and publisher, though simple on the surface, often become quite complex. Indeed, experience has taught me that some disagreeable results may attend the matter. But never was there any such result in these long years of connection with Dr. Trumbull. He was never exacting, ever open to reasonable suggestions, always prompt in responding to inquiries, faithful to his business engagements, and evidently animated by a desire for excellence, rather than outward success, in the journal he conducted. This was to be expected; for back of this lay his character.

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"To me he was an ideal editor. But that was because he was a devoted Christian, a faithful friend, a loving father. He was such a gentleman, in the best sense of the word. Decided in his convictions, energetic in his efforts, he was so courteous, so thoughtful of others in all his intercourse. 'He scorned a lie as the gates of hell.' Hence his own character was translucent."

When Mr. Trumbull was considering the call to The Sunday School Times in 1875, he had the notion that the work of an editor and writer might offer some relief from the severe physical and mental strain to which he had been subjected in his Sunday-school field work. He evidently did not take into account at full value his passion for work as work; for the energy he had put into travel and public speech was now put into his paper, his Bible class and teachers'-meeting, his neighborhood visits, and his writing of books. He prepared a biography for publication in 1880 of Henry P. Haven, of the International Lesson Committee, with Mr. Haven's remarkable work as a Sunday-school superintendent as the central theme of the book. Indeed, he made it very clear that Henry P. Haven, with all his world-wide business activities, laid under tribute his time and strength and heart and mind primarily and unstintedly for his Sunday-schools. "The Model Superintendent," as the sketch was called, is a book that is singularly pertinent to the most vital problems that the Sunday-school superintendent faces to-day. Mr. Haven's methods of work were not of his time alone, but they illustrate the great principles of true

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Sunday-school management for to-day and to-morrow as well. And Mr. Trumbull, knowing the Sunday-school, and knowing the model superintendent at close range, told the story of yesterday with a zest and a pointedness of application which would give cause for serious reflection to the superintendent of to-day.

Mr. Trumbull's absorption in such labors as these did not exempt him from public service as a citizen and soldier, for his peculiar gifts were everywhere appreciated, and he was distinctively a man among men, in touch with the life of his city and nation.

In December, 1879, General Grant reached Philadelphia at the close of his journey around the world. To conclude the public demonstration in his honor, a reception was held in the Academy of Music, where war veterans and their friends packed the great auditorium, and battle-flags with their tattered folds stood upon the crowded platform. Governor Hoyt welcomed General Grant to the birthplace of American independence, and Chaplain Trumbull was deputed by George G. Meade Post 1, of which Grant was a member, to extend a welcome from his comrades.

Grant was seated near the center of the huge stage when Trumbull rose to address him. The chaplain stood not far from the hero of the hour as he began his address, while Grant gazed at him impassively, in no way indicating that he was an interested actor in the brilliant scene. The chaplain had said only a few words when he began to fear that Grant would not rise from his seat. Speaking more and more earnestly, and with outstretched hand, he drew near the

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General, but there was no change of expression or posture. Trumbull was now thoroughly roused. Grant *must* rise. Taking a step nearer, the chaplain threw his whole personality into his intensity of look and word and gesture. It was too much even for the impassive Grant. With deep emotion evident in his face, he started to his feet, and grasped the hand extended to him, while the audience, moved by a spontaneous impulse, rose and cheered again and again as an American audience can cheer.

Beneath the glamor of such occasions as this there was keen mental distress for Mr. Trumbull. He found in the occasion itself an exhilaration which was wholly in accord with his temperament, but he never approached the hour of public address without suffering severely. When one of his friends expressed surprise that this should be so with him, after his years of platform experience, he exclaimed.

"Well, some one has *got* to suffer,—either the man before he speaks, or the audience while he is speaking!"

There is a truth just here which will be admitted at least by audiences. Trumbull meant literally what he said. He abhorred careless preparation; he believed it dishonest and unfair to waste the time of an audience with material over which he had spent scant time or thought. For days before a Wednesday evening prayer-meeting he would turn the announced subject over in his mind, make notes about it on the back of envelopes such as he might have in his pocket, talk about the theme with friend and neighbor, and when he used five minutes of the

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prayer-meeting time, his hearers, uplifted by his heart-searching, epigrammatic little talks, would wonder how it was that Mr. Trumbull, on the spur of the moment, could get out of a subject precisely the truth which would most fully satisfy a hungering soul. If any one sought from him the secret of this ability, he would vigorously deny that he had any, and then might ensue a brief, emphatic, and unforgettable dissertation on the place of downright hard work as a habit worth learning.

For his own writing in The Sunday School Times Mr. Trumbull set sharply-defined limitations of method. The brief paragraphs on the first page began to take on a distinctive character under his touch. They were at first written out with no uncommon plan. But as he became more familiar with editorial problems, he devised what became and continues to be a definite framework, to which the concise, paragraphic editorials must conform: first, a statement of a truth, then its illustration, and finally its application to life and character. There was endless variety of subjects, but not of form.

When one of his intimate friends protested that The Sunday School Times was too narrow a field for Mr. Trumbull, he flashed out his notion of that narrow field with:

"*Narrow?* Why, the field of The Sunday School Times is as broad as the Bible and human character. That's a big enough field for any man!"

On the other hand, he was intolerant of easy breadth and spontaneity when it came to the way in which the mind should be reached by a truth

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from that wide field. One of his helpers brought to him a batch of editorial paragraphs or notes. He hated "batches" of editorials even as he shuddered over some of the collections of "poems" sent in by unwise contributors.

"Here are some notes I have just dashed off," said his helper as he laid them nonchalantly on the editor's desk, and left the room.

Trumbull read the notes through, with rising impatience. They were altogether impossible. As he said later, in telling of the incident:

"He told me they were just 'dashed off,' so *I* just dashed 'em off—into the waste-basket!"

Whatever convictions the editor had were positive. He read aloud to his editorial assistants and to others everything he wrote, getting the views of others, feeling as with the most delicate mental antennæ the impression that his words and sentences made on those about him. He was remarkably amenable to suggestion, but closely critical and boldly unconventional in the results he utilized. Dr. W. H. Geistweit, then in charge of the Times composing-room, and now the editor of Service, the organ of the Baptist Young People's Union, wrote of him:

"He was tenacious of his opinions, . . . as is natural in the case of such a man. On one occasion, I went to him and told him that a certain word he used was not in the dictionary. He smiled in a quizzical way, and pulled at his long, scrawny beard, as his custom was, and said:

"'Well, what *is* the dictionary, anyhow? That word *ought* to be there!'

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"And the word was left in the copy. He was the most painstaking writer I ever knew."

On the longer editorials Mr. Trumbull did his most taxing work. He would get the title first, a clear, succinct, sometimes paradoxical title that would arouse curiosity, or instant antagonism, or in itself stand as an epitome of a great life-truth. He would always write the editorial within the day, giving it the right of way for the time being. It was the one form of work in which he wished not to be interrupted. The forging of one link after another in the chain of his thought could be accomplished only by the most rigid attention to his theme.

In the thick of the winter season of 1880, a season when the activities of a periodical are at their height, he became conscious of a certain confusion of mind which hampered him. He could not hit upon just the word he wanted to use as he wrote. And this form of aphasia developed to such an extent that he began to be somewhat concerned. One day when he was writing an editorial, and driving his mind to its limit of effort under the whip of an indomitable will, some one interrupted him about a matter of importance. He looked up from his writing, the will within him faded into a tenuous, nerveless nothing, and he was taken home with his mind a blurred and inconsequent region wherein his thoughts wandered vagrant and uncontrolled.

It was by the way of that "great and terrible wilderness" that the God whom he loved led Henry Clay Trumbull into a new land of promise.

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# THE FINDING OF KADESH-BARNEA

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The very things that we are mourning over, or are wincing under, to-day, are perhaps the very things that we shall be most grateful for, in their memory, in the days to come. God is doing the best he can for us. Have we any doubt on that point? If we have not, why should we worry?

Determination has quite as much as means or opportunity to do with giving one success. If a man is determined to do, he will be likely to do, whether things favor or oppose him. If a man makes up his mind that, as things are, he *cannot* do what he ought to, or would like to, he will not be likely to accomplish anything, however circumstances combine to help him. It is not the opportunity that a man has, or the tools that are available to him, but it is the determination with which he pushes on against unfavorable circumstances, and with which he uses such tools as are available, that settles the question of how much he amounts to and what he accomplishes in life.—*From editorial paragraphs.*

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## CHAPTER XX

### THE FINDING OF KADESH-BARNEA

When the strain of five years' work as an editor and writer culminated in Mr. Trumbull's sudden collapse, it seemed that his days of usefulness were over. But his physician, Dr. Stryker, had no thought of refusing the challenge of the hour. He knew his patient thoroughly, and he therefore urged him to go abroad,—not to popular resorts, but to Egypt and the Upper Nile country.

With all his experience, Trumbull lacked preparation for the part he saw he must take eventually in biblical research. That field of study was coming more and more into prominence, and as the editor of a Bible study periodical, he could not be satisfied to depend entirely upon others for his knowledge of Bible lands. One morning he was in the study of his friend, the Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, in the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, and was talking of his proposed journey. Dr. McCook expressed the hope that he would make his tour useful to Bible students by fixing upon some one subject of interest to all such, as a theme of special examination while in the East. Trumbull was naturally attracted by such a thought as that, but at that time he saw no prospect whatever of a later interview in Dr. McCook's



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study, when, as a returned traveler, he had a story well worth the telling. In January, 1881, with George H. Wattles, a young medical student and brother of John Wattles, as his companion, he sailed for England on his way to the East. He was to do no work, he must travel in leisurely fashion, keeping free from unusual effort of any sort. Such were the doctor's strict orders.

On the Atlantic voyage he began to gain perceptibly. He found pleasant fellowship among the passengers, one of whom was a clergyman who had been a companion of the Rev. F. W. Holland of England in one of his journeys over the Sinaitic desert. His word-pictures of that trip inclined Mr. Trumbull to a change of plan, so that he might see for himself the wilderness of the Wanderings with its wonders of scenery and historic interest. The doctor's orders, though the editor did not know it, were beginning to be disregarded.

His first Sunday in London was a day long to be remembered by the American editor. It was a full day for a man who was resting, but precisely the kind of rest-day that Trumbull thoroughly enjoyed.

In the morning he attended service at Westminster Abbey. He knew Dean Stanley through correspondence, and at Stanley's invitation he called at the Deanery that morning and was shown to a seat in the choir. Canon Farrar assisted Stanley in the service, while Canon Clarke preached the sermon, a plain, straightforward discourse against putting one's trust in riches or in worldly honors. "It was a sermon," said Dr. Trumbull, "that might have been expected and would have been welcomed in Mr.

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Moody's auditorium in Northfield, but it was not a sermon I had thought to hear in Westminster Abbey. Yet I had more of a home feeling in the London churches, when I found such a preacher as that in the crowning place of British royalty on my first Sunday among the London churches."

In the afternoon he went with the Rev. Newman Hall, and at his invitation, to visit some of the sixteen Sunday-schools carried on under the auspices of Christ Church, in Westminster Bridge Road, Newman Hall's charge. "The schools at the center," wrote Trumbull, "had fine accommodations in or adjoining the church buildings. The branch schools, or missions, were in poorer sections of the city. What were called the 'ragged schools' were in wretched localities, out of whose crowded courts and alley-ways streamed the needy children to be cared for by kind teachers. It was a constituency in strange contrast with that of Westminster Abbey; but after my experience of the morning I was glad to feel that the same Gospel met the wants of both."

The evening found Mr. Trumbull listening to Spurgeon in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. At the close of the service he was presented to the preacher, who invited him to go to the room back of the main auditorium and there to have a part in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, observed at the close of every Sunday evening service by the Tabernacle Church. Thus his first Sunday in London came to a close, a day of busy rest.

Passing rapidly across Europe, with occasional halts for sight-seeing, the two Americans were joined

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in Florence by a third, the Rev. Allen M. Dulles, then fresh from his post-graduate studies in Leipzig, and now of the faculty of Auburn Theological Seminary.

Pushing on in their journeyings, the three arrived in Cairo toward the end of February, and before that time Trumbull had decided to attempt the fulfilling of his growing desire to reach Palestine by way of Sinai and the wilderness of Paran. Indeed, he had engaged in Alexandria the dragoman Muhammad Ahmad Hedayah, who had been the dragoman of General McClellan, Canon Farrar, Dr. Charles S. Robinson, Lady Cartwright, and Colonel Colin Campbell,—a man of shrewdness and trustworthiness, having ample means of his own, and caring more for fame than for money.

On Thursday, March 10, with a train of some fifteen camels, and under the desert escort of Shaykh Moosa, the Shaykh el-Belâd of the Tawarah tribes, Trumbull and his companions left Suez on a journey which they were warned would tax their endurance and bring them into no little danger on the way.

Ten days later Trumbull wrote home from Mount Sinai:

> Here I am at the farthest point of my journeyings—I might almost say also at the extremest limit of my longings. What a place to be in! What a center of sacred historic associations! How often have I pictured this scenery in my mind, which is now about me as I look out from my tent! How little I thought to see it in reality! . . .
>
> This desert trip has been wonderfully full of interest thus far. We were warned against it as full of trial and privation, and as calling for rare powers of endurance. But we have found it less trying and more enjoyable than we anticipated.

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Camel riding is jolly. We all like it. And camping out you know *I* always liked.

As to the sites of interest we have visited, I must wait to tell you by word of mouth. To think of it: The Red Sea crossing; Marah, Elim, the Wilderness of Shur; the Wilderness of Sin; Rephidim; Horeb; the Wilderness of Sinai—what a list in rapid succession! Here I am now within sight, as it were, by a sweeping glance of the places where Ishmael hunted, and Moses fed his flocks; where the Lord appeared in the burning bush, and again on the mountain before which the Israelites were encamped; where the golden calf was worshiped, and again where Elijah hid himself after his combat with the priests of Baal at Carmel. . . .

But stop. You know I am not to study, or think hard, or write on this journey. I must cut off right here and go to bed.

Pursuing their way northward, the travelers on Saturday morning, March 26, reached Castle Nakhl, an Egyptian military post in mid-desert, and the junction of the great Hajj route to Mekkeh with the main routes from Sinai to Gaza and to Hebron. Nakhl marked the boundary of important tribal divisions, for just there the northbound pilgrim must leave his Tawarah guides, and give himself over to the care of the wilder Teeyâhah, with whom the dragoman must make arrangements for escort over the land occupied by that tribe.

Trumbull had made up his mind to take the direct northerly course to Hebron, for he knew that somewhere along that route lay one of the supposed sites of Kadesh-barnea, the rallying place of the Israelites in the forty years of wilderness wanderings. This had been their objective point in the movement from Sinai to the Promised Land, their place of reassembling for the move to Canaan. From Kadesh-barnea Moses

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had sent out the spies; there occurred the rebellion of the people against Moses, and Kadesh was called En-mishpat, a Fountain of Judgment, for there the people were sentenced to the forty wilderness years. The importance of Kadesh-barnea as a geographical site had been recognized for centuries, as pivotal in the determining of the southern boundary of the Holy Land. Milman called it "The key to the whole geography" (of the wanderings). Dean Stanley considered it "next to Sinai the most important resting place of the children of Israel." In 1866 one of the most noted English geographers, Trelawney Saunders, in writing of possible accomplishments of the Palestine Exploration Fund, then in its beginnings, mentioned Kadesh as "one of the most hotly contested sites in biblical investigation, and the settlement of which is much to be desired."

Trumbull was familiar with the controversy aroused through the discovery of Kadesh-barnea by the Rev. John Rowlands, as described by him in a letter given in the appendix to Canon Williams' "Holy City" (1845). Dr. Edward Robinson had located the long-disputed site in the 'Arabah as 'Ayn el-Waybeh, but with inadequate proofs. Nevertheless, his usual accuracy and his strong hold on public confidence gave his opinion great weight and wide currency as the correct opinion. But German scholars perceived that Rowlands' site was the more reasonable, and Professor Tuch of Leipzig, after close study of the facts, expressed his confidence in Rowlands' discovery. Others followed, until Rowlands' site, 'Ayn Qadees, had gained clear title to respectful consideration.

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Rowlands' report was in the form of a brief personal letter. It was natural that American and European travelers, bent on research, should attempt a further examination of the site, but little had been accomplished. The Teeyâhah guides had no mind to disclose any portion of their more secluded desert domain to the conquering "Christians," nor were they inclined to court the dangers of an excursion into territory which was under the control of other tribes. They lied easily, and even such men as Thomson and Palmer and President Bartlett and Philip Schaff could not get near Rowlands' site. Indeed, both Palmer and Bartlett had been deliberately misled by the crafty shaykh Sulaymân, as later events clearly showed.

The southern portion of the Sinaitic peninsula was under the control of the Tawarah Bed'ween; north of them, in the central desert, the Teeyâhah were supreme; to the east were the Haywat; west and northwest of the Tawarah were the Terâbeen, toward Suez and Gaza, while over the territory to the north of Castle Nakhl, in the mountainous country bearing their name, were the 'Azâzimeh, a band of wild and degraded Arabs, controlling the region in which Rowlands had located Kadesh-barnea. These Bed'ween would make no terms with "Christians," and they resented any trespass of the Teeyâhah over the borders of their territory. The Teeyâhah guides ordinarily could not escort travelers into the 'Azâzimeh country, and the latter would not.

For Trumbull and his companions there were favoring circumstances at Castle Nakhl. Shaykh Musleh

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and his brother, Sulaymân, at the head of the Teeyâhah, were unavailable as escorts, the one being away on a plundering tour, the other disabled by ill-health. Now Musleh was deeply solicitous for the release of a young shaykh held prisoner by the Turkish authorities, and having obtained an exaggerated idea of Trumbull's importance through the Egyptian dragoman, the old shaykh pleaded with the eminent man who, as Trumbull afterwards learned, the Arab chieftain understood was the "Director-in-Chief of the Sacred Press" of America, to intercede in Jerusalem for the young prisoner.

Trumbull agreed to inquire into the facts when he reached Jerusalem, but made no promise of success. The shaykh was hopeful and eager then, and he consented to speed the travelers on the way to the north. But when Trumbull urged the route to Hebron, Musleh demurred, insisting that it was dangerous to skirt the lands of the hostile 'Azâzimeh, and that only three parties had passed over the Hebron route in twelve years. But Trumbull pressed this request in dead earnest, and the Arab finally yielded, sending his young son Hamdh, Sulaymân's son Ibrâheen, and Owdy, an intelligent Arab, whose home was near Nakhl, as the desert guides.

Because of the American editor's long beard he was called "the father of the family," and Hamdh was committed to his care by the old shaykh, with the injunction to be faithful and accommodating on the journey. On Monday, March 28, the train of swift dromedaries, and the slower baggage camels, fifteen in all, were off on the northward journey.

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At the end of the second day's journey the travelers found themselves in Wady Jeroor, some sixty miles from Nakhl. After dinner in the evening the dragoman and the two young shaykhs were summoned to the dining-tent. Trumbull knew that they were not far from what Bartlett had supposed was 'Ayn Qadees, as pointed out to him by Sulaymân. He discovered by questioning that the camp was now not far from Jebel Muwayleh, the point, as he knew, whence Rowlands and Bartlett had each turned aside for his search. He asked if his party could not depart from the main route on the next day and visit 'Ayn Qadees. To his astonishment neither of the young men, nor even Owdy, knew of such a place. But Trumbull became certain that Owdy was shamming. With quick intuition he took the one course that would make the wily Arab tell the truth.

A desert nomad does not realize that a stranger can know anything of that trackless waste by means of books and maps. The Bed'wy is proud, too, of his knowledge of his own country, and extremely sensitive to any suggestion that he is ignorant at that point.

"Oh, well!" cried Trumbull, impatiently, "the trouble is, *you* don't know your country as well as *I* do. We ought to change places. I am giving you bakhsheesh to show me your country. Now, you give *me* bakhsheesh, and I'll show *you* your country. To-morrow morning we will go on to 'Ayn Muwayleh. We will go past that. Then we will turn off from the track, to the right. We will go down that way about one hour. There we will find one, two,

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three wells. Beyond them we will find flags and rushes growing. Then, a little further on there are more wells. That is Qadees. *You* don't know it; but *I* do. Give me bakhsheesh; and I'll show it to you."

That was too much for the Arabs. They talked excitedly among themselves in low tones. Then the dragoman turned to the "father of the family":

"Mister Trom-bool, I tell you now the true; honor-bright. They tell me true now, on the Qurân. They know that place you tell them; but they no call it that name. They no call that 'Qadees.'"

"Oh! they do know it, do they? And what do *they* call the place?"

"They call that, 'Qasaymeh.'"

Then it flashed into Trumbull's mind that Sulaymân had lied to Bartlett, who thought he had seen 'Ayn Qadees. At once he went on:

"But do they know where Qadees is, if they don't think it's *there?*"

Owdy knew. He told its direction and distance from the camp, and how it could be reached. But a visit to the place was impossible. "The 'Azâzimeh would rob and murder any one who came into that region." So Owdy decided positively, and so began a restless night for the determined American, abroad for his health. He simply must not let a solution of the Kadesh mystery slip him now. There were three places where water was to be found, Qadayrât, Qadees, Qasaymeh; the first unseen of any traveler, the second by one, so far as he then knew, though he learned later of the visit of the Rev. F. W. Holland, of England; the

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third confused with both. He must visit all three, whether he could or not. At daylight he was in the dragoman's tent, determined to arrange for the journey.

Now Muhammad Ahmad Effendi Hedayah, No. 8 Silk Bazar, Alexandria, longed to appear in a book as often as opportunity offered—"8 Silk Bazar, Alexandria" by no means to be omitted. Trumbull knew his weakness. He told that able dragoman that if he would help him to get to the three places, he would put him in a book. That was enough for Ahmad. It was no easy task to win over the young shaykhs and Owdy, but the fatherly injunction at the start from Nakhl did good service now; and while the older shaykhs would not have turned aside from this main course, the young Hamdh at last consented. American persistency and acuteness and Egyptian diplomacy were to open the long-closed gates of Kadesh-barnea.

Early in the morning of Wednesday, March 30, a little party of eight moved forward, leaving the camel train to make its way a short day's journey to the north, and there to halt. An hour and a half before noon the travelers were in Wady Qadees, in the very stronghold of the 'Azâzimeh. The Arabs became uneasy, actually started to return, and were only dissuaded by Trumbull's determination to go forward. American young men, he told them, would not think of turning back at such a time. Were the men of the desert *afraid?* His words and his tone fairly shamed them into a change of mind, and with some reluctance they went on.

Their way led along the wady, a "hill-encircled,

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irregular-surfaced plain, several miles wide," until toward noon they came into a more desolate region, where they became oppressed with the haunting fear that perhaps Owdy did not know the country. He was constantly "just coming to the wells," without sighting them. But after nearly three hours in the wady, the Arab guide led sharply to the right, around an angle of the limestone hills, and the wells of Qadees were at last before them.

"It was a marvelous sight," wrote Dr. Trumbull. "Out from the barren and desolate stretch of the burning desert-waste, we had come with magical suddenness into an oasis of verdure and beauty, unlooked for, and hardly conceivable in such a region. A carpet of grass covered the ground. Fig-trees, laden with fruit nearly ripe enough for eating, were along the shelter of the southern hillside. Shrubs and flowers showed themselves in variety and profusion. Running water gurgled under the waving grass. . . .

"Standing out from the earth-covered limestone hills at the northeastern sweep of this picturesque recess, was to be seen the 'large single mass or a small hill, of solid rock' which Rowlands looked at as the cliff (*Sel'a*) smitten by Moses, to cause it to 'give forth his water' when its flowing stream had been exhausted. From underneath this ragged spur of the northeasterly mountain range issued the now abundant stream."

There in that fairyland in the heat of the desert, the travelers noted two large open pools and two stoned-up receptacles for water, with a marble watering trough near each of the latter. "One thing is sure,"

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wrote Mr. Trumbull, "all that Rowlands had said of this oasis was abundantly justified by the facts. His enthusiasm and his active imagination had not colored in the slightest his picture of the scene now before us. The sneers which other travelers had indulged in, over the creation of his heated fancies were the result of their own lack of knowledge—and charity. And as to the name of the oasis about which Robinson and others were so incredulous, it is Qadees (قديس), as it was written for me in Arabic by my intelligent Arab dragoman, a similar name to that of Jerusalem, El-Quds, the Holy; the equivalent of the Hebrew Kadesh."

About three o'clock on that afternoon the explorers moved westward through the open wady in their quest for 'Ayn el-Qadayrât—"which so many have supposed Rowlands mistook for 'Ayn Qadees." An hour later, while they were ascending a mountain after a sharp turn to the north, Owdy caught sight of a distant caravan coming over the pass. There was instant consternation among the Arabs. As the caravan drew nearer fifteen camels were descried and eight 'Azâzimeh men, with about as many women and children. When the two traveling parties passed on the mountain side, with never a word, each was evidently glad to get clear of the other.

Shortly after five, the descent was made to Wady 'Ayn el-Qadayrât, and Owdy led the way through its fertile reaches into a spur of it running to the north, on the search for the wells. But Owdy was bewildered. The Arabs again showed signs of fright. Should the party camp for the night, or go forward

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while daylight remained? It was decided to go on, and in a half hour's time they were in a luxuriantly fertile spur of the wady, where, to their great delight, they came upon a torrential stream tumbling noisily into a deep basin some twelve or fourteen feet below them,—'Ayn el-Qadayrât, the "Fountain of God's Power." And no visit to it in modern times had been recorded by any traveler.

It was ten o'clock that night before they succeeded in rejoining the baggage train. On the next morning, Thursday, March 31, the baggage was again sent forward, and the explorers turned back to find 'Ayn Qasaymeh, the wells which from Bartlett's description Trumbull had supposed were in Wady Qadees. In less than two hours they had found the object of their search, and Trumbull's determination to visit all three of these sites was fulfilled. When nearing camp that night, he asked how near they were to Wady Beerayn. Owdy had "never heard of that place," and the others of the party were ignorant with an equal density.

"That evening, when they were in camp," wrote Trumbull, "the Arabs gleefully informed the dragoman that they knew Wady Beerayn well enough; but they thought that I might want to visit it, and they had had well-hunting enough for one trip."

What Henry Clay Trumbull found at the fountains of Kadesh-barnea, 'Ayn el-Qadayrât, 'Ayn Qasaymeh, and the treasures of research into which his corroborative studies subsequently led him, became for him in very truth a living stream that ran henceforth through all his devoted labors in the cause of Bible study and biblical research.

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# THE AFTERMATH OF KADESH

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No man ever failed of doing a plain duty because he lacked time for it. A man may fail to do a duty because he is unwilling or unready to take the time for it; but in any event the time is there, he might have it if he would. Every one of us has, as the old Indian said, "all the time there is." There is no excuse on the plea of a lack of time. We may fail of doing many a thing we would like to do; but if there is absolutely no time for what is our supreme desire, it is not our duty to do it. Knowing what is our duty, we may know that we have full time for its doing.—*An editorial paragraph.*

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## CHAPTER XXI

### THE AFTERMATH OF KADESH

Pushing northward over the desert route, Mr. Trumbull and his two companions entered Palestine by way of Beersheba and Hebron, everywhere finding such light upon the sacred page as their course so richly afforded.

Still under the escort of the Teeyâhah Bed'ween, they reached Beersheba, where the principal well was just then surrounded by a crowd of the fighting 'Azâzimeh, watering their camels. Notwithstanding the warnings of his Arab guides, Trumbull hurried to the well before the 'Azâzimeh had time to warn him away from it. But when he was once among them he was a guest, and he was asked why he did not ask for a drink of water if he wished to be received as a friend. Then he "repeated the Oriental request of the ages, 'Give me to drink,'" and when he had taken water from one of their buckets he was welcomed as a friend in the simplest pledge of Oriental hospitality.

Still another phase of the relation between host and guest in the East was brought to their attention at Dothan where they had halted for luncheon. "Hardly was our lunch spread," wrote Trumbull, "when hurrying down a hillside near us came a man, a woman, and a boy, of the native fellaheen or peasantry, mak-



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ing toward our halting-place as though their lives depended on their speed. The dragoman, who was sharing his meal with the chief muleteer of our party [they had left the desert caravan at Hebron] saw the danger, and said to his companion, 'Eat quickly. They are coming.' But before many mouthfuls could be taken, the visitors were at hand. The woman, according to custom, passed on, and seated herself on a rock at a respectful distance, with her face turned away from our party; while the two men presented themselves to our attendants. The dragoman arose, and with all the suavity and gracefulness with which an American society woman would greet an unwelcome visitor, bowed and said, '*T'fuddal*'—'Please' or 'Welcome.' 'I am your guest,' responded the stranger; 'I and my brother's son.' Then the two guests took hold of the lunch, while the dragoman and the muleteer watched complacently the skilful work of the visitors, absorbed as they were in the occupation of the moment."

On the morning of April 5, 1881, the travelers passed through Bethlehem, and thence to Jerusalem, and in the evening pitched their tents on the Mount of Olives. The whole scene was indescribably impressive to Trumbull, as he stood before his tent, close to the walls of the Chapel of the Ascension, with Gethsemane just below him. Across the valley of the brook Kidron, he could see the Holy City, with the site of the temple easily in view.

"The praying Saviour seemed very near and very real that night," wrote Mr. Trumbull. "Yet, in spite of all this, in my weariness, I went to my tent and

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slept. While it was yet dark, as it began to dawn toward the day, I was awakened out of my sleep by the sudden cry: 'Rise and pray. Prayer is better than sleep. Prayer is better than sleep.' It was almost as if the very Saviour himself had called anew to his sluggish disciples: 'Why sleep ye? Rise and pray, that ye enter not into temptation;' and the impulse was to render to him his own graciously suggested excuse: 'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.'

"But that startling call which had awakened me was the cry of the mu'azzin from the minaret of the Muhammadan mosk under the very walls of which our tent was pitched. Century after century that cry has gone up there in the gray of every morning, as if it were the echo of our Saviour's call to his disciples to 'rise and pray.'"

No experience along the way he traversed to Beyrout led Henry Clay Trumbull closer to primitive rites or more fully into the atmosphere of ancient times than a night on Mount Gerizim, where he had the rare privilege of observing the Samaritan passover service.

Out from Nâblus the remnant of the ancient race had come—less than a hundred and fifty all told—on the fourteenth day of their month Nisan, and they had pitched their tents, family by family, not far from the ruins of the old Samaritan temple.

Trumbull and his companions, with a Christian missionary of Nâblus, the Rev. Yohannah el-Karey, came upon the memorable scene as day was nearly ended. Two fires were burning between the ruins

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and the tents, one in a trench at the place of sacrifice, within a low-walled enclosure; the other outside the walls, in a deep pit, for the roasting of the lambs. Within the enclosure the high-priest, with the congregation about him, knelt on a scarlet rug, while before him were seven lambs for the sacrifice.

Mr. Trumbull never forgot even the smallest detail of that night on Gerizim. He heard the high-priest invoke God's blessing on the people, heard him intone, as the people joined with him, the story of the exodus and of the institution of the passover; he saw the company prostrate themselves at the first mention of the name of Jehovah; saw them rise and stand in silent prayer, putting their hands to their faces whenever Jehovah's name was mentioned, while the little children followed their parents in every move.

He saw the lambs examined for ceremonial worthiness, saw the unleavened bread and bitter herbs laid before the high-priest.

Then, just before sunset, the high-priest stepped on to the stone bench in front of him, and looking toward the west over the Plain of Sharon to the blue Mediterranean he continued his recitative, while the lambs were led to the place of sacrifice close to the caldrons over the fire. As the sun passed below the sea horizon, the high-priest gave the signal for the sacrifice. There was great excitement then. When the children saw the slaughtered lambs, some of them began to sob and cry aloud. But it was a time of rejoicing in the progress of the service, a time of hearty embraces and glad congratulation.

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At once the lambs were made ready for the oven, and the high-priest retired to his tent, where the Americans were welcomed as his guests. He gave them of the "bitter herbs" to taste, "for a foreigner may share the bitterness of the passover feast, while he can have no taste of the paschal lamb."

Just before midnight the cry was sounded that the lambs were ready, and priest and people hurried from their tents. They were clad as for a journey. A storm had gathered and rain was already falling. The roasted meat was taken from the oven pit, and placed in baskets which were set in a line within the stone enclosure.

"At this moment," wrote Dr. Trumbull in describing the scene, "there was a lull in the storm. The clouds broke away, and the full moon—for of course it was the night of the full moon—shone out on that weird scene on the summit of Gerizim. There crouched the girded and shod pilgrims,—not standing, as in olden time, but sitting or crouching in Oriental style,—the last surviving celebrants of the sacrificial feast which Moses instituted, at the command of God, on that memorable night of deliverance from the angel of death in the land of Egypt, more than thirty centuries ago. The whole story of the passover never seemed so real before. The men ate in haste. Portions were taken to the women in their tents. Whatever remained of the lamb—meat or bone—was carefully gathered up and burned in the fire." After the feast the Samaritans continued in prayer until daybreak, when they returned to their tents, for the seven days' feast of unleavened bread.

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It was from such scenes as this, in such surroundings, so rich in Oriental color, so full of suggestion to the Bible student, that Trumbull drew a wealth of deductions for his future study and researches. Shortly before he left Palestine he wrote to Mrs. Trumbull:

> The more I see of the East the more important to me my visit to it becomes. It actually seems as if I should be a totally different person on my return, if God brings me to my home and work again. All that I have ever learned up to this time has now new relations; and all that I may learn by future study will come into a new atmosphere of thought and feeling, and be viewed in a new light of understanding. I believe that I shall be a tenfold better editor and Bible class teacher because of this visit. I pray that I may be a truer child of God and follower of Jesus Christ in my home and personal life as a result of the lessons I am learning.

In London again on his way home, Trumbull called on Walter Besant, the organizer and secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund Society, in order that he might test his desert discovery by such facts as the Society might have. Mr. Besant became keenly interested. He put at Trumbull's disposal sources of information such as the American was seeking. Professor E. H. Palmer, later murdered in the desert, had tried in vain to find the site of Kadesh-barnea. Mr. Besant sent for him to meet Trumbull at his office. where a brief interview made it clear to both that the place had been found. Then Mr. Besant heartily congratulated Trumbull on his discovery, and persuaded him to make it known in the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

Two other incidents of this London visit were

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among Dr. Trumbull's cherished memories. The first was the hearing of Gladstone in the House of Commons, the second, a meeting with Bishop Ellicott.

While still in the East, in April, he had heard of the death of Beaconsfield. It was only a month later that he was in London. He wrote a note to Mr. Gladstone, asking if he would kindly send him cards for himself and a friend for admission to a session of the House of Commons, stating as he made the request the day on which he would sail from Liverpool. Promptly Mr. Gladstone sent two cards for the Speaker's Gallery for the last evening before the date of sailing. That night Gladstone made one of his great speeches on the Irish Land Bill, when the opposition was taking issue with the Liberal ministry. He had three separate constituencies to consider: his own party, the Irish party, and the Conservatives squarely opposed to the Ministry.

Lord Salisbury was then the leader of the Conservative party, and Sir Stafford Northcote its leader in the House of Commons, a man of great ability, but no match for Gladstone in debate. In describing the debate Trumbull wrote:—

"As if in mere incidental remark, Mr. Gladstone suggested that it would not be wise for the opposition to overthrow the Liberal Ministry; even if it could do so on this Irish Land Bill issue, and thus come into power with the responsibility of managing it some other way. Lord Beaconsfield, he was sure, would not have advised this. 'I have had a long experience of Lord Beaconsfield,' he said, 'and you do not remain wholly ignorant of a man with whom on

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a thousand questions you are obliged however unequally to measure swords.'

"The 'Grand Old Man' turning at this point to the 'Grand Old Woman' [as the gentle Sir Stafford Northcote was sometimes called] as if in kindly pity for him because Lord Salisbury, the unwise leader of his party had laid this burden on his shoulders, said in gentle commiseration: 'When I found that the leader of the opposition had decided to make a direct issue with the Government on this particular measure, I was reminded anew—that Lord Beaconsfield is dead.'

"The effect was crushing, the needed votes were secured. There was another oratorical triumph of the 'Grand Old Man.'"

On the evening of May 10, Trumbull attended the Thirty-Seventh Anniversary of the Church of England Sunday-School Institute in Exeter Hall. There for the first time he met Bishop Charles J. Ellicott, of Gloucester and Bristol, who was chairman of the New Testament Company of the English Revision Committee from 1870 to 1881, and who wrote the Preface to that Revision, which was to be given to the public in another week.

During the meeting he sent his card to Mr. John Palmer, the secretary, stating that he would be glad to meet him at the close of the service, and received an invitation to come at that time to the room back of the platform. He noticed that Mr. Palmer afterwards showed his card to the Bishop.

When he joined Mr. Palmer in the rapidly filling room after the service, Bishop Ellicott came down the platform steps into the crowd, saying in a loud voice,

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"Is Mr Trumbull of America in the room?"

The editor stepped forward and spoke to the Bishop.

"Is this Mr. Clay Trumbull of The Sunday School Times?" When he was assured of that, he added:

"That's a very remarkable paper you have, Mr. Trumbull. We have nothing like it in this country. You have a way of securing contributors from all directions. I believe you got something from me. I don't know how you did it. Our New Testament Revisers have valued its articles in our work, and we have had frequent occasion to refer to them. Indeed in the preface to the Revised New Testament, which is to appear next Tuesday, there is a point which was introduced in consequence of an article in your paper."

"This is very gratifying, my lord," responded Trumbull, "may I be privileged to make mention of these facts?"

At this Bishop Ellicott shrugged his shoulders, and the editor hastened to add,

"I am sure it would gratify our American friends to know that you had spoken so highly of an American paper, if I might make it known."

"As to my estimate of your paper," was the answer, "you can repeat that without hesitation. As to my mention of the reference in the Preface, as it is not publicly known who wrote that, I should not feel free to make it public at this time."

That restriction was removed by the later disclosure of the fact in other ways. And this was not the only testimony of Bishop Ellicott to the value of the American Sunday-school periodical, for he would not allow his files of it to be incomplete, writing at one time to

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Mr. Trumbull to ask for back numbers, and explaining that he had the volumes bound from year to year, and that if he had a diocesan address to make, and was at a loss for a subject, he took up one of these volumes, and did not need to look far for a suggested theme.

Dr. William Wright, of London, once told the astute American editor of a remark of Bishop Ellicott to the effect that Mr. Trumbull of The Sunday School Times could tell what a man was thinking of before he said anything about it. The Bishop doubtless got that impression from the instant appeal that was made to his interest by the title of an article which Trumbull had suggested he should write for The Sunday School Times, "The Influence of Christ's Teachings on His Apostles." The Bishop was just leaving for the continent when the letter came, and would have declined—if he could. But he had never heard the subject mentioned before in just that way, although he had often thought of it as a theme worthy of special attention. He agreed to prepare the article.

Trumbull knew in advance, from what Ellicott had already written concerning the life of Jesus and the writings of the Apostles, that the theme would be more than likely to strike him favorably. That knowledge of men and their work, gained in a hundred ways, was an indispensable part of the editor's equipment.

When Mr. Trumbull reached home in May, after all these refreshing experiences, he at once began the preparation of his volume on Kadesh-barnea. His

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health was splendidly restored, he was ready for work, and he set himself to the new task with ardor, and, as it proved in the end, with consummate skill.

Trumbull had studied neither Greek nor Hebrew as the schools count study, nor was he familiar with any modern language other than his mother tongue. Yet he must apply the test of scholarship to his discovery of Kadesh-barnea; he must scientifically prove his conclusions, a course that would carry him far in the linguistic field, as he very soon discovered. For the literature bearing on the exodus and the wandering, and on the geography and topography of the Arabian peninsula was not sufficiently full in English for his purpose. Just here a peculiarity of his intellect came into full play.

While he was familiar with no foreign tongue, his intuitive sense of word significance enabled him to trace key-words through their dictionary meanings to the shade of meaning which they had when used in varied connections. A word to him was no mere label. It had life and fluency and elasticity, and he could follow with pliant mind wherever its true and deepest meaning might lead. When, therefore, he ran across a reference to a German or a Hebrew treatise in his investigations, he would get the book, look up the reference, study the passage as best he could with the aid of a dictionary, and if he found anything he wanted, he would turn it over to an expert for full translation. A learned minister who attended his Bible class was asked if Trumbull understood Hebrew. "He does, and he doesn't," was the answer. "He never learned it as a language, but some-

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how he gets at all that a knowledge of it could do for him."

In his two years and a half of study, with his discovery of Kadesh-barnea as a starting-point, Trumbull became freely conversant with the world's biblical scholarship. While pushing forward with ever-enlarging plans for The Sunday School Times, and never abating his editorial writing or church and Sunday-school work, Trumbull examined more than two thousand volumes in seven languages, in the principal libraries of America, and maintained an active correspondence with European scholars in his search for all the light that foreign libraries could give him.

He caught at fragments of time day or night. One evening he appeared at the home of his brother-in-law, William C. Prime, in New York City, on a hunt for ancient and medieval maps of the East, of which Dr. Prime, himself an extensive traveler, had a fine collection. When the household had retired for the night, about one o'clock, Trumbull was still at work in the library, with maps all about him on the floor. When the family came down to breakfast before eight, they found that he had been gone for some time, and was then well on his way to Philadelphia.

In all this difficult and taxing work he had by his side an assistant such as few men have ever known, a young Scotchman named John T. Napier, who died before his name had become known outside a comparatively small circle. Of him Trumbull wrote:

"In breadth and thoroughness of scholarship, in clearness of thought, in quickness of perception, in delicacy of sentiment, and in versatility of intellectual

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power, Mr. Napier was the most remarkable man I have ever known. As a scholar in Hebrew, in Arabic, and in Egyptian, he certainly had few peers in America. . . . He claimed nothing, he sought nothing, for himself. . . . Without his aid I could not have accomplished even a tithe of the work I have been permitted to compass . . . and for his abounding and unselfish service I am profoundly grateful."

Aside from its value as a contribution to biblical research Dr. Trumbull's "Kadesh-barnea" repays study as exhibiting a method of marshaling evidence overwhelmingly, with German thoroughness, British force, and American proclivity for following a trail to the very end. Trumbull shows why Kadesh has any importance, discusses in close detail the biblical indications of its site, considers the ancient references to it outside the Bible text, including a study of the Egyptian records, the Apocrypha, the rabbinical writings, and the early Christian name lists. Then he proceeds to set forth in vivid narrative the story of attempts at its identifying from the eleventh century to the days of Robinson and Rowlands and Palmer and Holland, following with the absorbing account of his own visit, and a masterly comparison of the evidence for and against the eighteen suggested sites.

And then, as though his tireless energy of research could not be satisfied with having found the long lost site of the Israelitish rallying station, and out of the fulness of the rising tide of a passion for research, he closes his volume with a study of the route of the exodus, pivoting his conclusions on his study of the

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location of the Great Wall of Egypt, and the Red Sea crossing. It was Henry Clay Trumbull's way to supplement whatever he had done with all that he could do, and the supplement was often not less valuable than that to which it was added.

"Kadesh-barnea" aroused the keenest interest of scholars not only at home, but in foreign centers of Biblical criticism and research. Sayce of Oxford called the book "a model of what archeological research and reasoning ought to be, one of the few archeological books in which the author knows how to prove his point by what constitutes a sound argument." Guthe of Leipzig at once published liberal extracts from the book in the German Palestine Exploration Fund quarterly, with critical and appreciative comments. Scholars of every type, whether agreeing or not agreeing with Trumbull's conclusions, did not hesitate to accord him a high place in the comparatively small group of distinguished participants in carefully scientific and vigorously independent biblical research. "Kadesh-barnea" changed the map of Bible lands from a state of confusion as to the great rallying-place of the Israelites in their wanderings, to a wide recognition of Trumbull's site as correct.

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# A WRITER OF "MARKED BOOKS"

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Having a plan must go before having a work. If a man does not know just what he wants to do, he is not likely to do it. A plan does not grow in a man's mind, as he works at details, without a well-defined purpose that includes those details. Unless a worker in leather knows at the start whether it is a shoe or a saddle that he wants to make, he is sure to waste both time and material at every step in his course. A skilled writer is not prepared to shape his first paragraph until he has a well-defined idea of the object and outline and conclusion of his essay or of his volume. Most of the waste work of the world is a result of beginning to work without a plan that includes the middle and the end of that which is begun.—*An editorial paragraph.*

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# CHAPTER XXII

## A WRITER OF "MARKED BOOKS"

Even as the Israelites of old had found in Kadesh-barnea a rallying-place from which they should enter the Land of Promise, so Henry Clay Trumbull found in his study of that sacred site a rallying-place where his peculiar powers of investigation and exposition gathered themselves for further conquest. He had realized that he was returning to America with an equipment which would put him under obligation to go deeply into the relations of primitive customs to ethnic and religious problems. His volume on Kadesh-barnea gave him at once a standing among sane and discerning critics and scholars in the field of biblical research, while the labor of preparation was rich in by-products of no slight value. The wells of Kadesh did not run dry. The field of biblical research was fascinating to Dr. Trumbull. Every aspect of it appealed to his passion for exploration, to his devotion to the mission of setting men right in biblical interpretation.

But no sooner was "Kadesh-barnea" published than he became immersed in a work of a different tenor, for which his experience in the Sunday-school as an institution furnished him with abundant material, and for which his sympathetic and yet rigidly systematic mind gave him tools and a method.



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There was then no book which could be called a complete and thorough and easily understood treatise on the work of the Sunday-school teacher. Such a book was greatly needed, a book so true to scientific pedagogy and so close to the life of the untrained teacher that it could be regarded as a clear and practical manual embodying amply illustrated and thoroughly sound educational principles,—without the use of purely technical terms. Trumbull had no patience with the use of terms that succeeded, indeed, in showing a writer's knowledge of terminology and that failed to convey any definite idea to the mind of the untrained reader.

"Kadesh-barnea" had appeared in December, 1883. In September, 1884, "Teaching and Teachers" was published.

Many Sunday-school teachers discovered in it exactly the inspiration and the definite, clearly stated, richly illustrated principles of teaching by which their own work might be measured and improved. Others read the table of contents, a few pages of the text, and gave up the rest of the book, to retire into subjective musings on the folly of any man who would think of putting *Sunday-school* teaching on such a high plane. Why, if what Trumbull said were true, then *they* were not now, and never had been, Sunday-school teachers! Such a book was discouraging, baffling. No one could be a teacher, a Sunday-school teacher, such as Trumbull pictured. What did the man mean? "All Sunday-school teachers ought to be teachers in the Sunday-school." Of course. "Being teachers in the Sunday-school, they

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ought to teach in the Sunday-school." And why not? "In order to teach in the Sunday-school, they need to know what teaching is." Well, who doesn't know *that*! "An initial purpose of this volume is so to designate and define the nature and methods, and so to indicate the comparative rarity, of proper Sunday-school teaching, as will enable Sunday-school teachers to know whether or not *they* are, or ever have been, teachers in the Sunday-school. There is practical need of honest doubt at this point, especially on the part of those who have never supposed there was any cause of questioning just here." And just here many a limp intellect parted company with an author who could make one so uncomfortable. But the keener sort would chuckle with appreciation, and hurry to get into step with a man on such a track as that.

And "Teaching and Teachers" was no random stroll over easy paths. There was the somewhat unnerving preliminary statement here quoted in part, then a section under the paradoxical title "Not all Teaching is Teaching," then "Telling is Not Teaching," and "Hearing a Recitation is Not Teaching"; while "What Teaching Is" closed with positive definition the first chapter. Under the second chapter were found sections on "You Must Know Whom You Are to Teach," "You Must Know What You Are to Teach," "You Must Know How You Are to Teach." Thus the line of thought pressed on, straight and shining, never wandering, always getting somewhere, and that somewhere always the logical end of the beginning. "Teaching and Teach-

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ers" at once became the standard work on that theme. How thoroughly Dr. Trumbull performed his task, and how securely the result was based upon the great fundamentals of education, is shown in the undisputed supremacy of "Teaching and Teachers" in the field it occupies. Indeed, no other book has been produced which attempts so completely, and in so untechnical language, to treat of the place and work of the Sunday-school teacher. With one exception ("Individual Work for Individuals"), it has had, and continues to have, a larger circulation than any other of Dr. Trumbull's books. Nor has its use been confined to the Sunday-school, for leaders in secular education have urged it upon teachers as a normal text-book.

While he was yet at work on his study of Kadesh-barnea, Dr. Trumbull was going forward with another study which had won his interest even before he went to the East. For several years he had been gathering material for a book on friendship,—gathering it from his own endeavors to be a friend, and from stories of friendship in the history and literature of all ages and lands. In traversing the world-field for illustrations of the principles of true friendship, he began to find curious—and, as it seemed to him, highly significant—facts concerning "the primitive rite of covenanting by the inter-transfusion of blood." He had seen traces of that rite in variations of form in the East, and the subject began to lay hold upon him, to the exclusion of further work, for the time being, on the book on friendship. It was, indeed, nearly eight years from that time until he issued "Friendship the

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Master Passion," which he re-wrote again and again almost in its entirety before he allowed it to be published.

While tracking through the literature of ethnology the manifestations of the rite of blood-covenanting, Dr. Trumbull, late in the winter of 1885, was invited by Professor W. R. Harper, later President Harper of Chicago, to deliver a series of lectures before the Summer School of Hebrew held in the Episcopal Divinity School in Philadelphia. He decided to make that primitive rite the subject of his lectures, and these he delivered in June of that year. He showed that in the thought of primitive peoples "the blood is the life; that the heart, as the blood-fountain, is the very soul of every personality; that blood-transfer is soul-transfer; that blood sharing, human, or divine-human secures an inter-union of natures; and that a union of the human nature with the divine is the highest ultimate attainment reached out after by the most primitive, as well as by the most enlightened, mind of humanity."

With the same thoroughness and sweeping, yet minute, examination of illuminating literature, and with the same keen insight which he showed in "Kadesh-barnea," Dr. Trumbull set forth the forms and meanings of the rite; in ancient Egypt, in ancient Canaan, in ancient Mexico; in Modern Turkey, Russia, India, Africa, Asia, America, north and south in Europe, and in Oceanica. Naturally, the climax of this closely systematic and marvelously rich assembling and study of previously uncollated facts is in the light thus thrown on the significance of the

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Atonement. "In process of time," wrote Dr. Trumbull, "the hour drew nigh that the true covenant of blood between God and man should be consummated finally, in its perfectness. The period chosen was the passover-feast—the feast observed by the Jews in commemoration of that blood-covenanting occasion in Egypt, when God evidenced anew his fidelity to his promises to the seed of Abraham, his blood-covenanted friend. . . . Here [in the Last Supper] was the covenant of blood; here was the communion feast, in partaking of the flesh of the fitting and accepted sacrifice;—toward which all rite and symbol, and all heart yearning and inspired prophecy, had pointed, in all the ages. Here was the realization of promise and hope and longing, in man's possibility of inter-union with God through a common life—which is oneness of blood; and in man's inter-communion with God, through participation in the blessings of a common table. . . .

"But a covenant of blood, a covenant to give one's blood, one's life, for another, cannot be consummated without the death of the covenanter. . . . The promise of the covenanting cup at the covenanting feast, was made good on Calvary. The pierced hands and feet of the Divine Friend yielded their life-giving streams. . . .

"It is the same in the New Covenant, as it was in the Old. Atonement, salvation, rescue, redemption, is by the blood, the life, of Christ; not by his death as such; not by his broken body in itself; but by that blood which was given at the inevitable cost of his broken body and of his death. . . . The old life

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must be purged out, by the incoming of a new life; of such a life as only the Son of God can supply."

But no brief epitome of Dr. Trumbull's study of the atonement in the light of the blood-covenant can convey any adequate impression of the cumulative exaltation of spirit or of the elevation and spiritualizing of his thought as he draws closer and closer to the holy of holies wherein is the effulgence of divine compassion in the new covenant in His blood.

"The Blood Covenant" was written in about three months, while Dr. Trumbull was writing every week for his paper his deeply spiritual and very practical editorials, his lesson articles, and his searching answers to correspondents under the title of "Notes on Open Letters." But no hurry was evident in the book. The American Hebrew said of it: "This is a most important study in biblical archeology, and manifests a spirit of research which was once distinctively German, but which has within recent years found domicile in America. . . . There is something veritably portentous in the thorough manner in which he masses the widely scattered facts concerning the significance of blood-covenanting among various peoples." The Old Testament Student, of which Professor Harper was the editor, called it "a marvel of research, considering that the field it covers is hitherto unexplored," and went on to say that "this material is handled with consummate scientific skill."

Men as widely apart theologically as William Henry Green of Princeton and Charles A. Briggs of Union Seminary were deeply impressed with the book and its conclusions. Dr. Green called it "as suggestive

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and instructive as it is entertaining." Dr. Briggs characterized it as "worthy of the study of all students of religion," and thanked the author for "this fruit of vast labor and persevering research." Godet of Switzerland termed it "a study completely new," and was "astonished at the mass of facts" which were brought together. Cunningham Geikie wrote: "Allow me to express my admiration at the research you display on every page; at the wide induction on which you rest your conclusions; and on the most striking results to which these conclusions point." So, on both sides of the ocean "The Blood Covenant" was received by men of diverse schools of thought with frank enthusiasm as a "marked book," as The [London] Expositor aptly called it.

With his widening horizon in the field of biblical research, Trumbull increasingly strove to render The Sunday School Times an indispensable means of communication between the savants in that field, and the more intelligent Bible studying public. He must have on his editorial staff a thorough orientalist. Through Professor Franz Delitzsch of Leipzig, he learned of young Herman V. Hilprecht, then twenty-six years old, a pupil of Delitzsch's, who had gone in the autumn of 1885 to Erlangen, as *Repetent*, succeeding the assyriologist Dr. Wilhelm Lotz. By an exchange of cable messages Dr. Trumbull learned that Hilprecht would consider the call if he could have an opportunity to do assyriological work in the University of Pennsylvania. Then Dr. Trumbull, intent upon his purpose, presented to Dr. William Pepper, Provost of the University, the opportunity which was before

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that institution. An arrangement was promptly made, in which Trumbull shared as a liberal contributor, and Hilprecht received a cable informing him of the assured University position. Notwithstanding the immediate possibility of a professorship at Erlangen, in less than a week he was on his way to Philadelphia, where he took up his editorial work in June, 1886, and his University work in the autumn. Thus Dr. Hilprecht became the Research Editor of The Sunday School Times, and began his great work for the University of Pennsylvania.

The imagination pictures the author of such a book as "The Blood Covenant" as a toiling recluse, a man of sober intentness, moving in a brown study from one library shelf to another in a room all redolent with the odor of books. Copious foot-notes and library half-lights are surely inseparable companions. But Dr. Trumbull had the foot-notes without the half-lights. He wrote "Kadesh-barnea" and "Teaching and Teachers," "The Blood Covenant," and all his books, without any of those cherished literary conveniences which clog the energy and please the fancy of so many writers. He wrote at a flat-topped desk in his editorial office, with all his assistants about him, no partition of any sort shutting him away from their cross-fire of questions to each other, or from their sometimes lively discussions. His windows overlooked a busy city street; he was accessible to all, rarely denying himself to any one; he was the clearing-house for office problems as they arose, turning in his quick, intense way from one duty to another, striking in upon office discussions with his glancing wit and his sudden thrusts to the very heart of a subject.

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His home-coming in the evening was not into the hush of a scholarly aloofness, but into the play of children's conversation, into the light and good-cheer of as charming a household as the most domestic of men could desire. His home was the center for a delightful group of young people. Into the evening games and musicales of these young folks Mrs. Trumbull would enter as a participant. And while the happy little crowd was enjoying itself in its own way Dr. Trumbull would sit in his library, a small room between the dining-room and drawing-room, and there, with reference books near him on the floor, and the conversation, the laughter, the music, and the games of his children and their friends flowing all about him, he would write with his manuscript on a portfolio resting on his knee. There he worked out with marvelous concentration the close argument of "Kadesh-barnea," the systematic, pungent, compact sentences of "Teaching and Teachers," and the scholarly assemblings and deductions of "The Blood Covenant." He was entirely undisturbed by the sounds almost at his elbow, but he was not oblivious to them. For when any wit flashed out in the group he would laugh with the rest, and, calling out in his cheery voice, he would cry, "Good! good! By the way, have you heard of"— and then would follow one of his inimitably good stories. He seemed to have a distinctly twofold mentality, capable of attention to two things at the same time without detriment to either. And while he became a scholar of distinction, he never ceased indeed to be a man.

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# HIS MINISTRY TO INDIVIDUALS

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Unless a man is ready to work for souls it may well be questioned whether he himself is a saved sinner. He who wants just enough religion to save himself, is not likely to get even that much.

Interruptions in our work are important in their place, yet we are apt to be impatient of them. When we are absorbed in some occupation in the line of duty or of profitable pleasure, it is annoying to be called away to attend to some person in whom we have little interest, but who seeks our sympathy or help in his work or needs. Yet when the interruption is not of our choosing, and one that cannot properly be evaded by us, it is clearly a providential ordering, and we are to accept it as designed for our good, and as being really better for us than the privilege of uninterrupted effort. There may be opportunities for interruption which we ought not to accept; but if we are interrupted in spite of ourselves, we may understand that God knows what we need better than we know.—*From editorial paragraphs.*

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## CHAPTER XXIII

### HIS MINISTRY TO INDIVIDUALS

In his eagerness to get on with his work, Dr. Trumbull had somehow overlooked the "dead-line" of his fiftieth birthday. He was now, in the decade beginning with 1888, not many years from that sunset hour when a man's friends wax lenient toward the foibles of reminiscence and rheumatism. But Dr. Trumbull was shockingly irregular as an exponent of the dwindling life. You could scarcely hold him to conversation about his books already published. He would respond with frank pleasure to any appreciative word concerning any work of his, but his thought was so bent upon what he was planning to do, that he would turn the conversation as quickly as he could from the old to the new.

When he had finished a book, and it was fairly in his publisher's hands, he lost no time in half-reverent and over-fond contemplation of his achievement, but seized upon the next real work to be done, and got at it.

"How many copies of the book have been sold, Doctor?" asked an acquaintance, concerning one of his more popular volumes.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Trumbull, as if the question would not have occurred to him. "When I fin-



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ished the writing of that book my work on it was done. I'm more interested *now* in the one I'm writing now." And forthwith he would launch into an account of it.

It was Dr. Trumbull's habit to walk nearly every morning, with his son-in-law and partner, John D. Wattles, to their office, some three miles distant from his home in West Philadelphia. He was a familiar and notable figure on Chestnut Street in the early hours of the business day, as he strode energetically along with Mr. Wattles, whose athletic frame was often taxed to keep time with the driving pace of the man of nearly twice his age.

Sometimes he would ride, but one never could tell how far he would go toward his office by such means. James B. Ely, the evangelistic leader and organizer, was, in the eighties, a newcomer in Philadelphia. He had met Dr. Trumbull, but hardly supposed that the Doctor would know him. Greatly to his surprise, he saw him leap from the platform of a street-car one morning, and hasten to the pavement, where he joined young Ely in a walk of a mile or more,—a courtesy which Ely never forgot.

While riding on the street-cars, Trumbull was alert to yield his place to any woman or to an older man. No newspaper hid his duty from him. He was often weary in mind and body; often, as he went to his office, really ill enough to have remained at home; but no matter,—he would never keep his seat while a woman was standing, so long as *he* could stand. Even in his later years of physical disability he would make the attempt, smiling apologetically when he found he could not stand.

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A large share of Dr. Trumbull's most abiding work was done in the last fifteen years of his life. Early in 1888, when he was in his fifty-eighth year, he was invited by the faculty of the Yale Divinity School to deliver the Lyman Beecher lectures for that year on the Sunday-school. The preface of the book containing these lectures was dated September 1, 1888, just thirty years from the time of his entrance into the field work of the Sunday-school.

At the time of entering upon Sunday-school work he had been met by "the objection, that the Sunday-school is in rivalry with the mission of the family on the one hand, and of the ministry on the other, and that at the best it is a poor substitute for either." If there was "a better agency available in the plans of God" he wanted to change his own plans accordingly. So he gathered from many sources treasures of historical material for his own enlightenment, coming ever to securer foothold in the path to which he had been called. All this material Trumbull had laid aside when he came to The Sunday School Times, supposing that he would have no opportunity to put it into permanent form. The invitation of the Yale Divinity School gave him his opportunity.

"Yale Lectures on the Sunday School" is in its own sphere as thorough a study as "Kadesh-barnea" or "The Blood Covenant" in theirs. It pursues Dr. Trumbull's far-reaching methods of research, tracing the course of religious catechetical education from patriarchal times down through Jewish rabbinical lore, apostolic practises, practises in the ever widening circle of Christian peoples the world over, and into

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its modern revival in the eighteenth century, and its still more modern expansion in our own times. But the book is not history alone. It would be incomplete indeed without its close examination of the Sunday-school of to-day in its relations to the family, in its membership and management, its teachers and their training, and many another phase of the institution at work. Combining thus a thorough historical study with an examination of Sunday-school methods of our own time, "Yale Lectures" still stands as the authoritative work on the Sunday-school as an institution.

These were years, too, of unceasing activity in individual work for Christ. He was never pastor of a church, but he was constantly doing the work of a shepherd. One might often see him, on his errands of comfort and cheer, hurrying along the streets on cold winter nights, in the driving snow, enveloped in his long ulster and with his wide-brimmed chaplain's hat pulled down over his eyes. He always had time for these things. The individual was always foremost in his thought. His day was no longer than that of any other, and yet he packed two days' work into it, and plenty of sleep.

He called, one day, on a man whose wife was dying. He had hardly known the man upon whom he was calling. He sent up his card. It was read without recognition of the personality back of the name, and the grief-stricken husband left his wife's bedside and went downstairs. He sat beside Dr. Trumbull on the sofa, and neither said a word for some moments. Then Dr. Trumbull reached out his

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hand, and rested it upon the knee of his new acquaintance. "Mr. ——," he said, "I don't know you very well, but I know what you are passing through." That was all. He went quietly out. But he had touched another soul with his loving sympathy.

Even when preaching from the pulpit, as it was his privilege often to do, he would try to find one person in the congregation who seemed especially interested in what he was saying, for unless he could know that he was reaching one, he had small hope of touching many.

On one occasion he saw a man very prominent in the community showing special signs of interest in the sermon. Dr. Trumbull felt at the time that he must follow up that one man. He knew him slightly, enough to know that he was not a member of the church, but he had never talked with him on the subject of personal religion. Without waiting for any further opening, Trumbull called on him that day, and told him he had noticed his interest in one of the illustrative incidents in that sermon. The listener said he had indeed been much impressed by the story. Then the two had a free and friendly talk on the acceptance of Christ's salvation, and before long the man who had been so promptly and tactfully followed up, was himself a power in Christ's service in that community.

Dr. Trumbull's Bible class was a watch tower for individual work. His knowledge of teaching prevented him from adopting the lecture habit. His class was a place for close thought and open discussion. All were free to take part, and very many did.

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Visitors to the city who liked Christian philosophy, highly seasoned with keen repartee and downright hard study, with floods of light from the Orient on the Bible, could always find an abundance in that class. Yet the problems of one person among the fifty or seventy-five persons in the room were compelling in their grip on Dr. Trumbull. He would study faces, weigh questions, give answers, with the thought that the hour might reveal some one to whom he could carry a message of hope and of service.

A man whom Dr. Trumbull had known years before came with his wife to the class. The leader knew that they were not members of the church. That of itself was a call to him, and he visited them one week-day afternoon, a considerable distance from his home. He plainly told them why he had come, and how deeply interested he was in them. And when he urged that they should commit themselves to Christ, they knelt with him, and came to a decision in that hour.

Dr. Trumbull never had to look far for such opportunities, nor does any one. At an after-meeting in the church which he attended he was asked to offer the closing prayer. By his side was a man whom he had known by sight, but of whose religious views he knew nothing. He realized that praying in that man's presence was not enough. At the close of the meeting he turned to him, introduced himself, and expressed the hope that he shared with him the faith that was dearer than life.

"I have no peace of mind, nor do I know how to find it," answered the other instantly. "I have several

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times thought of calling on you to see if you could give me help."

"If I can help you spiritually," said Trumbull, "I will gladly call on you. That's a work I'm always ready to do. If you'll tell me when I can see you, I'm at your service."

On the day following, and again and again after that, the two were in conversation on the theme of themes, until from pitiful confusion of mind the troubled soul was brought to see how simple a thing it is to trust Christ. Then he did trust him; he became a close student of the Bible, and was known in his church as a helper of other Bible students.

For this work Dr. Trumbull always had time, no matter what other duties pressed upon him. It was not a work that lay dimly in the background of his thought, but it was first and foremost, fronting him as a life-mission day by day. Yet it was never easy for him. He never lost a certain degree of reluctance in approaching others on the theme that was nearest his heart. He believed, moreover, that one ought not to expect to do such work easily.

"If words for Christ to an individual," he wrote, "are most effective in the winning of souls, why are they not more commonly spoken by those who love Christ and love souls? Is it because persons do not know this truth, or that they are incompetent to speak the needed words; or do they simply neglect the duty which they recognize as a duty, and which they are amply competent to perform? Probably no one answer would meet every case. Different answers would be given in different cases.

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"We do know that evil opposes good in the universe. Over against Ormuzd is Ahriman in the Zoroastrian religion. Over against God is Satan in the Bible teachings. It would seem that Satan desires to prevent any believer from speaking a word to an individual for Christ even while he does not expect to prevent all preaching to a whole congregation. His favorite argument with a believer is that just now is not a good time to speak on the subject. The lover of Christ and of souls is told that he will harm the cause he loves by introducing the theme of themes just now. Will not every disciple who has had experience in this line of effort admit that he has frequently found this to be the case?

"Out of my own experience I can bear testimony to this. From nearly half a century of such practise, as I have had opportunity day by day, I can say that I have spoken with thousands upon thousands on the subject of their spiritual welfare. Yet so far from my becoming accustomed to this matter, so that I can take hold of it as a matter of course, I find it as difficult to speak about at the end of these years as at the beginning. Never to the present day can I speak to a single soul for Christ without being reminded by Satan that I am in danger of harming the cause by introducing it just now. If there is one thing that Satan is sensitive about, it is the danger of a Christian's harming the cause he loves by speaking of Christ to a needy soul. He has more than once or twice or thrice kept me from speaking on the subject by his sensitive, pious caution, and he has tried a thousand times to do so. Therefore, my experience

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leads me to suppose that he is urging other persons to try any method for souls except the best one."

There are those who vaguely long to be of service in winning individuals to Christ. Henry Clay Trumbull got at it in faith and prayer. The difference between trying and not trying in that service is the difference between duty-doing and duty-shirking.

In the summer of 1888, while he was at work on the revision and completion of the pages of "Yale Lectures," Dr. Trumbull attended the Third World's Student Conference at Northfield. He was there, not because of the many students, but principally because of one in whom he was deeply interested. He preached the opening sermon of the Conference, taking as his subject "Moral Color Blindness" and as his text Luke 11 : 35 : "Look therefore whether the light that is in thee be not darkness." Again, he preached a sermon on "The Ten Commandments as a Covenant of Love," in which he pressed the truth that the Decalogue is not a series of arbitrary commands, but rather "a loving covenant that binds two parties to each other in mutual affection and fidelity, . . . a compact of union, having its statement of promises on the one hand and of responsibilities on the other."

When Dr. Trumbull was about to leave for home, Mr. Moody urged him to stay another day and address the students again. Dr. Trumbull answered that he thought he was not needed. On what he had expected to be his last evening there, while he sat with Mr. Moody on the platform, he heard G. B. Studd, the famous Cambridge cricketer, tell an incident of individual work for souls. That address

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changed Dr. Trumbull's plans instantly. He told Mr. Moody that he would remain another day, and would speak on "Personal Work for Souls."

Until then Dr. Trumbull had never spoken publicly on that theme, so far as he could remember. When he rose to speak on the next evening he told how he had been won to Christ by a letter from a friend, and of his own definite life purpose then formed. He told of experience after experience in winning individuals to Christ, and as he closed his address the students started to applaud vigorously. At once Mr. Moody was on his feet, with outstretched hands, calling for silence.

"Hush! This is no matter for applause. It's too solemn a truth. Brother Studd, will you lead us in prayer?"

After the service the delegation leaders called meetings to take action as to their own attitude toward individual work for Christ among individuals, while Studd and other Cambridge men sought Dr. Trumbull's aid in behalf of one of their fellow-students who had come to Northfield with them. He was a man of great influence who would count for much, either for good or for evil; but as yet he had little interest in what Northfield stood for.

"My dear friends," said Dr. Trumbull, "I cannot help you. I have no special power in winning souls. I have merely told you this evening of my habit of speaking a word for Christ to those whom God puts under my influence, or for whom, in some way, he gives me a responsibility. This young man is not one of that sort. I have merely met him here as one

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with you. All I can say is that I will have your request in mind, and if I meet him so that I have a right to speak to him I will not fail to use the opportunity."

It was nearly midnight when Dr. Trumbull went up the steps of the hall in which was his room. A young man standing in the shadow moved forward to meet him. It was the Cambridge student for whom his companions were at that hour praying.

"Dr. Trumbull," he said, "I was over in the auditorium, and I heard your address; and now I want your help. When are you going away? When can I have a talk with you?"

Though the doctor was quite ready to talk that night, it was arranged that they should confer in the morning; and under the trees they met, as so many have met since then, for a talk which brought the two men to their knees in the open air, as they together "sought God's blessing on the decision then made and the new life course then entered on." Was it strange that the younger man a few weeks later wrote gratefully of the interview under the trees in what he so truthfully called that "heaven on earth"?

* * * * *

This was but the beginning of Henry Clay Trumbull's Northfield ministry, and the end is not yet. His bearing and his words laid hold upon students. He addressed the New England Students' Conference in Middletown on the same theme that had made such an impression; he spoke in Princeton at the invitation of T. H. Powers Sailer, then an undergraduate, and often at Yale, where his son was a student. Then, in 1893, when Moody was in Europe,

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and John R. Mott was in charge of the Student Conference in Northfield, he spoke there again on personal work. Mr. Moody highly valued his personal influence over students, and cherished his friendship in frank affection. During one of Trumbull's Northfield visits, Moody asked him to take a drive before six one morning, and then to breakfast with Henry Drummond, who was Moody's guest.

"Moody wanted me to see one of his favorite drives," said Dr. Trumbull in describing that early morning experience. "It was along a wooded road. In a shaded dell we stopped to hear the birds sing and the brook murmur in the forest on the right. Moody spoke softly and delightedly: 'Isn't that nice? I love to come out here!'

"As we stopped there a few minutes Moody spoke of Drummond with admiration and affection. He told of Drummond's kind services as a volunteer secretary during the Moody and Sankey first campaign in Scotland, and of the lovely spirit Drummond showed in it all.... 'I tell you, Trumbull, Drummond is the sweetest-spirited Christian I ever knew.'"

After the breakfast and after the morning service, Drummond asked Trumbull to walk with him while they talked of Bushnell, whom Drummond admired, and of whom he wanted Trumbull to tell him more. At length their conversation turned to D. L. Moody. Drummond finally turned to his companion, saying with great earnestness:

"I tell you what it is, Trumbull, Moody is the sweetest-spirited Christian I ever knew."

And Trumbull had no mind to contradict him.

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One afternoon in the summer of 1905 I sat in a quiet room overlooking the field where the Cambridge man and the veteran in Christ's service won their victory together. Facing me in that room, with books and papers all about him, was one whom Dr. Trumbull loved to call his friend, a man of the younger generation, pouring out in these days into the lives of other young men the Northfield spirit, giving freely of himself to others in their problems, even as he in his turn had freely received. We could not be together long without speaking of Dr. Trumbull, for Robert E. Speer knew him and loved him, and was indeed his friend. Each of them rejoiced in acknowledging his debt to the other, and it was at Northfield that the two had first come into closest fellowship.

I do not know which one of us first spoke the name that was in our thought, but when our conversation turned to him, Speer looked out of the open window and over the hillside, saying in his vibrant, tenderly earnest way:

'Dr. Trumbull,—what influences he set loose among us here!"

It seemed enough to say. The hour struck, and we parted, for men were waiting for Speer, to receive what message of Christian manhood he might have for them.

At twilight, a few days later, a young woman was speaking to a company of girls gathered under the pines on Round Top, the Northfield mount of decision. She might well be in earnest, for her father was the loved evangelist Whittle, and her husband

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the eldest son of that D. L. Moody whose grave she could see in the sunset light on the summit of the little hill on whose slope she was standing.

"I shall never forget," Mrs. Moody was saying, "what one man did for some of us here at Northfield. I mean Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull. He gathered a few of us girls around him, and told us of the work we could do with others in speaking for Christ. As he told of one experience after another, I said to myself, '*There* is something every one can do, something I can do!' And I have never ceased to be grateful for what Dr. Trumbull said to us that day. It is a work *all* of us can do."

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# A PASSION FOR RIGHTNESS

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Minor things are often more important than greater things ; and lesser things need attention before larger things. A speck of dust is a very little thing, in comparison with a master-work of the intellect ; but if that speck of dust be in the eye of an author, it is more important for that author to attend just now to that little atom than to begin his first chapter on a new theory of the Cosmos. An individual is of less importance than a theory of education ; but if a common-place individual be chairman of an important committee on education, that common-place individual needs attention by the large-minded theorist, before an issue is made as to the educational schemes which he would press into favor through that committee. A little doorway calls for effort in its passing, before effort is made in the great structure beyond, if that doorway be the one available entrance to that building. The first thing to be done is the thing to be done first, however small it be.—*An editorial paragraph.*

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## CHAPTER XXIV

### A PASSION FOR RIGHTNESS

One day, when Trumbull had been deeply concerned over a seemingly trivial matter in connection with his editorial work, one of his helpers said to him:

"Doctor, can't you just let that go, and stop thinking about it? It's of so little importance that it doesn't really seem worth the trouble you are taking about it."

"I can't let anything go," answered Trumbull, with sudden excitement. "I never could, and I can't now, and I don't believe I ever can. It isn't in me to be indifferent."

How true that was! He sometimes appeared to have no sense of proportion in the attention he gave to whatever had claim upon him. A duty seemed neither greater nor less to him, for every duty was great enough to demand all his being in the doing of it. He was just as careful to have his pencil sharpened to a fine point as he was to make a fine point in writing with the pencil. Nothing was insignificant, nothing trivial, in the line of duty, or absorbing interest.

In this attitude his children, too, were trained. Things must be in place. A broken toy in the thick of childhood days was a rare sight in that house-



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hold; for carefulness was taught as a virtue, and, moreover, was practised in exemplary fulfilment of the restraining grace of thoughtfulness.

Was it an echo of the Stonington days that the table talk should have been so admirably designed to sharpen wit, and to inform the mind? The father's editorials were read at the table, and their topics discussed. And when words and their meanings were in question, or when an unfamiliar name in history or literature came into the conversation, there was no vague and vapid, "We must look that up sometime," but a quick turning then and there to the dictionary shelves close by the table, where standard reference works stood ever on duty. Any one who realizes how much is lost through the sheer indolence that prevents one from opening a reference work to get at the rights of a matter will realize how Dr. Trumbull's unwillingness to let anything go could contribute to his own and his family's accuracy and scope of knowledge.

He was lunching with a young protégé of his in the dining-room of a tall office-building. From where he sat he could see through a window the corner of a near-by structure which he did not recognize. Turning quietly to his companion, he asked:

"What is that building I can hardly see over there?"

"I don't know," answered the other unthinkingly. "I cannot see it from where I sit."

"Then get up and go where you *can* see it!" exclaimed Trumbull, his eyes snapping with sudden ire at the complacency of one whom he was seeking to

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train. It is needless to say that the startled young man without undue loss of time made a report on that building.

In every detail of his editorial work Trumbull was extremely particular. "Verify" was the office watchword. Mr. Patterson Du Bois relates that when he first joined the staff of The Sunday School Times he knew nothing about editing, and naturally he had some hesitation in attempting to criticize the editor's writings at any point. He did not know then that Dr. Trumbull courted the most relentless scrutiny of every sentence written by himself. Therefore when Mr. Du Bois at one time called Dr. Trumbull's attention to a possible error in some of the editor's writing already in press, he was astonished to see that Trumbull was greatly disturbed.

"Du Bois," he said with that positiveness which was so characteristic, "if you should let me say a thing that you believed was wrong without telling me your opinion, you would be culpable, and I would hold you responsible."

On the other hand, there were times when he did not wish to have his attention called to mistakes in his paper. Mr. Henry G. Talmadge, for more than fifteen years—to the end of Dr. Trumbull's life—his untiring, sympathetic, ever-alert, right-hand helper in the editorial rooms, bears witness to this.

"Dr. Trumbull impressed me as a great teacher, and my fifteen years of close contact with him served to strengthen this conviction. The editorial room was a veritable 'Garfield university,'—Dr. Trumbull at one end of a log and the young men at the other.

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When 'editorial day' came, we all dropped our work to sit at the feet of the master, and paragraph by paragraph of the leader was read to us as it was completed by his pen, and everybody in the circle around him—office boy and all—was expected to give his opinion on the subject before them. In this way I learned many a life lesson from Dr. Trumbull. One of these was 'The Sin of Worrying.' This was the title of an editorial, and he was not the man to tolerate worry. To illustrate: On one occasion I showed him a mistake I discovered in a copy of The Sunday School Times. 'Is it too late to make the correction?' he inquired. 'Yes, sir.' 'Mr. Talmadge, I never want a mistake in the paper shown me if it's too late to make a change.' Any temptation to worry over a thing past remedy was never encouraged by my great leader."

Careful though he was to keep out mistakes, he was wisely reluctant to have himself held up as a model of accuracy. To a Canadian correspondent he wrote in answer to a criticism:

I have received your postal card, with accompanying marked copy of my paper. I thank you for your attention in this matter, and am only surprised that you are not more familiar with my facility in error-making. I presume there is never a copy of The Sunday School Times in which there could not be found some error of mine in rhetoric or style. I should hardly agree with you in calling the errors you note "grammatical," as they are rhetorical errors, and noted by you as errors because of your evident understanding of my intention in the sentences noted. Two of them are mine, and one is in the writing of one of the most careful and prominent college professors in the realm of literature and rhetoric.

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I endeavor to be careful in this matter, but I think it is quite likely that you will find other errors in the same line in my writing hereafter; as I am not likely to have it as the great purpose of my writing to be uniformly accurate in such matters, much as I desire to be so.

Dr. Trumbull was not easily pliant to all the suggestions of his able helpers. He had his own ideas about the use of language, his idiosyncrasies, which argument would not shake. For instance, in the spelling of Oriental proper names he was a law unto himself, after his trip to the East, for his spelling of such words was closely phonetic, reproducing as nearly as possible by the letters and syllables of our own language the quality and quantity of word-sounds heard in the common Eastern speech by his own sensitive ears, and then and there recorded.

He was ever making for the positive in thought and deed, and not for the negative. The Rev. E. Morris Fergusson, for some time associated with him in the editorial work, relates that once when a writer had mentioned something that The Sunday School Times was not going to do, Dr. Trumbull struck his pencil vigorously through the lines on the proof.

"That can't go in!" he exclaimed. "Never, *never* say what we are *not* going to do! Say what we *will* do!"

And that was one of the office canons in the conduct of the paper—the positive rather than the negative.

In questions of punctuation he reached conclusions which were sometimes at variance with the convictions of his skilled and highly-prized proof-reader, Miss Georgie Leach. More often than not he would

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promptly defer to her views, but at times his own conviction was so clear that he would not yield—at first. Mr. Du Bois tells of his frequent use of the semicolon in some cases where a comma would have been preferred by most writers. On one occasion there was a dispute in the office over a semicolon, in the use of which Mr. Du Bois and the proof-reader were squarely opposed to him. The atmosphere became surcharged with electricity. Dr. Trumbull strode about the room, hotly defending his position, and finally picked up his hat and coat and started for the door. But he halted for a moment, then turned back and faced the managing editor:

"Du Bois," he said, "I will give up The Sunday School Times before I will give up that semicolon!"

When he returned to the office he quietly informed Mr. Du Bois that he had concluded to sacrifice the semicolon.

That a man of such positive individuality could have been freely open to suggestion is paradoxical, but none the less true. Dr. Trumbull would fight hard for his opinions, but he was childlike in his willingness to learn from others. Whatever he wrote he generally read aloud to several persons, and the slightest sign of misunderstanding or doubt on the face of his hearers was enough to make him stop, inquiringly, with an encouraging, "Well, what is it just there that troubles you?" And if the word or phrase had not been quite clear, he would see it instantly, exclaiming, "Of course, of course; I see. I'll change that. How would this do?" and he would suggest a reshaping or rewording which would almost

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invariably bring the thought out with crystal clearness. Then, lest his critic should feel any embarrassment, Trumbull would relieve the situation by saying with mock seriousness:

"I'm glad you caught that. I like to see how my writings strike the average mind. If *you* see what I'm driving at, anybody will!"

This passion for having things right was a controlling factor in all that Dr. Trumbull did. It did not make the path of his life an easy one, nor did it permit him to be comfortable and complaisant when things were going wrong. He saw clearly that no man liveth unto himself; that as a citizen he owed a duty to his fellow-citizens to set things right in their behalf when he had opportunity. Such an occasion offered itself early in 1891.

Dr. Trumbull had engaged a stateroom on the boat from New Haven to New York. He paid down one dollar, and received a ticket which was to be exchanged for a stateroom key on the boat. This ticket he presented to the purser, who received from him seventy-five cents additional for the passage. Dr. Trumbull occupied the stateroom that night. When he was about to leave the boat in the morning an official asked him for his passage ticket. He had not received any when he paid his fare, and this he explained to the official, who nevertheless would not let him leave the boat until, under indignant protest, he paid his fare again, for which he took a receipt.

When he arrived in Philadelphia he wrote to the president of the company, explaining the case, and asking for the return of the seventy-five cents.

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There was no response. He wrote again, and this time he received a definite refusal of his request. Thereupon, after notifying the company of his intention, he brought suit for the seventy-five cents through his attorneys, John Sparhawk, Jr., and Samuel B. Huey. Special Philadelphia counsel for the company advised a settlement, but his clients preferred to fight, and engaged associate counsel to act for the company. Having engaged another lawyer, the company went on with the case. Just as the case was about to go before a jury, the company proposed to settle, paying a goodly sum for court costs and lawyer's fees. Dr. Trumbull received a check for eighty cents to cover the principal and interest of his claim, and signed a release which protected the company against any suit for damages in the case. This Dr. Trumbull willingly signed, for he had no mind to do more than to exact right action from a public utility corporation that looked upon the rectifying of a seventy-five cent extortion as a matter unworthy of its serious attention. The case was widely reported in the secular press, as an illustration of the performance of a public duty by an individual who stood boldly for public rights.

It was not only under the pressure of such occasions as this that Dr. Trumbull insisted on rightness. In all the little intimate things of every-day doings he was of the same mind.

No detail in his home was too small to deserve his notice. The position of a picture, the folds of a portière, the exact position of a window-shade,—for all these he had a woman's alert eye, and his taste was well-nigh unerring. The hanging of a picture, the

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placing of a new chair, were occasions, not mere trivial incidents.

An editorial habit of life, the close scrutiny of the correctness of one's own thoughts and words and deeds, brings great rewards in character. Dr. Trumbull's mastery of detail, his nicely-balanced double regard for thoughts and things, his sense of moral and material adjustments to the norm of rightness, never held him back from vigorous, forthfaring achievement, but gave him immense relief from the disquieting aftermath of work half done.

In 1889 he brought out a series of essays in six volumes, gathered from his editorial writings for The Sunday School Times. Each little volume was a book, not a mere haphazard collection. All were grouped under the title of "Principles and Practice." No one of the volumes shows more faithfully Dr. Trumbull's limpid clearness of style, his careful balancing of effective phrase, his unconventional ways of putting practical truth, than "Practical Paradoxes." He tried habitually in his editorials to start with an assertion which would quicken thought by arousing antagonism, and even some suspicion of his sanity, and nowhere is that method seen to better advantage than in this group of titles which seem altogether self-destructive. What truth could dwell beneath such titles as: "A Part is Greater than the Whole," "Not Two Sides to Every Question," "The Duty of Striving to Render One's Self Useless?" But as one reads, the titles themselves take on so vivid an aspect of pure and undeniable truth that they stand out as watchwords for many a soul in the unending fight for character.

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Is it not seen to be true that, "In all efforts to arouse men to duty or to convince men of truth, there is more power in a one-sided or a partial presentation of the case, then there could be in a well-balanced consideration of all that is by any possibility involved in the issue"? Again, does it not appear that "Raising a question in form is not raising a question in reality. If right and reason are both on one side of a given question, there is no other side that is worth considering.... Is darkness light? Is evil good? These are fairly questions in form, but they are not fair questions in fact"? Yet again, hard as it may seem, to render oneself useless *is* a duty, for what does the faithful physician do but that when he "strives to hasten his patient's recovery"; the good teacher when he "strives to put his scholars beyond the need of a teacher's help, so that the teacher will be as useless to the scholars as are the swaddling-clothes of a babe to a full-grown youth."

Himself a paradox, Henry Clay Trumbull delighted in paradoxes, choosing to startle and perplex in order that he might the more securely fix the truth in other minds as he went on to steady the thought and solve the contradictions, making the plain path plainer, in sharp contrast with the confusion at the gateway. And if this means of crowding home the truth on minds of every temper be deemed by any the light conceit of a clever student of his human kind, the mere trick of a writer, then let the example of the Master Teacher answer the charge, for in such ways he himself sent truth straight home to startled men.

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# POWER THROUGH SENSITIVENESS

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It is not a matter of indifference whether we are hopeful or not. It is a part of a really Christian way of looking at things, although many good people fail to see it thus, and incline to put despondency in its place among the graces of the Christian character.—*An editorial paragraph.*

Sensitiveness is a measure of power; but sensitiveness is not in itself power, nor is it the measure of all power. Sensitiveness is not the best qualification for every hard service on the lower plane of life. The sensitiveness of the standard gold scales is not needed for the weighing of coal, or of iron ore; nor is the sensitiveness of the ship's compass desirable in a ship's anchor. Sensitiveness is a barrier to equanimity of feeling; and, as a rule, a person of a highly sensitive organization is more likely to suffer intensely than to enjoy keenly in life, as life is. But the highest measure of unselfish power for others is possible only as a result or as an accompaniment of exceptional sensitiveness; and he who regrets that, in his efforts to be of service to others, his exceeding sensitiveness often causes him exceeding pain, must understand that if he were less sensitive to the feelings and the needs, and to the looks, words, and ways, of others, he would have less power as a source of help and of cheer and of good to others. The measure of a man's sensitiveness is the measure of his power of sympathy; and the measure of a man's power of sympathy is the measure of his power for good to his fellows.—*Ourselves and Others.*

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## CHAPTER XXV

### POWER THROUGH SENSITIVENESS

No man gets at the heart of life's lessons without paying dearly for his gain; and no man who has not suffered can come with understanding into the service of other burdened lives. Only his intimate friends knew how much it cost Dr. Trumbull to render himself serviceable, and few indeed could know just how it came to pass that he seemed so unerringly and sympathetically to touch other lives with precisely the needed word or deed.

The very quality that enabled him to enter with tender sympathy into the sufferings of others for their relieving made it inevitable that he should feel within his own being the most exquisite mental or physical anguish. All his nerve centers seemed to be exposed to the lightest touch of pain, yet he bore pain heroically. It sent a shiver through him to see a knife in the hands of a boy. He was easily affected by any story of physical suffering. A guest in his home one evening was telling of a clumsy piece of work by which a hospital surgeon, a man of international reputation, had destroyed a woman's sight while operating on her eye. Dr. Trumbull seemed to give little heed to the story in the telling, but at the close he cried out suddenly as if in agony, and, burying his



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face in his hands, rocked back and forth in his chair in keen consciousness of what the story really meant to the poor woman.

This sensitiveness was not merely physical. He was so impetuous in speech that his words would sometimes cut, when he had no thought of hurting the person to whom he was speaking, but only of striking as hard as he could at the wrong he was attacking. Then when he found that he had really caused pain to another, contrition would overwhelm him, and he would chide himself unsparingly for his outbreak, seeking in such ways as he might to heal the wound.

He was busy at his office desk one day when he slightly injured one of his fingers. The pain increased. He was annoyed and distressed. Hurrying to another room where one of his co-workers was seated, he inquired whether his helper could give him a finger from an old glove to slip over the injured member. There was nothing of the sort at hand, so far as the helper knew, and he said so.

"Well, what of that?" cried Trumbull, "I must have something of the sort. *Can* you get it, or not?"

He spoke quickly and imperiously. The man at the desk reached to his own overcoat-pocket, drew out a pair of brand new gloves, seized the shears lying near, and clipped a thumb out of one glove before the doctor quite knew what was going on. Trumbull melted. His eyes filled. Then he laughed in appreciation of the situation, and drawing a two dollar bill from his pocket, he laid it on his helper's desk, and passed out of the room, thanking him

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heartily, and chuckling to himself over the incident. But Dr. Trumbull never knew that the two dollar bill was passed to his credit at the cashier's desk the next moment. If he had, his assistant's salary might have been raised in retaliation.

Dr. Trumbull did not believe that sensitiveness was a characteristic to be regretted. He taught that sensitiveness was a measure of power, a capacity for getting into touch with life and duty. An unsensitive man might be comfortable, but he could never be truly sympathetic, nor could he attain to man's highest possibilities. Hence Dr. Trumbull did not try to steel himself against the sendings of divine providence, but counted his capacity for suffering a means of making his experiences by so much the more effective for others. He translated his experiences into a language easily understood by those who had passed through the same school; indeed, nearly all his editorial writings were wrung from him under the pressure of moral warfare or spiritual and physical tribulation. He knew that his temptations, his perplexities, his trials, were common to all in greater or less degree, so what he had learned in and through them he set forth with fidelity for the gain of others. That was the secret of the sympathetic, instant appeal of his ethical writings,—their source in the deep springs of a varied, sensitive, crowded life.

Coming to my room one day—he rarely sent for any one to come to *his* room—Dr. Trumbull told me of an occurrence that had cut him to the quick, and he plainly showed his suffering. But rousing himself from his momentary depression he said, confidently:

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"I guess the Lord knows when to put the screws on. I don't know why this thing has come, but anyway I'll get an editorial note out of it that may help somebody," and he started back to his desk to write the paragraph.

In the track of the years deep lines had formed on Dr. Trumbull's countenance. His forehead was furrowed, and around his wonderfully expressive blue eyes there were wrinkles unnumbered. His hair was black and abundant, while his long beard was only slightly touched with gray. One day a package of photographs of himself was laid on his desk. He drew out a print, and gazed at it in amazement. Then he dropped it in disgust.

"See here," he cried, "that photographer has taken out every wrinkle! Those wrinkles cost me too much to have them destroyed in any such way as that. The pictures won't do!"

With the opening of the nineties Dr. Trumbull saw before him the beginning of experiences which might easily have caused the wrinkles to grow deeper, and his sensitive nature to recoil with dread. What he would have done without work and friends, and the steady flame of his faith in God, no one may know. As it was he kept on and kept up, and his victory became the victory of many a spent and broken spirit who took courage from the lessons wrought out in a life wherein God made the round of his promises so manifest.

For several years John Wattles, upon whom Trumbull heavily leaned in all vital questions of editing and publishing The Sunday School Times, had been

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making a losing fight for life. Winter after winter he had been obliged to live in Florida, where his lungs might have a favoring atmosphere. He had driven the circulation of The Sunday School Times to more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies, and he was by no means expecting to stop there. But Mr. Wattles was not gaining in health, and his work was halting just short of his hopes and purposes. Trumbull hardly dared face the possibility of a separation from his son-in-law and partner.

At this time Mrs. Trumbull began to show signs of failing health. She was everything to her husband and to her home. Not given to public services, she had devoted herself to her family and her friends. One wealthy woman in the neighborhood bemoaning the fact that personal criticism was so common in social intercourse, said to a friend:

"I suppose one can hardly keep clear of criticism. Every woman I know is criticised,—excepting Mrs. Trumbull."

His solicitude for these two who were so dear to him made inroads on Dr. Trumbull's vitality, yet he gave little sign of this outwardly. He worked harder than ever. In 1889 he delivered before the Archæological Association of the University of Pennsylvania and in 1890 before the Semitic Club of Yale a series of lectures on "Oriental Social Life," which he published in 1894. In 1890 he wrote and published "Hints on Child Training," a book of experience and observation, in which his sound common sense, his wide knowledge of educational principles, and his lucid style of expression combined to inspire high

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ideals and to suggest definite child-training principles and methods to parents schooled or unschooled in true child-study.

Then he bent his energies with all his magnificent intensity to the completing of his book on friendship, plunging into the accumulated material of fifteen years, revising early chapters, completing new portions, until in the early summer of 1891 his manuscript was finished.

"Friendship the Master-Passion" is the title he gave to it,—the book that had taken him farther afield than any he ever wrote, that had cost him most in aspiring struggle toward an ideal, and that disclosed even more than any other of his, within the scope of one great theme, his power of discerning truth, and the unsparing tirelessness of his search for light on a truth which he sought to establish.

"It is because of my own indebtedness to friendship," he wrote, "that I have sought to uplift this sentiment before others, in its true worth as an ideal and in its practical value as an attainment. . . . Finding thus how much I owed to the incitements and aspirations and self-conquests of friendship, I set myself to discover how much others also were indebted to the influence of this transcendent sentiment; and so it was that I was led to track along the passing centuries the glowing evidences of friendship as the master-passion of humanity.

"The common thought is, that 'love' and 'friendship' merely differentiate *degrees* of affection; and that intensity and devotedness are the distinguishing characteristics of 'love' in comparison with 'friendship.'

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But the place given in both sacred and classic story to the illustrations of self-sacrificing friendship proves that no lack of depth and fervor limits the force and sway of this expression of personal attachment. Greater love hath no man than that love which is shown in friendship, at its best and truest manifestation. Not in its measure, but in its very nature, is an unselfish friendship distinguishable from a love which pivots on a reciprocal relation, secured or desired.

"Friendship by its very nature consists in loving, rather than in being loved. In other words, friendship consists in being a friend, not in having a friend; in giving one's affection unselfishly and unswervingly to another, not in being the object of another's affection, or in reciprocating such an affection. . . . Friendship-love, as a love that is unselfish, uncraving, ever out-going, and ever on-going, is in its very nature divine love. It is such a love as God gives, and as man ought to give to God. It is such a love as man should give to his fellow-man for God's sake. 'If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye?' asks our Lord; 'for even sinners love those that love them.' A love or a friendship that is conditioned on an equivalent return is not friendship-love, except in name. That love which is represented to us in the Bible as of God, and from God, and due toward God and toward those who are God's, is friendship-love—the purest and best of loves."

Day by day Dr. Trumbull would read to his wife what he had written, while she, as always, listened with womanly sympathy and discrimination to the unfolding of his theme. It was not long after Mrs.

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Trumbull had heard the final chapter on the life-transfiguring power of friendship that her sweet and unselfish life came to its new beginning. To her the book was dedicated:

"To the memory of my dear wife, who was the best illustration I ever knew of a life of self-forgetful friendship, and who watched with sympathetic interest the progress of these pages to their very close before closing her eyes to earth, I dedicate this volume in grateful affection."

"She had no longings for a life that was not hers," wrote Dr. Trumbull in his memorial of his wife. "She never seemed to wish that her husband could give a larger share of his time to her, and less to his missionary labors, nor yet that her home duties were less onerous and exacting. Whatever was to be done for her husband or children she was glad to do, and in doing for them she was finding her own enjoyment. She was always wholly absorbed in the work she was doing for another, until a fresh call came to her to help some one else. Meanwhile she was of constant service to her husband in his work and in his studies; and the chief credit for his best doing was due to her.

"A peculiar charm of Mrs. Trumbull was her unmistakable personal interest in each and every individual with whom she was in conversation, or to whom she had an opportunity of ministering. It was not merely that she *seemed* to be living just then for the sole purpose of showing sympathy with, or of serving, that person; but it was that that really *was* her then object of life. Another's need—no matter what that need might be—was the moral lodestone

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which attracted her heart, as the polar star attracts the compass-needle; and toward that need that heart went out unfailingly.

"Whether it were her husband or her child or her sister or her brother in her home, or a guest in her parlor, or a servant in her kitchen, or a postman, or an errand-boy, or a pensioner for charity at her door, or an acquaintance on the street, or a tradesman's clerk at a shop where she was dealing,—whoever it was to whom she spoke,—her eye looked sympathy, and the tones of her voice expressed kindly feeling. When she was spoken to, her ears were attent as for her life—and the life of the speaker; and whoever listened to her, or to whom she listened, felt, and was entitled to feel, that for the time being a friend was found in her.

"Many an occasional caller at her home has said, 'I always felt that, somehow, Mrs. Trumbull had a special interest in me,'—and she *had.* Every servant of hers loved her for her kindly personal interest in that servant, and was ready to do for her more than a servant's prescribed duties.

"The superintendent of the district telegraph in her part of the city said, not long before her death, that when a ring for a messenger came from '4103 Walnut Street,' every boy in the office would jump for the privilege of responding to it, because he was sure of a smile and a kind word from Mrs. Trumbull, with substantial 'goodies' of some sort in addition. And the veteran postman of that route said, at the close of her life, 'She was the best woman who ever lived,' as he recalled gratefully the cups of hot coffee she had so

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many times had ready for him in the stormy mornings of winter days, and the sympathetic manner in which she had commiserated him for the toilsomeness of his lot in such weather as that.

"Her home was both the center and the circumference of Mrs. Trumbull's active Christian labors; but it was by no means the circumference, although it was the center, of her direct Christian influence. She found so much to do, for those who were in that home, or who sought her there from outside, that she could never have entered upon any special work away from it without neglecting some work there that she saw to be her duty and that she loved to be engaged in. She had no interest in society life, as such. She did not even take an active part in organized religious movements in the community at large. She gave herself unreservedly and wholly to the needs of those whom God had called her to minister to in the home of his ordaining; and there and thus she continued faithful unto death."

On the first anniversary of Mrs. Trumbull's death, he wrote to Robert E. Speer:

> This has been a year of great trial to me, as well as a year of rich experiences of God's love. It has been hard at times to bear up, and I joy in the unspeakable love of Christ. A sense of my great loss presses on me at this anniversary time; and again I am newly anxious over my son-in-law and partner, Mr. Wattles.
>
> I don't quite see how I could get on in the work that God has set me to if Mr. Wattles were taken away. Indeed, I didn't see how I could live if my wife were taken from me. I do not doubt my Father's love or my Saviour's sympathy, but I do wince and shrink, for I am so human.

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There is comfort to me in the thought that Jesus could weep as he stood by a closed grave which he was soon to open. Surely he will not blame us for weeping when we stand by closed graves that we cannot open, even though we are to have joy beyond them.

Within a few weeks Mr. Wattles, with his wife and one of their sons, left Philadelphia for Sarasota, Florida, and for the first time he passed out of his office for his winter sojourn in the South without bidding each of his helpers farewell. He would keep up the fight, but it was evident that he saw the end not far away, and that he could not bear the strain of parting words with his long-time helpers and friends.

Then a sense of profound loneliness closed in upon Henry Clay Trumbull; but in this hour of peculiar trial, even as in the old army days when Henry Camp came into his life, so now another had entered whose friendship was very life to him. His acquaintance with Robert E. Speer, begun in Speer's Princeton days, ripened in student conferences at Middletown and Northfield, and growing into veritable friendship with all that friendship meant to the author of "Friendship the Master Passion,"—this was God's way of providing for his servant in his time of need. To Speer Dr. Trumbull wrote:

Do you realize how much you are doing for me now? Do you comprehend the fulness of blessing you are as Christ's loving messenger to me? Nothing in all my experience of his love has been more than this in its timeliness and in its potency; and I am renewedly amazed at and grateful for it. . . . You have given me of your strong life, and I actually live on through your generous outpouring of yourself.

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Again, he wrote:

You know something of what I feel as to the younger generation in Christ. We who are of the John the Baptist dispensation may have done well in our day, but even the least of you in the new age are greater than those who went before you, "God having provided some better thing for you."

*You* have been sent to me to do a work for me that no one else on earth could have done. Your ways and words within the past two months have given me life and hope according to my need, and according to my dear Lord's love for me. . . . You can never be sorry that you have poured forth of your own life in the fruit of the vine so unstintedly.

Dr. Trumbull would go to New York for the sole purpose of talking out with his young friend a phase of truth upon which the mind of either might be working, and Speer would seize whatever opportunities he could from his busy life to have an hour with Dr. Trumbull in his Philadelphia home. A visit from Speer was wholly tonic to the older man, and for days afterwards he would talk of their interview, finding in the fellowship and its remembrance new power for his daily toil. This friendship set wide the doors of Trumbull's mind to the incoming of new views of truth as his friend saw truth, and, notwithstanding all the ripe experience of his more than three-score years, rendered him freely accessible to the light that came to him from the younger, truth-seeking soul he loved. He expressed this characteristically:

I value exceedingly your perceptions of spiritual truth; and I want to have the personal benefit of them. I am more of a gainer than you can be through this friendship, for I have greater need, and a better helper; and I want you to tell me

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with utmost freedom where you deem my views at fault or imperfect—at any time, at all times.

Already my views have been modified by you in some lines, and intensified in others ; and I want yet greater gain through you in all directions. I am sure that with your spirit you could not disturb me in the slightest by any exhibit possible to you of difference of opinion with me ; and I am sure that with my feelings towards you I could not but be glad to hold open for revision or for new examination the dearest views of my heart on vital truth. I know that we are members one of another in Christ, and yet he has brought us together to be helpers one of another in his love and faith ; so that there cannot be discord even where there is temporary difference.

In January, 1893, the young assistant whom Mr. Wattles had begun to train as his successor, and who in October, 1891, had married a daughter of Dr. Trumbull's, was taken suddenly and alarmingly ill with a sharp attack of pneumonia. For weeks the news from Mr. Wattles had been less and less encouraging, and now Trumbull must face the possibility of losing yet another from the circle of his family and co-workers.

"How dark everything would be," he wrote to Speer, "if the light did not come straight from above. But the strong arm is a sure support, and the loving heart is such a comfort."

One evening Dr. Trumbull entered the room of his young son-in-law when the lamp of life was burning very low. In semi-consciousness the patient saw the tender smile on the face of his beloved friend, saw him kneel at his bedside, and heard him pray. Trumbull was praying that night for the life of a man, and the language of his prayer seemed never more

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childlike,—a familiar, trustful appeal to the love of a listening father. Peace came to the sufferer with that prayer. Under the providentially guided skill of the physicians and nurse came convalescence, and then full recovery under the palms on the far gulf coast of Florida, where John Wattles meanwhile was making his last fight for life.

Mr. Wattles seemed to choose the day and hour when he should loose his hold upon the life to which he had clung with pain-filled tenacity for years. He saw that just then others were at hand to make her homeward journey somewhat lighter for Mrs. Wattles, so he set his face with solemn joy shining in his eyes toward the port of his desire. Through the open windows came the music of the waves and the soft murmur of the southern breeze in the palms along the shore. He had sailed those waters year after year, a master-hand at sailing craft, not given to much reefing, liking rather to carry sail until something gave, than to give in himself to any wind that blew.

Calmly and cheerfully he bade his loved ones farewell, and when he crossed the bar on that March morning his boat lay tugging at her anchor as though she too would go.

* * * * *

At the north a man well on in years took up new tasks with the courage of a Christian. To his friend he wrote:

"I am sure of my loving Father's help, and of the Spirit's guidance, and of the dear Saviour's constant presence and sympathy, and I know that all will be well."

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# DETERMINING THE BORDER LINES

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When a man begins to argue for a lower standard in ethics than he used to hold up, it is fair to suspect him of having already lowered the standard of morals in his personal life.

One of our high privileges of manhood is the privilege of not touching what may harm us.

The freest man in the world is the man who is a willing servant of Christ. The veriest slave in the world is the man who thinks he is his own master, while he is the bond-servant of his own lusts.—*From editorial paragraphs.*

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## CHAPTER XXVI

### DETERMINING THE BORDER LINES

In the autumn of 1893, Dr. Trumbull's only son, in that year a graduate of Yale, took his place by his father's side in the editorial work of The Sunday School Times. As a college student, and under the influence of the Northfield spirit, Charles Gallaudet Trumbull had opened his thought to a frank consideration of the foreign medical mission field as his field, but it became clear to him that the call of duty summoned him to service in the institution which his father had brought into a place of world-wide influence. D. L. Moody knew of young Trumbull's inclination toward medical missions. One day, when Mr. Moody was calling on Dr. Trumbull, the editor told him of his son's final decision.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Moody, in his emphatic way, "you tell Charley that there isn't a bigger missionary field in the world than The Sunday School Times."

Mr. Trumbull had a desk close beside his father's in the open editorial rooms, and there he patiently studied the first principles of editorial work, listening to and taking part in the office discussions, meanwhile drawing his own conclusions with a quiet independence of judgment altogether natural to the son of



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his father. Within a few years Dr. Trumbull had come to rely so freely upon his son in all editorial affairs that he himself almost entirely withdrew from the editorial management of the paper, and wrote for it only as he felt so inclined.

In 1893, however, Dr. Trumbull was in the thick of a controversy involving the question of questions in ethics, Is a lie ever justifiable? He had dealt with that question editorially and in his answers to correspondents,—the Notes on Open Letters department of his paper. He was astounded to find ministers, theological professors, teachers of ethics, and prominent laymen squarely opposed to his conclusions. Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, editorially his associate, urged him to write out his views more fully in book form, for Dr. Thompson, familiar as he was with the ethical and religious thought of the ages, knew that Trumbull was drawing a moral line that needed sharp definition.

It was not a new question with Dr. Trumbull. Indeed, it was not a question at all. He did recognize that the "lie of necessity" was approved by many, debated by more, and repudiated by a few. He had met the question years before once for all in his own life, as a moral issue, and his subsequent studies had left no room for any doubt on his part that there was only one side to the question.

When he was a prisoner of war in 1863, in Columbia, South Carolina, he with others was confined in the common jail, with no parole to bar an attempt to escape. A plan of escape was proposed, under which it would probably be necessary to tell a lie to the cap-

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tors. Trumbull would have no part in the plan. He did not agree with others that a condition of war suspended the obligation of refusing to lie because he believed that a lie was under any circumstances a sin against God.

"A lie," he reasoned, "is contrary to the very nature of God. 'It is impossible for God to lie.' And if God cannot lie, God cannot authorize another to lie. What is unjustifiable in God's sight, is without a possibility of justification in the universe. No personal or social emergency can justify a lie, whatever may be its apparent gain, or whatever harm may seem to be involved in a refusal to speak it." Chaplain Trumbull refused "to seek release from imprisonment at the cost of a sin against God."

Through the years he had frequent occasion to face and to discuss the question. When, in the summer of 1893, he wrote his book, "A Lie Never Justifiable," he had reached conclusions which he was prepared to defend. His study of history, sacred and secular, had revealed the fact that "the Bible, and also the other sacred books of the world, and the best moral sense of mankind everywhere, are united in deeming a lie incompatible with the idea of a holy God, and consistent only with the spirit of man's arch-enemy—the embodiment of all evil. Therefore he who, admitting this, would find a place in God's providential plan for a 'lie of necessity' must begin with claiming that there are lies which are not lies. Hence it is of prime importance to define a lie clearly, and to distinguish it from allowable and proper concealments of truth.

"A lie, in its stricter sense, is the affirming, by

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word or by action, of that which is not true, with a purpose of deceiving; or the denying, by word or by action, of that which is true, with a purpose of deceiving.

"The duty of right concealment stands over against the sin of lying. Whatever ought to be concealed, should be concealed, if concealment is a possibility without sinning. But the strongest desire for concealment can never justify a lie as a means of concealment; and concealment at the cost of a lie becomes a sin through the means employed for its securing. On the other hand, when disclosure is a duty, concealment is sinful, because it is made to stand in the way of the performance of a duty. . . .

"Concealment for the mere purpose of concealment may be not only justifiable, but a duty"—even though another may be self-deceived by such concealment. However, "concealment for the purpose of deception is never justifiable. . . .

"It is true that this distinction is a delicate one, but it is a distinction none the less real on that account. A moral line, like a mathematical line, has length, but neither breadth nor thickness. And the line that separates a justifiable concealment which causes self-deception on the part of those who are not entitled to know the whole truth in the matter, and the deliberate concealment of truth for the specific purpose of deception, is a line that runs all the way up from the foundation to the summit of the universe."

In brief, these are the statements of principle in what Mr. Speer has called Dr. Trumbull's most characteristic book. And the summing up, "The Gist of the Matter," contains these words:

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"A lie is the opposite of truth, and a being who will lie stands opposed to God, who by his very nature cannot lie. . . . If there be such a thing as a sin *per se*, a lie is that thing; as a lie is, in its very nature, in hostility to the being of God. . . . Whatever be the seeming gain to result from a lie, it is the seeming gain from a sin."

Even as Dr. Trumbull saw with clearness the moral line between the true and the false, so he perceived dividing lines to which he gave definition in the field of popular practises concerning which there is difference of opinion among good people in every community. Such lines, to very many, do not measure the shortest distance between two points, but wander capriciously over a vague domain. Dr. Trumbull could not tolerate vagueness in his own thought, and here, as in other questions, he had positive views, which he expressed in conversation, in his paper, and in a book which he called "Border Lines in the Field of Doubtful Practices."

On the subject of the moderate drinking of intoxicating liquors, he held that "If, indeed, the duty were laid of God upon every Christian to use intoxicating drinks as a beverage, whether he wants them or not, then we should have no alternative but to go forward and take the risks. It will, however, be admitted by the most zealous advocates of moderate drinking, that no specific command in the Bible enjoins such drinking on everybody; and that the Christian liberty of the Bible includes the liberty of letting liquor alone. . . .

"Looking around him, every man sees that better men than himself have become drunkards through

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attempting to be moderate drinkers, and that there is no certainty that he will not drink to excess if he drinks at all, while he is perfectly safe so long as he remains a total abstainer—as he is privileged to remain. . . . Having, then, the choice between drinking and abstaining, and knowing that by drinking he imperils himself and imperils others, while by abstaining he secures safety for himself, and sets a safe example to others, why should any man be in doubt as to his personal duty?"

That argument throughout is in striking contrast to the prating of those who claim the right to take moral risks under the guise of "Christian liberty."

On the tobacco question Dr. Trumbull was equally clear. He recognized the social attractiveness of the smoking habit, but he believed that no social gain from that habit could possibly compensate a smoker for his loss in personal cleanliness. He admitted the soothing, benumbing influence of tobacco, but he insisted that "the average American youth needs all the nerves and all the brain-power that he possesses to enable him to know his place and to fill it. He ought not to have his sensibilities deadened. He ought not to be satisfied with his present attainments. If he has failed in his day's work, or in his day's hunting for work, he ought not to take an opiate or narcotic, and lull his sensibilities to rest over his failure. He ought to face the facts with unclouded vision and tense nerves, and determine on better things for to-morrow. . . .

"Tobacco-using holds back many young men of wealth and intellect and good moral character from

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doing as well as they can do,—doing a great deal better and a great deal more than they do do. They sit and smoke, and think how much they have done, and how much they intend to do, and how pleasant it is to live without doing all the time, and—they take another cigar, and are more than satisfied with doing nothing more."

Then, too, tobacco brings a man into bondage. He must find time for the indulgence of the habit, often thereby "putting himself in the worst company and in the most disagreable places, or he must make himself bad company, and the place where he is disagreeable.... If he is at a hotel, or on a railroad train, he must seek the place of tobacco-users, which is often a filthy apartment where are sure to be found the vilest occupants of the establishment, whoever else is there."

In his arguments against the use of tobacco, Dr. Trumbull gave chief prominence to the considerations that would appeal to the finer instincts of the true man. He sought to show how unnatural is the smoking habit, how unclean, how enervating; and what slavery a young man enters when he does his best to learn to smoke. It was the common-sense view of personal purity and efficiency that he pressed. Aside from debatable questions of morals, aside from any possible question of health, and without regard to the money cost of the smoking habit, why should young men ever enter such a bondage?

"Is it desirable for them to form this habit, when its indulgence would inevitably destroy their personal purity and cleanliness, would make them measurably

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offensive to the more refined and sensitive of those who are about them, would tend to deaden their sensibilities, and to diminish and limit their nervous force and activity, and would bring them into a bondage which shuts them away from much that is refining and elevating, and surrounds them with influences which are deteriorating, and companionships which are objectionable?"

As a boy in his Stonington home Henry Trumbull was in a community where border lines in these popular practises were not sharply drawn. He was accustomed to play cards there, but from his own observations of the effect of card playing on the "best people" of his acquaintance he gave up the practise, even before he united with the church. The climax was reached when, one evening, as he was engaged in a game with other young fellows, a heavy thunderstorm came on. As the tumult overhead increased, one of the players dropped his cards with the remark, "I guess we had better quit until the storm is over. I wouldn't want to be struck by lightning while playing cards."

"Why not?" asked Trumbull in astonishment, "If card playing is all right, I'd just as soon be struck playing cards as at any other time."

The frightened player looked confused, and replied lamely; but none of the others, with the exception of Trumbull, were willing to go on with the game while the lightning flashed so dangerously near. Henry had played his last game of cards. If other fellows whose moral standards he did not especially respect believed that card-playing was an unworthy death-

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hour occupation, how could he justify his own continuance in that form of amusement?

In his maturer years, when he came to formulate the principle by which card-playing and other games of chance must be judged, he put it in this way:

"'Chance' in the sense of 'luck' is not a factor in life, and it ought not to be recognized as existing among the things which are or which may be. Counting on it, in this sense, is inevitably harmful both in fact and in tendency. Chance as an unforeseen happening is a great reality. Chance as causeless luck, or as a favoring or non-favoring fortune, is an absurdity—or worse. . . .

"It can hardly be said, on the one hand, that the shuffling of cards or the rattling of dice, in the gambling-room, the parlor, or the nursery, is intended, or can be construed, as a reverent appeal to God for his intervention between the contestants [as in the serious Oriental casting of the lot]. On the other hand, it must be admitted that it is injurious to one's spiritual nature and to one's mental fiber to indulge the feeling that there is any such thing in the universe as bald luck, or as causeless chance, on which one can depend for success—in labor or in recreation.

"Moreover, it tends to lessen one's energy, and to diminish his reliance in his own honest exertions, if the conviction grows on him that his luck may at any moment counterbalance the gain of his best endeavors, or the loss through his shiftless neglect."

It will be seen that Dr. Trumbull dealt in all these questions with the more subtle causes and effects, so often overlooked in ethics and in casuistry because

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working so quietly in the deeps of human nature, and not making much stir upon the surface. Not the grosser outbreakings, but the border-line beginnings in the spirit, the inner tendency to explore dangerous, alluring territory, and what could come of such a state of mind and course of life—these were the subjects of his close scrutiny. The social dance had its attractiveness, indeed; but among its numerous disadvantages was one with a moral bearing of most serious import,—"the exceptional opportunity given in the social dance for a young man of not the highest moral character to be temporarily, at least, intimate with a pure-minded and unsuspicious young woman, and possibly to pave the way for subsequent intimacy. In this the social dance is different from any other form of recreation in vogue in social life."

In his consideration of the theater and theater-going, Dr. Trumbull was keenly conscious of the tolerance with which this question is passed over by Christian leaders. He was not willing to base his convictions as to the moral standing of the whole theater question on objections, or favoring facts, which might be counted exceptional or partial. To him the "radical and sweeping objection to the institution of the theater at its best" was that "the profession of an actor is in and of itself unnatural, baleful, and radically and universally wrong. . . . On the face of it, the profession of an actor stands all by itself in demanding of its votary that his main purpose and endeavor shall be to seem what he is not, to appear something else than his real self; and herein lies the essential and irremediable evil of this profession. . . . An actor

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may, indeed, have a great deal of personality. It is, in fact, hardly possible for one to be a successful actor without a large degree of personality; as it is also true that rare ability, and sometimes commanding genius, enters into the power of the successful actor. But all this personality, all this ability, all this genius, must be devoted to giving the actor the appearance of another self than his own in the profession to which he has consecrated his best powers; and this course inevitably tends to the limiting and cramping of his personality, and to the unworthy employment and fettering of his genius and ability.

"That which might have been a power for good in creation, or in original performance, is given wholly to imitation or simulation; and this too, more commonly, in the sphere of the lower nature rather than of the higher, or at all events in the lower as well as in the higher; for the essential requirements of dramatic action call for the portrayal of the more violent and unworthy passions, rather than of the gentler and worthier virtues. A man who is, perhaps, at heart a good and a true man, and who has exceptional capabilities of good, devotes himself to seeming a bad man, and to exhibiting the semblance of the vilest passions or of the most abhorrent crimes. How can such a course fail of injury to a noble nature? Even if it in no degree lowers the tone of that nature, it inevitably restrains it within limitations all unworthy of its powers and destiny. . . . There are unquestionably worthy men and women in the actors' profession; but is any one of them in a worthy profession? Ought any pure or noble man or woman to be in a

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profession which demands a life of simulation and of unselfing? Is not even entering the doors of a public theater for the witnessing of the performances of professional actors to give to this unworthy institution unjustifiable countenance and support?"

That argument was from no merely academic point of view, for actors of prominence and dramatic critics of wide experience were at one with Dr. Trumbull in this. It is a fine moral line that he draws, but that was exactly his purpose in all his ethical dividing lines,—not a line flung down with a whitewash brush, to be obliterated by the first heavy shower.

You may find Dr. Trumbull's border-line principle of thought and action put in a single sentence in his "Border Lines in the Field of Doubtful Practices," in the chapter on the "Gain of the Higher Side." To live out that sentence might be gloriously revolutionary in many a sub-standard life:

"In a question of morals, where it is on the one hand self-denial and on the other hand self-indulgence, the higher side is always the better, whether it be the side of danger or of safety."

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# CORRECTING COMMON ERRORS ABOUT BIBLE TRUTHS

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He who would study the Bible must bear in mind that it is not the books of the Bible that were themselves inspired, but that it was the writers of these books whom God inspired for their writing. "Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost." One man wrote at one time and in one style, and another man wrote at another time and in another style. One wrote in poetic imagery, and another in didactic prose. A perception of these differences is essential to an understanding of the truths thus declared from God. But the main purpose of this sacred record of inspired teachings—whoever was the writer, and whensoever and howsoever he wrote—is the instruction and guidance and inspiration of their believing student.

It is well enough to become closely familiar with the structure and contents of the different books of the Bible, and to memorize as many portions of it as there is time and mental strength for; but all this is but an incident to true Bible study, and not the thing itself. Bible study is for the purpose of gaining impulses and helps to the Christian life. In view of this truth, Bible study is, indeed, a duty and a privilege to the Christian believer; but there is a great deal of time wasted in what is called Bible study, yet which is nothing of the sort.—*Hints on Bible Study.*

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## CHAPTER XXVII

### CORRECTING COMMON ERRORS ABOUT BIBLE TRUTHS

Dr. Trumbull's general knowledge of the Bible was gained by the plain and simple path of daily, consecutive Bible reading. His specific knowledge of words and passages, characters and episodes, facts and principles, he dug out with veritable toil, for the benefit of his children, his Bible class, his teachers'-meeting, and the readers of The Sunday School Times.

Year after year for more than a quarter century he was facing week by week the earnest or trifling or puzzled, and often incredulous, questionings of men and women who looked at the Bible from every standpoint known to the human mind. And whether he answered such questions in his paper, or in his Bible class, or in the teachers'-meeting of his Sunday-school, he was ever proclaiming the Bible as a book of principles—not of rules; as meaning what it means, and not necessarily what it says. "No book in the world," he wrote, "is so safe a guide for any and for all as the Bible; yet it is not enough to know the mere words of the Bible, if we would profit by this Book of books. It demands study and a sincere prayerful desire to learn its meaning.... Most of us have heard, from childhood, the statement or declaration, as if from the Bible, 'Spare the rod and spoil



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the child.' As commonly understood this 'text' is supposed to mean, or to teach, that a loving father or mother must now and then thrash or flog a boy or girl with a 'rod' or a switch or a shingle or a strap.... Yet there is no such injunction, or proverb, in the Bible as 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' Perhaps the proverb that is as likely as any other to have been perverted into an encouragement to misguided parents to show their bad temper in this way is this: 'He that spareth his rod hateth his son. But he that loveth his son chasteneth him meantime' (Prov. 13: 24).

"But this does not justify flogging a boy or girl merely in order to show that the child is not hated. One meaning for the Bible word translated 'rod' is 'sceptre'; it stands for 'authority,' 'rule,' 'government,' 'control.' A parent is set of God to represent God in love toward his children. In this spirit a parent is to 'chasten.' To 'chasten' is to train, or to 'bring up,' not necessarily to flog or to thrash."

Dr. Trumbull insisted, too, that it is important to know *who* said the words that one reads in the Scriptures. In support of the contention that nothing is so dear to a man as his own life, a well known Bible scholar once said to him:

"All that a man hath will he give for his life."

"Where did you get that idea?" asked Trumbull.

"From the Bible," was the answer.

"Who said it?"

"Really I don't remember."

"Well, it was Satan who said it. It was a lie then, and it is a lie now. The Lord proved it was a lie; and here you are quoting that old lie of Satan as if it

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were the truth, just because the words as you quote them are in the Bible!"

It was a part of Dr. Trumbull's mission to banish popular misconceptions of Bible truth, and to replace them with what he found in the Bible itself. Did any believe that Law is the religion of the Old Testament, and Love the religion of the New? "Yet it might with equal fairness and propriety be asserted that 'Love is the religion of the Old Testament, and Law is the religion of the New.' Both statements are true in a sense; neither statement is complete by itself, or as ordinarily understood. In God's government and in God's revelation of himself, love is in all his law, and all his law is in love. Whoever fails to recognize this truth, fails to understand the Bible as a revelation of God, in both the Old Testament and the New."

So persistent is popular tradition or impression, that some of the most familiar Bible texts and incidents have lost their original significance in their misapplication. The difficulty is not with the Bible, but with the careless student. Dr. Trumbull took every opportunity to startle custom-blinded misinterpreters of the Scriptures by confronting them with the Word itself. Such texts as "Jehovah watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another;" "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;" "Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect;" "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God;" "Let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me;" "Ye must be born again!"—these and others familiarly quoted he believed were popularly misunderstood.

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"Mizpah" was no bond of friendship, but a "covenant of peaceful disagreement" between Jacob and Laban, and the watch tower "Mizpah," marked the boundary over which the Lord was asked to guard against the trespass of either over that line. A fairly careful reading of the Bible passage should make that fact clear to the average student.

To "work out" one's salvation is commonly taken to mean that "the sinner has a share in the work of securing his own salvation." But salvation is Christ's work. What then can the passage mean? Dr. Trumbull points to the Word itself, and it is seen that Paul is writing to disciples of Christ in Philippi. "He is telling saved sinners what to do with their salvation, and how to make it tell for their Saviour's glory, and in the discharge of their obvious duty toward him and toward those whom he loves. . . . It is as though Paul had said, 'Manifest your salvation,' 'evidence your salvation,' 'bring up your salvation from below the surface, so that it may be seen and felt by those who see you, and feel you, and know you and your joy and your faith.'"

Dr. Trumbull did not believe that Bible "perfection" meant sinlessness, or "moral faultlessness." He held that the word perfect or perfection or perfectly, as found in the English Bible, never means a mere state of sinlessness, but rather a state of wholeness, completeness, entirety. David's soldiers who came with him to Hebron "with a perfect heart" were not men without sin, but "whole-hearted" followers of the king. When Jesus said to the rich young man, "If thou wouldest be perfect," it was

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clearly meant "if thou wouldest complete thy work of preparation, if thou wouldest be thorough in this thing." It is one-sidedness that is warned against in the Sermon on the Mount. "It is impartiality or entirety that is enjoined. It is wholeness of vision, instead of a squint of the eye, that is commended. . . . The disciples of Jesus are to be loving toward all, as the Father of all is loving toward all."

Nor should purity of heart be counted as demanding sinlessness. If, indeed, "the pure in heart" means only the sinless, the stainless,—those who are free from every moral imperfection, not only in act, but in thought,—then every human being is shut out from the vision or perception of God. But in the Old and in the New Testament, "heart" usually means "mind." "Pure," as ordinarily used in Hebrew, in Greek, and in English, means "unalloyed," "clean," "clear," "simple," "single." "It is applied, in the Bible, to virgin gold, to a clean table or candlestick, to flawless glass, to unmixed oil, and to water that is only water. It does not necessarily involve a moral element. It never stands for absolute sinlessness of being. . . . The pure in heart are those whose minds, or very selves, are single, simple, undivided in aim and purpose. . . . 'Blessed are the single-minded, for they shall perceive God.' Blessed are those whose whole being is intent on seeing him who is invisible."

Again, "cross-bearing," in the popular use of that term, and the biblical idea of "bearing the cross," are two very different conceptions. In the New Testament, "taking up the cross" was the surrender of one's life to Christ's service; "cross-bearing" is popu-

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larly considered to be the bearing of burdens for Christ's sake. The condemned criminal bearing his cross was recognized by that fact as one appointed to die.

Whoever would follow Jesus must be ready to give up his life for him, must follow him with the cross on his shoulder. Cross-bearing, in Jesus' thought, was life-surrender. "There is, of course, no such thing as 'little crosses' in one's daily life-course, although one often hears such things spoken of. If a cross is a cross at all, it is big enough to hang on, to die on. If it is not large enough for that, it is not a cross in the Bible sense, or in the classical sense, of that term."

Concerning the new birth, Dr. Trumbull spoke or wrote with profound conviction, with great boldness, even when he was quite sure he would be misunderstood, and always with the consciousness of what tremendous meaning his exegesis might carry to troubled souls. For many years in his own Christian life he was haunted with doubt concerning the actuality of the new birth in his own experience. Had he been born again? How could he know whether he had or not? What could he do about it? Such questions beset him, as they did and do beset others. And just here the Bible itself, when permitted to do so, came to the rescue. Trumbull saw therein that Jesus had never commanded an individual soul to "be born again." No inspired disciple of his gave any such command. What Jesus said to Nicodemus was not a command to a duty which Nicodemus must himself perform, but the statement of a fact or truth.

"No man can 'born' himself. Turning to God,

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submitting to God—that *is* a duty. Being made a new man, being spiritually renewed, being given a clearer sight,—that is a blessing from above. Turning, trusting,—that is man's part. Renewing, regenerating,—that is God's part. If we will do our part, God can be relied upon to do his part. To doubt this is wrong and unjustifiable. . . .

"Whatever view is held of the spiritual change spoken of in the words of Jesus, 'Ye must be born again,' of one thing we may be sure,—they are not meant to teach any person that he is to wait outside the loving service of Christ until some great change is wrought in him whereby he becomes personally conscious that he has another nature than before. The reference is clearly to God's part, not man's, in the blessing of salvation."

In searching for Bible meanings, Dr. Trumbull sedulously kept in mind the Oriental viewpoint. He realized that our Western literalism and our comparative dullness in perceiving the symbolism which so colors all Oriental thought, were to be guarded against in Bible study. For example, in commenting on the promise, "If ye shall ask me anything in my name, that will I do," he wrote:

"What is here meant by 'in my name'? What, indeed, is one's name, as the term is used in the Bible, in the Old Testament and the New, and in primitive thought and customs generally? One's name, as thus spoken of, is not a mere designation or label; it is one's truest self or personality. It enwraps one's very being as a covering and protection, as the flag of one's country enwraps and shields its every citizen

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when endangered. Thus 'the name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.' . . . Similarly, one who is in Christ is sure of acceptance with Christ and with God, as being in the common name, or personality, of the Father, of the Son, and of the disciple; or as Jesus expresses it: 'I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.' That is being 'in his name,' living 'in his name,' praying 'in his name.'"

Dr. Trumbull's study of the name is not here elaborated, but simply shown in its conclusions, based upon the Oriental significance of "name."

In nothing, however, was Dr. Trumbull's Bible study and teaching more distinctive than in its insistence upon the great fact that the Bible is no mere book of rules, but a book of eternal, universal, irrefutable principles. In that book man is not told in so many words precisely what he is to do in every moral issue. But "he who really wants to know and to do just what is right in any given case, has the responsibility laid on him of finding out for himself how the principle bears upon that case, and then of acting accordingly. . . . The Bible enunciates the principle that ought in every case to be a man's standard of action, while it does not propose to supply a man with a specific rule for every particular case before him for decision. . . .

"Although this is unmistakably the truth concerning the Bible, it is by no means generally recognized as the truth; and because of the misconceptions of the purpose and methods of the Bible so far, men are constantly misleading themselves in courses of con-

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duct through their conviction that the Bible does or does not specifically pass upon those courses of conduct for all time and for every person. They perceive, for example, that a certain course of conduct seems, at the present time, to tend to the injury of the one who pursues it, and of others who are affected by its influence. This causes them to ask whether or not the course be a sinful one. Going to the Bible with an idea that that book is a book of specific rules of conduct, instead of a book of principles from which rules of conduct are to be deduced, they look for some explicit forbidding of the course in question, and, not finding that there, they decide that the conduct itself cannot properly be counted sinful. Their mistake is not as to what is in the Bible, but as to what the Bible is. They suppose the Bible to be a book of rules, when it really is a book of principles illustrated by historic applications of principles to particular cases.

"What Bible texts explicitly forbid the counterfeiting of government money; the forging of another's name; the cutting of public telegraph wires; the distilling of whiskey without a permit; the 'watering' of the capital stock of the company which one controls, or of the milk which one offers for sale? There is a great deal of downright rascality current in the community at the present day which can be shown to be immoral and sinful by a reference to the principles enunciated in the Bible, but which are not declared to be a sin by any specific rule of the Bible text. And this is because the Bible is a book of principles instead of a book of rules. . . .

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"What a relief it would be to most minds to have a Bible that would tell a man specifically just what is right, and just what is wrong in every imaginable crisis of affairs; just what he may do, and just what he must not do, in every sphere of human conduct!

"If only the Bible were thus divinely arranged, and a full index of subjects were added to it, how simple would be the matter of learning one's duty in life! . . . A mere child could find the references when the index showed the page of the rule in the premises. This would seem, to the average mind, such a gain over the tedious process of hunting out the Bible principle involved, and then studying over its application to the case in question. There *is* a difference in these two ways; but the one way is that which man would prefer, while he other is that which God sees to be best."

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# SHOWING RESERVE POWER TOWARDS LIFE'S CLOSE

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Being tired of life is always a selfish feeling: for no man is tired of living on the ground that there is nothing to be done by him for others. He who lives wholly for himself may, indeed, feel that he can no longer please himself; but he who lives for others is sure to see so much yet to be done in the line of his life-work that he is not ready to stop living by his own choice.

The higher a man's ideal of desirable attainment for himself or for others, the higher is likely to be his and their measure of actual attainment; yet at the same time the less likely he is to be satisfied with the measure of attainment thus secured. In other words, the larger prominence a man gives to the work yet to be done, the lesser prominence he gives to that which is done.

Rest in work is better than rest from work. Rest from work is mere inaction. There is no real gain in that. One grows tired in it, if not of it. But rest in work is refreshing. One gains strength and power as he works while thus resting. The rest which Jesus gives to those who seek it in his service, is rest under his yoke, not rest away from it. Not until the believer is doing more than now, can he have refreshing rest in work. A Christian's rest is found under the yoke and in the furrow.—*From editorial paragraphs.*

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## CHAPTER XXVIII

### SHOWING RESERVE POWER TOWARDS LIFE'S CLOSE

Dr. Trumbull had always been systematic in providing matter for certain departments of his paper on stated days of the week, but now this pressure of periodical writing began to wear upon him, especially when his writings must be produced whether he had the strength for the work or not. Every week he wrote his answers to correspondents,—"Notes on Open Letters,"—his "Illustrative Applications," and numerous editorial paragraphs and leading editorials, meanwhile keeping up a considerable correspondence without the aid of a stenographer. For several years he had been at work on a study which grew out of his "Blood Covenant" studies, an examination of the threshold covenant as a rite of deep significance in ancient and in later times.

Early in 1895 he was trying to finish the manuscript for a book on that theme, was writing out the earlier chapters of his "War Memories," and preparing a book on the nature and scope of prayer. All this was in addition to regular attendance upon the Wednesday evening service of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, the leading of its teachers'-meeting on Saturday evenings, the teaching of its adult Bible class on Sunday afternoons, occasional sermons



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in churches of various denominations, and a ministry to individuals which no man can measure.

In June Dr. Trumbull was prostrated with what seemed like a stroke of paralysis. For a week he was not allowed to read or to write. Early in July, under the advice of his physician, and at the suggestion of his long-time friend, Mr. John Wanamaker, he sailed with his son for Europe, to seek the benefits of the waters and medical treatment at Karlsbad.

Of that journey and of his father's bearing in the midst of its privileges and its difficulties Mr. Charles Gallaudet Trumbull writes:

"Although forced to go abroad by the most serious break-down in health since his illness of 1881 (when he visited the East), and starting enfeebled in body and greatly depressed in mind, his enthusiastic interest in every new sight and scene put to shame younger ones who knew not a tithe as much, and who had therefore the more reason to be eager for fresh knowledge. That was characteristic of his advancing years and breadth of vision: the older he grew, the more interested he seemed to become in anything new that he might see or learn. More than one young person learned from Dr. Trumbull that healthy, alert enthusiasm is not necessarily a sign of ignorance, nor an emotion to be concealed or suppressed.

"Toward the close of that journey I learned that there were three points of interest in Europe that had impressed my father, at the time of his earlier journey, above all else: Raphael's Sistine Madonna, the Tomb of Napoleon, and the little Sainte Chapelle in Paris,—the latter for its stained glass. We went to-

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gether in Dresden to see the Sistine Madonna. My father's child-loving eye caught first what I had failed to notice; a little child among the visitors who had seemingly forgotten all else in gazing, spellbound, into the eyes of the Mother on the canvas. The painting interested me, but failed to get hold of me profoundly, I not being as wide-awake just then as that little child had been to the masterpiece that was before us. I told my father frankly that I was disappointed in it. He looked non-committal, and said little.

"A few weeks later we went together in Paris to the exquisite little sanctuary, the Sainte Chapelle, not known or visited as much as some of the more famous sights in that capital. The brilliant flames of color in its stained glass windows, ranked by masters among the best in the world, burned their way into my soul, as they had into my father's, and there was no stint to my admiration there. And when we entered the Hotel des Invalides, and stood under the dome looking down into the vault that holds the marble sarcophagus of Bonaparte, surrounded by the names of the battles that are by-words of history, and realized that the earthly shell of the man himself was there, I again shared with my father, as well as a civilian could with a soldier, the impressions that sweep over one in that place.

"When I had told him so, he then told me that he was glad; that he had suspended judgment, so to speak, at Dresden, but that if the tomb of Napoleon had similarly failed to make its impression upon me, then he *would* have felt troubled. That was a way he had, of giving every one more than one chance to prove or redeem himself.

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"Dr. Trumbull's friends have often commented on the peculiar, intuitive power of his that seemed to enable him to go straight for that which he was after, no matter how difficult the search might be. If it were a line of verse somewhere in a volume of five hundred pages or more, his keen eyes would scan, with lightning rapidity, page after page until the quarry was hunted down, and usually in an amazingly short time. This power, after all, was not so mysterious as it was a common-sense perception of where the thing he was after was likely to be, and concentration of eyesight and thought while hunting for it. Even when obliged to give up a search temporarily, he kept the matter in the background of his consciousness, so that if it unexpectedly crossed his line of vision he would not be caught napping.

"When in London he took me with him to visit the British Museum, and we waited in one of its scores of apartments until his card should have been taken in. While at work, just before breaking down in health, on his exhaustive volume, 'The Threshold Covenant,' Dr. Trumbull had learned of the existence of a certain tablet or panel on which was a primitive carving that was of fundamental importance in his particular researches for that volume, and he believed this to be in the British Museum. But to find a bit of stone of that sort in the British Museum would be like finding the proverbial needle in a haystack. As we waited together that day my father passed from case to case, alert and enthusiastic as ever, and in a moment I heard an ejaculation come excitedly from his lips. He had found his tablet! Some people would call

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that merely 'lucky,' failing to recognize how few men would have been willing even to *expect* to find what they needed in a few spare moments in that London labyrinth. Moments were never 'spare' to Dr. Trumbull; therefore opportunity had hard work to slip by him.

"Another's need was always his call to action. He had set out, broken in health, in my care. But when, in Germany, within twenty-four hours of landing, a slight cold attacked a nerve in my face and produced a startling sort of temporary paralysis, he seemed to find fresh vigor and strength in the demand that this made upon him, and at once he was the loving, tireless nurse. I never knew until afterwards how this unexpected trial had almost prostrated him, nor how, alone in a strange land, sick and weak himself, with a sick son now dependent upon him, he flung himself in utter discouragement and helplessness upon the heavenly Father, and found in Him the strength and comfort his need of which he did not dare to confess to me.

"On the steamer was a fine-looking big athlete from Boston, of whom deck-gossip had it that he was a prize-fighter. One afternoon I noticed that he and my father were sitting together on deck, and that conversation did not seem to lag. The next day the prize-fighter said to me, 'I had a very interesting conversation with your father yesterday afternoon.' Then, after a pause: 'Do you know, I'd always thought your father was a *minister!*' The family used to joke the Doctor a good deal about that remark; but it was very evident that he had improved an opportunity to

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show his man that there was not necessarily a barrier between a Doctor of Divinity and a prize-fighter, after all.

"Karlsbad had been the particular goal of that journey, and after five weeks or so of its special treatment and 'cure,' the trip southwest to Lucerne marked the beginning of the homeward journey. Those who have stayed in Karlsbad know its physically depressing effects. That is one of the first results one notices; as a rule the greatest benefit does not appear until the winter after a summer sojourn there. Therefore it was not surprising that, with face once more set toward home, yet with thousands of miles between, and the physical let-down of the Karlsbad treatment, Dr. Trumbull should have been perilously near complete collapse in Lucerne. The danger of this grew increasingly evident to those who were with him, and he himself seemed really to be unable to rally. Yet he must rally, if he was to live: and there was no reason why he should not live.

"In after years he used to take a good deal of enjoyment in telling, as he put it, 'how Charley saved my life at Lucerne.' Whatever saving of life was done came about, under God, through his own superb will-power in mastering himself at a time when most men would have found it physically impossible to do so. Only a will of steel tempered through a life-time of self-control could have met the test and stood the strain. And the incident showed, too, that willingness which he never outgrew, to act upon suggestions from his inferiors.

"He was at the lowest ebb of depression, and had

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said to me repeatedly that he feared he could not live to see home again. Even that was not said in complaint, but as accepting a fact that he must recognize. Confident as I was that this depression came only from discouragement, I finally mustered up courage to say: 'Well, father, if you intend to die here in Lucerne, you can do so; no one can prevent it. But there is no need for you to die, except your own determination to do so. If you will only recognize that you need *not* die, you will not die. It rests solely with you.'

"That was putting the responsibility for his death upon himself, not upon God; and that was a responsibility he was unwilling to take. Without saying a word, like the soldier he was, he evidently wrenched himself back into command of himself, and from that point steadily won the fight over himself. It was as impossible a victory, 'humanly speaking,' as any of his long list of victories; and he was the only man I have ever known who had enough reserve power, spiritual and physical, to meet such a crisis."

On his way home from Karlsbad, when Dr. Trumbull was in London, in the early autumn, he dined one evening with Professor A. H. Sayce of Oxford, the eminent Orientalist. On that occasion he had an experience which, to say the least, was a pleasant surprise to him.

Professor Sayce had invited him and his son to meet Miss Agnes Grace Weld, a niece and ward of Lord Tennyson. Dr. Trumbull was much impressed with Miss Weld's culture. He enjoyed his conversation with her, but supposed that she knew

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nothing of him beyond the fact that he was an American. Presently, however, Miss Weld surprised him by saying :

"Dr. Trumbull, I've been very much interested in your book on Kadesh-barnea."

When he answered that it was a pleasure to know that any study of his had interested her, she continued :

"Canon Cook [editor of the Speakers' Commentary] loaned me his copy, and I became so much interested in it that I copied it off entire."

"Copied it off!" exclaimed Trumbull, in astonishment, for the book had nearly five hundred pages.

"Yes, copied it all off."

"And made a trace of both the maps," added Professor Sayce.

"Then," said Trumbull, deferentially, "you probably know it better than I do."

Soon after this he sent to Miss Weld several of his books, which she did not need to copy.

Upon his return to America Dr. Trumbull was in better health, although by no means wholly restored. From that time to the close of his life he was never free from illness for any considerable period, yet his trained will enabled him to overcome his feelings and to work on in spite of physical weakness. He yielded to the orders of his physician, and sought unaccustomed rest at one time or another in the summer home of his friend and neighbor, Clarence H. Clark, at the Isles of Shoals, or with his daughter Mrs. Wattles and her sons in their Denver home.

Service, not inaction, was life to Henry Clay Trumbull. He was mindful of the years in his tireless use

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of time, and not in any willingness to spare himself. That he would not do. He hated vacations, believing that a man who got eight hours' solid rest in every twenty-four had all the relaxation that was good for him, and that any man of well-ordered life and habits could not possibly need three months' outing in every year.

"I get my vacation," he used to say, "sitting on my porch these summer afternoons watching my neighbors come home in ambulances from their summer vacations." But while personally disliking weeks or months of emptiness and idleness and the deteriorating effect of the "going-away" fad, he saw to it that his employees had their outings on the liberal basis of ample time and full pay. On his enforced summer journeys he would write for his paper as much as his strength would permit, and everywhere he went his quick eye and his loving heart would search out needy souls to whom he might say a word.

In 1896 he finished his book on "The Threshold Covenant," which was designed to "show the beginning of religious rites, by which man evidenced a belief, however obtained, in the possibility of covenant relations between God and man; and the gradual development of those rites, with the progress of the race toward a higher degree of civilization and enlightenment."

While the book was primarily for students, one of its conclusions in particular is of deep interest to every reader of the Bible. Dr. Trumbull shows that in the Hebrew passover God did not institute a new rite, but "then and there emphasized the meaning and

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sacredness of a rite already familiar to Orientals." Furthermore, the term "passover," he contends, does not mean, in connection with the Hebrew exodus, a passing by on the Lord's part, but a covenanting anew with the Hebrews, by Jehovah's passing over, or crossing over, the blood-stained threshold into their homes, while the messenger of death should go into the houses of Jehovah's enemies to claim the firstborn.

That this view of the passover is by no means fanciful will appear from a study of "The Threshold Covenant." No less a scholar in Talmudic and rabbinical lore than the Rev. Dr. Marcus Jastrow said of it, "Especially interesting, and undoubtedly correct, is your interpretation of Exodus 12 : 23, according to which the Lord passes over the threshold in order to visit the Iraelitish house, and will not allow the destroyer to enter." And still other scholars in the field of primitive religions received "The Threshold Covenant" with respectful recognition of its thoroughness and value.

Quite different from this scholarly treatise were two books that Dr. Trumbull brought out in the same year with the study of the threshold covenant,—"Prayer: Its Nature and Scope," and "In Tribulation." Of prayer he felt the need of definition, and he very well knew that tribulation was misunderstood, and its discipline lost, by many who might gain by a different attitude toward it. He realized, too, that those in tribulation needed comfort and sympathy from one who had known how hard and how profitable are the lessons learned in that school.

To one who has defined prayer loosely and used it

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lightly, Dr. Trumbull's book will come with spiritual surprises. "Prayer means a great deal more than supplication and intercession. In the Hebrew of the Old Testament and in the Greek of the New, there are quite a number of different words translated, in our English Bible, by the one term 'prayer.' The meanings of these words severally are, therefore, all included in the Bible idea of prayer. These meanings are: confession, supplication, entreaty, desire, intercession, thanksgiving, adoration, praise, worship, meditation, outpouring of self, communion; and unless prayer is recognized as covering all these significations, it falls short of what is fairly within the limits of its fullest sense."

Dr. Trumbull shows that the prayer-cry is universal, that prayer yet has its limitations, for "the right of prayer is obviously limited to those who turn toward God as his creatures, and to the asking of such gifts as God is understood to be willing to bestow. . . . In the very nature of things, it is clear that no child of God has a right to pray for that which he has no right to desire. . . . Hence it is clear that a child of God has a right to pray unqualifiedly only for those things which he knows to be for good; while for those things which he thinks may be for good, but about which he cannot be sure, he is privileged to pray with the qualification in his prayer that God will grant them if they are for good, and withhold them if they are not so."

One cannot read the book without discovering that prayer is no diffusive elemental power that holds its magic at the beck and call of every whim of our needy

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natures, but is rather a means of communion with God, by which man, under well-defined conditions, may become the beneficiary of the divine gifts.

In all Dr. Trumbull's devotional writings there was simplicity and naturalness, and back of all, the eagerness for definition and clearness as the first need in getting at truth. When writing of tribulation, he must first be sure that he and his reader knew what he was writing about. "Tribulation is our normal condition in our present state," because tribulation is a process of "separation for purposes of cleansing, of purifying, of refining." Shall we then shrink from tribulation as it comes to us, or shall we welcome it and profit by it? And having accepted it as a training agency, how shall we go about getting the utmost out of it? That was Dr. Trumbull's way of brushing away the foolish shadows that hang over our thought of the things that are hard to bear. He was a past-master in the art of allowing God to thresh and winnow out the chaff from the wheat in his own life, and his chapters, "Improving Chastisement," "Suffering as a Duty," "Toiling Hopelessly," "After the Wreck," and others like them, make very plain the sub-title of his book, "The Blessing of Trials."

Dr. Trumbull never posed. He was careful, extremely so, as to the form of his utterances, not with any purpose of drawing attention to himself as a writer, but solely in order to make his thought vivid and clear to others. Those who read his writings feel that they know the man,—and they do. His words, his works, his personality, were close kin. He diffused by his presence and his printed page a sense of

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wholesome manliness, an atmosphere of sane conviction and high enthusiasm.

Among his friends was one whose devotional writings have been more widely read than those of any other in this generation, the Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller, editor of the Presbyterian Board publications.

"Dr. Trumbull's method of work was my ideal," writes Dr. Miller. "He had a way of going right to the heart of things and saying just what he wanted to say in the most luminous fashion. He never wasted words in efforts to say fine things, but he did seek always to put the gist of the matter in as terse and vigorous phrase as possible. . . . I never knew a man more humble even in his most confident utterances. There was something in his tone and manner which revealed his consciousness of the divine presence. He did not know that his face was shining,—if he had known it, he would not have been half the prophet that he was.

"Dr. Trumbull was never a discourager, but always an encourager. He always saw the best that was in others. He had an eye even for the very smallest beginning of good, of worth, of possible restoration in men. When he saw those who were far down in sin, he did not look upon them as hopeless,—he saw in them the possibilities of divine beauty and glory, and had an eager longing to try to develop these possibilities.

"He believed that a man's true friend is one who would make the man do his best, who would call out the noblest powers and qualities in him. He did not take people's burdens, when it was infinitely better

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that they should bear the burdens themselves. He did not try to help people in such a way as to leave them less able to meet the battle of life again to-morrow. The whole dream and ideal of his friendship was to help people in the deepest, highest, divinest way."

There were others among his brother editors who had a like affection for Dr. Trumbull, and who valued his views of truth and ways of dealing with it. One of these was the Rev. Dr. H. L. Wayland, for some years editor of the National Baptist, and a correspondent of The Examiner. Dr. Wayland was a frequent attendant at Trumbull's Bible Class and teachers'-meeting, where the sparks were sure to fly when the two were together, each a man of originality and mother wit, and each highly esteeming the other. Dr. Wayland was familiar with his friend's habits of work, and he feared that Trumbull would completely break down. It was not his way to express that fear in commonplace phrase, as his after-dinner hearers and week-by-week readers will remember concerning anything Dr. Wayland put into words. Accordingly, in The Examiner of August 13, 1896, appeared, under the heading of "Notes of a Rambler," Dr. Wayland's letter for that week on "A Victim of Excess":

"The victim I now refer to is the hardest-worked man in Philadelphia, Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, the editor of The Sunday School Times. I suppose we all have one vice (as many of us have one virtue), and perpetual labor is to him what rum and opium and gambling and smoking and chewing and horse racing are to some, and the seashore and the Adirondacks to others.

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"About a year ago Dr. Trumbull was ordered by his physicians an absolute rest; so he went to Karlsbad, having first been forbidden everything that he wanted to eat and drink, and bidden to eat and drink everything he didn't want; he returned in the fall, and for a time gave some little signs of amendment; but alas! original depravity is hard to kill; soon he was at it again. . . . But penalty, though it move with leaden feet, usually gets there, and now he is again prostrate; but his physicians, among whom is Dr. Pepper, a prince in diagnosis, tell him that there is absolutely no injury of any organ whatever, that rest is all that is needed.

"Perhaps there is a lesson here. If he had been addicted to rum and tobacco, if he had been, for the last fifty years, every day hollowing and thinning the walls of his heart, and subjecting every internal organ to infamous abuse, I should now be writing his obituary instead of urging him to give himself half a chance for fifteen years more of labor. To him and to Dr. Conwell and to a few others I am disposed to say, 'Remember what the Master has said about the chief seats. Do not be so eager to go and get all the best places in the other world; do not be avaricious; do not be a monopolist; do not try to do all the work, so as to leave nothing for anybody else; do not subject yourselves to the unpleasantness of having it said to you by the great Father of us all, when you prematurely appear in his presence, "Why are you here? I did not send for you. Punctuality and obedience consist in being neither after nor before your allotted time."'

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"But, unfortunately, all these exhortations will be laid to heart by the man who never knew what it was to work, who started tired, and who scrupulously avoided exertion. He will take this article to himself, and will read it to his wife, and will say, 'Ah, my dear, don't let me undermine my constitution as dear Dr. Trumbull has done by inordinate effort.' The laziest man, the man who never did a stroke of work, who is quietly and uncomplainingly supported by his wife, is always the man who sits on the piazza of a Sunday morning and sings in vociferous tones, 'Welcome, sweet day of rest.'"

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# AS A MAN AMONG MEN

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None of us are fully understood in this life. None of us really want to be.

Jesus says that he chose and appointed us to go and bear fruit. Have we understood that? Many of us have supposed that we chose him to help us in this world and to save us in the next. Perhaps our creed needs revising—unless we can get a new Bible.

Once a friend, always a friend. Most of us are ready to apply this truth to one who claims to be our friend; but we are not so ready to apply it to ourselves as a test of our friendship. If we claim to be a true friend to another, our friendship-love ought not to pivot on his fidelity, but on ours. Even though he fail us, we ought not to fail him or fail ourselves. If we were ever his friend, we shall ever be his friend. Nothing that he does or fails to do, ought to cause us to be untrue.—*From editorial paragraphs.*

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## CHAPTER XXIX

### AS A MAN AMONG MEN

Into one of the settlements of the San Joaquin valley a traveler came one evening, and stopped for the night at a little hotel. Among the guests was a venerable Dunker minister, with whom he fell into conversation, and their talk turned to men and things of the East, whence both had come,—the minister by slow progression through years of service by the way, the other in recent days from his Eastern home.

Early in the morning the traveler was awakened by the sound of voices rising from the hotel offices. His dawning consciousness told him that his evening companion, the aged minister, was speaking.

"It is twenty-seven years. I haven't missed a week. I can turn right back and tell what every lesson was about, and what he taught. I never set eyes on him, and yet I always felt I knew just what manner of man he was,—slight, nervous, forceful, energetic. That man up there knows Clay Trumbull well. He lived right by him, and heard him teach. Wonderful teacher, wonderful man! A great power for good was Clay Trumbull."

The man "up there" was wide awake now,—awake enough to ask himself the question that many another



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might well ask : "What are others like myself doing to keep alive the flame, who had received the torch from the teacher's hand, who had enjoyed the privilege of knowing him face to face?" And the traveler, who was in earlier days the teacher of his teacher's son, was awake to a new sense of duty with the dawn of the new day.

The sense of close personal intimacy cherished by the Dunker minister, and the impulse that aroused the teacher to a sense of his obligations to others because of what he himself had learned, were everywhere to be found in the path of Henry Clay Trumbull's activities. He came to close quarters ; he penetrated the shell of conventional reluctance to let one's self out ; he put personality into written or spoken word ; and his words and his presence made one stand straighter and see visions.

It is not enough to say that he interested men, influenced them, helped them. He startled them, charmed them, made them forget self, brought them, wide awake, face to face with the glory of living the life of a man in the kingdom of God. Not that he was consciously doing this in realization of his power. His hold upon men was essential in its origin and inevitable in its exercise ; and the finer the man, the surer the hold, and the keener the appreciation of that rare and empowering personality. John R. Mott, whose work as Secretary of the World's Christian Student Federation has revolutionized the modern student attitude toward Bible study and Christian service, was very close to Dr. Trumbull and was loved and honored by him for his character and achieve-

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ments, and was counted by him as within the inner circle of his dearest friendships.

"In his relationship with men," says Mr. Mott, "Dr. Trumbull impressed me as being more like Christ than any man I have ever known. He combined a life of unceasing activity with a habit of mind which reflected and meditated deeply on the meaning of everything; tremendous intensity with calm of spirit; tenderness with the most virile courage; marvelous power of sympathy with absolute faithfulness in dealing with sin and error; rich and varied knowledge and experience and great resourcefulness with childlike humility and complete dependence on God; joyousness of spirit with an underlying sense of the seriousness of life and its needs, opportunities and choices.

"To my mind the dominant note in his life, as in that of Henry Drummond, was reality. His words and example were a constant and effective protest against all pretense, sophistry, equivocation, and superficiality. Thus religion seemed natural and attractive in his life. Traits like these, and a consistent life-habit of being true to the highest office of friendship and Christian discipleship—namely, that of communicating to others the deepest and most truly abiding things—made him the most skilful and helpful individual worker for souls I have ever met."

Dr. Trumbull sought common ground of agreement with others, rather than points of difference. No one had any doubt whatever as to his moral or religious standards. He was too outspoken for that. Yet he had a way of expressing his principles which did not antagonize others.

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To the chaplain of the Illinois commandery of the Loyal Legion, the Rev. Duncan C. Milner, who was trying to stop the supplying of liquors paid for by the commandery at its meetings, he wrote :

A chaplain among soldiers in time of war or of peace must expect to find things going on that he would like to have changed. He is, in a certain sense, a missionary among those whom he would raise to a higher standard and level. His *example* should ever be on the right side. His *counsel* also should be, when it is sought, or when he can properly give it. But of anything in the way of formal *protest* or *fault-finding* I have ever been shy. I have felt that as a chaplain I had a duty to make myself a welcome guest,—loved for my spirit, my work, and my words.

About paying for liquor bills, that is another matter. As to that, I would say frankly to those having the matter in charge, that my principles forbade my sharing in that. Yet to make it clear that it was not niggardliness that influenced me, I should insist on giving a larger sum than I seemed thus to save to provide flowers, or fruit, or confectionery. I would feel it to be a shame and a wrong not to have my principles and my way of showing them commend themselves to those who do differently.

Dr. Trumbull's scholarly pursuits brought him into pleasant relations with many learned Jews. Differences in religious belief did not hinder these relations on either side. There was common ground for all in biblical study and research, and in much of Bible truth, as each saw it. One evening he was deeply touched by an incident that occurred at a gathering of rabbis and chief men of the synagogues in Philadelphia in the Rodeph Shalom Synagogue on a special occasion when he was in attendance at the service.

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Rabbi Marcus Jastrow spied him in the congregation, sent a messenger to him, and had him conducted to the platform. Presently the rabbi asked him if he would offer prayer and pronounce the benediction at the close of the service, and assured him that all would be gratified thereby.

As the meeting closed, Rabbi Jastrow introduced him as his friend, one who, although not of their faith, was a well-known friend of his people and "a lover of their literature." Then Dr. Trumbull, having in mind Dr. Jastrow's long term of service, offered thanks "for God's preserving care and ministering love since first this man of God came to be among this people of God," and as the waiting congregation stood, he raised his hands, and pronounced the benediction, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen and amen."

Dr. Trumbull was the first president of the Oriental Club of Philadelphia, and often entertained the club and its guests. When the American Oriental Society met in Philadelphia, he entertained the members at his house. It was a large gathering of distinguished scholars. Several native Syrians, men and women, were there in Oriental costume. A Syrian met the guests as they entered and proffered them iced sherbet. Another Syrian stood ready to pour water on their hands from a tankard over an Oriental brass bowl, while another stood ready to wipe their hands on a towel with which he was girded.

During the supper time Oriental music was played

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in the hall-way, with the peculiar droning sound of the reeds played through the nostrils. The Hon. Wayne MacVeagh called his host's attention to the penetrating sound, and asked the name of the instrument.

"That is the shepherd's pipe," said Trumbull. "It's the same as was played in David's day, and has been ever since then in the fields around Bethlehem."

"Then," said Mr. MacVeagh,—wincing under the sound, "I can understand why Saul threw his javelin at David as he played."

Many orthodox Jews were at that gathering, and these their host had in mind when he planned the supper. Strictly Kosher (ceremonially clean) food was secured from Jewish provisioners, and prepared by Jewish cooks. This food was on pink-edged dishes, a fact that the host made known to one of his Jewish friends with the request that he pass the word along to his co-religionists.

Dr. Trumbull was surprised and gratified to see an extended reference to this in the editorial columns of the Jewish Messenger of New York City. It was mentioned as an act of considerate courtesy by a Christian clergyman.

Recreation he found in social enjoyments perhaps more than in any other way. He delighted in entertaining guests in his home, where Mrs. Trumbull and their children, older or younger, joined in giving welcome to those who came within that charmed and charming circle. The house itself seemed to reach out cordially even to the casual passer-by, for when

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the lights were shining within, its shutters stood wide open, then a novel sight in Philadelphia, and one could see from the dark street the pictures, the shaded lamps, the warm-toned hangings, the little groups of young or old about the piano, or conversing with glad animation in the cozy rooms.

It is among the memorable traditions of that household that, one evening, Dr. Trumbull gave a reception to Mark Hopkins, the venerable president of Williams College, and Samuel L. Clemens, better known as "Mark Twain." There was a distinguished assembly to greet the two Marks. The next morning, as President Hopkins and Mr. Clemens were together at the Trumbull breakfast-table, the morning mail was brought in. Among the letters was one of regret from Bishop Stevens, who had been away from home. He said that he was sorry not to meet President Hopkins, whom he considered the foremost Christian philosopher in America, and that he would have been glad to meet Mr. Clemens, whose witty and humorous writings had enlivened so many hours for him.

As Dr. Trumbull read the letter aloud, Mr. Clemens turned to President Hopkins with a look of surprise, saying:

"Why, that's funny. He's got us all mixed up!"

And no one around the table laughed more heartily than President Hopkins.

Busy man that he was, Trumbull denied himself to no one. And his friends were legion. From a railroad president who was accustomed to consult with him about a Bible class led by that president to a

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poor, half-demented old pensioner whom he practically supported for years; from the famous scholars who would call to discuss problems with him to the humblest member of his own large Bible class; from the Jewish rabbi who sought information from him on archeological themes to the bewildered teacher of a little class in a frontier Sunday-school,—to one and all he was an open friend and helper.

He was full of surprises for those who tried to interest him in matters outside his duty. One day a promoter had entered his editorial reception-room without announcement. The well-dressed, suave visitor bowed politely as he said, "Dr. Trumbull, I believe?" The Doctor nodded. "Doctor, I have called to see you about investments." Quick as a flash he responded: "How much have you to invest?" This was hardly a conventional way of meeting a promoter. At another time a book agent endeavored to sell him a new set of reference works. "No, I really haven't room for it," said the Doctor. "I do not care to buy it." But the agent pressed him, and somewhat too far.

"See here," cried the Doctor, "do those books of yours tell anything about the future?"

"The future? No, sir; I guess not."

"Well," continued the Editor, his eyes twinkling with amusement, "I've got all the books I want about the past. Bring me a book that tells something about the future, and I'll buy it!" And thus he pleasantly but effectively disposed of the book agent.

Dr. Trumbull delighted in answering others in un-

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expected ways. Sometimes the questioner would recover only slowly. Persons in all sincerity would put baffling questions to him—and sometimes would wish they had not. Said one to him :

"David said he had never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. I can't understand that. Why, I've seen plenty of such people."

"Oh, well," said the doctor, "you and David differ. David said *he* never had seen anything of the sort,—no matter what any of the rest of us may have seen."

A minister asked him how he read the Bible as to the state of children at birth. He answered that he thought the Bible taught that "the race started anew with as much benefit from the second Adam, as it had of harm from the first Adam ; but that there was one text that troubled him."

"What is that?" asked the minister.

"Where sin abounded, grace doth not so much abound."

"Why, there's no such text in the Bible!"

"Isn't there?" responded Trumbull. "Why, people seem to think there is. And if there isn't such a text, the rest of the New Testament all points one way."

In his earlier travels he was one evening in a New England home when his host brought up from the cellar a pitcher of hard cider. Trumbull declined it when it was offered him, whereupon his host, with a slight sneer, said, "Why, Mr. Trumbull, you don't think cider drinking is *wrong*, do you?"

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"Whatever *I* think about it," flashed out the guest, "it is evident that *you* think it is wrong!"

And that proved to be exactly the truth.

Those who sought from Dr. Trumbull specific answers to questions of duty got clear statements of principles by which the questions must be tested and decided. Those who knew him best came to expect the unexpected in his answers. He was asked to what one thing, or to what two or more things, he attributed the results of his efforts in his varied life-work.

"To recognizing my place," he replied, "as the one that God has called me to be in for the time being, and then striving to do my duty there, whether fame or failure, riches or poverty, be the result. Since my young manhood I have never seen the time when I would change the place to which I had been called for the time, even to rule a nation, to secure ten million dollars a year, or to evangelize a hemisphere, without a special and unmistakable new call from God."

There were certain inquiries which he would answer with minute care, and very many such letters he wrote to troubled or puzzled correspondents everywhere. To a New England pastor he wrote:

You ask my personal opinion of the meaning and difference of the terms "Revelation and Inspiration." I am glad to make reply, as you request it as a personal favor. I speak of the words themselves, not attempting a close theological definition.

"Revelation" is the making known what was before unknown or concealed. A revelation may be from man or from God, or from man as from God. Revelation is of truth or truths disclosed to the hearers.

"Inspiration" is the influencing or directing of one's spirit and thought, so that for the time he is the agent and mouth-

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piece of the inspirer. One inspired of God will speak, while thus inspired, as God would have him speak, saying what God would have him say.

A man of God may have a special message or revelation from God, in the line of a warning, or an answered petition, or a directed course of wisdom ; or it may be his mission to declare or emphasize truth already *revealed* from God. Or, a man of God may be inspired in the delivery of God's message, and by the consciousness that he is speaking God's truth, or for God.

A *revelation* is of a particular truth or message. Inspiration is of one's spirit, showing itself in the nature of the utterance, and in one's manner of declaration, written or spoken.

This, briefly, is my understanding of *revelation* and *inspiration.*

The Rev. Dr. Paul de Schweinitz, a leader of leaders in the Moravian Church, wrote to Dr. Trumbull asking his opinion in a typical case of physical and moral surgery. One of Dr. de Schweinitz's parishioners had undergone a critical operation. Four days later her five-year-old boy died suddenly of membranous croup. Before the mother had undergone the operation she had been promised that the little boy would be brought to see her in a few days ; but now the surgeon forbade the husband to tell her the heartbreaking news until she had recovered more fully from her operation. "I wrote to Dr. Trumbull," says Dr. de Schweinitz, "asking his opinion whether in this case a lie were unavoidable." This drew forth the following characteristic reply :

MY DEAR BROTHER :

Your letter interests me, and I hasten to reply as best I can, although I can only put the truth as God gives me to see it, without claiming the right to decide a question of duty for another.

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All the points you state are met in my book, "A Lie Never Justifiable;" therefore I do not attempt to explain or argue them here.

As I see it, nothing can justify a lie. Even God Himself is forbidden by His very nature to lie or to approve a lie. Hence the mere consequences of refusing to lie are not to change an eternal verity. Whether it cost one life or ten thousand lives makes no difference.

A physician is responsible to God for his own action. A husband may leave his wife's treatment in a doctor's hand, but no doctor of medicine, or doctor of divinity, or doctor of devilishness, can justify a husband in telling a lie. The husband is responsible for his own action so far. This covers the main point.

A doctor may be mistaken in counseling a lie to be told to a sick wife, in the hope of saving her life. I knew a case much like the one you state, where a clergyman proposed to tell a lie to his sick wife, and the physician said, that it would be better for the wife to know the truth while very sick, having it tenderly spoken to her, than to learn it later when recovering, and perhaps be set back by it and thus lose her life as a consequence.

It seems to me that any attempt to lie to that sick woman will be pretty surely a failure, and will bring disaster. One lie will necessitate more. A wrong start is not likely to make a good progress or ending.

Telling the exact truth as far as anything is said, yet holding back what is not needed to be known, is speaking in a guarded way so as to *conceal* what one has a right to conceal. It may not be spoken with intent to *deceive*, even though a hearer may be self-deceived. This difference is a very real one. I have shown this in full in my book. I refer you to that for the argument.

The case you state is a trying one, but nothing in it is new. It does not change my view of God or His demands. May He guide you into all truth.

Yours sincerely,

H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

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Men of widely different temperament were equally drawn to Dr. Trumbull, whose joy was in service to any who seemed to have any need of him.

President Robert Ellis Thompson, preacher, educator, political economist, and for many years closely associated with him in the editorial work of The Sunday School Times, says of him:

"It has been my privilege to have known several men to whom I looked up as remarkable persons, but of them all Dr. Trumbull was the most remarkable. He was a rare combination of lofty character, wide interests in life, originality in thought, and tender interest in those whom Providence brought into his life.

"It was perhaps this last trait of his character which was the most impressive. He had an instinctive sense of personality. When he was speaking to any one, he seemed to realize what that person was, and his way of looking at things. If he spoke of those who were not present, a few words showed that he knew them in a close and appreciative way, which amounted to having their spiritual portraits before his mind. And while this kind of penetration is often associated with contemptuous judgments of men, in him it was altogether the opposite. He was free from what Lady Somerset calls 'the sin of good people,' the depreciation of others. He entered into right and human relations with those who came near him, and always sought to be of use to them. 'Friend, come up higher,' might be said to be the watchword of his life.

"In coming into close association with him in the

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office of The Sunday School Times, I was surprised to see with what an effort he did the things he did the best. He wrote with labor, every sentence being worked over, words rejected and other substituted. He had none of the facility which makes the proverbially 'easy writing but hard reading.' He toiled to do justice to his thought, to give it the best expression he was capable of, and that which would make it at once intelligible to the wide and varied circle he was seeking to reach and influence. No editorial, no book of his required to be read three or four times to catch his meaning. He was not a born author, with the ability to sit down and scribble indefinitely. He did his work with difficulty, but he did it well.

"Of his literary work I speak with astonishment. I did not know much about his books when I came to work with him, but it was my happy privilege to follow him step by step through his labor on three of them, and to give him some assistance in collecting facts and in making translations. I count it the greatest privilege of my life. Those books, especially that on Friendship and that on the Blood Covenant, have only begun to exert the influence which they are to possess, on the thought and the devotion of the Church. They present the Christian theology from a new point of view, from the standpoint of human experience and the spiritual history of mankind. Already I hear of their currency in classes and circles which I should never have expected them to reach, and from countries where you never would have expected them to be known.

"And this man of far-reaching influence and single-

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hearted devotion, was the very embodiment of kindness to those who were associated with him. When any crisis or trouble fell upon any of us, his was the kindest heart and the gentlest touch. From any sorrow he drew the lesson that it was sent to make us better and purer. He was a Christlike influence with those who saw him every day, no less than to those he met less frequently and more formally. His Master, indeed, dominated his whole life, and filled the sky from horizon to horizon. He lived to perpetuate and extend that divine influence."

"First and foremost he was every inch a man," says the Rev. Dr. Stephen W. Dana, for more than a quarter century his pastor in the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church. "There was nothing weak or effeminate about him. There was nothing sanctimonious in his manner. He was no ascetic or recluse. He was intensely human. Every nerve and fibre of his being throbbed with vitality.

"One of his prominent characteristics as a man among men was his power of leadership. Drop Dr. Trumbull anywhere, in the army, on shipboard, in a church, in a social circle, in a political or religious convention, and in a surprisingly short time he would be one of the recognized leaders. For twenty-eight years he was a parishioner of mine, and during that long period we maintained the closest intimacy. There were at that time an exceptionally large number of able and prominent men in the congregation, lawyers, judges, physicians, bankers, men of business, teachers, professors, and doctors of divinity. Yet it is doubtful if there was one among them all who wielded

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more influence or had greater capacity for drawing others around him for good than Dr. Trumbull. He helped to give a high character to the church and Sunday-school, with which he was so closely identified and which loved him so dearly. It was on this account that he was held in such high esteem and affection by our people.

"A second marked characteristic was his power of sympathy. He could feel with and for another to an exceptional degree. He was a 'son of consolation.' He could 'weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice.' It was in the early days of our friendship, when a great sorrow came into my life, that I learned to know the delicate and penetrating power of his sympathy. As the years went by I opened my heart to him as I have never done to any other man. This, I venture to say, is true of scores of others. He could adapt himself to old and young, to the joyous and the sad, bubbling over at one moment with wit and humor, and again speaking with a tenderness and pathos which drew tears to the eyes.

"I might speak of the clear way in which he grasped the fundamental principles of a puzzling question, dispelling its mist and doubt, the positive manner in which he asserted a conviction when he had reached what he believed to be solid ground. This with his sympathy was a great aid in his individual work for individuals.

"He exemplified most beautifully in his own life the truths which he taught in his great book, "Friendship the Master-Passion." His one thought was not what he could get out of a friend, but how best he could

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serve the one he loved. I recall most gratefully what he was to me and mine during a long series of years. I do not refer to presents, often rich and beautiful, but to the countless ways in which he helped me as preacher and pastor. Among many friends and parishioners, staunch and true, never was one more loyal and loving than he. How greatly he enlarged his influence through the lives of his friends whom he so greatly enriched! He was not a man with whom one could always agree. He would sometimes become greatly excited in debate, lose his temper, blurt out the impetuous word which hurt, but was quick to apologize and was readily forgiven.

"I have not spoken of his magnetism, his tact, his common sense, his alert mind, his spirit of investigation, his business ability, his gift of speech, his force and charm as a writer, but I have singled out three marked characteristics of his as a devoted Christian man among men, his power as a leader, his exceptionally sympathetic nature and his rare unselfishness and loyalty as a friend. Brilliant in mind, distinguished as a scholar and writer, he was greater in heart. It was by the power of love that he swayed men most deeply. It is this which makes his memory so fragrant to those who knew and loved him."

In his relations with others, Dr. Trumbull could not lightly take on or let go a friendship worthy of the name. Any relationship that could be so dealt with was by no means a friendship as he conceived it.

A brother editor whom he rejoiced to number among his friends, and to whom he steadfastly was a friend, was concerned over what seemed for the-

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moment like a ripple on the even surface of that friendship, and he wrote to Trumbull of his anxiety. Promptly came the answer, in which was this revealing passage:

> Your letter of the 10th instant reaches me this morning. I hasten to reply to it, although the special pressure on me this week cramps me for time to say all I would like to say.
>
> The truth is I have never had a thought of any interruption of our friendship or of our friendly relations, and for that very reason I have not been careful to express myself on the subject. An assurance of friendship on my part is a matter for a life-time. I could never reopen a decision of that sort.

"Dr. Trumbull was essentially a man of power," writes Professor A. H. Sayce, of Oxford, "both moral and intellectual, and exerted a deep and abiding influence upon men of very different minds and points of view. There were three things about him which always struck me more especially,—his strong common sense, his religious and moral earnestness, and his capacity for continuous and conscientious work. His sanity of judgment made the ordinary man of the world respect his opinions, his intense but rational faith impressed those who read what he had to say about religion, and his patient collection and lucid arrangement of facts will cause books like 'The Blood Covenant' always to remain standard authorities.

"I came to know Dr. Trumbull some thirty years ago through Dr. Hammond Trumbull, with whom I had been corresponding on the subject of the North American Indian languages; but it was not until I had read and studied 'Kadesh-barnea' that I realized

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what exceptional gifts he possessed. It seemed to me to mark an epoch in the history of Old Testament research. It was the work of a scholar, but it was also the work of a strong mind endowed with sound common sense, which, after all, is quite as important in science as in the affairs of daily life. It was this same quality of common sense which made Dr. Trumbull such an excellent judge, not only of men, but of his scientific authorities, and so lends a permanent value to the collection of facts in 'The Blood Covenant' or 'The Covenant of Salt' [a special study of the use of salt in covenanting, published in October, 1899, a companion volume to "The Blood Covenant" and "The Threshold Covenant."]

"Dr. Trumbull once told me that 'Friendship the Master-Passion' was the work of which he himself thought most, and upon which he had bestowed the most thought and care. And it is distinguished by the same characteristics as those which have lent direct value to his more purely archeological writings."

"His great strength," says Professor Herman V. Hilprecht, "was his natural intuition. Long before any one told him anything about a subject or a man, when confronted with either, the subject as a whole and the man as a whole, were grasped with instant perception.

"His long connection with eastern affairs made him a necessary adviser for the authorities of the University of Pennsylvania in their archeological work. Many a time in the executive committee meetings of the Babylonian Exploration Fund of Philadelphia, when various plans were proposed, and it seemed hard to

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get at what was really essential, Dr. Trumbull in his keen way would make a proposition that would promptly be carried. His work was eminently that of a pioneer, who had great aims in mind."

Professor Robert W. Rogers, of Drew Theological Seminary, whose archeological writings have so greatly enlightened the public mind on the great issues of biblical research, says appreciatively:

"It was in my wonderfully happy boyhood, when I had time and cheering opportunity to hear good preaching, that I learned to steal away once in a while from my own church to hear the Rev. Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon preach. The flavor of those sermons is a comfort and joy even yet. It was that same Dr. Bacon who introduced the slender, pale-faced boy to Dr. Trumbull. Then I learned to go to Dr. Trumbull's Bible class, when my own Sunday-school session was held at a different hour. The freshness, the force, the sparkle, the warmth, the spiritual insight of those expositions simply captivated my eager, boyish mind. I had never heard anything comparable to them before, and I have never heard their equal since. Dr. Trumbull began to talk with me before and after his class instruction, and then on one great red-letter day invited me to call at his editorial rooms during the week. It was so like him then to ask me to come again, until the visits were frequent; very brief they were if he were closely driven by work, sometimes prolonged if good fortune had brought me at a favorable moment. The influence thus exerted lives potent to-day. He loved scholarship for its own sake, and every aspiration of

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mine toward it he encouraged and stimulated. The skill with which he kept the very highest ideals before me week after week is my admiration and despair as I now look back upon those bright days.

"How handsome he was; his patriarchal beard, his luxuriant hair, his brilliant and dancing eyes, made a picture to charm and to command. He was always seated at the desk, on which there was often no place to write for the rows of books and pamphlets. A pile of long, narrow strips of paper, usually light green in color, lay on the desk slide, and a half dozen well-sharpened pencils were well within reach. He was usually writing rapidly, but would bid me be seated while he finished out that paragraph, or chased to its logical conclusion an argument that dare not be interrupted in its flight. Directly that I was seated the whole environment seemed to disappear from the range of his consciousness. His concentration was complete, his absorption in that one thing for that one time drove everything else from the field. The pencil would travel onward, like a live creature, for several minutes. Then he would pause and read over to himself in a low, crooning voice what had just been written, and, rapidly erasing here or there a word, substitute another. Sometimes the whole sentence, nay the whole paragraph, would go, and a new one would take its place with almost startling rapidity. Again he would go over one sentence with painstaking iteration, repeating it in a low tone, and trying word after word till the effect was produced. Then he would suddenly lay down his pencil, and swinging round on his chair, pour out such wondrous talk as

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might tempt men to cross seas to hear. Grave and gay, serious and humorous by turns, enriched by a lifetime of great experiences, and lighted up by stories inimitably told. It was in such conversation that he kept me stirred to pursue learning, to make scholarship an end worthy of the highest endeavor, to follow Christ and seek to know him. He was never too busy to see me, never so weary but he had a reserve of nervous energy to cheer me on to some higher endeavor. What a precious memory!"

So in yet another sphere of influence, wherein his energies had their fullest scope, the sum of his qualities as a man made their impress upon co-workers in that sphere. "I always regarded him," says Bishop John H. Vincent, "as a man of great personal weight, staunch, frank, intense, wise. He gave dignity to Sunday-school work from the simple fact that he was identified with it. As a man of force, a cultivated man, an old soldier, a man of scholarship, he imparted a certain dignity to the Sunday-school business that it had never had before. I have always measured his value by the manhood, scholarship, and power of personality which he imparted to what were to me comparatively new methods in the Sunday-school field."

Among the old soldiers there was everywhere an open-hearted affection for the chaplain of the fighting Tenth Connecticut. "It always seemed to me," says General O. O. Howard, "that Chaplain Trumbull never failed at all, and lived up to the very highest standard. The fact that he loved his first designation of 'Chaplain,' and considered that the highest, indicated the humility of the man."

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From October 20, 1886, to October 20, 1897, Trumbull was Chaplain-in-Chief of the Commandery-in-Chief of the Loyal Legion. He was called upon for service upon public occasions again and again. He had been one of the chaplains at General Grant's funeral in 1885 (see Appendix); and when, on April 27, 1897, on the seventy-fifth anniversary of Grant's birth, the body of the great commander was removed from its temporary resting-place to the mausoleum erected by a nation's gifts, Chaplain Trumbull was again a sharer in the solemn rites.

"The President of the United States was there," he wrote, "to make by his presence and words the occasion one of national import; governors of states north and south, east and west; officials and dignitaries, with representatives of foreign governments; more than fifty thousand soldiers, including regular troops and citizen soldiery; veterans of the Civil War from both the Union and Confederate armies; while on the Hudson River, in sight from the tomb, were war vessels of our American navy, and others of England, France, Spain, and Italy.

"It was like the funeral ceremony repeated, with the added impressiveness of the universal conviction that the passage of years only brought out more and more distinctly the greatness of General Grant as a soldier and a man, and the depth and permanency of the Nation's gratitude to him. Again it was my privilege to bear a part in the closing tribute of the day's ceremonies, by being one of a detail of the Grand Army Post of which General Grant was a member, to lay a wreath with these loving words at

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the door of his tomb, and to utter words of prayer for God's blessing on the lessons of his life to those who had survived him.

" 'With the placing of this memorial tribute, comrades, our service for General Grant is at an end; but his service for us and for our country still goes on. While this granite structure stands, and so long as our country endures, his life story will be a lesson and an inspiration to the citizens of the great republic which he saved and served. It is enough for us that we were of the mighty host by which he was enabled to do his work, and that we may strive and hope to be of that multitude which no man can number, who shall gather finally in the presence of the Captain of his Salvation, whom he served and trusted, and whom we may trust and serve forevermore.' "

In 1899 it began to dawn upon Dr. Trumbull that he could not do as much, physically, as he had been accustomed to do. His powers of locomotion were failing. He could not move about on his errands of mercy and blessing as readily as he was wont to do. He had said to a friend, years earlier, that the one condition he did not believe he would ever be called upon to bear was the life of a shut-in. Nothing in his army life was so wearing upon him as his prison experiences, and now he did not see how he could live if he could not get about.

But that was just the trial he was called upon to undergo, and he met it in the same spirit in which he met other sendings that he would not have chosen. No one would have suspected from his manner or words that his growing weakness was irksome to him.

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He wondered a little about it, hoped it might pass, and adjusted his life to the new conditions as if he had never known any other.

His physician would not allow him to do any work that was urgent, so Dr. Trumbull busied himself with the writing of reminiscent articles and editorial contributions to his paper, without attempting to do much that needed to be done on time. He completed in June, 1900, his book, "Illustrative Answers to Prayer," in which he recorded some of his own and others' personal experiences "as illustrative of such prayer as God welcomes and honors." He went to his office with a measure of regularity, but did more and more of his work at home, trusting freely to his son and others whom he had trained to carry on the paper. He was soon obliged to give up his Bible class and teachers'-meeting, and as the new century dawned he began to speak most cheerfully of his retirement from the more active service with which his days had been so full. Yet even now he was to do a work which some have believed has done more lasting good, and will continue longer, than any other of his contributions to the uplifting of his fellowmen.

Friends who called to see him found him busy, contented, full of the old fire in look and voice and spirit. And when any one would attempt to condole with him over his plight, as he sat in his chair at home or walked about the streets of West Philadelphia leaning on the arm of a helper, he would laugh over the humor of the situation, and say, as he did more than once :

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"Well, I'm glad I am not entirely laid aside. I'd rather lose *three* legs any time than one head!"

To a friend of his early Sunday-school days, Mr. L. W. Hawley of Vermont, formerly the state Sunday-school secretary, he wrote in 1901 a letter which mirrors his state of mind with characteristic humor and kindliness:

DEAR BROTHER HAWLEY:

It revives former days very pleasantly to hear from you; and I thank you for your kind words. I am not able to move about without assistance, as my lower limbs do not move freely; but this does not affect my head or my heart, and for this I am grateful.

My son, and one of my sons-in-law, manage the paper, while I help them some in my writing. I am glad you like the improved paper.

In "The Child's Own Book," a book of games that I had when a boy, there was, on the first page, a picture of an old man and a boy playing checkers. Under this picture were these words:

"To teach his grandson draughts
His time he did employ,
Until at last the old man
Was beaten by the boy."

Now I know what that picture means.

Your old friend,

H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

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# THE UPPER ROOM

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Looking back may show us where we have failed to do as well as we could, or it may remind us that we have done better than we are now doing. Looking forward may suggest to us that we can do better than we have done in the past, or it may encourage us to see possibilities of our doing in the future beyond anything we have thought of until now. Looking up may indicate what God would have us do, and that may be better for us than either regret for shortcomings or encouragement to better doing. Our duty as God shows it to us, *that* should be our aim, rather than an improvement on our past, or our highest conceivable attainment in time to come. Better than our best, as shown up to this time, or as hoped for in time to come, is well in its way ; but there can be nothing better for us than God's purpose in our behalf as he holds up the standard and the ideal.—*"Better Than our Best," an editorial paragraph.*

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## CHAPTER XXX

### THE UPPER ROOM

Dr. Trumbull's windows opened to the east, the south, and the west. The morning light, as it shone through the mists of the city in the early hours, would find him astir and eager for the day. Men on their way to business, children schoolward bound, could see him bending over his writing-tablet as he sat in the deep bay window of his room, where he sought to be as fully as he might in the play of the light and the life that he loved. A wave of the hand from that window, a sympathetic nod, sent many a man on his way to work with a braver heart and a higher hope.

An old organ-grinder who for years had frequented the streets of West Philadelphia came regularly each week to play beneath that hospitable window, and never was its occupant too busy, too absorbed in any theme, to cease work entirely until he was satisfied that some one in the household had met, in his name, the expectations of the pleasant-faced, crippled Italian.

All day long Dr. Trumbull sat near the great windows, with his books and papers in orderly array about him on floor and chairs and window-seats and table. His mind was on the past as a source of material which he must work out in what he freely recognized



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was likely to be a brief and most uncertain present. It was difficult now to persuade him to leave his room even for needed exercise. He would do so because his physician ordered it, though he could hardly walk, and the effort cost him a struggle not unlike the arousing of his courage for the emergencies of the old army days. The desire for bodily activity seemed to have gone with the capacity for it, while the brain eagerly, joyously toiled on.

Day by day the past gained in vividness. For a time Dr. Trumbull's mind ranged in reminiscence along the whole course of his life. Then he perceived unities in his groups of experiences. In the spring of 1901, he saw that now was his opportunity, long deferred, to tell of the dominating purpose and experiences of his Christian service,—the leading of individuals to Christ. When the little book appeared in the summer of that year, Dr. Trumbull had put into it the gist of fifty years' experience in "God's chosen way of evangelizing, or of doing missionary work, from the beginning of the Christian ages even to the present day." Before long more than thirty thousand copies of "Individual Work for Individuals" had made their way into the hands of persons who were to be thus influenced by the story of a work that Dr. Trumbull always counted by far his most profitable endeavor for Christ.

"Looking back upon my work, in all these years," he wrote, "I can see more direct results of good through my individual efforts with individuals, than I can know of through all my spoken words to thousands upon thousands of persons in religious

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assemblies, or all my written words on the pages of periodicals or of books. And in this I do not think my experience has been wholly unlike that of many others who have had large experience in both spheres of influence. Reaching one person at a time is the best way of reaching all the world in time."

Scenes of the early days were now crowding in upon him with wonderful profusion and vividness. Memory awoke the echoes of his teeming youth, singing to him down the years the names of heroes into whose faces he had looked, whose words and deeds had fired his imagination and had aroused his aspirations. Memory drew aside the veil of a half-century's weaving, and disclosed to him the very forms and utterances of a majestic company of those heroes of the faith—missionaries to foreign lands—who were in the field fifty years ago. Adoniram Judson was there; Miron Winslow, Hiram Bingham, Robert Moffat, S. Wells Williams, Cyrus Hamlin, Albert Bushnell, John W. Dulles,—all these and many others were in that company of whom he wrote in his book, "Old Time Student Volunteers," appearing in the autumn of 1902. These were men whom he had known, and in whose lives he had seen the evidences of God's guiding hand. He had no narrow view of the place such men had filled. They were the world pioneers, the forerunners of civilization, the torch-bearers of world-encircling fires of truth; no men of small measure, unequal to the doing of a man's whole work. They, the lonely, misunderstood, yet untiring missionaries of the cross, were the honored devotees of a faith that is better than sight, and they were to be

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counted as pre-eminent not only in this, but in the lesser qualities of intellect and sheer brain power, worthy to be remembered as the peers of any in the elements that lift the few head and shoulders above the crowd.

Of our debt to foreign missionaries and missions he wrote :

"Exploration and commerce owe more to missions and missionaries than missions and missionaries owe to exploration and commerce. First that which gives life and inspires it ; then that which is a result and gain of new and inspired life. . . .

"The real hope of the world is rather Christian missions than commerce and civilization and godless education. . . . We should be poor indeed were we to be now deprived of what we have already thus gained.

"So it is a simple question of paying our honest debts that we have to consider to start with. After that it will be time for us to consider the question of gratuitous giving to a good cause. Yet there might be a question whether the existing agencies for the employment of foreign missionaries could use or would need just now, any more money than would be at their disposal, if the honest debts to them by money-making stay-at-homes were paid in, and put at their disposal. That is a matter worth thinking about. It has been occupying my mind of late, and I find it a profitable theme of thought."

No man may altogether know what visions Dr. Trumbull saw as he sat in the sun-flooded window of that upper room. Whenever a visitor appeared, as many did, he was all animation. He plunged into

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conversation, told anecdotes, discussed questions of the day, or great principles good for all time, with vivacity and clearness.

When his little grandchildren romped into the house and shouted their greetings from the lower hall, his voice rang out to them as a boy's voice. When they burst into his presence they found him laughing with them in anticipation of a good time together, while he was already reaching out to a mysteriously enticing package on his table. Then work was laid aside, and the bright-eyed man and the bright-eyed boys and their small sister were children together in the sunny window.

But sometimes toward evening one entering that room would come upon a prophet of old with his eyes on the sunset. The level rays of the afternoon light fell upon a figure erect, but not tensely so at the moment. The strong, nervous hands rested firmly on the arms of the study chair ; pencil and paper were laid aside. Deep furrows were on the brow, and in the eyes there was the light of another world. Dr. Trumbull had these moments of intense quietness as his days drew to their close. They were not sad moments ; they were simply pauses in the rhythm. In the early summer of 1903, when I was sitting one day with him in his room, he laid aside his manuscript, turned to me, and said quietly :

"I'm glad to have this opportunity to say a word to you, and I want to speak with the others from time to time in the same way. I shall probably go before long, and when I do, it isn't likely that I'll be able to say good-by to any one. I just want you to know

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that I wish I had done far better with the opportunities God has given me."

As the months passed, Dr. Trumbull again and again seemed about to loose his hold on life. Yet none of us believed that he would go until he could no longer work with a clear head. When that time should come, then he himself would be ready to lay down his work, in answer to a call to other service wherein he might

"Work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all."

In June he completed the manuscript of "My Four Religious Teachers," biographical studies of Charles G. Finney, David Hawley, Elias R. Beadle, and Horace Bushnell, men who had, in their several ways, given to his life the guidance of principle and purpose in thinking and doing. For these teachers his gratitude grew with the years.

"How was it," he wrote, "that I had just these four religious teachers at the time when I most needed their teaching, and when they alone could give what would most help me for my life-work in God's service? I had no part in the selection of any one of them; yet no one of them could have been spared as a teacher coworking with the others, and as essential to the development of the young pupil. Did it just happen so? Was there no purpose back of it, to be recognized and to be grateful for?

"I have always felt, and I still feel, that this record is an illustration of the precious truth brought out by Dr. Bushnell in his great sermon, 'Every Man's Life a Plan of God.' God, in his infinite goodness, chose

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those four teachers for me, each one in his own place, and doing his own work as no other could have done it, and all four working together. *Why* this was, I do not understand and can not explain; but *that* it was, I do not doubt any more than that God has given me life, and ministers to me in life.

"Of the goodness of God in putting me under those teachers, and granting me the guidance and inspiration of their spirit and words and work, I have no doubt or question. Of my duty to improve and to be grateful for these incentives to and help in God's service, in behalf of those whom God loves, I have no more doubt or question. For all this good made possible let God's name be praised!"

The preface of his book, "How to Deal with Doubts and Doubters," bears the date of September 11. The volume is really supplementary to "Individual Work for Individuals," and it gathers up the golden threads of many an experience in meeting the sincere and the insincere doubts of varied types of mind on religious questions. His mind dwelt urgently on the winning of individuals to Christ, and he took every opportunity now, with even more than his usual eagerness, to speak with others on this theme. That should be the burden of his purpose and words in his days of the upper room, as in the days of his highway and byway conversation with his fellow-men. Those who were endeavoring to win others to Christ brought their problems to Dr. Trumbull, and patiently, at any cost of time and strength, he would do what he could to enlighten and encourage any who thus came.

Toward the end of October he brought out a vol-

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ume of sermons, his army addresses and a few others, calling the collection "Shoes and Rations for a Long March." This was Henry Clay Trumbull's last book. Not that he had any thought that this would be so. When the pages were between covers, it was an old book to him, for his mind ranged forward to others yet unwritten.

December set in, with its brilliant, windy skies and its glory of sunlight and snow. On the first Sunday in that month of the Christmas-tide Dr. Trumbull welcomed the little grandchildren to the upper room, and they had a delightful time together. On Monday morning, the seventh of the month, he was still under the spell of their odd sayings, recounting with hearty laughter the incidents of their visit.

The noontide light was flooding through his windows, when he laid aside his pencil and manuscript, and crossed over to his bed to rest a while. He seemed somewhat concerned over his excessive weariness, but not more so than at other times. Within an hour unconsciousness had come, and before the noon of another day he had passed from that upper room into the new life. With the prattle of the children sounding in his ears, he had worked to the last moment as a champion of the childlike Christ, and like a little child he fell asleep.

It was not unfitting then, on the morning of the day of his funeral, before his great and good friends should assemble for the last rites, that two of his little grandchildren, their mother and father, just by themselves in his own room, should kneel by his silent form and repeat together the prayer which he always

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prayed as long as he lived, when he went to his night's rest:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Then as they stood silently looking into his dear face, his three-year-old namesake slipped his small hand into his father's and asked in solemn, wide-eyed wonder, "Father, is this heaven?"

When his friends gathered in the Walnut Street Church to bear testimony to their love for him, their eyes beheld a simple ceremonial, even as he would have wished. Close by him as he lay asleep were the chaplain's broad-brimmed hat and the army cloak. The hymns of that hour were full of dignity and tenderness and triumph. "The Christian's 'Good Night'" sounded softly through the silence, over the great company, wherein were Jew and Gentile, masters in the world's work, princes of the faith, men and women and children knowing or not knowing their friend's greatness, but knowing that he was indeed their friend. They sang, too, that triumph song of the end of earthly days:

> "For all the saints who from their labors rest,
> Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
> Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest,
> Alleluia!
>
> "Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
> Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
> Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
> Alleluia!

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"And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

From the pulpit his pastor, Dr. Stephen W. Dana, and his friend, Robert E. Speer, spoke out of full hearts, the pastor recalling the outlines of the long life-course that was now beginning anew, and the other disclosing in burning words the deep meaning of that life.

"He taught us three great lessons," said Mr. Speer,—"the greatest lessons that man can teach to men. He showed us the supremacy of truth. Where everything he wrote and said was so evidently only the unveiling of himself, a sort of fragrant moral exhalation, it would not be true to single out any one of his books and say, 'This was the distinctive expression of his teaching and of himself,' yet I think that one of the three or four of which this might most truthfully be said is his little book in defense of the absolute inviolability of truth.

"It was he who taught us what friendship is,—a love that asks for nothing again, that many waters cannot quench,—serene, eternal. No teacher of our generation saw as he saw the nature of that love which St. John tells us is God. Beside his conception all other ideals and all books on friendship seem tawdry and of a lower world. We who were in his school know how to love. He taught us, and we see now that next to truth the most wondrous thing in life is love, unselfish, unchangeable.

"He taught us what life is. This was what he was

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dealing with in his covenant books, on the covenants of blood, of the threshold, and of salt. Institutions, he held, were the symbols of life. The covenant of blood, the atonement, was an atonement of life. He taught the reality of such a mingling. The mysticism of the gospel lay like the veil and the unveiling of immortality across our mortal life. He made real and clear to us, he set forth in the language of our own day, the living truth of the Saviour's words, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, he have not life in yourselves. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life.' He held to the truth of a divine intercourse. This was what life was to be, a fellowship with the divine life, a union of our souls with the great life of our Father, who is God.

"He was all alive in his body. And the mind was even more quick and vital. It shrank from anything commonplace and mediocre. It leaped at the living aspects of truth. It sprang past the inadequacy of systems to the infinite life that cannot be codified. And the spirit that was back of all, that came from God and has now returned whence it came! Oh, friends, shall we feel upon our lives another spirit like it on the earth again? The life of God was in it. It lived in God. This we shall see often. This we may experience ourselves. But the buoyancy, the intensity, the unassailable certainty of that life equally hid and exposed with Christ in God, the naturalness in the supernaturalness, the assurance, the humility, the living, eager joy of it all—what irrefutable, what positively convincing, what tenderly persuasive evidence

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this bore to the reality of his doctrine,—that it was all so incarnate in his own dear life.

"How boundlessly appreciative and generous he was,—seeing good where there was no good except in his seeing. He loved his own ideals which he dreamed he saw in others, and then by his sheer love he began to create them in others. He had the divine blindness of love which saw past the evil that can be expelled from life. He had the divine vision of love which beheld the invisible capacities for good and beauty. It was but our humiliation and our glory that he was ever finding in us nobleness which we did not know was possible for us, until he loved it into being in us."

* * * * *

In Henry Clay Trumbull's last book there is a sermon to which he gave the title "Victorious in Death and in Life." With the great apostle he was persuaded that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God." And this was the story he told of an experience in the land of preparation through which he passed and out of which he came in God's good time.

"While climbing the upper summits of the mountains of Sinai, I was led by an Arab guide who was familiar with every step of the perilous way. Finally we came to the edge of a threatening precipice of granite, which sloped away from our very feet far down to a yawning ravine of jagged rocks below. Closer and closer to that dizzy edge lay our narrow

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path, until the path actually lost itself, at a point where a jutting crag before us seemed to forbid all passage, unless directly over the mad precipice itself. And there my guide disappeared, for the moment. He had swung himself around that crag, over that bewildering cliff, and was now at the base of a mountain dome, above and beyond the path he had left.

"As I stood for a moment, with whirling brain, at that appalling brink of death, I saw, just above and before me, the wiry feet of my trusty guide beyond that jutting crag; and I heard his voice calling out cheerily: 'Cling to my feet, and swing yourself over the pass! I can hold you! Have no fear!'

"It was not a tempting thing to do. But it was that or nothing. I caught at those sturdy ankles with a grip as for my life! A moment's stay of breath! One spring along the frightful edge! The crag and the chasm were passed, and I and my guide were together on the unchanging rock—where the crown of that mountain of God was ours.

"So with us all, as we clamber the steeps of earth, under the guidance of him who has passed every step of the way before. When at last our narrow path is skirting the brink of the yawning grave, and the forbidding crag of death juts before us, and we realize, for the moment, that our Guide has gone over beyond that crag,—even then we can hear the voice of Jesus, calling to us cheerily, 'Come unto me! I will uphold thee!' And, clinging with the grip of faith to

> 'Those blessed feet
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nail'd
> For our advantage on the bitter cross,'

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we can, with one instant's bated breath, and with a single swing of soul, pass beyond death, to stand with our Guide on the enduring rock of the eternal hills of God."

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# APPENDIX AND INDEX

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# Address of Welcome

to

# General Ulysses S. Grant

by

## Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA,
DECEMBER 18, 1879

GENERAL GRANT:

It is as a representative of George G. Meade Post One, of the Department of Pennsylvania, that I am deputed to second and to re-emphasize the welcome to you of the Grand Army of the Republic to-night. That Post is honored with your membership—which fact alone is sufficient to give the Post a place in history. Moreover, it bears the name and cherishes the fame of a great and good soldier whom you confidently trusted, and to whose brilliant services the nation owes a debt of gratitude for all time to come. As a representative of that Post I may venture, without presumption, to crave the indulgence of your further kind hearing.

It is true that other words of welcome than the eloquent and fitting ones which have already been spoken to you, might well be deemed superfluous to-night. Indeed, it might seem that one who has received the glad greetings of all the sovereigns of earth, and who has fairly encircled the globe with the echo of his praises, would tire of even the heartiest expressions of honor or esteem that could come to him from any source, or by any person, whatsoever. But no true man ever tires of words of love and confidence from those who are dear to him. And as you, sir, have already been reminded, and as a single glance about you would have assured you,



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this vast assemblage is made up of those who are no strangers to you. They are your old soldiers, your former companions in arms—"blood relatives" all; and it is not too much to say that they are very dear to you. You depended on them, and they proved true to you, in the hour of need to you and to them—an hour of need to our nation and to humanity. Because then you were capable, and they were trustworthy; you had success, and they had victory and its rejoicings.

A Swiss guide piloting a party of tourists up one of the Alpine peaks, after clambering from crag to crag, reached a table-land elevation, from which all the plain below, and the path from it, could be seen distinctly. Stopping his party there, he said to them: "Here, gentlemen, is the place to look back!" Such a table-land as that we have reached in this hall to-night. Here is a place to look back. Here are men from well-nigh every field where you did service and won honor, from your Bunker Hill at Belmont to your Yorktown at Appomattox Court House. How can they help looking back? Meeting you again face to face they cannot but recall afresh those days when you were all the world to them; when you held their lives and honor in your keeping; when on your sagacity, your courage, and your fidelity depended all that they loved or lived for—and for which they were ready to die.

As once more they look on you, and on those dear old flags beside you, they remember how, at your order and under your lead, they followed those flags in the storm of battle, or stood by them in the dreary siege, upholding and defending them amid the shower of bullets or under the crash of bursting shell; on the death-crowned parapet or in the open field, with ringing charge and counter-charge; or on the weary march, by night and by day, in summer's heat and in winter's cold,—until the weather-beaten, tattered, and bullet-pierced remnant of those flags bear mute but eloquent witness to the true-hearted devotion of those soldiers and their great commander to the interests of that country which under God he saved, which he has governed so wisely and represented everywhere so grandly, and of which he stands to-day confessedly the foremost, best-loved citizen.

Bound to you, sir, by such sacred ties of memory and

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association, these old soldiers have watched you in your world-wide wanderings with loving interest, and have shared with a feeling of grateful pride the wide world's homage to your personal services and worth, and to your representative character. They who were one with you in your struggles and trials are one with you in your triumph and its rewards. And now that you are once more among them, they welcome you back with the emphatic assurance that your old soldiers will never cease to give you love and honor while they have hearts and memories.

Ay, more, they give you a 'welcome not for the Grand Army alone, but for all who love that country for which they risked their lives, and which their comrades died to save. You know, sir, that our organization is maintained not to perpetuate our enmities, but to commemorate our devotedness; not to recall our defeat of those who opposed us, but to keep fresh in mind the preservation of that national unity which is for the good of our whole people. In the name, then, of your own Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of every lover of the Grand Republic itself, I proffer to you the hand of welcome; and in doing this I pray most earnestly and reverently, May God bless you, General Grant!

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# Prayer at the Tomb
## of
# General Ulysses S. Grant

AT RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK,
August 8, 1885,

**By Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull**

Of George G. Meade Post 1, G. A. R., and of the Pennsylvania Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion

Our Father and our God, as we stand together here, in the presence of the solemnities and the memories and the lessons of this hallowed hour, we realize anew that all power is with thee; that promotion cometh neither from the East, nor from the West, nor from the South; but thou art the Judge; thou puttest down one, and thou settest up another; and the issues of life and of death are at thy decree.

We praise thee, that, in thy providence, in the hour of our nation's need, thou didst raise up, for a mighty work, him whom, together here, we honor and we mourn; and, out of glad and grateful hearts, we acknowledge thy goodness in all that thou didst accomplish in and through him, for us, for our country, and for the cause of thy truth.

Remembering the anxious days when he was all in all to us, under thee, we rejoice that, by thy grace, he lived his life so simply, so bravely, so grandly, in his sphere; and that, in the least and in the greatest,—in conflict, in council, and in daily walk,—he was faithful unto death.

And now we beseech of thee, O Lord, that, by thy grace, thou wilt make profitable unto us, and unto our country, the lessons of this faithful and fruitful life.



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Grant comfort unto those who are sore-stricken by this bereavement.

Make dearer than ever, to all, the interests for which thy servant stood so firmly.

And may we who are bound together by the ties of a common experience, under the earthly leadership of him whose worn body is to-day committed tenderly and reverently to the tomb, be bound together by a yet more enduring tie, in the loving service of the Greater Commander, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is the Resurrection and the Life; unto whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, be praise evermore. Amen.

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