



THE
YEARS
TEACH

BERTHA MUNRO
an autobiography

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Remembrances to Bless

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by

BERTHA MUNRO



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Dedication

To ENC Alumni
old and new,
far and near,
for whom
this book is written.

Foreword

Sure enough, "Institutions are the lengthened shadows of great men [and women]." Here is the story of a life that is also the story of an era in our church and is an intimate biography of one of the pioneer educators of our holiness colleges. It contains the ideals that have brought these colleges into being.

Bertha Munro wrote her life's story because her former students requested it. But her reading public is much larger than these students. It includes more than 15,000 homes that have read and reread her first devotional book, *Truth for Today*, also the thousands who have read *Strength for Today*, and unnumbered thousands who read her Sunday school column, "Points That Are Practical."

Dean Munro writes from the epic of her maturity with clarity and strength that build confidence and faith. Her gentle humor and humility afford a fragrance that is unmistakable. She makes it easier for all who read her writings to believe in God and to want to do His will. There is no sham in this book, no bluff, no heroics. She does not bother to hide her failures and mistakes, but she insists that in doing God's will she has found an abiding peace. She records no lasting regrets.

Above all, this book is readable, whether one reads 10 pages or 100 at one sitting. It is full of "juicy" and classical quotations. Its biblical perspective is inescapable.

Bertha Munro confirms Albert Schweitzer's insight: "I don't know what your destiny will be, but one thing I know: The only ones among you who will be really

happy are those who have sought and found how to serve."

Dean Munro's years will continue to teach those who will read her writings carefully. I commend this volume to you. It will afford you spiritual renewal and perspective.

—SAMUEL YOUNG

Acknowledgments

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Preface

They tell me I must write my autobiography. High-sounding term for such an uneventful story as mine. A long life, as counted in years, spent almost entirely in one spot at one job—what is there to tell? Yet to me every day has been exciting and new; “boredom” is a word I do not know. And my heart has traveled to the ends of the earth with the students I have loved. Perhaps I should try to put some of it into words.

How tell it from the perspective of the eighties? How see it? Perhaps Emerson will say it best for me: “The years teach what the days did not know.”

As the historian sees, my outer life has been devoid of significant detail. Born and reared in a middle-class American family; graduated in due course from high school and college; teaching for three years in Massachusetts high schools, for five years (interrupted by a serious railroad accident) in a small, religious, private school in Rhode Island; one year of graduate study for a master’s degree from Radcliffe-Harvard; three years of teaching at an Indiana holiness college, followed by nearly 50 years as professor (38 as academic dean) in a small, Massachusetts, church-related (Nazarene) college.

Years of advanced graduate study—one of these a sabbatical leave, except for my dean’s duties, the rest concurrent with my teaching—had earned a doctorate of philosophy *manqué*, as the French would put it: a too generous statement from Harvard’s dean that “in all but technicalities” I “should be regarded as holding the Ph.D. degree” (the “all but” due to the ill-timed appearance of a book covering precisely the ground of my disserta-

tion). A few books, articles, lectures, a few professional or official trips in the United States and one to Europe—not an imposing record.

As God and I see, the real story is of an inner life of learning, growth, outreach. "The years teach." Out of the more or less blind stumbling of the ignorant "days" have emerged lasting values—principles, priorities, patterns—which have made for something of poise and understanding. All this through the mercy of God and to His praise. These glimpses of truth are not new nor unique to me; but I believe any honest account of God's dealing with an individual can be of interest and profit to other fellow travelers. Some of the lessons and how they came about I will attempt to communicate. If one chapter says nothing to you, "turn over the page," as Chaucer says, "and choose another tale."

—BERTHA MUNRO

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PART ONE

Preparation: God's Pattern

1887-1919

Section One: OPERATION HEADSTART

CHAPTER I

Chances and Changes

Not long ago I heard an evangelist define the "soul" as that identity which came into the world when each of us individuals was born, has existed ever since, and still is, the self-aware "self" we know ourselves to be today. Nothing new in that definition, yet the image suddenly came alive to me. It seemed an utter wonder that the tiny, helpless thing which was "me," thrust into a chaos of battering, unforeseen, incalculable circumstances, the ups and downs and the ins and outs of my past life as I now saw it, could ever have made it through in safety. Those dangers missed by a hairsbreadth—I thanked God in a new way for the Providence that had watched over defenseless, ignorant me.

Those "chances and changes"? My mother died when I was fifteen—an immature, inexperienced fifteen at that. Our family had no money; my Scottish-born father was anything but "Scotch" in character. He was

an expert custom tailor, but never could dun vigorously enough to collect his accounts due. But since my parents had lost two children, an older and a younger brother I would have grown up with, I was virtually an only child, and probably spoiled. My father a tailor, my mother a "seamstress" before her marriage, I was not taught to sew. I liked to read and I did not like to work. I recall blurting out to my mother one day when to dishwashing was added dusting, "You make me do all the work!"

To Mother's credit be it said that she quoted then, and frequently later, the rhyme of the old woman who "always was tired,"

*For she lived in a house where help was not hired.
She said to her friends, "Fare ye well, I am going
To where there is neither washing nor sewing.
The courts with sweet anthems forever are ringing,
But having no voice, I shall get clear of singing."
So she folded her hands with her latest endeavor,
And whispered, "How sweet to do nothing forever!"*

And I kept on dusting.

Living in a village eight miles from Boston, an hour's ride then by streetcar, I had been in the city only a very few times, for Christmas shopping with my mother. Belonging, with my family, to a more or less isolated religious group, I had little or no social experience. I was a mother's girl. In those earlier years I could not be separated from Mother for a night. When left to visit a great-aunt in Boston or my maternal grandparents in Cambridge, I was so thoroughly miserable, and showed it, that they had to take me home. Disagreeable, yes. And ignorant of life. A vulnerable "me" when my mother died that October of 1902 and the changes of real life began.

I was boarded with the Parsons family, members of the Cliftdale church, until graduation from high school. That fall I found myself in the strange new world of the city university without money, experience, or influence. There I lived in a substandard apartment, "keeping house" with my father and an elder half brother who, though originally brilliant, had become almost completely withdrawn. Wholly on my own, innocent and ignorant as no teen-agers are today, I was exposed, I recognize now, to conditions of grave moral risk. Sundays I spent at the little Nazarene church in Cliftdale, and Sunday evenings I walked home from the Scollay Square subway station at ten o'clock or later alone, through a city locality notorious for its evil atmosphere. Never once was I harmed or molested. The spiritual risks of that period were as real. But at every point a way through was provided.

So it has been through life. In a sense always a pioneer, traveling an untried path, I can see spot after spot where one false step could have plunged me into an abyss; crossroads where the wrong road would have been easier to take than the right; a single Yes instead of No, or vice versa, a single thought could have made the difference between heaven and hell. Some of these crucial spots I can identify, some record; many I am unaware of. The marvel that this frail self has come through, even after a fashion, amazes me, stirs me to the depths. I am glad John Newton wrote *Amazing Grace*:

*Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.*

That "me" shows marks of the batterings. But something in me sings in humble gratitude, "It is well, it is

well, with my soul." And has been well, far beyond any deserving of mine.

Of course I say, Why? How? What is the secret? One part of the answer came to me only a few years ago. And with it one of those lessons "the years teach." My mother's last illness was short—only ten days—with scattered periods of consciousness. Conscious or semi-conscious, I do not know, she kept repeating the words of Gospel songs: "No, Never Alone," "The Palace o' the King" (an old Scotch song), and again and again, "Sweet Will of God"—"The center of God's will my home." Many years later Mrs. H. B. Hosley, our pastor's wife at the time and my mother's close friend, told me that she had then asked Mother, "Aren't you afraid to leave Bertie?" The reply: "God will take care of Bertie." The two fell together in my thinking, answer and song. My mother had on her deathbed, as we say, "prayed through" about my future. She had trusted me to the "sweet will of God." And God had been faithful in protection and in guidance.

"The years teach": here I saw exemplified a new dimension of prayer, a new dimension of faith. The prayer goes on working long after the death of the pray-er. You may die with a prayer "unanswered"; God does not forget. "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but . . . were persuaded of them, and embraced them." We live to reap the results.

But the years have taught me more about this "soul." They have given me more than a fatalistic dependence on happenstance, or even a blind trust to a magic protection from harm in life's chances and changes. They have shown me that I am not a helpless pawn or a bouncing shuttlecock in a game between the forces of good and evil. I have something to say about what becomes of me. Every "self" is more than self-aware; it is self-directing. It has a will. The chances and chang-

es are beyond our power, but the total picture is "chances and changes, and *choices*."

Heredity and environment are strong, but will is stronger, and when linked with God, invincible. Even our wills are not enough to carry us through, but a life committed fully to God is indestructible, undestroyable—safe.

*Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.*

CHAPTER II

Family Life

Even environment can be directed. My parents also had something to say, and do. The environment that their choices gave me, I see now, was a heritage calculated to steer me toward right choices of my own when the time came. I was headed in the direction of the will of God. My sights were set early to recognize His lordship; it was easy to see His will as highest good. I do not mean that I was yielded to it, or that I understood clearly what it would mean for me personally. Far from that. But I was introduced early to basic truth, and to some extent had my values straight.

Memories of my childhood begin with our home in Cliftondale, Massachusetts, one of three villages making up the town of Saugus. I was and always have been a New Englander. Saugus was one of the earliest New England settlements. My father, a Scottish immigrant, had come from Aberdeen to Boston in 1871, just in time

for the great financial panic, a widower with four sons and a daughter in their teens and two unmarried sisters. (His brother-in-law came with him, George A. Gordon, later the longtime popular minister of the New Old South Church in Copley Square. The A initial stood for Ainger, the wealthy family that educated him.) Presbyterians in Scotland, here they joined the church that seemed most congenial, the famous Baptist Tremont Temple. In the choir of this church Father met Lottie Greene Willis, twenty years younger than he, born in Boston and then living in Cambridge, a refined Christian girl, well educated for those days. They married and bought a house in Clifftondale on Western Avenue, half-way up Baker's Hill. The oldest son in time bought a house at the very top of the same high hill. Fine coasting from the summit around the curves of that half-mile winding road to the bottom, where streetcars ran!

These family details are irrelevant, except to say that I grew up with the feeling of a number of half relatives, half brothers, and a half sister, some older than my mother, but none very close, all getting together for Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners.

My father's mother was a devout Scotch Presbyterian—a "sermon-taster," they called her. The minister of the kirk would call on her Monday mornings to get her judgment on his sermon of the day before. She had the assurance from Above that her children and grandchildren would all meet her in heaven. Yet she was an orthodox believer in Presbyterian doctrine, and would sometimes say to her family, "What need I talk? Perhaps I'm not one of the elect after all." At which her husband would remark, "Weel, children, if your mither isna' saved, what'll become o' the rest of us?" I think in some ways my father's relation to religion resembled that of his father, though in his later years it became a much deeper matter.

My mother's father was a "hard-shell Baptist." More than that, to his dying day he would attend no other church than Tremont Temple. That he did faithfully.

As for our own family life, my father's American family was a small one: a boy, William Cameron (William for his maternal grandfather, Cameron for Scottish loyalty's sake); a girl, Bertha for a good friend of my mother, and no middle name—much to my perplexity and distress. And some years later a son, Donald Gordon; the Scotch had triumphed. Both boys died young.

The earliest certain memory I have is of standing with Willie—he was four years old and I three—in an open field at the rear of a large house away down the hill from us. We were runaways. They tell me I was always the moving spirit of all our escapades. He died soon after that incident, of membranous croup; we were ill of diphtheria together, but I recovered. I have often wondered how different my story would have been if I had had an older brother. Donald, born when I was seven, lived less than two years and died of pneumonia. Our roomy house was drafty, and penicillin was unknown.

Mental images of those early years—how vivid they are! The two huge oak trees, front and back of the house; the yard with cherry (a joy to climb), pear, and plum trees, and gooseberry, currant (a penance to pick), and raspberry bushes; the grapevine-covered back fence; and off at the side rear the hen house, where we always kept a few Plymouth Rocks and White Wyandottes. The sunny kitchen, where my mother made bread and doughnuts, baked beans and johnnycake, and whistled as she worked. (Especially those three weeks when at home from high school with a spell of grippe, I was reading *A Tale of Two Cities* and she whistled the "Marseillaise.") The front parlor, begging Mother to play "Listen

to the Mockingbird," then thrilling with delight at the mad chasing of her fingers up and down the keyboard. "Ring the Bells of Heaven" was a close second; the joy was catching—I can hear it today:

*Ring the bells of heaven! There is joy today
For a soul returning from the wild.
See, the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.*

I remember the Sunday dinners of my father's favorite Scotch broth or occasionally a chicken from our flock. They tried to stir four-year-old Willie's sympathy for the poor chickens (I was told later). "But I eat them when they're killed," was his defense. The three-year-old smarty had to pipe up, "I eat them when they're cooked!"

I remember the many books my father brought home from the secondhand bookshops on old Cornhill. No radio, records, TV, to make operas and symphonies a part of our everyday life—nor jazz nor rock and roll. We had books in our home (Fox's *Book of Martyrs* made its own impression). Not "culture" as today would know it. There was something of refinement. Father had had no schooling from the age of nine. His father was a laborer, a stonemason with a sizable family, whose eldest son, Alexander Mackenzie Munro, "Sandy" for short (yes, they were thoroughly Scotch, Highlanders; his mother was Alexandrina Ross) must early be a breadwinner. But he was not uneducated. Our house was full of leather-bound volumes: encyclopedias, Adam Clarke's *Commentary* in four huge tomes, Bunyan's complete works likewise, and Dickens' novels, another set—all these I still own. I read them early, some too early. I have also *Cruden's Concordance* unabridged, my mother's penciled cross-references here and there mar-

ginal. Burns's poems, of course—cause of many lively discussions pro and con.

My parents had taught me to read early, so that when at five years I went to enter first grade—so uninstructed in educational practice that at recess I came home, thinking the school day over—they found that I could read already and sent me on to the second grade. There they discovered I could read so well they advanced me to third. From then on, as I recall, I read without ceasing, everything decent available.

Our home was full of laughter. Like every family we had our own pet sayings, some literary, others quite the contrary; some genuinely witty, others funny only to us. There was our pompous tiger tomcat named, ironically, Sir Toby (for Shakespeare's riotous Sir Toby Belch). There was my mother's dramatic, "I will never desert Mr. Micawber!" when my easygoing father had shown himself more Micawberish (see Dickens) than usual.

There were my father's stories from which we adopted phrases: "He's awfu' stingy. I said 'Stop' [pouring tea], and he stoppit!" Or, "I was born in Paisley, but sure as death, I couldna' help it." Some of these were useful. "He means well, poor fellow." Or, for self-mockery, "Very good butter, what there is of it. And plenty of it, such as it is" (trying to redeem a social blunder). Not really humorous, but pat enough to ease many a situation.

And my Scotch Aunt Maggie's, "You'll find it when you're not looking for it," comes in handy even today. Or her, "I'm just making some fishballs out of the [leftover] turkey." She was with us often; we laughed at her haphazard sayings, and she laughed most heartily of all.

Optimism was second nature to my father, and love of fun. They say he was quite gay as a young man. My

mother was gentle, sensitive, thoughtful of people's feelings. Their backgrounds were very different. And money was scarce. I see now that humor was truly for them the saving grace. Through it they gave me the best of themselves and memories of a happy childhood.

The happiest remembrances are of the Sunday afternoons, walking with my father and mother through the woods across the road from our house, fifteen or twenty minutes' stroll to "our rock," where the path came upon a sudden surprise. Across the marshes the Saugus River, and beyond, the Atlantic Ocean itself! Off to the right the golden dome of the Massachusetts State House in Boston. The view never failed to charm me. My first appearance in print was an early attempt in the *Saugus High School Advocate* to capture it in writing.

Then those other Sundays we three spent in the open space outside our back fence, at the edge of a wooded slope overlooking the village below—Mother in the hammock, Father beside her, I sitting with them or roaming back and forth picking berries to eat as I went. The scent of nasturtiums always brings back still—perhaps they grew on the fence—those long, tranquil afternoons when Mother read *Pilgrim's Progress* aloud to us out of our folio volume. I must have done some of the reading, for in that copy where Bunyan had written (in the account of Christian and Hopeful's escape from Giant Despair's Castle) the forceful, "The gate went damnable hard," I find the profane word crossed out and a mild "very" substituted. This in my scrawling hand, which in those days they said looked like chicken tracks.

Those Sunday afternoons did much to set my course, by way of principles, values, and interests: the principle of keeping the Sabbath holy, the otherworld values of Bunyan's Bible-filled story, and an interest in Bunyan as writer and teacher which led to an A+ thesis at Harvard, a book, and several lectures.

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My parents tried to bend the twig in the right direction. The chief playmate of my childhood was my cousin Ethel, three years my junior, who lived nearby. Mother would admonish me, "Let Ethel have her way always. Remember she is younger than you." The advice irked me, but doubtless did me good—and Ethel.

CHAPTER III

Church Life

The most significant contribution to Operation Headstart has to do with Christian faith and church relations. As I have said, our family were good Baptists. My parents were married by Dr. A. B. Earle, a true saint of the denomination. My mother in particular was a sincere, earnest Christian who loved the Lord and her Bible. She had one sister, like her a good Baptist, who had married and followed her to Cliftdale. My earliest recollection of church is of a regular job "helping" my Baptist Sunday school teacher to "teach the class." No doubt feeling rather important, I was acquiring the Sunday school habit, which I have never lost. I have been a Sunday school teacher ever since.

I recall also that when the sacrament was observed at the close of a church service, all the other girls were allowed to congregate outside. My mother always insisted that I sit with her and my father, though I was too young to partake of the bread and wine. I was learning, rather reluctantly, something of reverence for sacred things.

In children's meetings I learned a good deal of scripture. Psalm after psalm I memorized and repeated to my mother. And she quoted to me again and again—could I ever forget it?—"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

But when I was nine years old, events began to happen that made things of the Spirit real to me and personal. I had been what they called "a good girl," but I was no angel. I recall clearly my earliest experience of conviction of sin. I had kept back two or three cents of the change from an errand, and I realized I must make things right with my mother—no, confess my sin to her. I know the exact spot on the woodsy path coming up the hill from the store where I flung myself flat on the ground crying tears as bitter as any condemned criminal's.

That must have been about the time of the big event that changed all our lives. Street meetings were held in Clifftondale Square by a group of people from Lynn, three miles away. Two young women—scarcely out of their teens they must have been—played baby organ and cornet. (Afterwards they were known respectively as Dr. Olive M. Winchester, the first woman to receive a graduate degree from Glasgow University, and Mrs. R. J. Dixon, wife of a powerful preacher and professor of philosophy.) Soon meetings were being held in a hall and members of the Baptist and Methodist churches were receiving a religious experience they witnessed to as "entire sanctification, a definite second work of grace." One Baptist woman, Mary L. Webber, was particularly outspoken and was "put out of the church," as I heard it. At any rate, she and others were forbidden to testify. The outcome was the organization in Clifftondale of the Church of the Nazarene (then named Pentecostal). My mother and father were charter members.

For some time services were held in rented halls; the second of these burned to the ground during our occupancy. I recall this fire vividly, for in it perished my dearest treasures, my books. Mother had persuaded me to donate them as a nucleus for a Sunday school library. I fear I was not a cheerful giver, but I did learn something about unconditional offering to the Lord.

I was attending all the services. They were many and long. Especially the altar services. I think I understood the theology of holiness pretty well, even then. The preachers made it plain. And I took it seriously. To learn it practically was another matter. It took me some time to work my way through the doctrines of confession and restitution. It required as much grit as I could muster to tell my mother I had poured doses of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil down the sink drain; to tell my mother and my piano teacher that I had turned the hands of the clock ahead to shorten my practice stint.

At the age of eleven I joined the church and was baptized by immersion in the Atlantic Ocean at Lynn Beach, by Rev. J. C. Bearse, then pastor at Malden. (A few years ago at a meeting of the "Pioneers" during the General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene at Kansas City, they would not accept 1898 as the year I became a member of the church. I had to register the date as 1908, the year of the union of Eastern Pentecostal with Western Nazarene. I felt a little cheated. I might have called myself the oldest living Nazarene!) That same year Rev. H. B. Hosley came to Cliftondale as our third pastor, following Rev. A. B. Riggs and Rev. F. E. Talbee. I remember the full names well; my whole life was in the church.

Almost. I was doing well in school. And loved it. By this time I was in ninth grade, using my spare time in study hours to diagram complicated sentences for fun; memorizing Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal* entire, so

that when one of us three girls who were to recite it on a graduation program was ill, I was able to take over her part. I bracket church and school together here because those ninth-grade days are still distinct in my mind, when seated near the window of the "brick school," I watched "our" pastor, Mr. Hosley, working in overalls nailing shingles on the roof of "our" new church next door.

That little church in Clifftondale was my second home for many years. Next to my mother's influence, continuing it, enlarging it, it held me steady through the crucial early stages and far beyond. I had been teaching fifteen years before I transferred my membership, becoming a charter member of the college church in Wollaston.

I must say more of this church, for it gave me ideals of Christian experience, basic principles for Christian living—in general, standards of value; and it introduced me to Christ. It gave me the Bible. For years it gave me a home and Christian friends; it taught, or began to teach me, the meaning of true friendship. It built into me habits that carried me through temptations which otherwise would have floored me. It gave me the testimonies of older Christians who had found the best thing on earth.

It gave me some memories worth far more than gold. My retiring, self-restrained mother standing with her hand raised as they sang "He Brought Me Out" or "His Grace Aboundeth More." Mr. Webber, whose wife usually did the talking, almost shouting *his* song:

*He abides in me, I abide in Him,
I am happy now, I have peace within.
Oh, glory to God, He has saved my soul
And He lives in me since He made me whole!*

Brother Sprague's testimony was of a different stripe. It terrified me, but it was all part of the picture. He stood by a front seat facing the audience—how often I heard him—singing all the stanzas:

*I dreamed that the Great Judgment Morning
Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown;
I dreamed that the nations had gathered
To judgment before the white throne.*

And the good-night song. Symbolic of my love for the church, and its love for me, was the year-long custom of gathering, ten or a dozen of the last to leave the building after an evening service, around the large hot-air furnace register at the rear of the sanctuary to sing all three stanzas of "Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven There." Real values, a real Christian family. And they were mine.

But the altar rail—I haunted it. I was very slow getting established—how patient those dear people were with me! How many times they tried to make me see the difference between temptation and sin, between "thoughts of evil" and "evil thoughts"; between birds "flying over your head" and "building nests in your hair"! And Brother Bearse, apostle of love, telling me gently that I was a legalist. I did not understand; I couldn't be sure I was doing my part. But I knew these I loved had something real, something essential, and I knew I had to have it. Thank God, one day the conviction restated itself. Since then it has been, I have to have Jesus, whatever else I lose. I remember where I sat, what we were singing, when I saw clearly what "carnality" in me was. "When I survey the wondrous Cross"—but I could not go on:

*My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.*

I wanted to be valedictorian of my high school graduating class. I suppose it sounds silly. And, of course, I hadn't much to say about the outcome. I was used to being first. But I saw then that the essence of sin is self at the center, self and self-will. My valedictory address, when it came, was the trite *Honor, Not Honors*, but it meant something to me. I had learned the principle.

Our church introduced me to camp meeting. A row of tents at Douglas Camp was called Clifftondale Avenue. The summer I was thirteen I was eager to go with the rest. Mother let me sell her homemade jelly and jam to our neighbors to earn the train fare. I went again the summer I was fifteen. And there God and I got together in a "crisis experience" deep and lasting. Years afterward I learned from Mrs. Hosley that my mother had told her, "Bertie's been different since Douglas."

In those early years I acquired the church-attendance-first habit. Whatever else was scheduled for prayer meeting night, it had to go. There was the Wednesday evening I was to take part in a trio for a piano recital. The teacher obligingly changed the order of the numbers; disregarding quality or climax, the trio ended the program, and I attended prayer meeting first, my "fancy" white dress concealed under a dark raincoat. Too rigid? Legalistic? Unthoughtful of others? At least, good preparation for meeting later days of general laxness.

Any studying on Sunday was unthinkable. Sunday was God's day—often for three services plus Sunday school and young people's meeting. The lesson of personal responsibility.

Of the holiness preaching of those early days I have written in an article printed in the *Preacher's Magazine* of April, 1967. There were "greats," especially among the camp meeting and revival evangelists from North,

South, East and West, who bound the "holiness people" in one warm fellowship. I heard them all.

The Clifftondale church has had a succession of the very strongest preachers: Martha E. Curry, Joseph C. Bearse, J. Glenn Gould, Tom M. Brown, James M. Cubie, J. Warner Turpel, E. E. Martin, Timothy Smith, and others more recent. It has always been small, but it has exerted a tremendous influence far beyond its numerical strength. Of the half-dozen who were "young people" with me, Will Houghton became president of Moody Bible Institute, and Esther Sprague Brown was missionary to Cape Verde. At one time since then six young men from the church were at Eastern Nazarene College preparing for the ministry.

To me it was home.

Section Two: THE PLANNER AT WORK

CHAPTER IV

Choices and Opening Doors

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

His planning and my choosing had already begun when, aged twelve, I entered Saugus High School. My heredity and environment did not include higher education. "College" was a misty term to me. No one in our family—or church, so far as I had ever heard—had any experience with advanced learning. But when faced on the opening day with registering for either the "business course" or the "college course," I chose the latter. Sometime perhaps I could go. And I suppose "business" did not sound too attractive. At any rate, when the time came I would be ready.

Saugus was a small town and, for some reason or other, something of a joke among towns. "Can any good thing come out of Saugus?" But we had some superior teachers. Miss Bacheller in Latin and German was outstanding and set my sights early for a career in for-

eign languages. We really learned the stuff, to use the contemporary disrespectful term. (French was not far behind, though I never loved it as I did the others.) So much so that when I actually reached college I found myself better prepared than perhaps any other student in the large advanced classes. Three of us who entered Boston University in 1903 won the college entrance "certificate privilege" for Saugus High. We had had to earn our admission the hard way, by passing stiff College Entrance Examinations. It wasn't hard for us to make good grades. We had had good training.

Somewhere in the lower grades I had acquired the habit of thoroughness in study. Possibly my mother's repetitions had been taking root: "Saturday's child must work for a living." And I liked to do well in my courses. I'm sure it was not by remarkable brilliance, chance, or cheating that I was valedictorian of the class of 1903.

Parenthetically—I am not impressed by the excuse "language block" or "math block." I learned the contrary in my freshman year of high school. By a glaring case of faculty misguidance I found myself a lone twelve-year-old girl in a physics class of tall senior boys. My despair over the valves of a steam-engine must have been pitiable, for when we came in from recess that day a sheet of paper lay on my desk with a diagram explaining in close detail the working of the monster. I suffered similar agonies throughout the year without similar assistance, but finished the course with an *A*, and worshiped the tall senior boy who had given me the encouragement. My earliest (secret) love affair. He walked home with me after my commencement four years later and hosted me at his Harvard Class Day. The only contacts. No early "going steady" in those ante-diluvian days.

I studied faithfully and determinedly. Yet I am sure I was no bookworm, studywise. I had good times and

good friends. And time to do enough recreational reading that when I made a full commitment of my life to God at the altar, July 23, 1902, I felt convicted for my time-wasting and vowed not to read another novel not required for courses at school. I was a basketball center. I loved the ocean. I loved bicycling.

But the church and my church-born convictions came first. (I fear as yet they were not all either reasoned or recognized as divinely revealed.) I attended all the church services regularly and gladly, and I never thought of the "don'ts" as "prohibitions." Rather they seemed to me a door to the highest ideals for living. I saw them lived by people who were supremely happy and good. So it was simply natural for me to refuse to take part in high school dances and dramatics. And my class on at least one occasion turned them down because I did.

FIRST CRISIS

Responsible living began with my mother's death. I have mentioned this first crisis as a misfortune that tore my life to bits, and it was my first deep sorrow. Actually it proved to be a necessary step in God's plan for me. Looking back, I can see (1) God's providential care in anticipating my needs, easing the blow, preparing me to meet the loss, supplying friends and wherewithal, and (2) His discipline of love to free my nature from selfish living and thinking. God foreknew what I could not foresee, and had ready for me what I needed and would have chosen had I known. In place of the family I had lost He gave me two new families to which I came to belong very really, and He gave me in time, much later, the glad privilege of providing a home for my father.

I have called the Clifftondale church "my family." While Mother was still alive I had been welcomed to our pastor's house as almost a second home. His daughter,

Annie Hosley (later the wife of Dr. James Houston Shrader, E.N.C.'s science professor), was my closest friend. We had become almost inseparable, sharing girl-fashion our diary secrets, our crushes—hers, rather, for I was a follower—and our series of hand-illustrated text-books, chiefly variations on Rev. Martha E. Curry's sermon texts. So those two months when our household was taken over by "Auntie Munro" and the house sold, it was only natural that I found a refuge at the parsonage. Then in December "Brother Hosley" was called to Washington, D.C., and Cliftondale church again was "there." I chose the Parsons family and the Parsons family chose me—a "boarder," I was called—to stay the few months until my high school graduation. They opened their arms wide, and their home was mine for many years. I never had the experience of feeling myself an orphan or unwanted. I was surrounded with love.

And the Hosleys were still "my family." They kept close to me by letter, and the entire summer following graduation I spent with them in Washington—ten fascinating weeks filled with the enchantment of novelty and wonder. The city was still new enough to them to make sight-seeing a delight to us all, and we visited all the important landmarks. Washington was then not Pentagon-ridden nor race-torn. Our "trio," Annie, Houston, and I, explored on our bicycles every corner of what was still the City of Magnificent Distances. Rock Creek Park was our favorite spot; and the lights of early evening made the whole a place of magic and mystery.

The blow of Mother's death my Heavenly Father eased in a fashion I was to experience many times after. The pattern of my life has been from one perspective a series of losses of someone or something I was depending on; but with each loss a word from God—surprising, unexpected—told me He was there, my real Strength, the Unfailing One. That "word fitly spoken" has been

usually a verse of Scripture, sometimes a line of a sacred song, always personal, *mine*. This first time was a miracle.

I was in my room where they had sent me, face down on my bed, crying, utterly miserable. They had just come to tell me Mother was gone. Suddenly a verse repeated itself in my mind. I had not known it was in the Bible, but found it later: "They shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads" (Rev. 22:4). It gave me what I needed, gave me quiet and "strength for the day," and a modicum of understanding.

I asked for "The Home of the Soul" to be sung at her funeral, and also,

*The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.*

For I remembered then, and still do, the evenings she had fallen asleep while sewing something for me to wear. We had teased her, my father and I, but learned now that the drowsiness had been a symptom of her disease. I remembered too how she had suffered for her testimony when her association with the "holiness people" had alienated her only sister.

The Comforter had begun His many-faceted work of ministering needed grace, which has lasted now for over sixty years. Comfort, but also the discipline of love. He knew that, if I continued to be shielded by those who loved me and believed as I did, I should never become a person in my own right. I should never learn to live with people in a world of people. I should never really live myself, certainly never develop my own powers, never know what I was capable of; never really think, certainly never help others to think or to be themselves. He knew I must be a pioneer. Not as great as Abraham, but of his family. I was naturally a leaner.

During those last months of high school, dear as my new families were, I learned that I was not the center of attention or importance. My convenience was not the deciding factor. I must learn to consult the wishes of others first, to see from the point of view of others, to be a contributor rather than merely a taker; to wipe the dishes as well as enjoy the dinner, to pick my share of berries for the blueberry pie.

And I began to make the choices that count. Those beautiful October days just after my mother's going—"October's bright blue weather," with the sunlit russet, gold, or crimson leaves and the hint of chill in the air—the poignant feel of them repeats itself on a clear fall day. I was starting life's adventure alone. But, "He guideth me in right paths for the sake of His name" (Ps. 23:3, Rotherham). "As thou goest, the way shall open up before thee." "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." This the years taught. I lived myself into these promises. The first great choice made, the lesser choices were not too difficult. And entering what I believed to be the right path, doors opened that had seemed closed. Apparently trivial or very human decisions proved to have far-reaching consequences.

CHAPTER V

And Now College

I had read as one of the "required optionals" in high school the life of Mary Lyon, founder and first president of Mt. Holyoke College, and decided that was to be my school. Of course we lacked tuition money for any college; it was only a dream. I took my junior entrance examinations for Mt. Holyoke. But again the Planning. With Mother's death the finances for a residence college were out of the question. Father was getting along in years and soon to retire. And the older half brothers insisted that I give up the idea of further schooling and get to earning money. My father said, "If she wants to go to college, she shall go." Everlasting thanks to him for his understanding and his courage. So I gave up the thought of Mt. Holyoke and focused on Boston University. Expenses were lower, and even these might be lessened by scholarships. And I could live at home, help Father make a home. So B.U. it was to be.

The objectors finally relented, even so far as finally to lend Father the \$75 down payment for the first semester. It seems incredible today that the yearly charge for tuition was then \$125—quite as high for that era, how-

ever, as are today's thousands. The arrangement was that application might be made at registration for a \$100 freshman scholarship and \$75 paid down (\$50 to be refunded at the beginning of the second semester if your grades earned the scholarship; in that case the \$25 incidentals fee was the total expense).

Registration Day arrived. One doesn't easily forget hours of like misery and agonizing suspense. Father was all day long securing the \$75, and I dared not appear at the college without the cash. It arrived at last just after four o'clock, the closing hour. I had to enroll a day late. Those days knew nothing of "freshman counselors" and distinctly stated "core requirements," posted schedules, and all the paraphernalia of efficiency. We had catalogues. Specific advice got to you by tradition; counsel came through kindly fraternity brothers-or-sisters-to-be. I had neither. Classes had already met by the time I threaded my way through the rambling old building at 12 Somerset Street, around the corner from the State House. How I stumbled into the right courses or who took pity on my green ignorance I cannot recall. I do know that, when I finally found the classes, I was lost as to what was going on or what was to be done.

To add to my confusion I was short of cash for textbooks. Throughout my four years at Boston University I was able to buy very few of the assigned copies, foreign-language texts with notes and vocabulary, and the like. I haunted the secondhand bookshops on old Cornhill, and thumbed my ancient Latin dictionary till I knew for myself. I gained the habit of digging out meanings and developed the persistence of a hound hunting down the scent. I see why one of my Latin professors later wished to send me to Italy to study Roman inscriptions! And I made good use of the Loan Library in the college. My system apparently paid off, in an honors Phi Beta Kappa.

Here also was confirmed my anti-mental-block theory. I had a "block" against zoology, notebooks especially; but it was required, and I made myself earn an A+. I remember too making one of three top grades in Solid Geometry, which I fervently disliked. Bragging? No. Just challenging fatalistically-oriented students.

Someway or other I made it through financially. It was an exciting moment when Father and I, leaving the house together one morning that first January, found in the mailbox the announcement that I had been granted a freshman scholarship. After that I earned a scholarship each year; in the third year was named Junior Proctor; in the fourth Senior Proctor, with the Huntington Scholarship as highest-ranking student. There was also the oversight of the Romance Library, a paying job. In my sophomore year my father broke his hip and for some time was unable to work. I waited on tables in a Boston hotel, and my half sister, home from Africa on a year's visit, stayed with us to help with our finances. My housekeeping was sketchy, my expenses minimal—one shirtwaist washed every night and ironed every morning.

In some way Professor Ebenezer Charlton Black, a Scotsman from the University of Edinburgh, learned of my father's fall and recognized in him a fellow Scot. He gave him an Irish shillelagh, a stout knotted oak cane, which Father used to his dying day, and which I myself have had recourse to occasionally. More important, he gave me a part-time job caring for his son Charlton—two months old when I started, I who knew nothing of babies. I spent two summers with the Blacks, one at their home near Harvard Square (we told time by the Memorial Hall Westminster chimes), the other in Ontario, Canada, on a hundred-acre farm yielding bushels of barley, oats, and wheat. And through the last two years of college I must come to Cambridge once a week for the evening meal and evening prayers, carfare paid.

They made me one of the family and the relationship was a pleasant one. But the work was trying. They had just lost a son and could not endure to hear this child cry. Charlton would not even be rocked to sleep; he had to be walked into quietness, then into unconsciousness. Hours upon end I walked him and watched him. I dared not even read. The packed shelves of the library were tantalizing. To this day I can guess the hour and minute accurately. I was an expert clock-watcher (without clock or watch to count by). I learned then how to stay put. I was conscientious—I had to be. And patient—I can't say always with joyfulness. I believe Dr. and Mrs. Black appreciated "Bairtha," as he called me.

Professor Black used to say that when Edinburgh University had her small, inconvenient buildings she had her great professors. I am not certain of the cause-and-effect logic of his pronouncement, but I can vouch for its truth in the B.U. of our day. Professor Dallas Lore Sharp of Freshman English, for example, was well and widely known as a writer. Of course he was a sore trial to me and to many others. I did not enjoy writing weekly themes. And we all agreed his words were as sharp as his name. He was not satisfied with mere correctness. He demanded freshness. I was correct enough, but not very fertile in original ideas. However, once he caught a ray of hope for me. He read aloud, then handed over to the *Hub*, a jingle I had dashed off when pressed for time. His approval may indicate how our sluggishness had debased his standards. I remember that it began,

*Hungry he was, and pinched, and poor,
A lonely little mouse.
Longing he stood, and looked from the door
Of his silent, empty house,*

and ended, after the mouse's prayer and its answer,

What cared he that his Christmas store
Was part of a shopgirl's lunch
That had dropped, unnoticed, the threshold o'er
And rolled of itself, it seemed, to his door
For his hungry teeth to munch.

There was the cheese, you could plainly see
He had asked, and Santa gave.
And the old Saint laughed to behold his glee:
"Who, I should like to know, without me
Could have steered it so straight to his cave?"

To exemplify the "intentional fallacy"—the professor probably found concealed there deep symbolism as to illusions of "answered prayer."

And now I am reminded of my one high school marked platform success in assembly hall. In deference to my father's love of Burns, I had chosen to recite (periodic appearances were required) the Scottish dialect poem "To a Mouse." As I finished, the principal ejaculated sympathetically, "Poor Mousie!" What would the Freudians do with my mouse fixation?

Back to those other great professors. There was Thomas Bond Lindsay for Latin as well as younger but brilliant Alexander Rice, Joseph R. Taylor and William Goodwin Aurelio for Greek, James Geddes for French, Judson B. Coit for Astronomy, Baldwin for Economics, and on and on. But especially Dean William M. Warren for Psychology and of course Borden Parker Bowne for Philosophy. Dean Warren and I held differing views on Berkeleyan "idealism" and Professor Bowne and I (brash teen-ager) tangled over "meliorism." I admired them all. But I was young and simpleminded. And that year Professor Bowne was being tried by the Methodist Church for heresy. I came to love the college life with its intellectual challenge and outreach, but it never overpowered me.

About my choices and His planning. I majored in languages; Latin, I suppose would today be called my major, but I studied Greek all four years, took several courses in French and German, and a year each in Spanish and Italian, which did me little good. Latin and German were my favorites. As I neared graduation I was frequently asked, "What are you going to do when you graduate?" My unvarying reply, with a shrug of the shoulders, was, "I don't know, but I'm sure I don't want to teach school." In fact, by the midpoint of my fourth year I had completed more than the 120 hours required for the degree and was planning to enroll at Burdett Business College, preparatory to proofreading with Ginn and Company, publishers. The evening before Registration Day a sudden feeling swept over me that I should be forever disappointed if I did not teach. I cancelled my plans and took an additional semester at B.U. A single course in educational theory constituted my professional training; a very few days of substitute teaching in algebra, a chance pay job, was my sole professional experience. They let us start that way then. But I "landed," as they said, an exceptionally fine teaching position at the exceptionally good yearly salary of \$550. To my surprise I loved the work and have gone on loving it ever since, for sixty years.

So far the newness of college, and its main business. At heart I was the same girl, and carried the church with me and the same convictions. My relationship with God was the one thing that must not change. As I have said, I spent Sundays in Cliftondale, attending all services and teaching my Sunday school class of teen-agers. I never studied on Sunday—never have to this day. (I remember under stress of temptation once opening a German book, but immediately laying it down.) With a couple of Methodist classmates I attended week-night prayer meeting at Temple Street Methodist Church. I let all my college friends know of my faith—possibly

unwisely, obnoxiously. In fact, I did not pay freshman class dues because the class was giving a play.

My attitude to Greek-letter fraternities gained me the reputation of being "independent." Strange to say, I had bids from several of the sororities. Practically all the social life was centered in these groups, and the non-frat girls were complete outsiders. But in spite of much pressure, I refused to join. "Our church," I said to myself, "does not believe in secret societies." It was not easy, for the finest girls I knew were Gamma Phi's. I decided then by dead reckoning. In my senior year, to my astonishment, I was asked again. The inducement now was that the sorority was the only link after graduation with the college and college friends. But now I had begun to think, to observe, to examine my convictions; and I saw that the fraternity principle is exclusive and makes many, left outside, lonely and unhappy. This very experience taught me there is usually a basic principle underlying any position held generally by Christians. In other words, it is safe to trust the Christian conscience; it is likely to be sound.

I think the fact that I *chose* to be a non-frat girl meant something to the others, and we managed to have good times. But I had many friends among all the sororities. I still have prized friends from college days, both Gamma Phi's and non-frats. I never stop to think which are which. And in spite of my awkward ways of witnessing for Christ, a college friend wrote me the other day, "You showed us that one could be a Christian and be happy." Two others, at different times, became Christians later and wrote to thank me. With another classmate I have maintained intimate Christian fellowship.

I might add that my classmates elected me class president the first semester of the senior year and valedictorian the second. And my junior year I was named

chairman of the Klatsch decoration committee (the main all-college social function).

In the senior year my French professor had assigned me the leading role in a French play. My father would have been happy, for Theodora Gordon, daughter of his brother-in-law who came to America under his wing and had outgrown him, was to have a part. Both urged me, but I saw the inconsistency, and could not agree. The refusal cost me my professor's favor, naturally and rightly.

The young man with whom I had a good understanding told me that year that the reason he had determined to know me was this reputation for independence. (The only way I knew I had it!) He said too that he, and others, had watched to see whether or not I would change my stand on fraternities and dramatics under pressure at the end—had hoped I would not.

Which reminds me that I have said nothing about the Historical Club pilgrimages. We wrote, and delivered, serious papers for our meetings, but I am fairly certain that the chief bond was the days spent at Salem or Old Marblehead. There was no ban on couples.

There were other aspects of college life; but so much I have written to encourage young people not to throw away a conviction without a deeper one to put in its place.

I finished college, as I began it: Why can't we have a college with both the best in education (I see here) and the best in religion (I found in the home church)?

Boston University of my day was really not so far as I thought from the holiness teaching I knew. The college was only in its early forties. Our President Huntington had followed the first president, William F. Warren, author of the beautiful hymn,

*I worship Thee, O Holy Ghost,
I love to worship Thee;
With Thee each day is Pentecost,
Each night Nativity.*

Our Dean Warren, his son, was a truly reverent person. As proctor I called at his office daily for commissions or suggestions. I found him a most searching, but kind and considerate counsellor.

I saw only the difference. I felt the lack of spontaneity in the weekly chapel service and the complete secularity both in and out of classes, the theorizing of philosophy and psychology, the raising of questions with no positive answers. And the shock of that Y.W.C.A. Bible study class conducted by Professor Aurelio when he read from a psalm, out of context, "Happy shall he be that dasheth thy children against the stones," and told us that passage was not inspired because it was contrary to the spirit of love. We were to judge for ourselves what parts of the Bible were inspired. I went to my room and asked myself, in real distress, "How do I know what parts to believe?" My introduction to the Higher Criticism. I think of it all as the picture of a second- or third-generation church-related college, and pray again, "Lord, keep E.N.C. a true holiness college."

Both "bests" have a deeper meaning to me now. I recognize today that it is no simple thing to find the true "best" in education or the true "best" in religion, and, found, to keep them in balance. This too the years are teaching still.

Mine was the old B.U. College of Liberal Arts. It was on the eve of transition to the new. The 1907 class was the last one to be graduated from the rambling building on Beacon Hill. The old blue-gray *Bostonia* carried the cover-legend, "Where shall the scholar live? I make answer for him. In the dark gray city." I recall that in my valedictory address I supported that proposi-

tion, but went to lament, mildly, the fact that in the coming year the college must leave the rich cultural atmosphere of Old Boston for 688 Boylston Street. Illogical, for it would be situated close to the Boston Public Library and historic Copley Square. And sentimental! But remember, I was young.

Section Three: THE PLANNER STILL AT WORK

CHAPTER VI

First Steps Professional

Middleboro High School was an excellent spot for a beginner. The principal had held office a good many years and had discipline well in hand—his own peculiar method, but it worked. Faculty-student rapport was delightful. But in order to teach my favorite German, I must conduct also three classes of English. I had taken only three or four literature courses in college. In the first, "Nineteenth Century Prose," I was greeted with a thesis assignment topic, "Impassioned Prose in Autobiography." Desperation drove me, and I ground out what the lecturer considered an A paper; but I was not enticed into the field.

But the Planner saw ahead. I was given *Coriolanus* (of all Shakespeare's plays! And I never had studied Shakespeare) to teach the seniors, and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* the juniors. I had taught less than a month when (it was "Gareth and Lynette" that day) I

stopped in the midst of a class period and said to myself, "This is life!" I've been saying it ever since. All my graduate work has been in the English field, and I have lived World Literature in all my years of teaching, happily.

Even then I was not sure of my choice. After two years at Middleboro, I went to Needham, Massachusetts, to teach my early loves, Latin and German. I missed something. It was the Latin and German *literature* that I enjoyed. Those works I could teach in translation. Then I knew my way.

The story of my sophomore class in composition (we called it Rhetoric) is different. I made a casual call one day on Dean Warren, and he asked me, naturally, how I liked teaching. "Very much," I said, "except that sophomore Rhetoric." His answer was characteristic of his counsel, and immensely practical. "Why don't you go back and try making that your favorite class?" "I couldn't in this world." I shrugged. But I did go back, and I did try. And strangely enough, Rhetoric was soon my pet class. I suppose hard work creates interest; invest much and prize much. One member of that group, our class wit, became a popular syndicated humor columnist, Neal O'Hara. I disclaim all credit. Perhaps Ken Washburn, the successful lawyer of the class, did more with his Rhetoric.

At Middleboro, I twice chaperoned camping groups of girls. To this day they call me "Chap." One of them has just retired after a long career as principal of a Wollaston grammar school. And of course I was young enough to enjoy canoe rides on the Nemasket River with one of the boys. Was it really nine years ago that I attended the Fiftieth Anniversary Banquet of the class of M.H.S., 1909?

But my closest relationships were with Christian friends. Though Cliftdale was near enough for me to

spend every other weekend with the Parsons family and attend my home church, I found in the Middleboro Methodist Church a few older people who conducted a weekly class meeting. With them I felt at home. I took part regularly in their services, and one of the young married women became a lasting friend. For a year I roomed with a sincere Christian, an Episcopalian. She introduced me to F. W. Myers' beautiful poem "Saint Paul."

*Christ! I am Christ's. And let the name suffice you;
Ay, for me too He greatly hath sufficed.*

Our relationship too wore well through the years.

And one of my high school girls, Florence White, I recognized as truly born again. She attended Douglas Camp Meeting with me one summer and was sanctified wholly. Upon graduation from Boston University she came to teach at P.C.I., roomed with me, married one of our students, and found her short life fulfilled as a minister's wife. Her way of expressing her life with God was, "I'm trusting fully."

Teaching in Needham was not so happy, though I was near enough Cliftondale to attend there every Sunday and teach my Sunday school class. (I believe while in Middleboro I had had an assistant for alternate Sundays.) The discipline was wretched throughout the school. The principal would expel a young roughneck one day; the superintendent, to please the parents, would send him back the next. The churches were formal and chilly. Perhaps God was making it easy for me to accept the next decisive change.

One pleasant memory stands out. One evening in the Baptist church I had testified to the experience of a second-crisis work of grace, the only time I had attended there. At the close of the service a Baptist woman, Mrs. Brownville, spoke to me gratefully and invited me

to her home to pray with her for the conversion of her son, a popular athlete. We prayed more than once, but he became a lawyer, successful, unsaved. Years after at a holiness camp meeting at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, I was surprised and excited to find the speaker was Gordon Brownville, pastor of a large church in Atlanta, Georgia. Later he pastored Boston's Tremont Temple. Another lesson in prayer.

I spoke of a coming change. It was in May of that Needham year that one afternoon I attended the New England District Assembly of the church, at Lynn. A girlhood friend had died that week and I had been deeply stirred into reexamining my relationship to God. Sitting in the pew, I opened my life to the Holy Spirit in a way I had never done before. As I was going to the door—God's own timing—Rev. E. E. Angell, principal of the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute in Rhode Island, met me and asked if I ever had considered teaching at the school. It was a new thought to me. But the next thought was, "If you are going to be a really sanctified girl, all you have belongs to the cause of holiness." My answer to him was, "No, but I would." He said he would write me.

In Needham we were living as a family. I was now the wage earner my brothers had wished, and we had a comfortable, well-furnished rented house, my father and I, with my half brother Joseph and Aunt Maggie. My father was soon to retire, and he had always expected great things of me. The school, I knew, could scarcely make ends meet, if that; I knew little else about it. I did not see how I could ask my father to give up his home.

That was Sunday. The letter came Tuesday. I read it, handed it to my father, went to the kitchen, prayed once more, "Lord, if You want me to go, please make Father willing," and went back to the living room. He

said, "If you think that is the thing to do, I won't say anything against it." From that day until his death, thirteen years later, this was his attitude. One of the miracles of the Planner. We made other arrangements for my aunt and my brother, stored our furniture, and went out like Abraham. To me, at least, it was a journey of faith.

CHAPTER VII

First Steps Pioneering

“Coming in on a wing and a prayer”—what was that phrase of the early airmen? I was going out that way. Better, perhaps, those lines I used to say to myself so often:

*I'd rather walk with God in the dark
Than walk alone in the light;
I'd rather walk with Him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.*

This was the truth the P.C.I. years taught me triumphantly. I had always been homesick after our home was broken up, homesick for Cliftondale. But never a moment's homesickness at P.C.I. I loved it.

My aunt had warned me I was ruining myself for life. Professor Black was wiser. When I told him what I was planning, in leaving the educational world for an unknown, he said, “Bairtha, I think you're doing right,” and went on to tell me that when he was young he had

felt he should be a Christian minister; but after an attack of brain fever he had been persuaded his notion was all illusion, and had regretted ever since.

P.C.I. was a beautiful, bare, colonial-pillared building set in tall spruce trees, with a far view of hills beyond. Not much else to say in its favor. But its people were my people and its God my God. I was at home in the will of God.

As the days went by, I lived into the ways of the school and found them essentially good. The five years spent there were anything but wasted. Educational aims were high, and standards matched. The curriculum spread itself far and thin, preparing for lay Christian service, for the ministry, for college, for business (commercial and secretarial work), and, for a time, for a trade. But the preparation was sound, the courses were thorough, and the teaching was adequate. More, the students were strongly motivated. Only a very few were family "unhandleables" sent us to be subdued and reformed.

The instructors too were highly motivated, or they could not have carried through. There was the voluntary *pro rata* agreement, by which salaries (or salary fragments) were pro-rated after other financial obligations were met. And faculty loads were generous. My classes met for half-hour periods, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.: mornings, four years of English, two years of Latin, two years of German or French; afternoons, two years of English, two years of Greek, one course Literary Study of the Bible. It sounds like a complete bench in itself. But I was only one of a group of conscientious educators.

Elementary science was well cared for; the science teacher was the state forester of Rhode Island. And of course philosophy, Bible, and theology. Brother Angell held a degree from McGill University. A reminiscing letter received the other day from a graduate of the class

of 1913 names subjects he carried: English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Systematic Theology, Political Economy, Homiletics, Hermeneutics, and Elocution. Alma Reid taught commercial courses; large classes they were, made up chiefly of students from the village and nearby communities. She was well trained herself and expert in her training.

The students that first year—many of them near my own age—were friends, congenial in a way no college associates had been, some of them stronger in the Christian life than I. A few had already had experience facing the world in business or trade. I number among my choicest Ephraim Wordsworth and May Curry (I was later their maid of honor). And Edith Darton—her English father and my Scotch father were good friends and debaters. She and Mary Cove were Christian Worker students and elementary teachers. Madeline Nosstrand later lived with me as a daughter until her marriage to President Floyd W. Nease of Eastern Nazarene College. At P.C.I., I found true Christian fellowship. I learned then that Christian friends are the genuine, life's greatest treasure short of Christ himself.

These students were easy to teach, even Robert "Jim" Kirkland, young Irish factory worker, called to preach. Doggedly drudging away at Beginning Latin, he said, "It feels like a steam plow going through my brain." I loved them and I loved my job. I never stopped to think I was overworked. I wasn't. I enjoyed it as I had enjoyed nothing before.

Robert Kirkland made the grade. If then I could have looked into the crystal ball, I should have seen in that set purpose not only the loved New England pastor of these fifty years but also those three high-powered sons of his: Robert, Jr., the high-ranking FBI official; Albert, the honored navy chaplain; and Paul, the top-quality teacher.

I should have seen in the all-A, eager-minded Handley Mullen, called home after only one year at P.C.I., not merely faithful unsung service in one small area year after year, but those six second-generation Mullens, E.N.C. alumni and faculty, the two daughters ministers' wives and teachers, the four sons creative Christian educators whose service has literally gone around the world.

The same of Ephraim Wordsworth, fiery Nazarene pastor, district superintendent, evangelist, writer; father of five strong men and women such as go to the making of a strong church—Christians in the pulpit, Christians in business.

A special word for Myrtle Pelley, then competent manager of the P.C.I. mop factory as well as good student. I knew that she was heading straight for Africa; I could not see the key position she would fill in Nazarene missions. Through the spring of 1914 she had been ill at the school and that summer I took her to Cliftondale with me to regain her strength. Dr. Penney told her she never would see the mission field. He died a few years later; she lived to graduate from New York Hospital, put in twenty-five years of grueling service in Africa, return to America, marry an evangelist and share his work, publish a book on her experiences, and still live on, a witness to God's faithfulness.

Incidentally, it was in Myrtle Pelley's sickroom at P.C.I. that spring that May McKenney and I were praying when she saw by faith the "group of brick buildings" that would someday house the school. It seemed to me—it was by any calculation—sheer impossibility. "Little is much when God is in it."

My work was rich in uncharted potential. If only I could measure up to my own spiritual potential. For the religious program was as intensive as the scholastic—more so. Service was held every evening at seven in the

bare chapel room on the top floor of the building, and it often lasted far beyond the half-hour limit. The prayers were long and fervent, the messages searching. And I was conscientious and sometimes too literal in my interpretations. I recall my attempt to "give God a tithe of my time"—time interpreted as 24 hours, of which 2 hours, 20 minutes a day was to be spent in prayer and Bible reading. I found the program hard to work.

My associates were strong men and women who taught me much by their Christian example. Brother and Sister Angell—we never gave them any other titles—he, intense, Christ-centered, keen-minded, burning-souled, fiery-tender man of God; she, more practical, just as warmhearted, unself-seeking, strong of convictions, "Bible Christian." Many years later, when asked a loaded, foolish question, "Who is the best Christian you know?" I answered just as foolishly, but without a moment's hesitation, "Brother and Sister Angell and Tom Brown" (well-known in New England for his whole-souled missionary praying, giving, living). Foolish, 'unwise,' Paul called attempts at "spiritual" comparison. But by the standard of uncalculating, unselfish dedication, I was not far wrong. They set me a pattern of expendability for God.

Then Clara Lincoln—her beautiful, direct brown eyes reflected the beauty of holiness. She too was intense, in prayer and in missionary consecration. Graduate of Bridgewater Normal School, and a thorough Bible scholar, she was an inspiring teacher. Though called of God to service in the Belgian Congo, she never was able to go herself because of family demands, but she imparted her evangelistic missionary passion to her students; and in later life she endowed E.N.C. with a scholarship to be awarded a similarly called young person. As with the Angells, it was the spirit of the person that made the teacher.

Those and others gave of themselves to me: in time, Olive Winchester, the sound sense of the sound Bible scholar; J. C. Bearnse, Christian love expendable; S. S. White, young then and just married, but promise of the balanced Christian philosopher; Dr. and Mrs. A. R. Archibald, ripened Christian holiness. Not a sour note anywhere—examples of Christianity at its best.

Much has been said about the deprivations of P.C.I. days. To be sure, money was scarce. I recall that first year there was no money for postage stamps (no Christmas greetings possible), nor carfare (no trips to Providence, a few miles away, three-quarters of an hour by slow trolley). The food was plain, often scarce and unpalatable. There was no indoor plumbing nor central heating (only wood-burning stoves), and in the morning ice sometimes had to be broken in the pitchers. But we needed little cash; all the years I was there I wore one heavy garnet sweater to classes, and was quite respectable. "Bread" was "given" us, and (pumped) "water" was "sure."

One luxury I stipulated: my father was to have a boiled egg for breakfast every day. The students had great sport teasing him at the table, especially Warner Turpel (these many years a powerful evangelist), who whenever he sat at our table would pretend to steal it. There was a good deal of joking about the food, but no grumbling.

One happy thing about our life there was my dear father's attitude. He had a corner room in the girls' dormitory, as did I; he could have complained of loneliness. But he never did. He read much, and he walked the lanes. Those lanes. Slanting down from the building were three tree-shaded walks: the main lane from the front door to the church and the village beyond; the "boys' lane" from the boys' dormitory to the highway where the streetcars ran to Providence; the "girls'

lane," "Lovers' Lane," from the girls' dormitory towards Lake Moswansicut. (The name was deceptive and of obscure origin; very little loving was allowed, or practiced, in those days. Only engaged couples were permitted to be together, and they—was it once a week? Or less?) My father was good friends with all, students and faculty, boys and girls. I believe he was more than satisfied with P.C.I.

This was my environment for five years, minus summers and one semester of enforced convalescence. The picture may—probably does—sound narrow, confined, restricted. Yet it never seemed so then. One very happy outlet was the Durfee family—a small, home-built cottage, where Mother Durfee lived with her three sons and two daughters, all five students at our school. They welcomed me to their home atmosphere. As the years went by I managed to snatch a good many minutes to run down the lane for rest and cheer, and sometimes a slice of homemade bread or a piece of blueberry pie. (I learned one pie-making secret from Mrs. Durfee: always put about one-fourth of your sugar under your berries, the rest over.) I was Big Sister to them. And one Sunday last fall I had the joy of an unexpected reunion of the Durfee clan—the four living children and their spouses—from East and West Coasts, in my Wollaston home. Susie, the youngest, had spent a lifetime in the Belgian Congo and had given God's kingdom five like-minded sons, three of them to Africa.

Narrow, perhaps, but the narrowness of depth. Wordsworth came near expressing it in his phrase, "plain living and high thinking." I had never been a snob. I loved people too much. And of course I had never had any money or social status to be snobbish about. But Thackeray in his *Book of Snobs* defined snobbishness as "a mean [cheap] admiration of mean [cheap] things," and pointed out that the snob can look up enviously as

well as down contemptuously. I am sure P.C.I. life saved me forever from a false standard that places too much value on things.

Yet in two ways at least my horizon was broadened there. First, I became foreign- (or world-) missions-oriented. Second, I learned to include divine healing in my articles of faith. I had been educated to be rather skeptical on this point, but was catapulted into facing the issue when a colleague asked me to be one of those to pray in the principal's office for her healing from an organic disease. I did not dare refuse. I went, asking God to teach me what I needed to know; I prayed with the rest sincerely. And Miss Gertrude Pritchett, later Mrs. Paul Thatcher, was definitely, immediately, and I understand permanently, delivered.

A third joy: I learned the thrill of seeing the one for whose salvation one has prayed break through into light. I shall always remember the night Harold Harding was converted—a fifteen-year-old, everybody's-favorite, good-natured, mischievous, likable heathen. What happened that night lasted, to make him a pillar of the Malden, Massachusetts, Church of the Nazarene and a civic power for righteousness. Besides that joy, I had also a first experience of formal "personal evangelism" as one of a team. Several pairs of us young women went knocking on doors in nearby Mill Village.

These should have been the years for a normal young woman to think of marriage and a home. I believe I was not abnormal. But here, again, the Planner was at work. During my second year of teaching at Middleboro, the young man to whom I had become engaged and I had been separated through a misunderstanding; but we did not forget each other. The story was not finished.

Two critical moments stand out, one in 1911, the other in 1915. July 11, 1911, was the day of "the Wreck."

It seemed to me then that my life would be divided into two parts: Before the Wreck and After the Wreck. In a way, this was true, for it was then I made the final commitment to my life's work. I had been in Washington, D.C., acting as maid of honor for my friend Annie Hosley at her wedding to Houston Shrader, when word came that my half brother Joseph had died. I took the Federal Express, the through night-train for Boston, traveling by day coach for the lower rate.

About 4 a.m. it happened. The engineer, half-stupid from the excessive heat of a persistent heat wave and from lack of sleep—they said he had been on duty for thirty-six hours—took a curve near Bridgeport, Connecticut, at 65 m.p.h., plunged the first three cars, one the day coach, off an overhead bridge, and derailed the others. The wooden coach was smashed into fragments, the passengers buried under a huge heap of splintered wood and iron baggage-racks. I will spare details, though every one is as fresh in memory as yesterday, or fresher. Seventeen were killed outright, forty-four rushed to Bridgeport hospitals, others variously injured. I narrowly escaped an amputated arm, and have lived with a crippled hand and an injured back. The important thing was what went on before I was discovered and dragged out to lie on the grass awaiting the ambulance.

Mental flashes: "I wonder if they'll ever know what became of me."

"I wish I hadn't fallen asleep over my Testament." (I had been reading through the night the pocket Testament given me by my Sunday school class.)

Answering, I found myself singing—croaking, I suppose, really—the chorus I had heard my roommate at P.C.I. sing. How real it was now:

*Jesus, oh, how sweet the Name,
Jesus, every day the same . . .
The precious Name of Jesus!*

After what seemed a long time, shouts of men were heard above the screams around.

"Perhaps—"

But when they began to use the crowbars, some heavy weight came crushing my back in.

"Will they get us out after all?"

And the words to me:

"If they do, your life belongs to the Lord in a special way."

This "belonging" I soon came to see meant glad expendability for "a holiness college in New England."

Reminiscences of that eleven-week stay in a Roman Catholic hospital? The priest coming by my bed several times that first long day repeating, "Don't let them take it off!" (the arm). The sight of Mr. Hosley there to help, bringing a Bible from my recovered suitcase, but telling me my Testament was gone. The beautiful room they gave me, partly because of Mr. Hosley's good offices, partly because I was so glad to come out alive that I never thought of being grouchy. As it happened "the pretty"—would you believe it?—"young schoolteacher" made good publicity for the railroad, which was then under fire for three successive accidents. The kind, serious-sympathetic young Sister of Charity who stood by and was a strength to me when the daily pain of probing my arm for bits of glass was too acute, Sister Inez. The visit of Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne—yes, she was a member of the Methodist Church in Bridgeport and one of the members brought her to see me; her deep, almost masculine voice surprised me. The two weeks Annie Hosley Shrader took from her honeymoon summer to stay in the room with me.

The Sunday morning at the end of August when they told me I must stay for another operation. (The skin grafting had been trying enough, and besides, it was time to go home!) It seemed that at last I must

write a word of self-pity. Then, "I'll open my Bible. Perhaps I'll light on a comforting verse." I did. I opened to this: "A living dog is better than a dead lion." I got the point, and the crisis was over.

Then the trip home—it had to be by the same railroad. I think Mrs. Parsons, who had come to fetch me, was afraid I might be nervous about it. (I remember how greedily I exchanged the roast squab on my dinner tray for a dried-up homemade sandwich left from her train lunch.) I did not look for this, but it sang itself as I boarded the train that day: "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Train travel was as natural as ever.

The second crisis moment came in the spring of 1915. It marks the beginning of a new epoch and is to me a further marvel of the Father's care for that "Me": His foresight, His wisdom, His finding just the place where He could use me best, where I would be happiest; His preparation of His instrument, His ordering, His timing.

But the story belongs in the next chapter.

Section Four: APPRENTICE YEARS

CHAPTER VIII

Radcliffe

My Boston University vision (mind and spirit both at their human best, as the true goal for an institution of higher learning)—I believe God had given the dream, though of course the full meaning was more than misty, yet to be clarified, balanced, trued up with Scripture and practical living; forever beyond me but always constraining. When I came later to sort these notions out, essential versus accidental, I discovered that Brother Angell's two emphases constitute the core, the irreducible minimum, for the life of the spirit: the Sermon on the Mount and the recognized presence (the "glory") of Christ. That is, Christ is the heart of Christianity, and Christlikeness the goal: Christ himself and His teachings, both made living by the Holy Spirit, and both are Love.

As yet I had practically no conception of the other side of the coin of truth, "the *mind* at its best." At Boston University, while I earned good grades, with one

exception the highest Phi Beta Kappa average yet made for Epsilon Chapter, I had not actually begun to think. I had not enough facts, nor problems, for that. Nor had I got my feet down scholastically in the field of literature, which was to be my permanent area of study. The next four years were to constitute my apprenticeship in sound scholarship.

Back to the moment in 1915 when the Planner got His message through to me. I can see now the spot in my room at P.C.I. when out of a clear sky the thought came, "I want to do some graduate study." I don't know why I had never thought of it before. There was Stephen White, who had taken some graduate work at Brown University. There was Olive Winchester, holding a degree in theology from Glasgow, earned with distinction; this had been something altogether out of my realm. To me that day it was a new idea, and right. At once I had my Boston University record forwarded to Radcliffe College, and in due course was admitted to candidacy for the Master of Arts degree, concentrating in English (literature). I was given a year's leave of absence from P.C.I. (we did not talk then of sabbaticals), and that September enrolled in Cambridge.

When it came to registering for specific courses at Radcliffe, I felt as green as any freshman. Fortunately—or was it still the Planner, making my "way plain before" me?—a generous tip or two from a sophisticated Radcliffite beside me steered me wisely.

I mustn't miss "Kitty's" Shakespeare course, though the famous Shakespeare scholar George Lyman Kittredge was fierce, and ruthless in flunking students out of their Master's degree. Robinson's Chaucer also was a "must." He was *the* authority. (By the way, F. N. Robinson's *Complete Works of Chaucer* is still the standard text.) Then William Allen Neilson's lectures on Nineteenth Century Literature—everybody took them;

he was fascinating! And so it went. Anglo-Saxon, of course; every lit major must know the English language. And I added Professor Greenough's course in the literature of Puritanism; I had been called a Puritan, and I was interested in Milton and John Bunyan.

I found myself registered for three full-year courses and two half-year courses, all basic, with professors of highest quality, every one an individualist but a sound scholar with a wide perspective. The courses covered the greatest authors and almost every century of the English field. (American and World Literature were to come later, as well as Eighteenth and Twentieth Century English—at that date there was no "Twentieth Century Literature" and Eighteenth Century had not achieved its recent popularity.)

That year I concentrated on study and did thorough work in depth as well as in breadth. I had to make up for lost time and lack of background as well as lay up for the future.

I cannot claim to have laid hold of all the "cultural advantages" afforded by Cambridge. When Professor Kittredge told us we *must* attend the Forbes-Robertson production of *Hamlet* at one of the city theaters on a certain weekend (we were studying the play at the time), obedient to conviction I dared to disobey, risking whatever reprisals might follow. To my surprise and vast relief (a demonstration as it were against the law of expediency), on Monday our professor stormed into the classroom burning with indignation: "Anyone who saw that abominable performance will never interpret *Hamlet* correctly! A total blasphemy!" I assume the Forbes-Robinson *Hamlet* was Coleridge's "weak-willed procrastinator" rather than Kittredge's conscientious investigator.

"Kitty"—that white-bearded, spry-walking, alert-minded oracle—was unpredictable enough to keep us all awake and mentally agile through hours of detail. Or if

he suspected drowsiness, he would gather up hat and cane (which he swung only) and march, pompous and disgusted, down the aisle and out the door, leaving us flattened, rebuked—and delighted. His motto for the course:

*Not the little things without the big things,
Not the big things without the little things.
But the little things in and for their relation
to the big things;*

and

Josh Billings' famous, " 'Tain't the things a man don't know that make him a fool, but the awful lot of things he knows that ain't so."

G. L. Kittredge has lost some stature during these days of image-stressing and symbol-worship (the poetry of Shakespeare); but his keen sense of the clash of character and the motivation of action (the drama of Shakespeare) with his historical understanding of Elizabethan thought and language (the meaning of Shakespeare)—these have furnished the soundest contemporary Shakespeare critics with a solid philosophy of interpretation. The "Kittredge scholars" will profit by many new imaginative insights, while they recognize the erratic excesses of extremists.

Professor Neilson, I recall assigning me only a B+ grade on a paper in which I overpraised Scott for his local Scottish characters by underrating or overlooking his debt to Maria Edgeworth's Irish local characters. (Which he made up for later by an A+ on a paper tracing Keats's development in depth during the five years between "Endymion" and "Hyperion.") I hold against him his failing to return a lengthy thesis on Tennyson's relation to his contemporary England, which several times in my early teaching I could have consulted with profit. This experience has taught me to

try to read and return all papers of any value passed in by my own students.

Professor Neilson made the entire nineteenth century alive for me, and vital. For Professor Greenough's course I wrote a thesis on Bunyan as a literary figure—just why and how *Pilgrim's Progress* is a classic, the last thing its author would have expected, or wanted! The memories pile up. For over fifty years I have been teaching Chaucer and Shakespeare on Robinson's and Kittredge's foundation, never bored because there are always new faces before me and always something fresh to see and communicate; never frustrated because those men's standards of evaluation were sound and their view of human nature just. And because they were unwilling to give, or to accept, shoddy or superficial treatment of a work or an author or an issue.

Homelife in Cambridge with my father and Madeline Nostrand was pleasant for us all after the years of dormitory existence. I enjoyed Father as I never had done before, and his reports of daily excursions along Fresh Pond Parkway. These walks usually led to a bench in the little park across the way from "Elmwood," James Russell Lowell's fine old residence. I enjoyed teaching Madeline her sophomore high school Latin and English, enjoyed too her first attempts at cooking. I enjoyed studying in the quiet environment of home when not at the college library.

Church relationships were congenial. We attended the Cambridge Church of the Nazarene near Central Square. One of the sturdy holiness pioneers of New England was still pastor there, Rev. John N. Short, known everywhere by his favorite text, remembered from my childhood: "Nevertheless, whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same things." Conservative, yes, but warm-hearted and clear-thinking. His firm handshake and

his friendly, twinkling smile are fresh in my memory. His church members were like him and took us to their hearts. We felt it our church home, though temporary. There I became acquainted with E. R. Blaisdell, later so warm a friend of our college.

A special charm of the year was the daily trip to and from classes. Those were the days before Harvard had opened its doors wide to the Radcliffe girls. We took the same courses with the same professors and the same examinations, received diplomas bearing the Harvard seal and wore the Harvard academic regalia, but were limited, except for a few particular courses, to Radcliffe classrooms in Radcliffe buildings. The twenty-minute walk from our apartment to the Radcliffe campus held all the double charm of physical beauty and literary atmosphere. Near one end Lowell's Elmwood, near the other end Longfellow's Craigie House, and between, wide tree-shaded streets bordered by distinguished, long-lived-in houses, their ample lawns set with fragrant shrubbery—a tranquil dignity, self-contained yet not austere—the old Cambridge was breathing something of itself into me, an outsider.

I have spoken of the breadth and depth of the work at Radcliffe as an excellent foundation on which to build. Both that year leading to the Master of Arts degree and in all the later advanced graduate study at Harvard my record was a uniform grade of A. I mention this only to show the good hand of the Planner. He knew the job He had for me would not allow me to be a specialist; yet superficial, inferior quality would not glorify Him or get the job done. We as a small college would always have to stand on our merits and be better than our boasts. Students invariably see through a pretense, and so do accrediting agencies. And all sound education is a search for truth and a discovering of truths.

The courses with those Harvard scholars were a deep satisfaction to me. They led into the heart of a field, a

century, a man's thought, gave me a true perspective, and told me to explore. I have been doing so ever since, with ever-increasing profit and delight. As I write these words I am reminded of Dallas Lore Sharp's sharp admonition to avoid like the plague the overworked phrase "interesting and instructive." (Today he would have said, "Avoid the cliché"—but, no, he never used clichés, and the word "cliché" has itself become a cliché.) Yet back of Sharp, I hear the Roman Horace's *aut prodesse aut delectare*: the aim of literature is "either to profit or to delight." Cambridge gave me a healthy respect for sound scholarship; it spoiled me for the showy substitute.

Especially since, now many years ago, I heard a Christian lecturer, Harold Paul Sloan, make this statement: "The most important single fact of all history was the crucifixion of Jesus Christ." My mind caught fire, and the fire has never gone out. Perhaps not fire. Perhaps it has something to do with radioactivity. God spoke then to me as clearly as on Creation's morning, "Let there be light." It was a light that has illuminated and energized my thinking in all the years since, steadied my judgments, related mind and spirit significantly and sanely—satisfyingly, at least.

So far only the foundation. The other would come. I was beginning to glimpse, before I was acquainted with the dogma, that all truth is one; any truth, to be truth, must harmonize with every other truth. Any supposed or proposed truth is suspect if it contradicts, obviously, truth already known. The demonstration may take time; our understanding is defective and deceptive, slow at best. I was beginning to feel the reality Plato was trying to express in his Oneness of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. Of one thing I was certain: the deity and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ and the love of the God who sent Him. God's final revelation of himself in Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER IX

Taylor

Toward the close of my year in Cambridge, I received a surprise letter from Taylor University, an interdenominational holiness college (Methodist in background) in Upland, Indiana, inviting me to join the staff as professor of English. The Planner had not forgotten me; He showed himself now as the perfect Timer, though I did not then recognize His accuracy. I did reason that, since I was now qualified by my degree to do college teaching, I should consider this an open door and enter it. I made arrangements with P.C.I. that if or whenever the school began to offer a curriculum leading to the Bachelor of Arts degree I would come back to New England. My heart was there.

The three years at Taylor were a new joy to me. I recall that my nephew, by six years my junior, wondered how I would like "the wild and woolly West!" At the time it did seem a far move to a new environ-

ment; but I found there my sort of people and my chosen work, both satisfying to heart and mind. Large classes of receptive, many of them eager, students pulled out of me the best I had to give. More, in fact, for my largest, most demanding class was Freshman Composition, which you will remember was not my strong point. But I possessed a copy of Harvard English A requirements, and was bent on living up to standard. I gained a reputation as a "hard teacher." And one of those young men, who never made more than a C grade, is today one of my best friends. His wife, too, a music major, suffered in my sophomore English Literature survey course and talked Debussy to me on the stairs. My third year there I was chosen senior class sponsor.

As for my pedagogical pattern, many years later I aimed a joke at myself (and was recognized in it) when in an E.N.C. "senior sketch" I accused senior Joe Williamson of having said quite audibly outside my classroom door after a test, "She's mean all right, but she's fair. She's mean to everybody," I can hear "Tim" Williams saying the same in 1916 at Taylor.

But the Shakespeare and Chaucer courses were a delight. At least one student was so impressed by my echoes of Kittredge and Robinson that after graduation she came East to Cambridge to study with the "greats."

Special memories of Taylor years? The most poignant is very personal, but I must record the moment as the crucial choice of my life and the outstanding expression of God's loving firmness.

*There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.*

In those college days when I first knew the young man I have spoken of, I had uttered the only distinctly rebellious word I can remember, "I want," whether God's will or not. Soon after that we were separated by a

circumstance I could not control. But eight years later, during a summer vacation spent as usual in Cliftondale, the situation was miraculously changed. We were brought together again, to find that our feelings for each other had not changed. Now I had the opportunity, once more, to choose between God's will and my wishes. I weighed the facts and prayed, to see if His will could be harmonized with what I would naturally desire, if my friend's career could be fitted into my "call"; he was a teacher. But the gospel of holiness did not find a place in his thinking; and I was committed to it. My basic willing was now God's will.

So it was at Taylor that September that I wrote the decisive letter. As I came from the mailbox, I entered the college chapel just as they were singing that second stanza:

*All the way my Savior leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living Bread.
Though my weary steps may falter
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see.*

I have never ceased praising Him that He gave me the second chance to choose and that the choice proved His best for me. The spring of joy has never failed.

Other memories of Taylor? One is the lesson I learned when in faculty meeting Sarah Cox, who had been a southern Nazarene missionary in Guatemala, disagreed with me on the wearing of academic regalia at commencement. To my utter astonishment, she saw this as empty show, a sign of pride; whereas I, New Englander academically and Puritanically oriented, had wondered how she could curl her hair, a sure sign of

vanity. A double rebuke, to legalism and to sectionalism; I have often had occasion to refer to it. We saw the joke on ourselves and were all the better friends.

Then the college revival of 1918. Never before, nor after till the E.N.C. revival of 1930, had I seen its equal. Rev. John Owen was the preacher, but the Holy Spirit himself was the active Worker. I saw too that when revival is at its height and divine energy most intense, a Satanic force can intrude with a counterfeit human energy—to be routed, thank God, by a simple appeal to the name of Jesus. The singing of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," all stanzas, did it then.

These were the final years of the war. But we were inland and comparatively far removed. Even more vivid in memory than the vigorous Armistice celebration is the fearful flu epidemic which ravaged the entire nation in 1917 and 1918. History's Black Death and Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale" of the three young men who during a pestilence set out angrily to kill the villain Death—these stalked alive out of the books. I have never forgotten.

I remember how near the stars seemed in that open country and how spacious the heavens—it was easy to feel "heavens" instead of "sky." And yet sometimes there was a wave of homesickness for the ocean. "I feel so shut-in here." That was inconsistent, but not to be reasoned with.

Two lifelong friends I found on the Taylor faculty. Both were good Methodists. All the Taylor Methodists, who believed in Wesleyan holiness but were skittish of Nazarenes, learned that the Nazarenes were old-fashioned Methodists and took me in. These two later became E.N.C. faculty members: Florence Cobb, Speech; and Mary Harris, Latin, later French and Spanish. Mary Harris has been my housemate these forty-five years.

I was fond of Taylor and the fellowship of the pure in heart. The fellowship of perfect love in Christ, jumping denominational lines, attracted me. I believe I had unconsciously thought of "our church" as exclusively God's church. (I still trust, as the anecdote goes of Moody, not that the Nazarenes have a monopoly on God, but that God has a monopoly on the Nazarenes.) Taylor was my first experience in interdenominationalism, and I was not eager to leave it. I had found the Christ I loved here too, and was coming to see Him even more clearly as *the Center*.

So when in the spring of 1919 Dr. Fred J. Shields, president-elect of E.N.C., and Dr. John W. Goodwin, then general superintendent, came to Upland to make sure that I was returning to New England, I hesitated. I had said informally, and believed, that I was coming back if P.C.I. became a college, and now one year's college work had been offered and a Rhode Island charter obtained. Dr. Shields would accept the presidency on two conditions: (1) that the location be changed to Wollaston, Massachusetts, six miles from Boston; (2) that I would come to help him. I was almost caught. By his clever involvement of me in the welfare of E.N.C. and by my own concern for New England. A final argument which I need not reproduce here as to the future of graduates brought the desired Yes and sealed my own future.

Dr. Shields, administrator that he was, set his "helper" to work without delay. He asked (euphemism for ordered) me to write the first catalog. It was my first of many research jobs for E.N.C. but not my first job done at Dr. Shields's request. Earlier in the year he had given me the assignment (he must have been chairman of some committee for the general church) of preparing a list of questions—one hundred, perhaps?—to accompany the then standard Argumentation and Debate text, Baker and Huntington, for the preachers'

home study course. Amazing trust in my ability, research or creative, since Baker and Huntington was formidable, and I had never studied Argumentation!

Dr. Shields kept on trusting me—wisely or unwisely. And now I am faced with the fact that I have stated publicly that one of his strong points as a president was his discriminating knowledge of character. I am not original; I believe I am a faithful collaborator.

PART TWO

Pioneering Collegiate

INTRODUCTION

From 1919 on, the story of my life is in one sense the story of Eastern Nazarene College. "From the basis of the Secure I adventure into the insecure, which [with God] . . . becomes the Secure." To begin my record I borrow this sentence from E. Stanley Jones's big little book *The Word Became Flesh*, and also his page title, "Excited After Fifty Years" (he said sixty).

In 1918 the school in North Scituate had been granted a Rhode Island charter to confer the Bachelor degree. In the fall of 1919 it was moving to Wollaston, Massachusetts. This step seemed a presumptuous venture into insecurity. All the college movable property coming in a single van, and barely enough cash for a meager down payment. To create a new college in the home country of the Ivy League. To leap from crisis to

crisis; rather, to wade through a continuous, prolonged crisis. To live on the knife's edge of crisis.

The official formal history of the college has been published. I do not aim to repeat what has been written accurately and well. Much here is omitted that should otherwise have been included. There is no attempt at chronological accuracy or even documented factual detail. I kept no diary, nor any record for posterity.

However, I find an almost continuous "taping" of my reactions to and participation in the events of which I tell (in notes of lectures, speeches, printed matter). I cannot detach my story from the history of E.N.C., for I lived in the measure that she lived; I shall live on as her alumni live. Writing as I saw and as I felt, I hope to bring back and communicate something of the spirit of the earlier days.

Section One: EXCITED AFTER FIFTY YEARS

CHAPTER I

The Beginning: Early 1920's

VENTURE

It was a hot summer day, August, 1919, and the suitcases grew heavier with each step; but Elm Avenue was beautiful and anticipation high. Madeline Nostrand and I had come to Wollaston from Cliftondale for a first sight of our new home. Originally, we were to learn, there had been three lines of those elms bordering each side of the stately approach to Mayor (of Boston) Josiah Quincy's mansion, now the property of "our school."

The campus, as we turned the curve to East Elm Avenue, seemed lovely beyond compare: the broad green lawns, the profusion of trees. In the 1938 hurricane the college lost over forty trees, and we were still tree-rich. We were to discover also that these trees were of many rare varieties, each one named and labeled. My favorites were the two Japanese gingko trees, one

directly below my office window, the beautiful magnolia, and the giant copper beech.

Up the drive to the distinguished—I almost said white—building in the center. It was then a cream yellow. We were shown in to meet the former owner, the gracious Mrs. Horace Willard. The Quincy Mansion School for young ladies was an elite “finishing school,” and was furnished—over-furnished, elegant—exquisitely in the style of the day, with soft carpets and crystal chandeliers in the large double parlors and inlaid woodwork in the spacious dining room. (A later business manager, Rev. John Gould, found it necessary during depression days to sell these chandeliers. Some of us took this hard. But you can’t eat chandeliers.) The entrance hall was stately with marble Grecian frieze and broad-balustered stairway (perfect for sliding down, our irreverent girls were to discover)—it seemed we should take courage. God was giving us a good fresh start. Here we were to build E.N.C.

Perhaps our long, long walk back to the streetcar lines was symbolic. Prophetic of the tantalizing, sometimes agonizingly slow progress ahead of us in this building of a college. For that afternoon Madeline and I found ourselves on Billings Road following a circumference back to Hancock Street via Norfolk Downs instead of the direct Elm Avenue radius. Plodding along in the steaming heat, we wondered with every lift of the foot how much farther.

When September came and the actual college year, we found it easy to “count it all joy.” In fact, there was no need of counting. The happiness sang itself.

The Mansion became the center of our college life. The parlors were the library, the state banquet hall our dining room; a large room to the right of the main entrance was the president’s office, the ell the registrar’s and the business manager’s domain. The upper floors

housed the girls and the faculty women; the men occupied the upper floors of the Manchester, a smaller building.

Madeline Nostrand and I lived in the middle room on the second floor directly over the rear porch. My father had a cozy upstairs room in the ell. Just for this year his home was broken up. The next year, and from then on, we found it possible to make a home together.

We had a superb faculty those first years, and our fellowship was unmarred, a positive working comradeship. We were learning then the joy of building from the ground up. There were Fred J. Shields and Floyd W. Nease with Master's degrees from the University of Southern California; Dr. A. R. Archibald, a Methodist, from Boston University and Taylor; R. Wayne Gardner and H. C. Benner, working on advanced degrees; Florence Cobb, also a Methodist, who had followed me from Taylor, with a Master's degree from Kent's Hill, Maine; Dr. Mowry, with a Master's from Brown and an Sc.D. from Norwich University; Julia Gibson, with an M.D. from Pennsylvania and five years of missionary service in India. Effie Goozee, too, and her sister from Pasadena. For music, Professor Gowen, B.Mus., who had studied in Berlin and in London. Several others with the Bachelor degree bridged various gaps. We all filled benches, not held chairs, and were "full professors." But we were of one heart and one mind; we were doing a great work—God's will.*

Florence Cobb, Julia Gibson, Effie Goozee—how close those women were to me, and continued so to the end! Only Effie Goozee (Martin) is still living. And with the others I was "a man among men." Glancing

*This is not "just nostalgia." We knew it then and were free to talk about it: we were committed to our job and to one another.

at the first Wollaston catalog, I see seven standing committees listed (these were named by the president) and on all but two, Discipline and Student Aid, the name Bertha Munro. Registration and Scholarship, Social and Religious Life, Library, Literary Societies, Publications—I was spread fairly thin!

Perhaps I was over-impressed with the gap between us and the greats of Boston and Cambridge. At any rate, I decided we must prove our quality before we asked for help. I may have been wrong. We might have done better to enlist—or try to enlist—their help. As it was, we were on our own. We had no example of flourishing “Nazarene colleges” to point to as specimens of what we expected to become. We knew no precedent for what we wanted to do. If we could not be large, we would be genuine. Genuine in scholarship, genuine in religion—the two in balance, each truer because of the other’s truth.

We did not aim to be “a little Harvard.” We did not have a Harvard millionaire constituency and picked students. Nor were we entirely original. For the first catalog, thrust upon me by the president, I tried to combine my own experience of the structure and program of Boston University with something of the “pursuit of excellence”—the depth quality—I had known in Cambridge; and to combine both with our Biblical and theological insight and emphasis. We listed the complete four-year curriculum for each major field, noting courses to be offered the first year. Our divisional organization came somewhat later, but until recently the catalog has had no major changes.

I have been asked when I became dean. And I have been spoken of as “E.N.C.’s only dean before 1957.” The truth is that I grew into the job before the office, into both before the title Dean of the College, and long before I was called Dean Munro. At first I was listed as “Ad-

viser to the College." Actually I never became a full-fledged dean. Almost to retirement from the office I carried a full load of teaching, and teaching claimed the greater part of my time.

Fortunately when the moment came to show our stuff, we had Alice Spangenberg to represent us as a graduate student at Boston University, and she received her A.M. in English with flying colors. They called her the best prepared student they had ever had. She told us herself that she had thought E.N.C. was a little toy college, but she found she had as good a background as any, and better. In those early years we sent a good number to B.U. Alice Spangenberg headed a distinguished line who earned and maintained pleasant relations and a good reputation for their alma mater. There were Russell DeLong, and William Esselstyn, and Samuel Young, and Edward Mann. And others.

The catalog must have seemed pretentious; teacher loads were too heavy; every faculty member was occupying two or three chairs and necessarily teaching some courses outside his field of concentration. The reference library was woefully inadequate, even when supplemented by books on reserve from the instructor's owning or borrowing power. We weren't doing much in the way of training research scholars, if research is defined in terms of length of bibliography lists. But we were going with our students deeply into original sources. We were giving them an appetite for the real thing. We were not doing sketchy work. And so we managed to keep our self-respect and the respect of our students.

Our students were our chief asset—yes, our "pride and joy." Some, possibly most of them, lacked much in cultural background, and we tried to bridge the gap. But we had a hard core of highly intelligent, highly motivated, high-principled, thoughtful young men and women who were a joy to work with. And practically

all the students were serious-minded and eager to learn. They had chosen E.N.C. because they wished and trusted a "holiness school." Some, of course, because their parents wished and trusted for them; but this was before the days when adolescents felt it necessary to distrust what parents trusted.

"NAUTILUS" PICTURE

Those first years in Wollaston, how good they were! Years of genuine, unforced "togetherness"—the word had not been invented then, but we knew the real thing. As I leaf over that first *Nautilus*, of 1922, it all comes back, though I never had really lost it: the wholesome atmosphere of good times, some homemade humor, much sheer fun; but underneath and through it all, engaging the constant attention, the serious matters, study and worship and service.

Those were the days when faculty and students were just naturally together. We lived in the same buildings, ate together, worked together, worshipped together, played together. With about forty enrolled in the college—the rest of the hundred and forty were in "academy" or theological classes—we could all be a part of everything, teachers as well as students. We knew each other pretty well!

A line from Virgil keeps repeating itself: *Quorum magna pars fui*—"Of which things I was a large part," or, "In all these things I had a large share." Or, stretching the grammar, "All these things became a part of me." So, without apology, back to that 1922 *Nautilus*. Hugh C. Benner, now a retired general superintendent, then a brilliant young man studying for his Master's degree, and I were joint faculty advisers and helped select a name for the college annual. We almost called it *Excalibur*, for King Arthur's sword. And to us—it doesn't seem quite cricket, but somehow they put it through—to us it was dedicated. Howard G. Herrschaft was

editor in chief. The frontispiece was the fine old Mansion with the beautiful railing still intact over the portico, and the *Salve-Vale* knockers. Most illustrious later editors were Russell DeLong and Wesley Angell, each drafted for a second yearbook. Those early issues still impress me with a surprising versatility, originality, fresh humor, and general literary quality. Comparisons are uncalled for. Fashions change in yearbooks. The professional artwork was indifferent, but the original cartoons were rich.

The organizations were already in full swing. The Breseean (college) and Athenian (academy) literary societies are represented. The missionary society, its motto given by Eva Carpenter of India, "We need no greater message than this: Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world," was pledging \$1,000 and holding a self-denial week each year. Among the "prospective missionaries" pictured I recognized Leon D. Fitch, an ungainly, unprepossessing older man, hopeless as a student. We knew him later as the sincere lover of God and Africa who for many years lived on almost nothing, saved every penny he earned, worked hard, and died leaving \$40,000 to Nazarene missions.

Madeline Nostrand's "Sonnet to E.N.C." and her editorial on the message of the nautilus as Oliver Wendell Holmes interpreted it expressed the mood of those days. How often the word "aspiration" appeared! The motto of the juniors, who later were to make up the first graduating class, was "*Ich dien*," "I serve." Alice Spangenberg, to become later our much loved professor, was one of the four. How truly she has lived the words! Her friendliness was showing itself in her "Littlest Girl," who liked her doll "'cause she's Anne." "She likes bad little boys," they said of her.

That first yearbook was a pioneer setting a high standard for those to follow. I believe Esther Haskard's

"Prayer for Vision" struck the deepest note; it was genuine. A fire burned under that reserved exterior. She has been a Methodist "woman preacher" pastor from that day on.

*Dear Christ, how little have we understood,
Through all the intervening centuries,
The meaning of Thy dying agonies;
Nailed high in shame upon a cross of wood.
Though to that torture keen of flesh and mind
Methinks Thou wert insensible that day
While on Thy stainless, quivering spirit lay
The putrefying guilt of all mankind.
Could we but dimly comprehend Thy woe,
Follow Thine anguished gaze across the flood
To souls sin-chained that grope in misery,
And hear Thy brokenhearted voice plead, "Go,
Take them their pardon written in my blood,"
Then would our quickened souls fly swift for Thee.*

The second *Nautilus* was dedicated to Leroy D. Peavey for his "resolute optimism and substantial uplift." Russell V. DeLong, editor, was already evincing something of his skill with words and his practical sense. Never were words better chosen to describe our debt, of mood and money, to this friend of the college through thick and thin, through evil and good report.

And I am reminded through "Brother Peavey" of Babson Institute that Roger Babson himself was one of our lecturers that year. I recall nothing of his message—he was a fervent evangelist of the Newtonian action-and-reaction principle—except his Jezebel anecdote, "Potiphar's Parable": "Throw her down, Potiphar, throw her down seventy times seven!" And they took up of the fragments twelve baskets, and in the resurrection whose wife shall she be?" The extended conglomeration of Biblical phrases—I have quoted only part

—probably was used as a horrible example of undigested bits of knowledge. “An unholy mixture of good things,” he called it.

The *Nautilus* illustrations start many memories. We loved the Mansion building itself. In view of its passing this year, I record here the lines I wrote to accompany the full-page picture.

OUR PORTICO

*Our Portico, rich in the lore of years,
In human destinies, in hopes, in fears,
Within thy friendly arch what dreams have passed,
What memories, what loves, what purpose vast.*

*Upon the staunch gray portal stands to view
An ancient legend, old yet strangely new:
Salve—Welcome, thou guest, within these walls;
Vale—Farewell, where'er thy pathway calls.*

*Cherishing Mother! Thou teachest us to live:
Thou giv'st us all; thou send'st us forth to give.
Salve—The open door that none can close,
Vale—The mission that the Master chose.*

The chapel scene recalls the fine statuary: there is the Nike, “Winged Victory,” which I have always loved. The student portraits—fashions have changed. Every one looks painfully serious. Today they would all wear too broad smiles.

That was the year (1922-23) the students bought the organ. Howard Herrschaft, student council president, engineered the gift. The year of that first famous quartet: Schurman, Benner, DeLong, Haas; and the duo, Schurman and DeLong.

The year of our first college pastor, our own Brother Angell. Several years as district superintendent had

been recreation for him from the strains of P.C.I. headship. What a spiritual dynamo he was! And there was everybody's "Mother McKenney," my old Clifftondale friend. And Paul Hill and John Gould, trustees, as solid spiritual ballast; Rev. E. T. French, who with skilled hands made our first library shelves.

Kent Goodnow was writing on "Devotion to Principle"; Alice Spangenberg and Dorothy White (now Leavitt), the clever everyday "Trivia." Samuel Young was treasurer of the college missionary society. All in character even then.

And that was the year the Student Organization made its famous protest of independence from faculty representation. The students were not limp puppets then either; but they preferred reasoning to riot. There were giants on the campus in those days.

It was the year also of the huge Latin and Greek classes; a year when half the school or more belonged to the Evangelistic Association.

The E.N.C. Calendar, E.N.C.'s "Who's Who," and "The Chandelier Speaks"—there was the fun. But the Chapel Nuggets and the senior motto—these spoke their hearts: "Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."

Faculty and students all were working for the same thing. Campus Day, I suppose, was the most obvious symbol. My squad always worked on one or the other side of the wide front lawn—the easiest section, I am sure. But I must confess I ended the day with many aches and fervent thanks that I had a year to rest in. I lay claim to the inauguration in my squad of the first doughnut break in E.N.C. history. The custom spread rapidly.

"True sons and daughters in the field"—a line from the E.N.C. song of Madeline Nostrand (Nease she was by now)—furnished the epigraph for the striking camera

shot in the 1925 *Nautilus* (taken from the Mansion roof) of all the students on the wide lawn posed in the form of a cross. That yearbook featured the physical setting of the college, campus, town, ocean, and the Hub. I think we had a sneaking affection for every one of them: the approach, the portico, the drive, the lawn, the drooping pines with snow and squirrels, the Canterbury, Elm Avenue, Wollaston beach at high tide, historic Merry-mount, Boston scenes as spokes in a hub.

MEMORIES MISCELLANEOUS

The official history has told the story chronologically; I cannot escape some memories that come without reason or order.

The Breseean Literary Society American Indian program—I think of it every June on some extra hot night. Margaret Patin (later Esselstyn) and I had worked hard covering great panels with authentic Indian picture language. One student read dramatically, from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*,

Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river.

That June evening was so sizzling hot that the whole school went for a dip in the bay after the program.

The night of the Breseean College of Fun, when students and professors exchanged roles. Professor Effie Goozee, embodiment of gracious courtesy, fussed over registration requirements: "My mother doesn't want me to take that course." President Nease crumpled up some registration blank and threw it on the floor, braggadocio fashion: "I've paid my tuition. Let the janitor pick it up!" He was brought as a freshman before the disciplinary committee in solemn session, President Kent Goodnow presiding. Professor Harris was the janitor; I think I was the cook. It was all spontaneous, unrehearsed fun,

and we were all involved, not merely being entertained by a prepared skit.

I recall happily Professor Angell's famous desperate search for the test papers he was to return, of a test he had not yet given. Classic example of the absent-minded professor.

Margaret Patin, our modest college nurse, had brought back with her from vacation in Ohio a serious young Presbyterian, William Esselstyn. I remember the day I saw him rise from the altar in the Canterbury chapel testifying to a definite experience of entire sanctification. I recall the exciting experiences Mary Harris and I had driving with Bill Esselstyn and Clarence Haas, Bill's best-man-to-be, from Wollaston to Ohio, to attend Bill and Margaret's wedding. We left the campus in Bill's old Essex Wednesday noon and arrived in Uhrichsville triumphantly, with many stories to tell, the following Monday. Times—and cars—have changed for the better. But no improvement on weddings.

That reminds me of Dr. Shields. He was living then on the first floor of a large house fronting Wollaston Boulevard, and Brother Angell on the second. One evening we were giving our pastor a surprise pound party. We all assembled quietly in Dr. Shields's apartment and waited for him to summon Brother Angell. To our surprise he called up, "Come down. There's a couple here that want to get married." The pastor came in prepared for the formal occasion. The surprise was unquestioned. "Well," said Professor Shields, "there are several couples here that fit the description." The point was plain. Old E.N.C. was not so different.

How helter-skelter these sudden hodgepodge memories have come tumbling out. Just now I see a neat classification I should have followed. Let me try again. "Life with the Students" is the heading; "learning happy

cooperation" the theme, and the first topic for discussion, "The Firsts."

The first *Nautilus* has been introduced. The first *Advance*, official organ of the college, had appeared in 1921, but languished and was revived later. I remember President Nease and Lloyd Byron agreeing on the name and the motto, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." It too had a "literary critic," Bertha Munro.

The student newssheet—I forget the date—arrived at its title by logical stages. Committee suggestions progressed from the fancy of *Kaleidoscope* to the honesty of *Camera* to the pure poetry of *Campus Camera*. The name was a natural.

The *Green Book* was born when I was teaching College Rhetoric, as Freshman Composition was called. Editor Wesley Angell and Literary Editor Ruth Rollins (Lane) were the spark plugs. "One Jump Ahead," Wesley's article, is still a usable household word when my "roommate" is too punctual for me to keep pace with.

The first debaters: Samuel Young was the leading spirit and President Nease furnished the trophy. I recall a debate that I judged in my class Argumentation and Debate (I was brash enough then to attempt anything and everything). I pronounced sentence on the defeated team: Mr. Greene illogical, Mr. Hagerman incoherent (nervous), Mr. Stahl lazy. The three girls of the opposing team deserved to win.

The first departmental clubs: history first with its high-sounding name, Amphictyon Council; second, the Literature Club. The history department flourished under our stimulating Professor Benner. As did our music: we had quartet, glee clubs, orchestra.

And the first writers—I suppose I have said enough about them. But I was justly proud of them. They have

stood out in my memory: Edith Peirce (Goodnow's) "Breakers Out There" and "Temperament in Hoptoads," Alice Spangenberg's "When Words Fail" (the fascination of music), Dorothy White's "I Wonder," Russell DeLong's "Your Young Men Shall See Visions." And that first long research paper of his for Advanced Composition on the reasons why evangelistic response is so difficult to obtain in New England.

But I am getting into trouble when I start calling names. For fifty years I have lived in the lives of my students. And I dare not leaf over every *Nautilus* from then till now. The story would be endless.

Some testimonies come back to me. One of Clarence Haas, when we were holding our summer services in the Mansion parlor, has preached to me ever since. He told of a prayer experience he had just had, of praying for an African native. Who it was he did not know. But he was sure that God knew, sure that he would meet in heaven the one for whom he prayed. Another testimony, less inspiring, but unforgettable, was John Wallace Ames's quotation of two proverbs, both true, that he was trying to reconcile: "All things come to him who waits," and "He who hesitates is lost."

And Dr. E. P. Ellyson's chapel talk—or lecture? Anyway, it was in the Canterbury Chapel that I heard for the first time the now familiar story told by Christian missionaries to heathen King Edwin of Northumbria. They compared the life of man to the few moments a bird flying in through one window of a lighted hall and out through the opposite window would spend in the brightness and warmth. Only the Gospel of Christ gives us knowledge of the darkness before birth and after death.

As for my classes—Freshman Rhetoric came the first period of the morning, and I ran my schedule pretty close. Both President Nease and I usually took

the shortcut from Franklin Avenue to the college by the solid path through the marshy ground between, and had to get across the drainage ditch somehow, usually by a well-calculated jump. Sometimes I made it not too cleverly. One morning I missed it altogether and kept my patient class waiting full twenty minutes while I went home and repaired damages.

Why do I associate Leon and Emma Osborn with this class and this period? Both were good writers and possessed a rich background in an already completed missionary term in China. They had been former members of my Sunday school class at Taylor, and I had heard much about them before ever I saw them here. All these years they have been valiant for truth in the Orient, only in 1967 being retired from Taiwan.

My beginning German class was fun. We always used a German Gospel songbook, *Lobe den Herrn*; and with a good voice like Edward Mann's—he came later—we enjoyed ourselves completely. "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder" was the favorite. In the German it has a swing the English lacks. All I need to say now to President Mann is "Wenn der Herr"—and he will go on,

*Wenn der Herr die Seinen rufet,
Wenn der Herr die Seinen rufet,
Wenn der Herr die Seinen rufet,
Wenn der Herr die Seinen rufet
Bin ich da!*

The last short line always with a flourish. Learning by repetition.

The class of junior and senior literature majors in Comparative Literature were patient with me and my boundless faith in them. For a three-hour credit they read, discussed, were examined in, and wrote papers on seven of the European masterpieces, representing Greece, Rome, medieval Italy, Spain, France, Germany,

Norway. Russia came in another course. These were not short works: Homer's two epics, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Cervantes' *Don Quixote* entire. True to form the younger the teacher, the more exacting the demands. But responsive students offer great temptation.

Some sound traditions were established early: chapel attendance daily, taken for granted with no thought of excuses; talks by any and all the faculty, occasionally by visiting ministers. Monday chapel was devoted to reports of Sunday services attended or conducted. These were exciting, for most of the young men were actively evangelistic, and they were our boys. Reports of the home services were not wanting.

Revivals—some unplanned. There was Russell De-Long's "own" revival, which set him afire spiritually and would furnish him a lifelong standard and passion, broke loose one night in the Cardboard Palace, that flimsy dormitory for men. There was that service when the spirit of conviction was so tense that gentle President Shields—an Elijah on Mt. Carmel when preaching in the Spirit—laid a Bible on the floor at the door of the chapel and dared students to walk out over it.

The "E.N.C. Days" were already a sort of ritual. Some years later I tried in a chapel talk to look below the surface of these days to learn what each symbolized of our values.

Taking as a text Emerson's poem "Days"—the days of our years "marching single in an endless line," "muffled and dumb," "hypocritic" (play-acting) because disguised as ordinary, routine, hiding their real significance—I saw in each one of our E.N.C. days the development of a quality of character, a facet of personality essential to the making of a truly educated person.

Junior-Senior Day in early May, the first appearance in cap and gown, masked as pomp and ceremony, is actually the revelation that comes in the recognition of a

goal reached and a goal yet to be won; the call to true self-evaluation, to achieve the balance between ambition and humility. For the seniors it is the satisfaction of achievement tempered by the yet "undone vast" before commencement and then on after, their "Ordination to Service"; for the undergraduates the stimulation of a new sense of power to reach the goal themselves. Many a student has told me his first challenge to scholarship came on his freshman Junior-Senior Day. This day spells out what one owes oneself.

Campus Day, masked either as hard work or as a holiday for couples, according to temperament, actually represents the acceptance of responsibility for privilege given; the self-respect that does not wish something for nothing. It spells gratitude for opportunity offered.

Nautilus Picture Day, masked as a carefree day off, a book to own and autograph, is in essence life in a community; it is the acceptance of social (horizontal) responsibility as member of a group.

And so on. Revival Day(s) are the recognition of the spiritual dimension, the vertical responsibility; the transforming power of a right relationship with God.

Missionary Workshop Day(s) are the enlarging of perspective to include a breadth of vision commensurate with a relationship to the God of love.

Registration Day: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door."

Commencement Day: "What I have written I have written."

E.N.C. Days: adjustment to life—to self, to others, to God, to past, to future. Each an educational opportunity.

It is time—more than time—to stop. My one apology for my long-windedness is President Mann's favorite

Latin quotation—yes, he has one, salvaged from the days when Ed Mann was a top-quality Virgil student: *Haec olim meminisse iuvabit*—"These things will someday be worth remembering." I trust, "remembrances to bless."

CHAPTER II

Extracurricular: 1920's

HOMES

We moved often the first few years in Wollaston, and the houses we lived in each time approached closer to a home. One article of my practical philosophy is that a girl doesn't have to marry in order to have a home. It is one of her assets: the homemaking genius. Our first Wollaston home for one year was that comfortable room in the Mansion for Madeline Nostrand and me, with my father near by in the ell; the second, an apartment for us three and Ruth Rollins, whom we had added to our family—relationship not too clear; she called me H.G.M. ("Handsome Grandmother," my only claim to either title). We four had three rooms plus kitchen privileges with the Wayne Gardners in a sprawling house on Hamilton Street. Our third, the next year, was a homier three-room apartment on the first floor of the 11 West Elm girls' dormitory. Madeline was attending Radcliffe

that year; Ruth lived in the dormitory; Georgia Bailey, rooming upstairs, helped with our modest housework. The following summer, 1922, Madeline became Mrs. Floyd Nease. In December, Mary Harris, a friend of Taylor years now professor emeritus at E.N.C., joined Father and me, and we were once more a family.

In 1923 we moved into the little "cracker box" (they called it then) next door to President and Mrs. Nease, where we have lived ever since. Numerous additions and replacements have enlarged it, strengthened the original rather shoddy workmanship, and made it, we think, a respectably pleasant gray-shingled cottage with climbing roses, ivy-covered chimney, and honeysuckle that threatens to swallow us up. Indeed, since we have reclaimed the marshy lots at our rear, we may even claim an "estate."

The sturdy, granite-walled cellar was dug by General Superintendent Samuel Young in his student days. You know it is solid! The roof was provided with a double dormer window and a second-story den and attic finished off by student contractor Klein De Bow—now building mission churches, parsonages, and schools in Bolivia. He boasted that he "went over to Professor Munro's, raised the roof, and kicked out the side of the house." The garage was added, floated on the spongy ground, by Claude Schlosser, now in charge of financial affairs at Mt. Vernon Nazarene College. It was his first major contract. Our students knew how to work, and work well.

The summers now as I remember them seem to have been relaxing, with work in our seven-by-ten-foot garden, which under my housemate's direction grew *all* the vegetables. Her preacher-father in his country parishes had fed his family from his farm. We could follow his example, minus the poultry and pigs and sheep. She called me a city girl—her chief reason being that after

she had identified one weed (we had many blown in from the flourishing swamp) as lamb's quarter, I had come in one day saying, "Mary, this mutton business is taking the place." Later, when all the faculty were planting victory gardens, our Golden Bantam corn was voted the best. Our grape juice went well with the book club. Our asparagus bed planted by Bill Esselstyn before he left for Africa in 1928 was still bearing in 1950.

Another footnote or two on American dialect studies. My Cliftondale friend, Mrs. Annie Parsons, was interested, of course, in "Bertha's new house" and paid us short visits. On the first of these, helping with our dinner, she suddenly asked, "Where's the spider?" Mary, from Kentucky, started and looked around. Close to the marsh, we sometimes had unwelcome visitors. She did not know that in a New England kitchen "spider" means frying pan. And I did not raise my reputation with my Southerner when, a day or so after she had carefully explained to me that her "blue John" was skim milk, I had asked her for the "slim Jim."

In fact, she says I garden by literature. When she was not certain at what time to harvest the squash, I said, "Let me see. 'When the frost is on the pumpkin, and the fodder's in the shock.' It must be well into the fall." And of course, when it came to fertilizer, there was the Bible farmer impatient with his fruitless tree. I was doing my best.

SUMMERS

The summer of 1920 we planned to spend at Old Orchard Beach, Maine. My colleague Florence Cobb had told me of Minnie's Rest, a spacious near-mansion directly on the ocean, open only to missionaries and teachers, at low rates. I secured a position as hostess, with Madeline and Ruth Rollins as chambermaid and waitress and my father as guest. An ideal arrangement.

Until the cook and her daughter left the first weekend before the guests arrived, insulted that we sat at table with the proprietress while they ate in the kitchen. I volunteered to do the cooking for the thirty-six guests for a few days until the vacancies could be filled.

The ups and downs were first comic, then tragic as days lengthened into weeks and replacements could not be found—at least were not. I baked, prepared vegetables, cooked, and dished out meals—then raced to the dining room to preside calmly, graciously at table. Until one day in August I was reprimanded for allowing a guest to help me string beans for dinner. I saw then that a person can let one good Bible verse drive him too far. Knowing that my going would leave Mrs. Gunn with no help (the girls would go with me), I had stuck it out with “He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not.” I had forgotten “wise as serpents.”

One joy of this summer was my meeting with Edith Peirce, who was to register at E.N.C. the following September. She was attending the Old Orchard Holiness Camp Meeting. I don't recall how we got together. My mental picture is of us standing at the edge of the Atlantic Ocean talking excitedly, in our bathing suits (quite unlike today's styles). Edith was the same girl of vivid enthusiasms that I knew later as mother of two missionary daughters.

Another memory of Minnie's Rest—it must have been the first weekend, for I could not have found such a quiet moment later. I was seated at the piano playing, and reading for the first time A. B. Simpson's wonderful song “Jesus, I Come.” I have never lost the impact it made on my spirit:

*Out of my bondage, sorrow, and night,
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;
Into thy freedom, gladness, and light,
Jesus, I come to Thee.*

While we are speaking of those early summers, there was the visit Annie Hosley Shrader and her little daughter Jean paid me while I still roomed in the Mansion. I wanted her to enjoy our lovely campus. Those were the days before mosquito control in Wollaston. Enough said. Wollaston mosquitoes were the giant breed and prolific.

Another summer, the last one before we organized the Wollaston Church of the Nazarene, the only church available for Sunday morning worship was the formal Congregational church four tiny blocks away. My father could walk that far. I decided there was always something fresh to be gained in a place where the Word of God was read and the hymns of the church were sung, however chilly the spiritual atmosphere. So I went all summer with the prayer that I might each week get something worth carrying home with me, real soul food. To check on myself I kept what you might term a Sunday diary. It worked. I have the list still. It reads well. To my surprise, the preacher's words repeatedly spoke to my mind and heart. The Spirit brooded in the beginning over deadness, and life came. He does today.

LEARNING

We had lived at 90 Franklin Avenue just short of a year when my father died, in May, 1924, aged almost ninety-one. I should tell you more of this father of mine: his fine physique, tall and erect, though he walked with a cane because of a fall in his early seventies. And walk he did, to the very end, daily. His friends—he had many; his quick wit was their delight. And in the later years his patience, as he sat hour after hour in the little front room I now call mine, with his large-lettered Testament and his *Sandy Scott's Bible Class*. How often I have wished that he had lived in days of radio and television, or that I had driven a car then! A single drive over to Squantum in the car of a visiting alumnus I recall as a

unique pleasure for him. But with the wish I recognize that he has finer entertainment now; his lonely days are over.

Still he did not speak much of his relation to God. When I knew that his stroke was fatal and he had only a few hours to live, I was anxious. In prayer that night of vigil I asked God please to let me know that he was "all right" and ready for heaven. The word of Martha's to Jesus came back clear: "Even now." And so it was. The next morning—he still was apparently unconscious—I read aloud by his bedside John 14: "In my Father's house are many mansions." He seemed to hear. I asked, "Shall I sing something?" Then he tried to speak. I could scarcely catch the words: "Jesus—stranger." And I finished his testimony for him:

*Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.*

He got out the words, "It's true"—his last.

I had my answer. I was learning how promptly God responds—always "in the nick of time." (Floyd Nease's phrasing of "grace to help *in time of need.*")

Another lesson. Since Father's retirement thirteen years before, I had been his sole support. I knew he might sometime face a protracted illness involving considerable expense. So when, a few weeks before his death, Dr. R. T. Williams had given an SOS call in our chapel—our Publishing House was in desperate straits, on the verge of bankruptcy—and I felt an urge to pledge \$100, I questioned the impulse. What about my father's last days? \$100 then was almost like \$1,000 today. But if the urge was the Spirit's voice, the risk was safe. God proved himself. My father's final illness lasted only thirty hours; the college nurse, Margaret Patin (Essel-

styn), cared for him without charge; and my eldest half brother, Alexander Munro, Jr., paid the funeral expenses. You cannot outgive God. I had heard it said; I knew it then.

I learned something else in those earlier days. Miss Cobb and Miss Dancey, who had come from Taylor with me, had a Methodist background. I was the only Nazarene they had known. In some way I had succeeded in showing Miss Cobb that Nazarenes were like holiness Methodists, and Miss Dancey that Radcliffe courses were solid meat; and they trusted me enough to come East to share my lot. I was so earnest about their impression of E.N.C. and the Nazarenes that I found myself looking at ourselves and our policies and practices through their eyes. I was anxious to convince them that we were just right. Of course we weren't perfect, and I began to find it out. Before I realized, I was becoming critical, judging persons and achievements by a higher standard than God himself does—harsher, at any rate. It was then, I suppose, that I consciously began judging people by motives rather than by apparent achievement, putting the best construction possible on their actions. Keeping the golden rule where it begins.

During this period two of our faculty suffered agonizing sorrow: President Shields in the loss of his little daughter Grace, not quite five years old, a gay, dancing-eyed little girl; Brother Angell, in the death of his teen-age son Chester. Both were tragic accidents: Grace run over by a car as she darted across the boulevard, Chester drowned sailing on Quincy Bay in a boat the Angell boys had built themselves, for wholesome pleasure. We all suffered with them. Chester's body was not found for ten days; the memorial service was held before that, in the Canterbury Chapel. I remember, with Mary Harris, trying to soften the stark blackness of the high platform with a simple flat border of the only campus

flowers then blooming, alternating bright tiger lilies with the airy fluff of the smoke flowers.

But Grace was one of Jesus' "little children," and Chester had testified definitely in the latest Wednesday prayer meeting, "A charge to keep I have"—as if he had foreseen. So there was comfort that we could not give.

TIME OUT TO EVALUATE

Some time early in the 1920's I was asked to give a talk on Religious Life at P.C.I., with a comparison of the two eras. I have full notes of what I said, and my conclusions. I identified myself even then as the "oldest inhabitant," and went on to tell, in fuller detail, what my readers already know of life at P.C.I. The services: the file down the long lane singing, the square little barn of a church hung with Scripture mottoes, the preachers, the congregation, the orchestra of cornets and violins, the girls' quartet and the soloists, the Thursday evening prayer meeting, the revival meetings. The chapel: twice a day, an hour in the morning and at 7 p.m., often protracted; the Saturday evenings for conference or chapel service; the favorite songs. Faculty prayer meeting weekly or oftener; family prayers in the dining room before breakfast with singing and exhortation. The missionary society at chapel, at commencement, and morning or 5 p.m. prayer meetings; missionary pledging. The outlet: Mill Village calling, open-air meeting Sunday evening, open-air Saturday evening in front of the post office. Special: all-days of prayer; prayer room open always; healing services; dining room testimonies; prayer in dormitory rooms; prayer often heard outdoors by lake or in woods.

The general conclusion. There: isolated, spiritual atmosphere—unity, opportunity to form habits. Here: more distracting temptations, but opportunity to prepare for

life. As scholastic standards rise and time is limited, guard the means of grace. Dangers there: inwardness, neglect of talents. Dangers here: worldliness (surface living), neglect of prayer.

The spiritual balance seemed to be holding steady in those days. I recall the 1926 commencement when, as in the first graduating class, there were only four seniors, this year all girls. I remember them because their class song—they marched in to Class Day exercises by it—was "In the Cross." Their Senior Day Address was on the antitheses, the opposite forces that exert equal pressure and so hold the body upright and true to the straight line—the Christian keeping the middle of life's road. Rank and responsibility (*Noblesse oblige*), leaders who are servants, teachers who are learners, idealists who are practical.

I believe it was about this date that I was invited to Asbury College to teach. That was a holiness college too. The main inducement was not the two-and-a-half-times-higher salary, but the fact that Asbury was larger than E.N.C. and accordingly would afford opportunity for larger service. I mentioned my problem to Rev. John Thomas, an evangelist visiting the college who knew Asbury well. His only response was, "Jesus had only twelve disciples." It was all I needed to hear. Since then I have never been over-impressed by numbers as a first consideration. And I have never hesitated to give my wonderful fresh thought to a very small group on what seemed a very insignificant occasion. I knew God could find the one person who needed that one particular thought, and God had plenty of other bits of truth to send my way.

Then, too, that speech in the story of Joseph's brothers got hold of me: Judah's plea, "How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?" It haunted me for years; in fact, it has never left me. It connected

itself with the tragedy of the rich young ruler; with our young men. I tried to put into verse what it said to me:

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD

*A charge to keep,
The garden of the Lord to tend;
And then His words to hear at evening time,
Praise or rebuke.*

*One day, upon an old Judean road,
Strong, fine, and clean,
High-hearted, eager-eyed,
Mind like a keen, sure blade,
Youth met the Master.
And the Lord, beholding, loved him:
Loved him for dawning visions
Of service, purity, achievement rare,
Loved him, yet did not spare.
Called him to leave the low and choose the high,
To live not for his day but for Eternity:
Showed him the life that finds its good in giving;
Challenged to strip himself of every weight and run
the race,
Lost to earth's golden apples, following Christ alone.*

*Our charge to keep, these clear-eyed ones He loves;
The garden of the Lord to tend—
How shall we come at last before our Father,
The lad left behind?*

I wrote this of my own sense of responsibility, but I believe I expressed the spirit of every faculty member.

STUDY AND TRAVEL

Extracurricular to E.N.C. also were my Harvard courses. In the summer of 1914 I had enrolled for a course in Speech. My one recollection—I'm not sure of any profit—was of giving a reading for which I had

chosen I Corinthians 13. A good selection, not expected by the teacher and accordingly praised highly. In 1921 I took a basic course in Anglo-Saxon. The most significant studying I have ever done was a full-year comparative literature course in literary criticism, its history and philosophy, with Professor Irving Babbitt. It opened new worlds of thought, and gave both background and standards for evaluation of literature that I had never dreamed of. It gave a perspective that made independent thinking possible and necessary.

Irving Babbitt is somewhat discredited now as a literary critic, though he cannot be disregarded; considered by some a bigoted conservative. He was terribly in earnest, and so sure of the soundness of his humanistic faith that he sometimes gave the impression of ranting. He repeated so frequently the verities of his anti-sentimental, anti-romantic doctrine that he seemed to have a one-track mind. To me he lacked one thing; he was not himself Christian. But he brought us to the edge of Christianity: he was always insisting on Christian humility and had no use for any notion of human nature as "naturally good." The nature of man must be recognized as above the brute creation, yet possessed of and by natural instincts that require discipline and moral choice. This view of man as morally responsible he considered orthodox (as over against both naturalists and sentimental idealists) and traced its history through the course of Western critical literature. I found this position consonant with my own thinking, a halfway house at any rate to the recognition of man's need of Deity to enable him to choose the right. Babbitt exerted a powerful influence in the early part of the century. T. S. Eliot and all the "Christian humanists" of today derive from him and supplement his teaching by Christian faith.

I am wordy and possibly obscure in stressing the debt I owe to this course. It gave me a new sort of confidence in the integrity of Christian thinking.

In 1926-27 I passed all the required courses for the doctorate in English with the A quality which seemed to me essential if one was to be able to use the material. I enjoyed them all, but I fear I have not found occasion to put them to much immediately practical use. The requirements were almost wholly historical linguistic: Gothic, Old French, Old and Middle English, Beowulf. Then an intensive year-course in Eighteenth Century with Ernest Bernbaum, and auditing John Livingston Lowes in Research Methods and Kenneth Murdock in American Literature. I was exposed to the greatest scholars. And a year of part-time work toward a dissertation, in the Widener Library stacks.

In the summer of 1927 I took my first trip to Kentucky with Mary Harris to visit her father and mother—a delightful experience. They made me think of Esther Carson Winans' poetic description of her parents:

*My father's an oak of desert strength,
My mother's a pepper tree.*

Mrs. Harris was of the Southern bluegrass aristocracy—gentle, gracious, with a light touch and a keen sense of humor. Her husband was a staunch Puritan, who in his day had been a rugged preacher of Wesleyan holiness in the Southern Methodist Church. He was well-educated, had been a college roommate of J. W. Hughes, founder of Asbury College. I being something of a Puritan myself, we found each other immensely congenial. In fact, he was soon telling me stories of his Civil War experiences which his children said even they had never heard.

The Southern hospitality I had heard so much of I found was no fiction. They treated me to their own spring lamb chops, the best by far I had ever tasted, and home-smoked Southern ham, one of the most delicious tastes known to man. And here I made a near fatal

mistake; to this day Mary Harris can scarcely forgive me. Attempting to identify the unusual flavor of the ham, I came up with, "It tastes like smoked herring." (The only smoked food I knew, of which I was very fond.) She thought it an insult to the ham.

Another embarrassing moment. We attended a service in the church there. I was horrified to have the minister announce, "We have with us a visitor who comes from—comes from somewhere away off—who knows all about prayer. She will lead us in prayer." Mary nudged me, saying, "He means you!"

Their roomy house stood on a rise of ground. I lay in the hammock and looked far across the rolling land, and thought, Kentucky looks like Maine. I felt at home.

Later, on a lecture trip to Asbury College, I visited one of the famous racing stables, spacious, spotless, all mahogany and brass. Finer than any other buildings I saw. Yet not too fine, it seemed, for the clean-limbed noble-faced, royal creatures they housed. Just a glimpse into another world.

TWO DOCUMENTS

Two finds in my archives are relevant to this period. "Call It a Day" is a near-shorthand record, so my housemate says, made without my knowledge and carefully preserved by her. She does admit having telescoped two days together. Here is the manuscript.

CALL IT A DAY

"Professor Munro, I want to give Tom a Christmas present. Won't you tell me what to get?"

"Why, yes. I think a book—."

"Professor Munro, will you give me an idea for the theme of the *Nautilus*?"

"Yes, I can see you this afternoon from three to four in the English room."

"Now—where was I? Oh, yes, I'd get a book—."

"Will you tell me what one? And when can I see you to find out?"

"Let me see—I've a Scholarship Committee meeting, 9 to 10 a.m. and classes eight to nine and ten to eleven."

(Ting-a-ling) "Hello. Yes, this is Orval Nease in Malden. Oh, Miss Munro, will you help me with the meter of a poem I've tried to write, or better, compose one for us? We're sending a Thanksgiving basket and I want a poem."

"Yes, I'll call you later."

"Miss Munro, will you collect money from the ladies of the faculty for Brother Angell and get it in by tonight?"

"All right."

"Miss Munro, the seniors have an invitation to Gardeners'. Must I answer in the capacity of secretary or must the class answer?"

"Why, I think you should answer, representing the class."

"Professor Munro, may I have a moment?"

"Not now, if you can wait, Miss Patin. I seem to be busy just now. How about four o'clock?"

"All right. In the English room?"

"Miss Munro, I'm having a hard time. Will you—?"

"Come over this evening and we'll pray about it. Come about seven, Jane."

"Now—that book—."

"Miss Munro, did you mean for me to rewrite that last theme? You said—."

"Yes, rewrite it. And notice spelling particularly."

"Oh, Miss Munro, the church board meets after prayer meeting tonight."

"All right, Brother Angell."

"Professor Munro, will you write an article for the *Advance* and get it to me today?"

"I'll try, President Nease."

"Professor Munro, we are putting an article in the *New England Nazarene* asking for money for the campaign. Will you go over it and see that it is all right?"

"Why, yes—give it to me. I'll see you about it at supertime."

"Miss Munro, when can you spare me a moment to help with the Breseean program?"

"Between three and four this afternoon."

"All right, can you come to the library?"

"Professor Munro, will you lead chapel for me today? I'm called away."

"I don't see— Oh, don't feel bad. I'll do it."

"Miss Munro, when are you coming home? I want you to go over my French with me."

"I'm busy with Sunday School Methods till 10 p.m. I'll see you then—well, I can dismiss Sunday School Methods early."

A deep sigh. [I'm sure part of it was a breath of happiness.]

I congratulate myself, by the way, on two exceptionally successful achievements as matchmaker during these early years—well, not exactly. The matches were made; I just lighted them. A poor pun, but we'll let it stand. Madeline Nostrand, when her philosophy professor asked her to accompany him with a group of students to Park Street Church one Sunday evening (before we had our church here), asked me, "Shall I go? I think he just wants another chaperone." I had the grace to push her out the door: "Of course. He's asking you for a date." Grace, for I saw I was saying Good-bye.

I had likewise to push my major Edith Peirce (figuratively) into the arms of Kent Goodnow. You will remember I had perfected the art through experience as adviser to Houston Shrader and Annie Hosley.

The other find, the log of Bill and Margaret Esselstyn's first missionary journey, is too long, of course, to reproduce here, twenty pages of single-space typing.

Travel Diary of William C. and Margaret P. Esselstyn

New York to Pigg's Peak, via England

June 27, 1928. Midnight.

R.M.S. *Berengaria*. In command of Sir Arthur H. Rostron, K.E.B., R.N.R. Cunard Line.

Destination: Southampton, via Cherbourg.

The *Berengaria* was built in Bremen before the World War, etc., etc. She is the largest Cunard boat, etc., etc.

Thoroughly characteristic of William Esselstyn, in its careful attention to detail and its serious sense of responsibility.

It ends, "Our welcome was very warm and we felt at home from the first. We rejoice greatly at being here."

This, too, is Bill: gratitude, humility, joy in the will of God.

Forty years ago that was, almost to the day. Only this year (1968) he has retired from a distinguished South African superintendency, but not from missionary service in his Africa.

I see it as plainly as if it were 1968, the platform of the Columbus auditorium on General Assembly missionary afternoon when the newly outgoing missionaries introduced themselves. Two especially impressed me for their very difference. Fairy Chism, slender, fair-haired beauty, marched back and forth across the stage, free as a bird in speech and motion. I suppose she shouted; I know her manner was what we term demonstrative. Margaret Patin spoke quietly, simply, earnestly, briefly. I knew her as pure gold, the stuff that wears. I was not so sure then of Fairy Chism. I did not know her. You know how both have proved themselves the very finest missionaries that are made. They have become symbols to me of the fact that God uses, and needs, every personality.

I love Gerard Manley Hopkins' sonnet "Pied Beauty," expressing God's love of variety. In fact, He creates it. All these differences "He fathers forth whose beauty is past change. Praise Him!"

Section Two: ACTION AND REACTION
(1928-36)

CHAPTER III

End of the Decade

Approaching the end of the twenties came the arrival at E.N.C. of those two good-natured, good-hearted Smiths, Chet and Al; of the lovely Mosher girls, Mabel and Esther, later to marry those two Bible experts Ralph Earle and Harvey Blaney—I remember meeting them in the hall of the Mansion; of Elizabeth Earle and of Charles Peterson—their breath was foreign missions. Before leaving E.N.C., Charles asked me to supply his lack of a middle name. Since then he has been Charles B. Peterson, for he had made me think of Brainerd, that man of prayer. I am tempted to go on.

There were painful district assemblies when money was short and pledges came hard, and Brother Peavey ran up and down the aisles carrying a Victory banner to raise the temperature of faith. But campus temperature was high, and steadily rising.

Edith Cove (music) had been added to the faculty,

Mildred Simpson (speech), Ethel Wilson (elementary education). Alumnus Clarence Haas was teaching voice and directing chorus and band; senior Lloyd Brewster Byron was our temporary librarian.

Debater Samuel Young was known as "a stubborn foe"; Wesley Angell was "not afraid to say his say." Kent Goodnow was president of the Lyceum (debate club) and Lloyd Byron of the Evangelistic Association.

The *Nautilus* of 1929 was dedicated *To Our Fathers and Mothers*. Samuel Young was its literary editor; he had declined the editorship in chief in order to have plenty of time to pray with souls at the altar. Alice Spangenberg as faculty member was strong in music and missions as well as in English Composition. President Nease was delivering telling baccalaureate messages: "We Have a Law," "A Day in Thy Courts," "Sell Your Cloak and Buy a Sword."

The Bachelors' Club was passing away. Samuel Young had left it; Wagner, Joshua and Wayles, Ruth came conveniently close in the class roll-book. John Riley and Dorcas Tarr had been *Green Book* editor in chief and literary editor—good preparation for the same in *Nautilus* 1929. What excuse had Virgil Hoover and Ruth White?

Ed Mann and Tom Brown a year or so before, in an unpublished contemporary cartoon by Mary Harris, had been dragged by a rope to chapel protesting, "We'd go if your didn't make us." (*Haec olim meminisse iuvabit!*) That too was preparation for their initiative in 1929 in raising money for a new gymnasium ("Gymnorium" for chapel and church services).

Cora Herrschaft was doing her brilliant best to enliven the campus. We awoke one morning to find the large white stones lining the driveway to the Mansion transmogrified into faculty tombstones: Here lies "Edith

Cove" (piano teacher), "All Played Out"; "Mildred Simpson" (Speech), "Died Expressing Ecstasy"; "Berend and Bonnie" (Marinus, business manager and dean of women) "Lie Side by Side."

Nineteen hundred twenty-nine was the year Blair Ward buried the Freshman Rhetoric text, with due solemnities, beneath the tall spruce tree at the southeast corner of the Mansion; the year also that he wrote on "Praise"—so close were fun and worship, both genuine. The year James Young was joking over the "Cardboard" of the "Palace" and Dorcas Tarr was writing her perfect lines to accompany the scenes in a *Nautilus* that featured campus loveliness. I find myself quoting them often.

E.N.C.—A TRILOGY

*Pillared Mansion, guarding trees,
Sweep of lawn and lily bed,
Flags of iris, purple, white—
Purity and beauty wed,
Shining in each flower's face,
Blowing with a garden's grace.*

*Trysting seat walled round with trees,
Kindly trees, living earth.
The boughs lift and bend,
The leaves chuckle and sigh,
Brushing each other and mocking—
Singing life.*

*Meeting place of all the walks
To classroom, Mansion, or chapel,
To laboratory, gym, or dorm.
Steps of students of many years
All meet, and pass, or pause,
Traced—lost in the dust of the Driveway.*

This year two great stuffed owls were the appropriate Library watchmen.

About this time President Nease bought a used

Willys-Knight. Great excitement in his family and ours. For some reason the car had been delivered on a Wednesday evening during prayer meeting. The president must have been beside himself (he was punctual and regular in church attendance and expected the same of all his faculty); for he sent young Stephen, aged four, tiptoeing into the chapel on his clumping new shoes to call us out. We were immediately taken on a trial run, which proved a long one on the then unmarked roads. We wound up on the outskirts of Framingham, thirty miles distant.

Our own Model A Ford was purchased the following year, only a few months before his death.

SENIOR DAY, 1928

(Following is a copy of the address delivered on Junior-Senior Day, 1928. Senior Day we called it then. From 1925 until much later, in the forties at least, when the class sponsor took over, I gave these charges, as Academic Dean, to the graduates on their first formal appearance in cap and gown. This one I insert particularly because of what it says of the essence of our work at E.N.C., and because of what proved to be its prophetic nature. See the note at its close.)

"I believe in Senior Day. More than that, I find my conception of it growing. As I think back over past Senior Days in this college and elsewhere, I find that I have spoken on these subjects: The Significance of the Cap and Gown, The Scholar's Attitude to Knowledge, What the World Expects of the College Graduate. I have thought of the day in relation to the college course: as setting a seal upon four years of study. Today I see it in relation to your lives: as a pause before you leave your alma mater, a solemn warning that you shall leave her shortly. I ask you one question: Have you assimilated what she has to give you?

"Last New Year's Day I heard a sermon (it was by

James Young) on 'Seeking the Old Paths,' and I thought of our seniors. I pictured them twenty years hence, and prayed they might still be unspoiled. And then I asked myself just what I meant when I prayed that prayer.

"George Eliot tells us of two conceptions of the Jewish Messiah. The Emperor Diocletian, having heard that a certain family had claimed the seed of David, sent for them to slay them all, but dismissed them in scorn because their hands were rough with toil. A certain rabbi, on the contrary, watched every day by the city gates among the lowly coming and going, to find a Messiah of the outcasts. Both were mistaken. Neither rough hands nor smooth are the sign of the Christ, but His touch of love. Nothing outward—no one station in life, no shibboleth, no profession, no rigid set of standards even—can satisfy our hopes for you, but a spirit.

"You are going to face the temptations of an age of selfishness, of competition, ease, self-sufficiency, indifference. You cannot look down the twenty-year stretch and reckon every step—the road may take a sudden turn to right or left, a month or a day after you leave college. Most of us feel we have walked the path through the years blindfolded—but holding a mighty Hand. Twenty years from now you will be facing problems none of us dream of today. You cannot by utmost calculation decide the details of the future: you can know you have the spirit that will meet its issues.

"That spirit we trust you have found here. E.N.C. is an unusual place; it sets, and lives, certain standards of value. What has been the heart of the message of E.N.C. to you, of the education she has aimed to give you? Think back with me this morning. You stand where you have perspective, and yet a little time of opportunity.

"First, I believe that spirit comprehends a certain attitude to things of the mind, an attitude combining

independence and humility. You have met this in your classes: you have dared to examine all phases of human thought, and have found them to come short if based on other than Christian philosophy; you have dared listen to science, yet have come to feel that an undevout scientist is mad. You have met this attitude in the sermons preached from this platform: the fearlessness that counseled you to add to your faith knowledge; the reverence that cautioned you against seeking living knowledge outside the Living Christ; the devotion that claimed a day in Christ's courts to be better than a thousand in the courts of earthly wisdom; the consecration that bade you, like St. Paul, sell your cloak of ease and buy a sword of education. 'Pure intellect,' one great New Englander said, 'is the pure devil.' But you have drunk in the ideal of the college that education is altogether desirable if it clarifies the vision of God, if it is directed by the Spirit of God and kept consecrated to a greater end, if it is tool and not master. Man—the best man possible—under the control of God.

“Again, a certain attitude to things of the heart—an attitude likewise combining utter dependence on God with the best of man's effort. You have not forgotten the messages which have urged you to practice Christian ethics, to write holiness on every pot and kettle; which have insisted that you recognize both constant and variable elements in the Christian life, both epochal experience and developing experiences; that you be well born into the family of God and then grow to the stature of a perfect man in Christ. You have been warned that there are certain essentials of the faith once delivered to the saints without which one cannot live, and that these you are responsible to pass on unsullied to those who shall come after you. E.N.C. demands in Christian living a vital cooperation of God and man, in which God purifies man's heart and man aligns his character with

the standard of God. Man's best realization of contact with God.

"Further—a certain attitude to the activities and purposes of life. E.N.C. has lifted before you, and exemplified in the lives of her faculty and students, the ideal of service in which the individual will is active, but in glad submission to the will of God. Talents not buried, every power in action; but all the mind and strength loving God. In service, independence of social recognition. 'Society,' we say, 'has no bribe for me, neither in politics, nor church, nor college, nor city.' 'Not praise, not man's acceptance of our doings, but the Holy Spirit's errand through us.' Divine guidance in your choices—it may be, you have been warned, for the fall of cherished hopes and their rising again in a new form; witnessing 'in Samaria' as well as in Jerusalem; putting the needy 'into the pool'—willing even to labor patiently to make them feel their need. 'For this cause came you into the world.' Man's best out-working of God-contact; and for effective service a more intimate contact than we yet realize.

"You may not identify the individual sermons that I have been citing—they have come thronging to my mind as I have tried to analyze the message of E.N.C. to you—but you have not been deaf to the spirit that animates them all: man thinking, choosing, acting independently of every other soul, but in vital contact with God. 'I live,' in glorious freedom, 'but Christ liveth in me.' I come today to pledge your loyalty to that spirit. Is it yours in full measure? Does it dominate your life? I believe it does. But you still have time to seal it your own.

"I had almost said that the spirit of E.N.C. is the spirit of early New England Puritanism.

"'Noble Puritanism in every age,' says the biographer of grand old Richard Baxter. 'is concerned with maintaining the supremacy of the spiritual, where alone

real power and true joys are to be found, and the full efficiency of the body and the mind, but ever in the interests of the richness of life itself and of the eternal welfare of the soul.' It has a familiar ring!

"Definitions and expressions of Puritanism have varied, but its essence is ever nonconformist; one cannot be dominated by the 'spirit of the age.' But you remember Brother Angell's insistence upon the Cross as the perpendicular between the Vertical of God's will and the Horizontal of the world system. Nonconformity in and for itself is not a virtue unless it obeys a higher conformity. In other words, smash images if you have a better image to set up.

"Hear the parable of the Puritan.

"The first Puritan saw a vision of God in His holiness that set his heart on fire and cleansed his lips, and sent him out to war against sin and bring the kingdom of Heaven upon earth. His soul burned with love of God and he counted not his life dear to himself. His son went to church, heard long sermons, defended Calvinism, tortured the Quakers, and criticized his enemies. His grandson, Benjamin Franklin, had no God, but lived by his own new system of thirteen moral virtues, and invented stoves and founded libraries to benefit humanity. His great-grandson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, again felt the fire of inspiration. He made him a god in the image of man and discovered the glorious truth that the drunkard is in essence as divine as the crucified Christ. (Oversimplification of Emerson, spotlighting his 'fatal flaw.')

"The parable of the Puritan is the story of four generations.

"The original Puritan was a man directly visited by God: he had a vision of God, a sense of His reality; hence, an exploring, creative attitude to life, a search for perfection, a rejection of the evil and of the inferior, the

merely formal, established, conventional. He dared to be different from others because he saw something better, God's will to be realized on earth, in and around him. He loved the beautiful, he was tender, romantic; but all such pleasures were subordinate—he was living a higher romance with God. But he was not unpractical; it was not some visionary and unreliable 'inner light' he was following. His sure foundation was the Word of God, the Bible, God's revelation which showed man's need of a Savior and gave clear guidance. It was this Puritan who founded the New World and stimulated even the conformists of the Established Church to new fervor and purity of living.

"The second generation knew the formalism of non-conformity. Bred in the ways of Puritanism, the revolt of their fathers they made into a form: churchgoing, theological disputes, 'taste nots, touch nots, handle nots.' Abstinenances which for their fathers had been involuntary sacrifices to a higher love, they erected into a principle, a religion of negatives. They thought their mission was to transmit a doctrine, and they did so. But preaching the sovereignty of God, they lost the spirit of an individual life with God. These men became conformists. Bound by the conventions of their own social group, they fell prey to the evils of any established, dominant religious order: formalism, hypocrisy, intolerance, criticism. 'No dissenter,' said Emerson, 'rides in his coach for three generations; he infallibly falls into the Establishment.'

"The second generation—I speak in general terms—had the Puritan form without its heart. The inevitable result is seen in two men. The pendulum swings back, and the independent, iconoclastic spirit reappears. But humility is gone; man is sovereign. Franklin stood on his own feet, denied Christ, and saved himself by his good works—his religion sheer morality. Emerson need-

ed no Savior; he found God in himself and the universe—his religion transcendentalism. Franklin and Emerson were Puritans—nonconformists—but neither had any message for the sinner; neither knew a personal God.

“It is plain that the second generation is the pivotal point. Let a second generation lose the spirit of its fathers and content itself with the form of their message, and reaction is sure to come. May the second generation of Nazarenes, born to the legacy of their nonconformist fathers, learn from the second generation of Puritans. Orientals, they tell us, think in centuries, Europeans in yesterdays and tomorrows, Americans—so they reproach us—in todays. It should not be. No one has a right to lead into a blind alley. Be an opener of doors for those who follow you.

“It is the nonconformity of the first generation that your fathers have given you: not the second-generation nonconformity of form, not the third-generation self-sufficiency of Franklin or Emerson; but the nonconformity to this world which is also transformed by the renewing of the mind to harmony with the perfect will of God. A glorious heritage—and a doctrine of heart holiness that is in itself of the spirit. It is this light that your torch is to pass on undimmed. This is the true nonconformity: a thing of the spirit and not of the letter, an appeal from the lower to the higher.

“Nonconformity is necessary, but it is safe only when controlled by humility; independence by dependence, man by God. Education? Surely—but led from above. Character development by all means; but under the guidance of the same Spirit who sanctified. Service, yes; but service for the glory of God. Insist on thinking, always; but think with Christ. Insist on growing; but grow up into Christ. Refuse to be idle; but remember ‘dead works.’ Do work that shall live in that Kingdom whose Head is Christ.

“A spirit, then, which cannot be legislated, but

which can be fostered by opening the life to the Spirit of God. A spirit that dares to be different and to help others be different, but that dares be different only because it hears the voice of Christ.

"Two thousand years ago on a Galilean hillside Christ said to His disciples, 'Give ye them to eat.' There are still but two classes in the world: the feeders and the hungry; those in contact with Christ and those out of contact. Knowledge of Christ is the great touchstone of value in every field. All other distinctions may be ignored.

"Twenty years from now E. N.C. will not ask of you: Is he rich or is he poor? Is he preacher or layman? Is she wife or teacher or businesswoman? Is he in America or in Africa? Has he a large church or small? But, What is he? Has he still the spirit of E.N.C.? And you yet have six weeks of it."

In that class of seniors on Junior-Senior Day were Samuel Young, Lloyd Byron, Wesley Angell. Among the juniors was Edward S. Mann. Exactly twenty years later I happened to come across the text of this message. In 1948, Young was a general superintendent of the Church of the Nazarene; Byron, a district superintendent; Mann, president of E.N.C.; Angell, strongest layman supporter of E.N.C.—all living her spirit.

CHAPTER IV

Crest of the Wave

ACHIEVEMENT

Annus Mirabilis, Year of Wonders, we called 1930. As I look back, it seems that in 1928 and 1929 we were approaching a sort of crest, almost holding the breath in suspense until we reached the summit. Perhaps we had been waiting for the wave to break.

For one thing, success in numbers was embarrassing us. We had outgrown our buildings. A girls' brick dormitory (later christened Munro Hall) had been built, and a gymnasium, the portmanteau word *Gymnorium* indicating its double duty as also auditorium. But classes were still meeting on the second floor of the Mansion and in the basement of the Manchester (both dormitories), also in the attic of the Canterbury, chapel and fine arts building. I can identify classes taught in each place.

This year saw the Administration Building erected, now Gardner Hall. It seemed pretty grand to us. I re-

call President Nease walking into the new Philosophy Room (now Registrar's Office) saying, "To think that I should ever teach in a room as fine as this!" I was given my choice of the rooms designed for offices, and chose the one still called mine overlooking the Mansion lawn—what remains of it. The building has seen hard wear and several partial remodelings to serve expanding needs. It still is serving us well.

Two other victories of this year have in my memory Floyd William Nease at their center. Our faculty meetings regularly opened with prayer; one of those prayers I shall always remember, our president's prayer for the Massachusetts charter to grant degrees. We all knew that we had knelt on holy ground and that God had been listening. (Our graduates had received degrees temporarily from Northwest Nazarene College—which held a charter from the state of Idaho—as a loosely affiliated institution knowing our work and recognizing its quality). This was in the late spring of 1930. By June our charter was granted. John E. Riley, later president of N.N.C., was the first upon whom E.N.C. conferred its own degree.

In this one year the administration building, the charter, and third, the "great revival." All of us, of course, had prayed; but there was one unpretentious, direct young woman, Nellie Cummins, who we learned afterwards had interceded with intense earnestness, fastings, and night watches. One day in chapel—I can see where she stood—she declared her faith openly and positively. "It seems to me these days I have to fight the devil with my bare hands," and she burst into tears. "But I'll fight him! I will!" The revival broke out that night, as I recall, and went on for weeks. Like angel wings all over the campus, one person said to me, the Spirit's presence was so real. In the dormitories, in the dining room, on the walks, in classrooms, heart-searchings, confessions, restitutions. The entire chapel was an

altar, little groups praying everywhere, each individual for himself or for others. So it was until commencement, with a slight relaxing for finals. Mrs. Edith Whitesides, a New England deaconess, was also a human instrument, praying with many students.

The high point came on Baccalaureate Sunday morning, when a spirit of exhortation came on Professor Garrison. President Nease nodded to him to go on, then stepped down from the Gymnorum platform, and instead of preaching his formal baccalaureate sermon, stood with lifted, outstretched hands welcoming those who streamed forward to pray. I can name alumni who from this moving of the Spirit of God never wavered. When the students went home for the summer they carried the news with them, and revival fires broke out all over the educational zone.

"Annus Mirabilis," we said. "Year of wonders!" The rejoicing was great.

Loss

But soon the wave broke. The history has been written. All we knew was that our president, though not well, was having to take long money-raising trips. And one October day the word came that he was ill in a Pittsburgh hospital, not expected to live. I saw Madeline Nease off on her sad railway journey, and the whole school went to prayer.

That Sunday afternoon on our knees in the Canterbury chapel, some claimed a promise for his recovery. "Because," they said, "we can't spare him." I could not feel so sure. We wanted God's will. And the word came that he had gone, testifying to his readiness, and telling his wife, "I want you to bring up our children. I have perfect confidence in you." (There were two now: Stephen Wesley, aged five; and Helen Munro, just ten months old). This God has helped her to do. And I

believe she has lived ever since with her eye on the reunion ahead.

The funeral was exceedingly difficult. I fear the sense of our loss was keener than the sense of his glory. The moment when they sang his own favorite, "Zion's Hill," was cruel in its piercing reality:

*Someday, beyond the reach of mortal ken,
Someday, God only knows just where and when,
The wheels of mortal life will all stand still,
And I shall go to dwell on Zion's Hill.*

The memorial issue of the *Advance* contained powerful expressions of his influence on students. I remember especially those of John Riley and Samuel Young. I was so close to the family that the sorrow was double. I am not a poet, but at that time something of relief came in trying to put into words the loss and the comfort. For the institutional concern, "Fallen in the Midst of Battle." For the personal relationship, "He Still Is Ours."

Also before so very long, having access to some of his outlines, I wrote up several of the sermons I had heard him preach, for his brother Orval's printed collection *Symphonies of Praise*, brought out by the Nazarene Publishing House.

Mrs. Nease spent that winter in southern California, where her husband's brother was president of Pasadena College. When she returned, I met the little family at the train in Boston. I carried Helen in my arms, so tiny she seemed to have no weight at all. Memories are strangely selective—why do I recall just that?

From that day to this, Stephen and Helen have been our "family," Miss Harris's and mine. No, we haven't been grandmothers, but "Auntie Mary" and "Auntie Bertie." They have belonged, naturally, to their mother, but we have tried to fill in some of the chinks. What fun they have given us! And they have kept us young.

Almost until they married and had children of their own—no, that is an exaggeration, but for many years—we went with them every Memorial Day to Quincy Cemetery, where their father is buried, the stone at his head given by the alumni, carrying flowers from the campus and praying there with them that God would bless them always and help them to live as their father would have wished. (We may have said “to carry on his work,” but I am sure we never pressed the issue or even tried to suggest it specifically.)

When Mrs. Nease returned from the West, Professor Gardner, then acting president, named her Registrar of the college and had Floyd Nease’s desk and chair moved into her office. She has used them ever since until as Adviser to Foreign Students she was given a furnished office in the new Student Center building. The desk was then given to Dr. Stephen Wesley Nease, her son, now president of Mount Vernon Nazarene College. Helen Munro Nease is now a Nazarene pastor’s wife, Mrs. Robert Wesley Bradley. So faithful is our God.

PERSONAL

The year 1930 marked a personal crisis for me also. In the 1920’s I had spent a good many months working on a dissertation to be submitted toward the Ph.D. degree at Harvard. I had had some difficulty in choosing a subject. A thesis on Hazlitt written some years earlier Professor Irving Babbitt had called Ph.D. material and recommended my completing. I did not then realize the difficulty of discovering the right subject; I had exhausted my interest in Hazlitt. Professor Magoun wrote on my *Beowulf* final examination, “Ther is namoore to telle.” But I could not see Old English as a field that I could bury myself in with profit to my students. I was interested in the philosophy of literary criticism and had proposed for intensive study Paul Elmer More’s Christian humanism. Babbitt of course approved, but the

authorities said, "Too modern." Perhaps they were wise. As it was, I settled on the beginnings of English biography (biography was just gaining admission to the curriculum) with special attention to the influence of Puritanism. It seemed to harmonize with my interests and promised to be of value for teaching.

However, I found the initial research dry drudgery, a vast amount of routine checking of titles in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which could as well be done by a secretary. Doubtless I was lacking in "serendipity." I had not gone far before I requested a change of subject, but was refused. Professors Kittredge and Murdock (historical critics) were certain that this piece of investigation needed to be done. So I kept on—too slowly, because I was now back at my full load of teaching and dean's work. One of my main objectives was establishing a complete and accurate bibliography of seventeenth-century approaches to biographical writing.

One day I received notice from Professor Murdock that I should investigate the contents of a book about to be released by the Oxford Press: *English Biography* by Donald Stauffer of Princeton. I secured an advance copy, and my heart sank as I turned the pages. There were chapters on the early works of value I had discovered, treating them much as I was doing, even using some of the same quoted passages; and pages of the bibliography I had been compiling. I reported to my adviser. He said he was sorry the colleges had no clearinghouse for work in progress on dissertations. (These must of course represent original contribution to the field.) He was extremely sorry; possibly there was some related topic I could work on. But I was weary as well as purse-light. The commuting had been wearing—long walks to and from the railroad station plus the more than two half-hours on train and subway. I should have to start from scratch on another subject.

One sleepless night facing the situation squarely, and that was the end. I asked the president if it would harm the college too greatly if I did not go on for the degree. I had not been asked to seek it; and it was not then considered a *sine qua non* for college teaching. (Even the mighty Kittredge had no Ph.D. Of course he could say, and did, "Who would examine me?!") Professor Murdock had given me his signed statement and authorized me to use it (he was then Dean of Arts and Sciences): "All work completed with great distinction," and in his opinion I "should be considered as one holding the doctorate." That might to some extent pacify accrediting investigators. I knew I still had wide reading to do for any qualifying examinations. Whatever its value, I was assured that I need not feel obliged to continue for the sake of E.N.C.

I have not stopped studying; keeping my courses fresh and abreast of current thought has seen to that. And though naturally I was disappointed, I was not what they call today "upset." How does Phillips put it? I was "knocked down, but not knocked out." I did not understand why it had happened so, but I have come to see that I was needed more as a teacher than as a research scholar, and it was time for me to get out of the Widener Library stacks.

Here I must make a double confession. First, I have always loved people more than libraries. I love literature because it is full of life. Second, my dissertation had a rival. Throughout those years 1927-30 and for many years longer, I was writing the paragraphs for the *Bible School Journal* which developed later into two devotional books. One quarter's assignment was due the week I took a teaching leave and rented a room in Cambridge to do concentrated work on the thesis. I stole a considerable share of the time to meet that deadline. Unforgivable dissipation of interest. I missed the degree

by being too late. But I have often thought, when persons have told me of receiving help from *Truth for Today* or *Strength for Today*, that my doctor's hood was well lost.

Three times I have been offered an honorary doctorate by a Nazarene college, and I have been sincerely appreciative. But I believed as dean of a small college I should use what influence I possessed to check rather than accelerate what has threatened to be a dangerous trend in the educational world. Here again I may have taken myself too seriously. It seemed the right thing to refuse, with thanks.

CHAPTER V

Depression Days (1930's)

KEEPING ON

As for experiences of the early 1930's, the first thing that comes to mind, of course, is the Great Depression and the faculty breadline at the door of the E.N.C. kitchen, pictured so vividly in the History. And in these days when we find our checks in the mailbox punctually on the first and fifteenth of each month—even ahead of time, the day before the first—I often think of the period when salaries were scanty, sketchy, fractional, uncertain, obtainable (often) under pressure of circumstances, if at all. (Yes, I know the adjective is out of favor now.)

But the entire country was “depressed” economically with us. And we were then a relatively self-contained group; we had no Joneses to keep up with. It was a case of having food and (long-lasting) raiment, therewith being content. We were happy that the college kitchen

shared with us. And some of us lived more royally than ever before or since, for most of the salary we did receive came in the form of student aid by way of bookkeeping transfer. Then only did I have my dishes washed for me and my weekly cleaning done by proxy.

Those were the days we learned more of the practical side of Christian fellowship. One of my happiest memories is the annual Thanksgiving "pounding" for Mrs. Floyd Nease and her children—always a surprise to them; for it never seemed possible that people would continue to care so much. We learned then by much practice the saving grace of humor, learned that it was a grace. We laughed at ourselves. We understood how "little is much when God is in it."

Financial and scholastic strains, pressures, and some achievements of this period may be followed in the formal History. We found that the charter to grant degrees did not solve all problems.

At the urgency of the faculty Professor Wayne Gardner had been named to succeed President Nease. He seemed the logical choice. He had worked with him, and taken his place during the prolonged absences from campus, had served as acting president. He was well acquainted with academic policy, and presumably knew both problems and plans of the moment. The faculty respected him; the students loved him. He was a practical, down-to-earth Christian. And the promise was, "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee."

My labors as dean of the college consisted in standing by the president in his heroic efforts for practical recognition of our graduates by educational institutions of higher learning and state boards of education; corresponding with alumni and collecting data both of graduate achievement and of internal adequacy. Also in counselling and orienting new students to college standards and requirements, and devising means of sup-

plementing any inadequacies in their previous background. (In plain language, bridging the gap—as I did, or tried to do, for so long—between what they knew and what they were supposed to know, to succeed in college.) As a faculty member, I was to head the Department of English and prepare some superior majors to recommend us in the future, encouraging other faculty members to do likewise.

At that time I was teaching Intermediate German as well as the literature courses. Why should Louise Dygoski and Ray Benson and that course come to mind now? Louise perhaps because after thirty years she still remembered in the 1960's enough German to meet the language requirements for her Ph.D. degree; Ray because in his struggles he furnished the perfect example of dogged determination, good nature, and forgiving grace for a tyrant instructor.

The spirit of the students was unfailingly high. The Dartmouth boast, "A small college, but there are those who love it," was always true of E.N.C. Muriel Shrader (now Mann), E.N.C. '35, was speaking for many in one of her poems:

*Dear Alma Mater, from your hallowed halls
The light of wisdom shines, and love's humility.*

I think faculty and students never understood each other better. There was Ivan Beckwith, graduate of 1936, with his concern that E.N.C. have a good organ. He and Professor Harris began saving pennies for an organ fund.

Only one year, 1933, we were without a *Nautilus*. In 1934 the students, Roswell Peavey editor in chief and Katherine Brown (Angell) associate, brought out a paperbound *Portico* maintaining the same tradition of quality. Its title was fully justified: E.N.C.'s Mansion portico, also the classical echo, "From the portico, the Roman citizens learned to live, to reason, and to die."

SUMMER VACATIONS

As for the summers, there was Mount Vernon, Virginia, camp meeting, an interdenominational camp founded by Rev. H. B. Hosley, then pastor of Washington, D.C., First Church, and after his death carried on by his daughter, my old friend Annie Hosley Shrader. I had visited Mount Vernon occasionally before, and in the early thirties was invited to work there with the young people. They were a delightful group, two of them Shrader daughters. Some of them became E.N.C. students and strong alumni. One girl, daughter of an old friend of Annie's, married John Warren, one of our recent alumni presidents.

I loved the atmosphere of this camp—quiet, peaceful, pervaded with the sense of God's presence. Many of the clearest holiness preachers of the country spoke there. I remember the spillover at Mount Vernon from the E.N.C. revival in 1930, when the famous quartet stopped by for one or two services: Ken Akins, Everett (Eb) Phillips, Ed Mann, and Harvey Blaney. I remember the Hoyts, a young married couple from the Washington church, singing,

*Oh, yes, oh, yes, there's something more,
There's something more than gold;
To know that your sins are under the Blood
Is something more than gold.*

It has sung itself in my heart many times since. I remember when I first heard "Constantly Abiding." It struck a chord in me, sung there by the Tom Hendersons (he was then a young evangelist).

And I remember the morning service when "The Comforter Has Come," that wonderful song, lifted both Annie and me spontaneously from our seats in a march of victory and praise.

Those were the summers when Mary Harris and I relaxed with the Nease children. The little Ford purchased in 1930 just before their father's death helped us to most of our good times.

I had, by the way, been hesitant about this investment, certain that I, being unmechanical, should never dare to hold the wheel, but had forced myself to promise my good roommate to "drive it half the time." As it turned out, she took the driving lessons and taught me; I enjoyed driving and she did not. Ever since I have been official driver, and she has faithfully renewed her license year by year in order to come to the hospital should I be a patient, presumably with a broken bone. (I have the habit.)

Back to the Nease children. One of our few longer trips was a visit to Cundy's Harbor, Maine, on the invitation of a friend, Mrs. Grace Darling. Two memories, one of fleeing from an eel I had stranded on a bridge, thinking I was pulling in a sizable fish. The other, of us all four in a rowboat fishing in the rain, three-year-old Helen, peering out from under a folded newspaper that her one tight little hand was trying to steady over her head (the other was still clutching her "rod") as she asked, "Are I fassin'?"

And a third. Eight-year-old Stephen coming up from the shore over the brink of the rise, tugging proudly a pail overflowing with new-caught mackerel the fishermen had given him.

Two or three years later the Ford took us to Beulah Camp, the beautiful Reformed Baptist Campground on the St. John River in New Brunswick, where we stayed in the cottage of the Handley Mullens. The atmosphere of the place was all these enthusiastic Canadians had told us. Hallelujah Avenue and Mt. Zion and Jacob's Well for the grown-ups, the beach for the children—and on the periphery a glimpse of the salmon canning and

the taste of wild raspberries and thick cream at the Mullen home.

A nearer magical spot was Benson's Animal Farm in New Hampshire in the good old days before it became sophisticated and cheapened, as so many simple places manage to do when the tourists take over. Helen's excited reports: "I saw a chicken and he had pants on, and he was cute!" "I saw a big monkey and her name was Gussie." This last to our dismay since we knew—she didn't—that the friend listening at whose house we had stopped on the way was named Gussie. (Aunts must be forgiven for now timeworn anecdotes.)

LOOKING AHEAD

Life went on normally during depression days, though our hearts were anxious. The "school service" at District Assembly was more and more uncomfortable. The president and the business manager suffered more than we others; they knew how grim the E.N.C. financial situation, how crucial the need, how threatening the skies. President Gardner always was brave enough to meet us with a smile and a joke. The depth of his feeling and the motive power that kept him going we learned from the poem I shall always associate with him, "The Builder":

"Good friend, I am building a bridge for him," the youth who would come after.

But the memories come alive to me most happily as I think of some of my good friends of these years. Those staunch men, the trustees: O. L. Benedum, so active in his concern for us; Roy Blaisdell, who for many years mortgaged his own interests for E.N.C.; Paul Hill, who gave the college copyright title to his beautiful song "Even Me." The "new" music faculty, Edith Cove (ever new) and Esther Williamson, and Clarence Haas, old student and new faculty member—all as ready to

pray as to sing; prayer warrior Professor James Garrison and his wife. And the students: those five foreign-and-home-missionary Earles, John and Ralph and Bob and Elisabeth and Olive, and their praying mother and father.

The new quartet: Olive Hazen, Emily Smith (Reeves), Mary Bumgardner (Wycoff), Gertrude Thomas (Phillips). The writers: Olive Tracy, with "My friends, the Printed People," her poems, and her artwork; Andrew Rankin, with his new slant on "The Hare and the Tortoise" and his promotion of the Salmagundi Circle. And "dependable Anna" (French) with Elizabeth Roby (now Vennum) faithful to the Y.P.S., as to every good thing. Who would guess that in later years Anna from E.N.C., self-made librarian, would become a city-honored citizen; or that Elizabeth would see converted through her ministry a teen-ager later to be a powerful Christian leader, college and seminary president? Henry Reeves, already showing that business acumen and dynamic energy drive that would spend itself and him in works manifold for E.N.C. and the Kingdom. Cora Herrschaft, the president's loyal secretary, adding a new title, Professor Mann's loyal wife. Here again the list is too long for the pages—there were many more.

JUNIOR-SENIOR DAY, 1935

"Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!" That was Kipling and I was passing it on to the seniors of 1935. It sounds prophetic of the lostness of 1968.

"Something has been lost by our world today. 'There is an empty place in the heart of modern man.' It is Christ himself that this generation has lost, Christ that it needs.

"We are now in the moment of 'the Great Hesitation.' 'The world stage is being set for a world decision.'

We know that Christ holds the key, and we must pay any price to get Him to others.

“‘Something lost behind the ranges.’ It is God’s present to our nation.

“‘Anybody might have found it, but His whisper came to me.’ To you!”

Everett Phillips, now secretary of Nazarene World Missions, was in that class, and Gertrude Thomas (Phillips). And Kenneth Akins, now veteran pastor. They heard the whisper.

JUNIOR-SENIOR DAY, 1936

“The greatest contribution any college can make to society is the Christ-ed ‘Man Thinking.’ To think with Christ’s ‘sifted mind’ is to hit the essential; to act with Christ’s poise and Christ’s passion is to find a place, *the* place, that needs you.

“The lonely figure on the cross must mean something. If it means anything, it means enough for us in this perilous hour of the world’s confusion, to forget our selfish excuses. That cross, burned into lives, is still the hope of the world.”

*Lord of the quiet heart, who knew the sound
Of raging streets with anger loud,
Yet walked serene in faith that saw
Beyond the blindness of the crowd,
Help us to find the even way
Through all the clamor of the day.*

Over thirty years ago, and now the same “clamor of the crowd,” but louder.

I never wanted to be a preacher, certainly never was “called to the ministry.” But I was deeply grateful when in a *Nautilus* of this early era this quotation appeared under my picture:

*Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do,*

It was a moment of intense joy when a former E.N.C.-er told me, "You made me think—or feel—I could do it, and I did."

The E.N.C. banner was designed in this period, with this explanation. In the center the college seal: the world, the book, the lamp; in the surrounding circle *Via, Vita, Veritas*; at the corners the emblems of *Verbum, Lux, Spiritus, Crux*. To live is Christ:

Verbum—the Guide of Life the Incarnate Word

Lux—the Joy of Life His Light

Spiritus—the Dynamic of Life His Spirit

Crux—the Heart of Life His Cross

The Goal of Life His Kingdom

The Interpreter of Life His Book

The Mission of Life to bear His Torch

To know Christ is Life Eternal:

Via—His Way, His Will for our actions

Veritas—His Truth for our minds

Vita—His Life for our strength

All that I have written of the Depression days is true. We did carry on, as near normally as possible. But what I wrote for the S.O.S., "Save Our School," Campaign of 1932 reveals something of the depth of concern when we faced the facts and felt the fears.

HOW SHALL I GO UP TO MY FATHER
AND THE LAD BE NOT WITH ME

Suppose—suppose—the Salvation Campaign to raise \$50,000 for E.N.C. should fail—what would that failure mean to the young people of the East?

The question beats insistently on my heart as I sit on the chapel platform and look into row after row of earnest, intelligent faces. Picked young men and young women, our best. Few such groups are to be found in America. They have fought obstacles and opposition, most of them, to be here. Somewhere in the past they have caught a vision of the power of their fathers' God, of the truth and meaning of their fathers' faith, of a purpose God has for their own lives.

But suppose E.N.C. fails them, what have they lost?
Words are weak to paint the tragedy.

Our boys and girls have been given us to save for the Kingdom of God. They are the leaders of our future church. This is a day of terrific testings and temptations for young life such as we know nothing of. We cannot live their lives for them; we can and we must give them the best possible opportunity to form Christian character.

"How shall I go up to my Father, and the lad be not with me?"

Section Three: INTO THE CLEAR (1936-45)

CHAPTER VI

Fighting Back
with G. B. Williamson

AS WE BEGAN

To appreciate the fierceness of the battle, the strain of the climbing, one must have known the bitter near-defeat of the years previous, the depth of the need.

"How Shall I Go Up to My Father and the Lad Be Not with Me?" The question still persisted with me since the writing of the verses years before.

In the summer of 1936, in the August 22 issue of the *Herald of Holiness*, was printed a letter signed Bertha Munro, with the picture of G. B. Williamson, president of Eastern Nazarene College. It was written out of a deeply troubled spirit:

"I listened with eager longing, with a catch in my throat, and then with a great fear to those marvelous prayers at the General Assembly for the welfare of our church, for God's blessing on our superintendents, our pastors, our evangelists, our Sunday school workers, our missionaries, our native preachers, our laity. I listened with longing because I was none of these, but a

teacher in a Nazarene college and needed the help so sorely; with choking disappointment because never did I hear the prayer uttered for myself; with fear at length because the truth was borne in upon me that as a denomination we do not realize.

“Realize what? The crisis that our church, our world, is facing, and the tremendous part our colleges will play in that crisis. No institution of the church holds in its hands a greater influence for good or ill, and no institution needs more our prayers and our support during this quadrennium, this very year.”

(Thank God, the situation is different today. I believe that some of the prayers I begged for undergirded President Williamson and the rest of us as we fought.)

The letter went on: “The crisis of our church is the assimilation of its young people. They have increased disproportionately to the rest of the church: many of them reared in Nazarene homes but not thereby necessarily sanctified or even indoctrinated, many attracted from outside to a church built on holiness and prayer. What they become the church of tomorrow will be. They give up the movies, the dance, worldly pastimes. Not all go to college, but increasing numbers should and will attend some school. And there, in the Nazarene college, they will find the positive substitute for what they have given up. There are the Christian friendships, the mental enlargement, the vision and training for Christian service. There they learn to think. There their standards are formed; there their eyes are opened. The contacts and the teaching there make them what the church will be. There are the concentrated evangelistic services, the clear ethical instruction, the practical chapel messages and class discussions, the praying through of problems, the group work for the Kingdom. There is the preparation for leadership in thought and action.

"We have entrusted to the college our very life— does she need our prayers and support? Her every activity must be steeped in prayer; she should have the services of our best minds and our warmest hearts. She must be able to pay salaries such that mature men with families can maintain a standard of living and culture that befits their position and encourages respect. (A pastor said when offered a position in one of our colleges, 'I can't afford it.')

The strongest evangelists must save dates for our colleges; the churches must encourage their finest young people to enroll and even help them financially, if possible. A spirit of mutual trust and cooperation must exist between college and constituency. The success of the Nazarene colleges will determine whether the church of tomorrow is a church of nice young people with high standards of conduct but no spiritual power, or a church of sanctified young people who attempt great things for God and achieve.

"The crisis in our world is a crisis of character. Communism and dictatorship are both evidences that our sense of the worth of personality has been weakened. If Christianity is to withstand the flood of mass living and mass standards of material success, characters must be developed that will not be swept from their moorings. They must know the truth and know why they know it; they must have convictions and treasures of the spirit that they prize above life. To develop such characters is the work of the college." It has a prophetic note of warning for today.

"I asked several members of the E.N.C. faculty to state their real purpose in teaching; I knew it was higher than money or popularity or even a job.

"One teaches science; his larger aim is 'to show God in His world and the relation of God and man; to help young people find their place in God.'

"Another teaches education; his vision is 'to free the human spirit through understanding (understanding cometh from above); to enable students to interpret life through a knowledge of its God-given principles so as to direct their lives intelligently.'

"A teacher of literature has as fundamental purpose 'that individual students shall find a true philosophy of life; shall see how human nature acts and what it needs; shall recognize for themselves the soundness of Christian truth as applied to the problems of living and shall love that truth.'

"Other teachers aim 'to develop broader sympathy through an understanding of other peoples'; 'to teach the conquest of all obstacles by prayer'; 'to show Christ as fulfillment of the highest aspirations of life'; 'to prepare well-equipped, self-disciplined, entirely sanctified young people to save their generation.'

"Another aims in teaching theology, 'to give my students a Christian bias, the point of view of apostolic Christianity: first, by getting each student into vital and wholehearted touch with Jesus Christ; second, by helping him to obtain a clear and consistent conception of what constitutes this apostolic Christianity. To emphasize first the importance of belief or doctrine, and second, the even greater importance of experience and life or practice. To stress intolerance toward ourselves with reference to our ideals and convictions, but tolerance toward others. To show that Christianity demands as complete a consecration intellectually as it does religiously.'

"These are our aims for your young people. We purpose through grace to keep faith with you. Brethren, pray for us."

* * *

The E.N.C. History has told of the financial crisis of 1936 which led to the break in health of President

Gardner and the election of Rev. G. B. Williamson to succeed him. Involved in this situation was a strong difference of judgment (the only division I have known in all my fifty years at E.N.C.). I had almost said "a sharp difference," then realized I had the wrong adjective. I learned at that time and since that there can be a clash of opinions with no break of fellowship. Wayne Gardner left E.N.C. and E. E. Angell went to N.N.C.; I stayed at E.N.C. But all three loved E.N.C. truly and the warm friendship was never broken. As Mrs. Esther Williamson said to me one of those days, "There is always a right way." Perhaps this is one mark of the "unity of the Spirit," the "all being one" that Jesus prayed for.

A crumpled bit of yellow paper which I came across reminded me of the spirit with which we welcomed our new leader. It was headed, "1936-37 Means Opportunity to Create." It went on, "In the clutter we can criticize or create. God saw chaos and made it cosmos. Sunset in the Blue Hills after a storm is a powerful challenge. E.N.C. is in our hands—what will it be by the end of the year?"

"Our challenge is to create (1) a college, (2) personalities, (3) a society, (4) days. Each of us, each day, will leave a mark—may it be Beauty."

G. B. Williamson was invited to Eastern Nazarene College to get us out of the red. How many hundreds, thousands, millions (?) in debt we were, we faculty members did not know; we were impressed that the figure was huge, the job immense, but the general equal to it. So was his small son Joe impressed. His mother told us of his prayer one night soon after their arrival in Wollaston: "Lord, bless my father, who is president of the Boston multitudes!"

MY ASSIGNMENT

The History has told also of the truly miraculous achievement of President Williamson in restoring E.N.C.

to solvency. The focus of my own energies during this period, however, was the academic standing. We knew that to survive we must have not only financial adequacy but scholastic accreditation. For this accreditation we must secure membership in the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. So along with my constant, "Lord, keep E.N.C. a holiness college," and the sometimes near-panic, "Please don't let us go bankrupt!" went the prayer, and the human effort imperative, "Lord, help us meet the standards."

It was now that I faced and must rise to meet new aspects of my job. Our new president, when he came, had turned over to me as dean of the college complete responsibility for scholastic matters. (Short of teacher recruitment and salaries. I never have known, nor asked, the salary of another faculty member, except the one I lived with, Mary Harris.)

Practically this wide-open freedom was limited. Books and laboratory equipment cost money. But we made real progress. We had already organized the curriculum into four divisions: Arts and Letters, Religion and Philosophy, Science, Social Science, and had presented this overview of the college experience to the students. We had introduced the Orientation course for freshmen, its *raison d'être* being the dilemma, ever with us, of caring for all the constituency's young people, yet keeping college courses up to academic standard with inadequate selection of "college caliber" students. This one-hour orientation program was an attempt to bridge the gap by introducing every fresh freshman to college ways and sound methods of study.

One thing I learned from an experiment with one of the classes. I had asked the students to name in writing their greatest problem. Three-fourths, at least, cited feeling inferior to everybody else! This became to me a convenient *locus classicus* for demonstrating to

hesitant youngsters the ridiculousness of the "inferiority feeling."

We hoped also to save them from letting "the side-shows swallow up the main circus" (Woodrow Wilson's words when he was president of Princeton).

We had already gained some recognition for our graduates. The History has told of President Gardner's activity to that end. Now with the New England Association as it were breathing down our necks, I set to work (1) ascertaining standards to be met, and gathering data and submitting reports both of internal policies and achievements and of external recognition of the college and the success of its graduates; (2) submitting recommendations for changes and improvements in present practices; and of course (3) encouraging faculty morale and cooperation.

DR. SHRADER'S CONTRIBUTION

The recommendations came largely through the long-lived and hardworking Committee on Scholarship. I was the chairman, but during the later years of this administration its liveliest member and general spark plug was James Houston Shrader, my lifelong friend. I have spoken of his daughters as having enrolled at E.N.C. because their "Aunt Bertha" was there. Four years after their graduation he retired from his fairly lucrative and challenging work in industry and became head of our Division of Science. With him came a fresh infusion of outreach and vision.

Shortly before—one of those moments one does not forget—kneeling in the "old" chapel, scene of many spiritual battles, I suddenly blurted out to God—no, not aloud, but almost rudely it sounded to myself, "Lord, can't You do something about premedical work?!" Again and again the inquiries had come, "Do you offer preparation for medical school?" and I had been unable

to recommend our course as adequate. I felt the time had come. It was soon after this that Dr. Shrader, a Ph.D. in Chemistry from Johns Hopkins, with no knowledge of the prayer and no urging from me, made his decision. He had always wished to be in Christian work; and his special gift while in industry lay, I felt, in alerting and encouraging young men to recognize and develop their potential. He used this gift to good purpose at E.N.C.

As for the Department of Chemistry and the pre-medical program at E.N.C., a few years later I heard a couple of informal reports: one, that Evelyn Ramsey, now a missionary physician, then working in Massachusetts General Hospital Biological Laboratory with graduates from top-level colleges of the area, found herself using practical techniques the others had never been taught; a second, that an E.N.C. faculty member chanced to overhear a conversation in a Harvard science laboratory: "You know that little college in Wollaston? They do good work there." I thanked God and Dr. Shrader.

The Department of Chemistry under his direction grew into one of our strongest. But I congratulate myself on one good deed. His restless, active mind liked to see things done quickly. He could easily be discouraged. In his youth there were days when we called him "Jim Dumps." On one such day I found him in his office opening off the chemistry laboratory ready to withdraw an advanced course, there were so few registrants. I said to him, "Unless you begin with what you have, you will never build what you want. Let them know there is a chemistry program. If you have only two students, give the course. The news will get around." And so it was.

The Committee on Scholarship was busy in those years, 1939 to 1942. I believe our general policies and structures, our divisional organization for example, were

sound and workable. But everything was now examined and activated, or pruned, the weak places strengthened as best we knew. Sometimes we tore up the seedlings by the roots only to plant them again more firmly.

In 1942 the first investigating committee visited us. Its chairman, Dean Allyn of Mt. Holyoke, said some gracious words to me as President Williamson and I drove to Boston with her that day. I made the most of them. When I asked her if she had any suggestions to give me she answered, "No. You are doing all it takes to make a good college." She had been a missionary in China, and she knew much can be done with little. She believed in us.

That year we did not succeed. It was a bitter moment, sitting in the annual business session of the Association that December afternoon, listening for E.N.C.'s name as one of the new members admitted, only to be disappointed—President Williamson, Dr. Shrader, and I. We learned later that one member of the committee voted against us. The other two had approved.

But "all things work together for good." The negative decision proved a leverage for further improvements. The December, 1943, Association meeting welcomed us in. Ironically, I was at home ill on the fateful day. Dr. Williamson was out of town. Only Dr. Shrader and Professor Mann were present to hear the verdict. When our name was read—they have told me the story—Dr. Shrader turned to Professor Mann: "We're in!" I had the good news by phone within seconds.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

In 1939 we celebrated our twentieth anniversary—that is, of our Wollaston existence. (We had several dates available for anniversaries: 1900 for P.C.I., E.N.C.'s original; 1918 for Eastern Nazarene College, chartered in Rhode Island; 1919 for E.N.C. in Wollaston). As I

recall, it was a sort of Founders' Day address that I delivered, standing on the steps of the Administration Building: "The Soul of E.N.C." The story will be familiar, told and retold; but I trust the retelling here will communicate something of the faith by which we lived. Here is a digest of remarks made on that occasion.

"Twenty years ago President Shields brought little E.N.C. up from Rhode Island and set her down under the very eaves of Harvard and M.I.T. We all gasped at our presumption, but we went to work; for we had seen the vision of a holiness college in the East. Since then there has come the growth of which you have heard this afternoon (in buildings, in equipment, in faculty, in curricula, in recognition, in influence). You have only to look, to see progress that justifies the faith of twenty years ago—of forty years (for in 1900 in a modest room in Saratoga Springs P.C.I. was born out of nothing).

"A journalist visited Vanderbilt University, stayed less than twenty-four hours, and went away blithely to tell in an article all about Southern college students. 'We moderns,' he said, 'need to think with our eyes.' Really to know the story of these twenty—these forty years, you must have lived with E.N.C. You must think with more than your eyes. For the real history of E.N.C. is the history of its soul.

"Brother Angell bought a yacht for his sons. Its name, they found, was the 'Chance.' He would not have it so. They changed its name to 'Valiant.' Symbolic of Brother Angell, symbolic of E.N.C.

"The story of E.N.C. is the story of a valiant vision—a vision partly actualized. Whose vision? Only the books of eternity can write the record truly; for it is the cumulative story of many visions.

.....
 "The pioneers of E.N.C. are passing, but they gave us something unspeakably fine. They gave us traditions

of sincerity. E.N.C. has taken pride in putting out a product that was finer than her advertisement. She attracted students who wanted quality, recognition or no recognition.

"They gave us an idealism that correlated all its courses by Christian principles; that said, 'We don't have to please our age; we have to serve it. We will hold to the ageless truths, and our age will come round to our way of thinking.'

"They gave us a conviction that personalities are worth more than programs; that what we are is more than what we can do.

"They gave us a vision of the only goal of life for the graduate as unself-seeking service, even when that service means obscurity. They told us that long choices—eternal choices—are the only safe ones; that heavenly visions are the only certainties. They are not out-of-date.

"We are, Woodrow Wilson said, upon a long journey, and it is ridiculous to change our lives to fit the usages of a single inn by the way. We of E.N.C. are needed because we are different (not to swell the anonymous multitude of those who have conformed). We are not in danger from without. 'People are not shaken by attacks on their faith; they degenerate only when they begin to believe the highest standards are not required.' "

About the same time an alumnus, then superintendent of the New England District, Samuel Young, was writing:

WHAT E.N.C. HAS DONE AND IS DOING
FOR OUR CHURCHES

Sometimes we expect too much of a college education. There are a lot of things E.N.C. won't do for you. Ninety-eight percent of us are mediocre. "If you call a cow's tail a leg, how many legs has the cow?" was Abraham Lincoln's way of advising us to face our facts.

Every freshman is a new edition. E.N.C. won't make you brilliant if you are by nature thickheaded; E.N.C.

doesn't guarantee to make you holy in spite of yourself; E.N.C. doesn't take the routine out of life—and most of life is routine. *E.N.C. helps us to see life as it is and to begin to face our tasks in a new way.* And she has been successful to a large degree in the lives of her graduates; they are accomplishing more than if they had not gone through the process; they are going as far as God would have them, and farther than their best friends would have expected.

1. E.N.C. has given her students a *true philosophy of life.* They believe that it profits nothing to gain the whole world and lose the soul, that the life is more than meat, and therefore they can be trusted as leaders.

2. E.N.C. has given her students *something to live for,* a true motive for their life and their ministry. "To live is Christ."

3. E.N.C. has taught her students the lesson of *sincerity.* Her graduates have a hatred for sham and a deep desire for the real.

4. E.N.C. has given her students a *genuine love for the truth.* Her graduates have learned to think well enough to have a contempt for shallowness. They are not good propagandists—and this attitude will take them farther in the long run.

5. At E.N.C. students learn that *opposing forces are not defeated until they are defeated in their strongest position.* Debating teaches that it is not enough to destroy an opponent's weakest argument.

6. E.N.C. gives her students that *knowledge of the history of thought* and religion which brings poise in the hysteria of our day. Seeing the same old sophistries in new dress, her graduates do not fear for the success of religion.

7. E.N.C. teaches devotion to truth in *self-sacrifice and service.* The young people of today are not behind the men of other days; and E.N.C. sends out pastors and evangelists willing to sacrifice as much as missionaries.

8. E.N.C. gives *practical training.* The leaders going out from her have application as well as ambition. The rough times they had earning their way through have taught it. The best way to dig cellars is to keep at it. "Englishmen are not braver than Frenchmen, but they are brave five minutes longer," said Wellington.

9. E.N.C. gives her students the *holy contagion of the spirits of the faculty*. The impact of some lives is resounding through the Eastern Educational Zone. After the speeches of Cicero, people said, "Wasn't that nice?" After the speeches of Demosthenes they said, "Let's go fight Philip!"

CHAPTER VII

The New Atmosphere

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

The little Ford was still carrying us on little jaunts, now with Joe and Maylou Williamson and "Mrs. G. B." to the nearby beaches. Humarock was a favorite, though Nantasket would do if we went early in the morning while the day was fresh and the crowds asleep. (Stephen Nease by this time was approaching teenhood and being sent to summer camps by a God-given friend.)

In 1939 we ventured to change to a Pontiac. In the summer of 1940 a more daring venture took us—Mary Harris and me, with Alice Spangenberg, Louise Dygoski, and Ruth Ede, the president's secretary—on our first trip West. Somewhere in those years I had met with a sort of rejuvenation. In 1928 elected as delegate to the General Assembly of the Church of the Nazarene, I had traveled by car to Columbus, Ohio, with Rev. and Mrs.

Lloyd Byron in their Plymouth. In 1932 I had declined, thinking myself too old to stand the trip. I am hazy about 1936. I made it somehow. But in 1940 I thought nothing of taking the wheel of our Pontiac through the Great Smoky Mountains across Tennessee and Arkansas to Oklahoma City, serving as delegate for a week at the denominational gathering there, then on through Colorado and Wyoming to Salt Lake City, down to the Arizona canyons, up to Idaho (we would have gone on to California but for the illness of one of our party), and home across the continent by the northern route. I have attended every General Assembly since, except 1964 (missing then only because of Mary Harris' heart attack). I am mildly amused at what seems a peculiar fashion of exhibiting advancing age.

Nineteen forty—that was the year we had six newly-wed couples at commencement time: Art Fallon and Juanita, Earl Lee and Hazel, Bob Shoff and Esther, Don Tillotson and Beulah, George Laurie and Bernice, Evangelos Soteriades and Doris. What a fine job we did for them! We were beginning to accept the "marriage bureau" as one of our basic services.

It was a year when science was looking up with Dr. Shrader, when Ray Lockwood gave the Physics Department a telescope. Popularity of given subjects comes and goes in waves; this was the Lit Club's day of popularity, due probably to the pilgrimages to New England's literary shrines. And these were enjoyed probably for fringe benefits.

That year Ken Robinson gave me a poem. I could not have been more grateful, for I believe he meant it: "Helping us to build of the lumber of our lives a temple." One senior class later used the phrase as a motto, and Dean Alvin Kauffman gave each member one of his beautifully illuminated emblems: "Of the Lumber of My Life a Temple."

Other memories. One, the ever-present shadow of the "Points" my friends used to tease me about. Every week that column must appear in the *Bible School Journal*—for how many years was it? In 1927 I was writing for Dr. Ellyson under the heading "Points That Are Practical." Dr. J. Glenn Gould as church schools editor changed the title to "Truth for Today"; but the "Points" term persisted in our common speech. I would try to supply copy by the month, but these "points" were devourers of time and mental (and spiritual) energy.

One of the pleasures of this period was the Thursday Review, a group of book lovers who met—was it once a month?—at the various homes. Andrew (Scotty) and Mary Rankin, Wesley and Katherine Angell, Marian Washburn, and of course Ed and Cora Mann and Mrs. Audrey Williamson, besides Harris and Munro, were steadies. For what particular purpose "Books in Our Town" was written I do not know. It records an era.

Besides keeping busy at odd minutes with "Truth for Today" I was writing every year the Senior Sketches for Junior-Senior Day. The banquet of 1941 I remember best, the one to which junior Patricia Herrschaft assigned the theme of roses. I labeled each senior a variety of rose and adapted the characterizing data to the rose image. Small business you would think, but the Lord seemed to put blessing into it. And now I think of it, He is the Rose of Sharon. Mrs. G. B. Williamson served as banquet emcee.

In the midst of the festivities President Williamson was called to the telephone. We did not know until the close that the Canterbury building was on fire. A true leader does not let his men become demoralized. He must hide his anxieties. But the excitement was intense when we learned the facts. Two names stand out in connection with this near-catastrophe. Senior Norman Collins earned the hero's title by rescuing a girl trapped

in an upper story. Wesley Angell supervised the restoration of the building and the beautifying of the room used as our chapel, which was now renamed in honor of his father, Rev. E. E. Angell, for so long our pastor and professor of Theology.

The name has not been used popularly. "Canterbury Chapel" identified the location; the new generation of students and increasingly more of the faculty "knew not Joseph." To keep his memory alive I include this picture of him I gave the students then at the dedication.

The chapel burnt, "Brother Angell's chapel"? It still belongs to him even after his three years at Northwest Nazarene College (another child of his). His life and heart were given for thirty years to the spiritual interests of E.N.C. A great memorial? He never sought greatness. Greatness came to him in small places. Best of all memorials is this spot where his heart was, now beautified by his son.

He was an artist. One of his loveliest etchings is of E.N.C.'s Mansion. He loved buildings; he would love the beauty of this room. (Mr. Wesley Angell's sense of beauty is from his father.) I want you all to know him from the fine portrait which will hang here, to see Christ in his understanding face.

Dr. Angell was a great man, a leader in the church, strong, no compromiser. But he was kind. He loved God, souls, young people. He never scorned anyone; he believed in every one and saw his possibilities. His was a tender, healing ministry. We could always trust him to tell us the truth, but it did not hurt because he loved us and believed we could change.

He was unselfish. He classified humanity as givers and getters. He was a giver: of salary, of time, of thought, of love, of himself. Like Christ, nothing was too much for him to give or do.

Other pictures of him will live in memory:

1. As preacher on the platform delivering messages of truth: reckless, rugged, vital, fresh, sincere—his own life. Understanding young people, their problems and needs, preparing them for life. Messages on temptation, to

ambition or to despair, the Sermon on the Mount, the glory that is Christ's presence: "Our Father," and "As Thy Day" vs. "The Duty of Hatred"; a "Burden," or a "Prayer Job."

2. As prayer-meeting leader, waving his glasses in the air: a kindly, sympathetic shepherd, urging each one to be himself, "demonstrating" as was natural to him. "You can be sanctified just as much as Paul was."

3. Standing at the door, his hand out to the individual, pleading, loving, burdened for each one, for he knew the danger.

4. Behind the altar, helping a seeker find his way through to God. Wise, understanding, tender, faithful. "As an eagle beareth her young on her wings."

5. Kneeling in intercessory prayer. One of us, knowing God, carrying us and our deepest need. Christ-indwelt.

6. And the last picture: his face strong as he told us Good-bye. He understood me.

His spirit still is here in Sister Angell and Wesley, and in our love. This is still his chapel.

THE WAR YEARS

Then came the war years. One by one the young men were leaving the campus. Some experiences went so deep that the memory roused will still clutch at my physical heart. The remembered sight of our Stephen as he went up the steps of the train at Wollaston station, leaving home for the navy; the remembered sound of "The Caissons Go Rolling Along" as I sat in chapel one day and thought of our E.N.C. men overseas.

It was particularly hard for some of our young men to break off their college course when they had just had their interest in a field awakened. Life seemed broken to pieces. I recall one "lit" major who kicked violently against the pricks. It was then that literature came to my aid. I could encourage by reminding him that Milton was drafted to serve his country and could not return to his literary career for twenty years. But when he did, he wrote his three great works: *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise*

Regained, and *Samson Agonistes*. History is repeating itself today, with less of the patriotic idealism to give meaning to the sacrifice.

When the reports of casualties began to come back, a sonnet of the day spoke so powerfully I have never forgotten it:

WHAT SHALL A FATHER SAY?

Josephine Bailey Boyle

*Out of the dust through which we elders plod,
Out of these wartime hours like desert years,
Shaken with gusts of ever-rising fears,
We would remember Job, who trusted God.*

*Not for his courage under galling pain,
Not for his patience, losing wealth and place;
But for the look upon that ravaged face,
Lifted to hear the word his sons were slain.*

*Here we would pause, intent—tho' eyes may fill.
What shall a father say when sons must die?
"Though He slay me"—or mine, Job can reply,
"Yet will I trust in Him."—We listen still,*

*Straining with anguished vision thro' the dust,
Seeking the Source of that amazing trust.*

While Professor Alice Spangenberg by her faithful correspondence was keeping up the spirits of our servicemen and keeping them close to us, we were "doing our bit," as the phrase went, to save the democracy for which they believed they were fighting, and to have a place ready for them on their return.

On campus there was a deepened seriousness and a quickened sense of dependence on God, as news came of our first silver star, and as one by one our boys slipped away to the armed forces. Testimony kept coming back

from our young men already in the service that the salvation and the standards they found at E.N.C. were holding them steady. A new faith in God met me, as I entered my classroom in the morning, with the chorus, "Oh, say, but I'm glad!"—this from young men who were facing life's bleak facts.

E.N.C. has the secret of the presence of God. She has also the liberal arts faith. This I tried to express in "The Liberal Arts at E.N.C. in the Present Crisis."

1. Education Goes to War—first reactions:
"Education as usual is out" for the duration?
2. Liberal Arts, part of our War Planning perspective:
"Without technical training the war will not be won; without a liberal education the victory will be worthless."
3. Burn Your Books—and Lose Your Freedom:
Our victory of peace demands culture, democracy, universality.
4. Training, or Education?
"Training is centered on special skills; education is centered on the capacity to live meaningfully."
5. The Bigger the Man, the Bigger the Job:
Liberal arts general education takes longer, but it goes farther.
6. Opportunity for the Small College:
E.N.C. is making her direct contribution to the war; she has a greater contribution to make to the peace—making men.

The logic is buttressed by liberal quotation from contemporary educators and specific examples from E.N.C. practice.

E.N.C.'s Postwar Program I outlined for alumni at a Boston Zone dinner meeting:

E.N.C.'s POSTWAR PROGRAM

1. *Serve our servicemen* as they return. They do not wish major changes in curriculum or policies. Give them due credit for in-service educational experience and development. Give them a familiar, truly spiritual college, geared to the best educational methods and emphases.

2. *Replace the intellectual human capital* used up by war. Train specialists to take the places of those lost and to meet new demands: scientists, teachers, doctors, nurses, social workers, economists, graduate students who will take up research.

3. *Produce the clear thinkers* and rounded personalities who will save democracy. Educators, leaders of our armed forces, statesmen agree in seeing liberal education as the basis of democracy; for both these stake everything on the worth of human personality.

4. *Produce Christians* who will live by Christian principles and accept a Christian's responsibility to save the world. Educators are recognizing their dependence on God and their need of His guidance. The Christian college holds the key to the world's need, and faces "the greatest challenge since Pentecost."

"We shall fail our soldier sons and betray their sacrifices unless we remember that men do not live by—nor die for—bread alone."

As the war wore on, we at home began to feel the pinch of rationing. The Depression threatened to repeat itself in a meat famine as the supply ships going overseas swept the Wollaston market shelves clear of fish, flesh, and fowl. In the depths of the Depression, Mrs. J. B. Chapman, then living next door to the campus, had given each faculty family a chicken for Thanksgiving dinner. Now alumnus Irving Jones sent us at 90 Franklin two fat Vermont chickens from his country pastorate. We shared with Mrs. Nease, and both families lived royally for some days. War shortage days are good days for sharing.

It seems anticlimactic to mention such inconveniences and irritations as the ration card and breadlines and all the petty minor sacrifices, the blackouts and the huddling in bomb shelters. At the sounding of the siren the ground floor of the Administration Building was our designated location. I mention them to say also that, vexing as these were, we had confidence in our country, in democracy. We believed we were sacrificing

our comfort for a cause that mattered. We sang with no reservations,

*Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."*

It seems we are sending our young men out today with something missing.

Our missionaries Leon and Emma Osborn were repatriated from China on the "Gripsholm" (he had suffered as a prisoner of the Japanese). I recall his saying in our home, "There's nothing bad in America!"

We read of the London congregation crowded in a bombed cellar singing "In Heavenly Love Abiding."

E.N.C.'s own Elisabeth Earle was imprisoned for many months in the Santo Tomas internment camp in the Philippines, and Mary Scott, our denominational missionary secretary, in the Japanese internment camp in Shantung, China.

These things we knew later and were ashamed.

One of these years I wrote an editorial for the Christmas number of the *Camera*. I believe through all the suffering, the Osborns and Elisabeth and Mary knew the miracle of the Christmas joy.

Christmas would not be Christmas to me if the E.N.C. carol-singers failed me with that burst of song in the dead of Christmas Eve, "Joy to the world! The Lord is come!" That song is Christmas.

Have we a right to sing it this year in a dazed, war-tormented world? The author of *An Assignment in Utopia*, sent to study conditions in Russia, finds everywhere in Europe "an indifference to suffering, a callous disrespect of the stuff of life," a complete loss of regard for human personality. "The moral collapse of Europe," he concludes, "is far more terrible than its economic collapse." At the core of Fascism and Communism alike is "contempt for men and women as such"; "individual beings are degraded, brutalized, tortured, and murdered for the glorification of some abstraction of class or race." "Life is plentiful—and worthless." And Dr. Heiser, writing

of poverty in China, says China wastes nothing, *except men and women.*

Yes, we can sing; we must sing it! After all the centuries the Christmas song is vindicated. It is the only message that lifts human personality. For it tells me that I am more than a dot on the earth's surface, more than an atom in billions of whirling worlds; I am more than clay. I mean something to God; He gave His Son for me. Satan and the pressures of life cannot drive me to the wall, nor the numbing grind deaden my joy. Christ knows me—I know Him! Inward rightness, dignity of soul, assurance that my life is worthwhile—this is the joy of Christmas.

And our everydays at E.N.C.? Can Christmas too “last all the year”? The secret is, “Love one another as He has loved us.”

“Everything will die that has contempt at its heart.” The least touch of contempt for a fellow being in word or even in thought will cut off our own flow of joy and will help to kill his.

The Christian college is an excellent place to learn to put Christ's value on my own personality—and on my neighbor's. And Christmas is a good time to begin.

CHAPTER VIII

Nineteen Forty-four

For the college, and for me, 1944 was a very special year. It was the silver anniversary of the arrival of us both in Wollaston. And it was the year of E.N.C.'s academic emancipation. In December, 1943, we had been recognized as worthy of notice by Academia, the surrounding world of scholarship. We were free to move in a new world.

We breathed freely, and began to look around us. We must calculate, estimate our new assets as resources for healthy growth; note our shortcomings and discover, where possible, means of improvement. It seems that my assignment entered a new phase; I was to serve as general interpreter and transmitter of information and encouragement.

The Anniversary address, "Retrospect and Prospect," expressed in terms of Bunyan's symbolism (it is evident that *Pilgrim's Progress* has been a lifelong habit!) our sense of grateful achievement.

I began with what sounds like self-congratulation. "E.N.C. to date has furnished three foreign missionary superintendents, two college presidents, several college professors. Twenty-six of the current year's graduates will be ministers or missionaries. All are earnest Christians. But, 'Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth.'"

Then, looking back, we joined Bunyan's pilgrims. "At the Delectable Mountains they looked through the 'perspective glass' and saw a long line of road behind them 'straight as a rule can make it.' So we after twenty-five years. In 1919 we looked ahead to a long, hard, uncertain journey. We had heard of a Celestial City, but between it and us were impossibilities—educational, financial, spiritual. Educational, to build from nothing, in the intellectual heart of America; financial, to build with nothing a real college—that is costly; spiritual, to build a new thing, to develop minds and souls together—what college had succeeded to the end in doing that?

"But we set out bravely. President Fred Shields led us through the Wicket Gate. In spite of Beelzebub's darts of inertia and lack of vision he brought us to a new location and a strong, picked faculty.

"In 1923 we reached the Interpreter's House. Under President Nease standards were built up. Educational—our faculty saw to the quality and Boston University graduate school recognized it. Spiritual—the pastor, Brother Angell, stressed the Sermon on the Mount and direct contact with Christ; President Nease emphasized preparation for service. And the students wanted to learn.

"The Palace Beautiful was reached in our *Annus Mirabilis*, Year of Wonders—some impossibles made possible. We had new buildings: dormitories, gymnasium, athletic field; and the triple miracle of Administration Building, degree-granting charter, and Great Revival.

'The talk was all of the Lord of the Hill, and what He had done'; the marching song, 'Much land ahead to be possessed.'

"But almost immediately the road led down into the Valley of Humiliation, the Great Depression to which Wayne Gardner fell heir. Debt was mounting, scholastic recognition denied. Appollyon 'straddled over the whole width of the road.' But we defied Apollyon.

"Then in 1936 we faced the Hill Difficulty. Gideon B. Williamson, with the initial strong support of District Superintendent Samuel Young, and his own wife's 'Give me this mountain' tackled the job. There were 'lions in the way,' the threat of bankruptcy, and Giant Despair's clutches, many to say, 'It's no use.' But the lions proved chained and the key of Promise opened the gate of Doubting Castle. The president's resolute optimism and winning personality were made for the hour, and his slogan, 'God is able.' We reached the summit. At the foot no money, at the top half-a-million in property; at the foot no educational status, at the top membership in New England and American College Associations; at the foot not much backing from the church, at the top the districts with us and the spiritual tone steady. At the foot the Valley of Humiliation, close by the top the Delectable Mountains.

"Do you wonder we rejoice as we look back. As we survey the twenty-five years behind us, the way lies straight. We have bungled at times; God has not bungled. We have taken a few steps into By-Path Meadow, but always have been brought back. We have followed directions honestly: no stain of bankruptcy—our name is clear; no 'influence' in our accreditation—it was given on the basis of merit; no disloyalty to our doctrine of holiness—our objectives have been clearly set forth and recognized.

"In these twenty-five years certain guiding stars have kept us to our course: *Vision*, to glimpse the plan

of God; *Prayer*, to bring the vision nigh; *Cooperation*, to actualize the vision. First, Vision. Every president has seen more than the salary, the Cardboard Palace—and the bills. His vision has come from God. President Shields, the promise of sons and daughters coming from North and South; Nease, ten years invested in training workers equivalent to an ordinary lifetime of service; Gardner, 'building a bridge' for young people; Williamson, achieving with God. Every faculty member has been called to his work; their lives are worth more than money: Dr. Shrader, to publicize the Gospel; Professor Mann, sheer love of E.N.C., to give others what she gave him; Professor Young, to train preachers for the church—he gave up a superintendency; Dr. Earle, to teach the Bible; the Fine Arts faculty, for the glory of God.

"Earlier visions are still living: the Saratoga vision of missionary service; Mother McKenney's, of the brick buildings; Brother Angell's, of student self-help and a Spirit-anointed ministry; the vision back of John Gould's sane counsel; of L. D. Peavey's self-giving—in concern, in money, in children. Our present vision: to make the contribution our world needs, through two hundred men in the country's service and through increasing numbers of holy men and women. Without such visions E.N.C. would perish.

"Then Prayer. We have depended on 'the Lord of the Hill' and the weapon He gave us, 'All-Prayer.' We have 'advanced upon our knees.' The prayers for E.N.C.? Brother Angell's—P.C.I. was steeped in prayer; the same spirit is here. President Nease's before the charter was applied for. Prayers for revivals—DeLong's, Nellie Cummins', others. For scholastic recognition, many—with Edith Cove's song of victory, 'He'll Roll the Sea Away.' The Thursday noon prayers of past years, prayers before class. And many in secret, which only God has on record.

"And third, Cooperation. 'We are labourers together with God.' So Edith Cove's own E.N.C. song

runs, 'Built by many laborers, but divinely planned.' We are not careless in the use of the term. E.N.C. has had no millionaire patron; she has lived by the devotion of many. Again, 'A small college, but there are those who love her.' Faculty worked on the job, money or no money. Students came and stayed, recognition or no recognition. Alumni achieved without recognition—for a time without degrees from their alma mater. Friends gave regularly; E.N.C. first conceived the living endowment plan. (We never received large gifts; rich men always died before naming E.N.C. in a will.) Many small gifts came in; we belong to your hearts. The administration carried on steadily, cheerfully, without endowment, without show. Quartets, field representatives, *Christian Scholar*, *Nautilus* publicized E.N.C. Trustees, churches, parents, all were unpaid, except in God's coin. 'Eben-ezer; Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'

"Through the glass we look ahead also. We still are journeying. What has been achieved opens the way before us. We see dangers: the Vanity Fair of worldliness, the Enchanted Ground of complacency. We still see hills—and strength for climbing. We purpose to 'walk by the same rule.' The past is the record of God's faithfulness; the future has all the resources of His nature. Two prayers are still heard: (1) 'Make and keep E.N.C. a holiness school until Jesus comes'; and (2) 'Establish Thou the work of our hands.' The answer comes: 'God will establish it forever.'"

* * *

With the alumni about the same time, I went into fuller detail. I spoke more practically, directly, analyzing the situation frankly as I saw it. They needed to know, and they deserved to have the facts.

"If Roosevelt hadn't used all the paper, and if I were sure I could trust questionnaires to tell it all, I

should have tested you individually as to your real feeling about E.N.C. Is it in terms of a debt or a liability? One alumnus told me, 'I went to E.N.C. as a last resort, but if I had it to do again, she would be my first choice.' I trust something like that is what experience of life does for you all.

"I have asked some. But without asking I know the debt most of you owe. I shall be very personal. Some owe a Christian experience (Mann); others—most of you!—a wife or a husband (some of you I helped find each other). Some owe the vision of a field of service (Esselstyn); nearly all, an education which prepared for a meaningful life's work (Turpel) or even gave you a start (Soteriades in librarianship). To all of you E.N.C. gave Christian friends." (I did not mention the lower tuition rate which alone made college possible for some.)

"Would another college have done as well for you?" I asked.

And answered, "Only another college of the same spirit. You can be proud of your alma mater." (Here I remind myself and remind you who read that, in telling my experience of E.N.C., I am telling the story of every college of the Church of the Nazarene, perhaps of every small Christian college.)

I admitted the liabilities: inadequate equipment, the handicap of practical inconveniences, the lack of recognition, even the name of the college unknown or misunderstood. "You have met with condescension; doors have been shut in your face. You lacked the keen competition of a larger college. In spite of these disadvantages you got ahead, and were stronger for the struggle."

Now I could tell them the liability was melting away. Finances were looking up, promising better equipment. Membership in the New England Association and the Association of American Colleges had opened the way to new developments: a premedical course which means

admission to medical schools; a nursing education affiliation smiled on by the official Bureau of Nursing Education; the Pennsylvania public school teaching certificate (previously denied) now granted at once; graduate schools now ready to receive applications. E.N.C. graduates could apply safely for commissions in the armed forces. All these releases had been tested by individual alumni. The inclusion of Eastern Nazarene College in the list of accredited institutions of higher education was a sort of Open Sesame. At last alumni could taste of something approaching prestige.

"But," I said, "to our surprise we find that E.N.C.'s real genius is in her difference, not in what she has of likeness to the other colleges. Years ago as an undergraduate in one of these colleges, I felt a lack. I wanted the Best. With all our shortcomings I believe we have something of that Best—the Ultimate. With no financial backing we have what many universities with millions would wish yet cannot have."

This last statement I went on to substantiate by evidence from the New England Association, from the education world at large, and from the experience of the alumni themselves.

Three different committees of the Association had investigated us thoroughly. All said we had more than we advertised, and asked for no change in curriculum or standards of admission. They commended the record of our alumni, what they called the excellent shape of library and laboratories, with good words especially for alumni Professors Babcock (his biology models) and Soteriades (librarian). The quality of our publications, *Nautilus*, *Christian Scholar*, *Camera*, they found superior. As for spiritual emphasis, they had not tried to change us. We were to be judged by our realization of our objectives. They saw ours were "different." Our educational goal was personality-centered: (1) the

Christian philosophy of life, (2) an integrated Christian character, (3) preparation for a Christian life. It was directed toward service to young people and to the church. They recognized our religious emphasis as worthy; it was remarkable, they said, that we could have a faculty committed to such a program.

As for our relation to the educational world, I cited the confusion in the present outlook and quoted words from three prominent educators analyzing the basic problems of the day. President Jordan in his inaugural address at Radcliffe stated that the world of education needs *stability*, intellectual permanence, the inner strength of the educated man, to correlate the past with the present, to hold to the tried values of the past while seeing and coping with the needs of the present. "E.N.C.," I said, "hasn't had money for shining novelties on our academic Christmas tree; we believed the liberal arts develop the mind, and our Christian faith taught us the life is more than meat. Now we find the fads must go; the solid core is permanent."

President Wriston of Brown, at a recent conference on postwar education held by the New England Association, had stressed the necessity of the *spiritual* element in education. "God-consciousness," he said, "is a basic principle of society." I reminded the alumni that our servicemen pay tribute to E.N.C. for the faith she has given them. They have what it takes. "Keep E.N.C. as it was," they write.

Dean Mesick of Simmons at an E.N.C. faculty dinner had said, "The chief problem of our colleges is how to get *reality* into our teaching—to make students feel its meaning for their lives." And I thought of Samuel Young's, "E.N.C. gives her students something to live for, (not *with*)."
I thought of those students who received calls from God in our college chapel. Dean Mesick told us we (E.N.C.) "had something there."

I recalled an evening in the winter of 1942 and a faculty discussion on the effect of war on the curriculum. Things looked dark. Many small colleges were being driven to the wall; we had fears for our future. Then faith sprang to life. I said, "I believe there will be a way through for us. Even more, I believe we have a contribution to make to the New England Association and to the educational world." Now they were finding we had what they had been seeking—in our "peculiar emphasis." They respected what we were doing.

(Incidentally, as I record this prophecy of our possible contribution to the Association, I recall with no slight satisfaction the thrill of sitting at table with some educators at the Association annual banquet a few years ago and hearing their extravagant praise of the singing of the E.N.C. ensemble which had furnished the dinner music—the best they had ever heard, and so on.)

To the alumni I continued, "You yourselves are the final proof that E.N.C. gives the Best. You have proved yourselves equal to life. You have achieved without recognition—stronger because you had to prove yourselves, because you must and did trust God to find your place. You are serving your generation, doing things that count. You are what you are largely because of the direction E.N.C. gave your lives."

I read them the poem written for the Harvard 1943 alumni reunion by English Department head, Theodore Spencer—a picture of secular college alumni and their empty lives. I quote here a few lines at the heart of it:

*All men's lives are a search for something to belong
to.*

*Belonging is hard for us
Because we are timorous
About good and evil.
We have no visible devil,
We have no visible heaven,*

*And everything is even
As long as our hearts are spry,
As long as you and I
Each act like a good guy
With a regular humorous smile
And a slap on the back for Charlie.*

*If we could imagine all of time held to a single
moment,
And the round surface of the earth flattened to a
square graveyard,
Or even the space of this America shrunk to an acre
in that graveyard,
And in that moment, hovering above that acre, you
and I
Should listen to the expanded human cry of all
those people—chorused to one cry and lament,
We should hear a single word only: "Unused, un-
used!"
Every one seeing his life thru time, thru space,
would cry,
Looking back in vain and in anguish, "Oh, unused!"*

"These," I said, "are the typical college alumni, cursed with a life that has no center, no core of meaning, no sense of purpose. They are groping for (1) 'a consecration . . . beyond the temporal chain' (2) a cause to live for—they are 'unused,' (3) 'something to belong to.'

"You have the answers in your Christian background, kept and enriched by your college experience. You have the things that make life rich: (1) A centralizing vision, 'a consecration beyond the temporal' (Spencer's words); for you have heard and accepted the message of the college seal: '(Jesus Christ) the Way, the Truth, the Life.' (2) A commitment to service. A cause to live for—you are not 'Unused.' You share His work of love. You have heard here, and experienced

yourselves, 'God will not waste a consecrated life.' (3) 'Fellowship—you have something to belong to.' We do it together. An E.N.C. reunion is a reunion of hearts. (I felt this when an E.N.C. alumnus I had not seen for years paid me a 'pastoral call.' We knelt and I realized the marvelous oneness of understanding, the electric spark of Christian fellowship. We 'belong,' and always shall.)

"These things are Reality. An education that moves in the direction of these—this is the Best. Back there we did not see all this. We built in the dark. We only knew God had called us. In these days He is proving himself. It is safe to trust God and act on the trust: His commissions, His knowledge, His standards."

1945

The responsibility of interpreting and encouraging continued into 1945. To the alumni in that year I was still reporting "Talk About E.N.C.," quoting three persons, whose words carry weight, that had spoken significantly about the college. Dean Allyn of Mt. Holyoke had said, as you know, "You are doing all it takes to make a good college." Will Durant, defining a "leader-making college," was picturing us, though he probably did not know it. God himself, as quoted by the Psalmist, had us in mind: "The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man [any one of the alumni] was born there." The alumni are E.N.C. I proposed the toast: "We must all have an aim for which we are dear to one another." This was a time for graduates to add to their loyalty a new dimension of pride in their alma mater.

To the constituency at a district assembly early in 1945 the question was, "Why Invest in E.N.C.?" and I was recommending the college as a sound investment. "God has confidence in E.N.C., a place where God is and

God works; the quality of her services rendered is a proof. The educational world has confidence in E.N.C., in her achievements and in her opportunity: 'the one type of institution to pioneer in the field of present-day education is the Christian college.' We all have confidence in E.N.C., in her leadership: constituency loyal, trustees encouraged, students who love her, and faculty God-called, consecrated, positive in Christian teaching."

Reporting to trustees and faculty on the January convention of the Association of American Colleges—its theme, "Colleges in Transition, War to Peace,"—I had good news. The emphasis was largely religious: the stress was on integrity, independence of government, dependence on God, responsibility to the world. In 1900 it was prophesied that by 1950 the Christian college would be dead; in 1945 it was never so strong. The current training of teachers was termed ultra-secular, based on "animal psychology" and the pragmatism of quick returns. It should be God-centered. "Our Father" is necessary for harmony of mind.

"For us this means," I told my fellow workers, "opportunity and the responsibility to grasp it. It means encouragement in what we are trying to do, and a challenge to do what they talk about, to be worthy to welcome our servicemen home."

* * *

At the close of this section, suppose we listen in on the farewell dinner to the Williamsons in the summer of 1945 as they leave Wollaston for the pastorate at Kansas City. Here again I was to be spokesman for the faculty.

Only faculty members who were at E.N.C. before 1936 could fully appreciate the significance of this moment. I reminded those present that in 1936 the faculty were praying two prayers:

1. "No dishonor to E.N.C. and the God she represents." Faced with insolvency, must we repudiate our obligations? Tonight we saw our honor saved.

2. "Room scholastically." We had always been hampered by lack of recognition. Now for two years we had had the opportunity we sought. And,

3. We had been troubled by an uncertainty of our constituency. Now we were secure in their confidence.

"It makes all the difference to faculty morale if their college is (1) financially sound, (2) accredited, (3) trusted and supported by money, prayers, students.

"The chief human factor in all this, Dr. G. B. Williamson, has been God's man for the crisis. 'God's': his first words to us, first and last, 'God is able'; his prayers of petition and thanks, his sense of vocation and dependence, all mark him God's instrument." And as a man he has impressed constituency, business world, educators, and faculty as worthy of respect and confidence.

"The soul's armor is never well set unless a woman's hand has braced it. Mrs. Williamson has had a threefold job: her husband's career, her home, and the Department of Speech—all superb achievements."

Audrey Williamson deserves special mention in her own right. The first time I heard her read—not knowing who she was—I was impressed by the intense vitality in her voice. The same intensity was true of all she did. True also, I believe, of her prayers behind the scenes.

What I mention now may seem incidental, even amusing, but it is representative of her carefulness of influence. She was the first mother in our church who had her young children sit with her on the front seat through the morning sermon. The practice was noticed and followed. One of many debts we owed her.

Section Four: THE SECOND GENERATION
TAKES OVER (1945—)

CHAPTER IX

Stabilization with Samuel Young

GETTING STARTED

He was not Dr. Young then. That came later. His *honoris causa* doctorate was, I believe, the second conferred by E.N.C., and I, conservative as I am in the matter of these degrees, found myself warmly recommending the action. (Did I even compose the citation? I recall I had the privilege later for John Riley and for William Esselstyn.) Rev. Samuel Young had served as the remarkably competent and understanding superintendent of our New England District and was, I suppose, the strongest supporter the college had, but had resigned the superintendency in 1940 to become pastor of the Wollaston church and head of E.N.C.'s Department of Theology. Now, in 1945, he was the logical successor of President Williamson, who had resigned to reenter the pastorate and was soon to be named general superintendent, on the death of Roy T. Williams.

Samuel Young was eminently qualified for the college presidency. He was a theologian, his master's work being in church history, with special emphases on Augustine and Wesley, but his undergraduate studies had been in the liberal arts, literature his major, philosophy a close second. His grasp of truth was broad, sound, and central to all his thinking. He had had administrative experience and he was acquainted with our unique situation. Particularly worthy of note was his business experience; before enrolling at E.N.C. and afterwards during the summers he had held a responsible position as an accountant. And he was a sanctified, canny Scot. We felt our fortunes were in safe hands. And so they proved to be.

While I had no direct connection with the financial problems and policies of the college, I could enjoy the new sense of consolidating our assets, stabilizing our progress, making sane conservative adjustment to post-war and post-accreditation issues.

The new president's inauguration took place a month after V-J Day. I recall this clearly, for I had celebrated V-J Day by smashing my kneecap. Carelessly hurrying down an unlighted, winding stairway after ten o'clock in an unfamiliar house at our favorite Rockport (small comfort now in knowing that Emerson had spent summers in that house!) I had stepped off a landing, thinking I had reached the bottom. It was an eerie ride, those thirty miles or so at midnight, my roommate with me in the ambulance, singing softly "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

My stay at New England Deaconess Hospital was to be lengthy and trying. Following an operation in which Dr. Haggart, top bone surgeon, removed the kneecap to secure better motion, I ran a mysterious temperature which could not be accounted for. Every eight hours around the clock a jab of penicillin, for seven weeks. I became so weak I could not hold my Bible. I well re-

member the afternoon Mary Harris entered my room, all excitement, and standing at the foot of my bed, sang the "Hallelujah Chorus." She told me she had prayed through for me and I was going to get well. After the long anxiety she said the assurance came to her like the dawning day and grew brighter and brighter. She had scarcely finished when my doctor came in and asked if I'd like to go home!

One of many memories of the hospital stay is the sort of vision that came to me one sleepless night of a straight line of sheer light which seemed to run clear to the heavenly city, with the knowledge that I could walk that path of light alone with Jesus. I believed the image was truth; it has spoken to me ever since, and I have recommended it to young persons fearful or uncertain of their future.

But back to our incoming president. He was so kind as to visit me in my hospital room and read me the inaugural speech he planned to deliver. I remember the message I sent to the faculty for that night, with the lines of John Oxenham:

*I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things
above—*

*Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love:
The love that asks no questions, the love that stands
the test,*

That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;

*The love that never falters, the love that pays the
price;*

The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

"We have known this loyalty to our country. We have given ungrudgingly of our best. We still are paying heavily in seniors and juniors and sophomores and freshmen who should by rights be at E.N.C. now. And this quickened loyalty has taught us much of a second loyalty.

“For,
There’s another country I’ve heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them
that know.
We may not count her armies, we may not see her
King;
Her fortress is a loving heart, her pride is suffering.
And one by one, and silently, her shining bounds
increase;
And her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her
paths are peace.

“E.N.C.’s primary loyalty is to that ‘other country.’ Her one concern is the enlargement of that Kingdom of the Spirit. Her touchstone of values is the Truth of that Kingdom. That Kingdom grows as individual souls grow, in grace and in knowledge—and to help them grow is E.N.C.’s life.

“To recognize always the actuality, the nearness, the insistence of that Kingdom of the Spirit; to realize among us its gentleness, its peace and its righteousness; to keep our own souls fit for its armies, and one by one to help make others fit—this is my vision for the coming year. For the honor of its King no sacrifice is too great. For the beauty of its shining bounds no demand is too rigorous.

“My faith is for a year of shining victory because it is a year of shining loyalty—to that ‘other country.’

*So one by one, and silently, her shining bounds
increase;
And her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her
paths are peace.”*

I remember, too, the triumphant day in October of my return to work, on crutches. My super-excellent student, Lois Emery Nielson, had been teaching my classes. President Young walked down the center aisle of the Canterbury (Angell) Chapel, where my class was

held, with a bunch of flowers to welcome me back to work. One of the glad moments of my life.

The days of convalescence had not been easy. The open fire day after day in our living room—I was ashamed to have my housemate tug the birch logs up the stairs, but the burning wood breathed strength into me. And as I made myself struggle back and forth across the room learning to handle my crutches, the little wooden motto on the fireplace mantel, given me some time before by my niece, Muriel Shrader Mann, suddenly caught my eye and my faith: "Jesus said, All things are possible."

WORKING FOR PERMANENCE

The chorus by which we knew this president was characteristic of his rugged fashion of facing the facts with an eye to calculate sharply their actual strength, recognizing the problems without dodging, then counting on the incalculable resources of God, meeting the issues head on and standing firm.

*Got any rivers you think are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
God specializes [businesslike word!] in things
thought impossible,
And He can do what no other power can do.*

The first year was not all smooth sailing for President Young. Each page of history carries its own type of problem emergency. One at this time was due to faculty losses. The basic strength of our college had been recognized as its stable core of faculty personnel. Several strong men were now called to fill key positions at denominational headquarters or in other colleges. What I learned from these losses—they were keenly personal to me—is chronicled elsewhere. As for the college, it was all incident to normal development. The moving on of these workers made it possible for others to build here for permanence.

In 1946 at the close of the this first year, I submitted an "annual report" to someone, perhaps to a district assembly, which begins, "If I had a million, I would choose to do what I am doing. Dependent on the cleansing of the Blood and the working of the Spirit, I am thankful the Lord I love still finds a place for me. You may see my speech in the making. It is easy; I have many things to share."

I told of letters I had received that were encouraging. They spoke of educational progress: an unaccredited college had told an applicant to "try E.N.C." Of need met and opportunity offered: a G.I. called to the ministry since leaving asks, "May I come back?" Of continuing contribution made by its alumni: Della Boggs alone in Africa, writes, "Not afraid, not homesick. It is not easy, but I love Africa and wouldn't change places with anyone."

I spoke of faculty attitudes: their spirit and the goal of their teaching, the reactions of new teachers: Dr. Frederick Owen finds E.N.C. "stable"; Dr. Rothwell, "spiritual." Of prayer answered as God chose new workers: President Young and Vice-President Mann; Professor Blaney for Bible (feeling a special call to teach just before Dr. Earle left); Maybury released from U.S. service for chemistry; others, working not for money, but for God.

I passed on some campus notes: the *Campus Camera* all-America rating; the fine arts program superior; the transfer student who finds here an "interest in intellect." The loyalty to church and college ideals; publications dedicated to pastor and to president. The spirituality: leaders, programs, senior testimonies, holiness sermons by faculty and students, calls to the ministry and to missions.

I thought of all these, and then I made my speech. The only possible theme was "Building." We are climbing, growing, not falling to pieces.

"We are building the walls of Jerusalem," I told them, "commissioned, led, and helped by God. Building on sure foundation, Christ and holiness, the spirit of the founders unchanged. Building wisely and surely, with an administration sane and confidence-worthy. Building together, all with the same vision: administration, faculty, students, alumni, and you. Building under God: His calls, His promises, His provisions. Building successfully: letters, testimonies, spirit show we have what educators want but rarely get.

"There are problems. Samuel Young's first year has been one impossible 'river' after another. If no problems, the devil is not worried, they tell us. A problem is an opportunity to prove God. We have the promises made to other builders. See *Haggai* and *Zechariah*.

"A never-ending job? Yes, note the twenty-year program. Costly? Yes, in money and in strength. But not too much if it is your boy; if it is God's work.

"And it is. It is God's plan: 'One generation shall praise thy works to another.' We are responsible for our youth. They are the salvation of the church. Remember the dream of one who saw a man falling down the elevator well? Paralyzed, he did not put out his hand to save him. He caught one glimpse of the man's face. It was his own. We destroy ourselves if we fail with our youth.

"They are the key to our world responsibility. The general church plans to send out five hundred new missionaries. Where will these be found but in the colleges?

"Joseph in Africa, national pastor, dying, said, 'The Lord is giving me a hard examination: How many am I bringing with me?' The only standard for us is our best for God and heaven."

* * *

To alumni—I am seeing them now as prospective parents of students—I am selling E.N.C. as a good college. The subject is still Building, "Building E.N.C.'s

Curriculum." Of the making of curriculums there is no end. I am passing on to them what we have learned of current trends in the educational world, showing that we actually have a head start in some areas highly recommended: general education and religious emphasis. We have the basis laid for international relations and democracy, service to servicemen, preachers, nurses. Other developments are pulling at the leash ready to go once there is more room and more money for salaries: business administration, domestic science. There is one crying need: scholarships, fellowships, encouragement for superior students. (Here I speak, hopefully, to prospective donors!)

The spirit and the standards, I tell them, are steadily building. A commission report of the College English Association on the English curriculum deploras current shortcomings and recommends an ideal program almost identical with E.N.C.'s required course for English majors. So of other departments. We are not building large; we are trying to build sound.

"But," I remind them, "you build the college. By your confidence; you send your sons and daughters. By your prayers; we live by these. The strongest planks in the college building of tomorrow, in 1950 and the years that follow, will be:

Donald, Roger, Gordon, Lois Young; Edward, Merritt, Robert, Richard Mann; Harold and Connie Babcock; David and Paul Blaney; John Timothy and Sally Jean Kauffman; Ralph Marple, Jr.; Beth and Margaret Anne Goodnow; Katherine Jean, Roger Wendell, James Houston Mann; Barbara and Harold Harding, Jr.; Nancy Harris, Patricia Munro, and Stanton Lockwood—and down a long list, even to some slated for 1966 degrees.*

*I note that all these second-generation E.N.C.-ers, with one exception, enrolled in due time, and all but three were graduated.

These all and more—as lively stones. When we have these we have your prayers, your money—you!”

Much of President Young’s building was strengthening foundations for a stable future. It comes to me that it was as a sort of inventory-manifesto he published in brochure form, without further specific elaboration, a chapel talk I gave at this time, “Thy Will Be Done.” “Thy will be done,” said not in resignation but “in the triumph of an all-out offensive” to bring into actuality the many glimpses God has given of His will. The certainty that what He wills He is able to bring to pass.

PERSONAL AGAIN

In 1945, the *Herald of Holiness* carried an article of mine, “Some Elementary Lessons in the Devotional Life.” This may be the place to write of what the years were teaching on prayer. “Elementary” was the key word. There were nine lessons, all beginning to be learned from experience: (1) Standards raised in childhood and adolescence. (2) Personal adventure with God. (3) A time to hear God’s voice—regularity with flexibility. (4) The Bible in prayer—God speaks through His Word. (5) Aids to vital prayer—praise, His presence recognized, the will to prayer, praying. (6) Complete sincerity. (7) Love—ask a song, a reassurance of love, a touch for the day. (8) Action—ask specific directions and preparation for the day. (9) All-day attitude of prayer. I am still only in the elementary school of prayer.

All these years I have carried in my Bible a scrap of card on which I had one day jotted down a column of things I needed to remember—almost a shopping list. It was headed TIME and went on:

1. Consecrate your *greatest riches*.
2. Offer *willingly* your gifts.
3. Take *joyfully* the *spoiling* of your goods (Heb. 10:

4. Make me a little cake *first*—I Ki. 17:13, 14. And the cruse of oil and the barrel of meal *wasted not*.

5. Cursed be he that voweth and hath in his flock a male and sacrificeth a *corrupt thing*. Mal. 1:14.

6. God blessed the seventh day. *Heart rest*, Ex. 20:11.

7. Bring ye *all the tithes* and prove Me now. Mal. 3:10.

8. A great while before day He *departed* into a solitary place and there *prayed*. Mk. 1:35.

His example. Twelve hours in the day. Jn. 11:9. I must work. Jn. 9:4.

Redeeming the time. Eph. 5:16; Col. 4:5. *Lay up treasures*. Mt. 6:20.

Build your life *around* prayer—God.

* * *

In the fall of 1946, I gave my first lectures outside of New England. District Superintendent Young had started me on this activity earlier. Our alumnus Ralph Earle, now professor at the Nazarene Theological Seminary in Kansas City, had me invited there for two series, outgrowth of two of my courses, the Bible as Literature and the Sin Problem in Literature. It was a delightful experience, and profitable. My relations with the Seminary for the next few years were fairly close and important, for I had the responsibility of correlating our graduate year in theology with the Seminary B.D. program. (This was an issue that concerned all our colleges, but especially Pasadena and E.N.C. I believe, for we both were offering work beyond the A.B.) We settled the problem amicably and satisfactorily by the Seminary's agreeing to grant one year's credit toward the B.D. degree for our Th.B., provided the courses credited were all open only to seniors or graduates and taught by our strongest, fully qualified professors.

They asked for my reaction to the visit. This is what I wrote, honestly:

My recent stay at the Nazarene Theological Seminary was an inspiration and a challenge. The manifest devotion and earnestness of the students, the high caliber of the faculty, the enthusiasm and warm fellowship of the entire

group furnished the inspiration; the thrill of a pioneer undertaking and the realization of the momentous consequences of this undertaking for the entire Church of the Nazarene, an inescapable challenge.

Everyone was hospitality itself: general officers, Publishing House, seminary faculty and students, and seminary wives. It was a joy to meet many old friends and to gain many new ones. I found that we were working for the same ends and praying the same prayers. I felt the work they were doing was my work too, and their problems were in a sense my problems, for they were the problems of my church and my people.

While I did not attend classes, both students and faculty members assure me that the work offered is of genuine graduate standing. The library, though not large, is adapted to the courses given and appears more usable than many a larger collection. Classrooms are borrowed, dormitory space inadequate, and numbers increasing at an almost alarming rate. But every college knows what that means: prayer and faith and giving and growth. The seminary is suffering growing pains; and these are healthy signs. Meanwhile, morale is high, and the atmosphere homelike and optimistic.

Outstanding to me, as to every visitor, was the atmosphere of the chapel services. The singing is electric with devotion and the prayers touch heaven. The students are serious and responsive. A seminary that will combine this spirit with superior scholarship will meet a crying need of our church and other churches.

I left Kansas City with enlarged horizons and widened perspective; with a new burden and a new confidence. Our seminary challenges our earnest prayers, our faith, and our practical cooperation. The eyes of the religious world are upon our undertaking. The faculty of the seminary are grappling honestly and bravely with the basic problems of our moment in church history.

As for the total educational picture, I believe the colleges and the seminary can be mutually helpful. We shall win out as we work and pray together.

It was President Young—practical as he was, and is—who first made me think of my “future.” He was looking ahead (it has always been his strong point, judging of actions and decisions not only by what they

are but by what they will lead to) for the faculty, by instituting our first retirement policies. Some were troubled because the older members came out rather short in the matter of retirement payments. I said, and always have felt, "When we signed up to teach in a holiness school, we had no thought of 'fringe benefits.' Anything we get is a surprise gift."

I was then nearing sixty, though I had never stopped to count my years. Retirement at sixty-five was not then so much in the air as now. So it was a mild shock when one day in his office he began to talk to me about my plans. Of course I had always carried a fairly full load of teaching along with my dean's duties; rather, I had thought of myself as a teacher who had taken on the dean's job. I loved to teach, and I loved the personal contacts of the deanship; I had never cared for the administrative detail. He counselled me that I would "last longer" as a teacher than as a dean. "Wisdom is justified of her children." Ten years later, in 1957, I became dean emeritus; twenty years later I am still "lasting" as a teacher, and am drafted for yet another year, with an invitation for seminars as long as I "choose to run." May I have grace and sense to know when to choose not to. (By the way, Dr. Donald Young, Samuel Young's eldest son, is now dean of the college, and giving like sane, considerate advice.)

A MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

Memorial Hall, residence hall for men, was a "must" for Samuel Young's stabilizing program. The young men needed a respectable dormitory. Upperclassmen had put up with the old stable, even glorified it and made it a status symbol; lowerclassmen had endured the poorly appointed, overcrowded upper stories of the Mansion, and the grand old building in turn endured them as its state deteriorated with each succeeding quota of youngsters who had little concern for tradition. Our G.I.'s, kept

in touch with us by Professor Spangenberg, were returning to profit by the G.I. bill and finish their college careers. The six who had lost their lives and the many who had suffered deserved a lasting memorial tribute. I can still see President Young and Professor Spangenberg as they stood by the building that chilly Memorial Day of the cornerstone laying. But our hearts were warm; this was the third of those brick buildings Mother McKenney had seen, the fourth if Munro Hall's added wing was counted. And the start of a new mortgage. (When congratulated on *our* new buildings, the president had replied, "Yes, the bank owns them.") But our credit was good with the Quincy banks. It has been ever since.

The rest of the mighty acts of President Samuel Young, are they not recorded in the History?

In 1948, only three years president, he left E.N.C. for the general superintendency—one of the keenest of our losses. He had always belonged to us Easterners. Now we had to give him. It was hard to be a cheerful giver. I was wrong, of course. We were and always would be in his heart. And God was not forgetting us. Here was Edward Mann.

I believe I saw this even then. For in the farewell I was called on to deliver (the notes of which I came on accidentally only yesterday) I find I could congratulate the General Assembly on its choice, say quite calmly that we had given the church our best, and go on to felicitate E.N.C. on being an expert maker of general superintendents, in the shape of her last two presidents.

"Made" by E.N.C. or not, I cited Samuel Young as representative of the spirit of E.N.C. and referred to the coincidence of my finding that very year (1948) my Junior-Senior Day address of 1928, closing, "Twenty years hence we shall not be asking you, 'Have you grown great or rich, but have you assimilated and kept the spirit of E.N.C.?' " Samuel Young, when district superintendent, had defined that spirit in a printed arti-

cle on what E.N.C. has given her students. He pledged loyalty to it in his inaugural address, and he has exemplified its conception of integrity in a life built around truth, a keen insight in its grasp of truth, and the long views that trust truth to win.

I cite his relation to E.N.C. as constant, close, varied, since 1922. "As academy and college student, achieving both in studies and in extracurricular activities, he is remembered best for keen thinking in debate and for the spiritual power of his prayers at the altar; as alumnus, for a creative loyalty; as pastor on two zone districts, for his faithful support; as New England district superintendent, for his vital part in saving E.N.C. (refusing to repudiate her debts and putting his shoulder to the wheel in debt-reduction drives). As trustee he was strong, wise, farseeing, personally interested; as college pastor, an efficient, progressive spiritual and temporal guide. And as president he has been a genuine leader, considerate of his faculty, faithful to his students (not always giving them what they wanted, but true to their best interests, sound in his counsel). Building for continuance with every ounce of his strength, energy, and business sense, sharing his policies with the vice-president (who was to become president).

"Now as general superintendent his faith for her and in her is that she is strong to perpetuate herself. She will carry on to prove his investment in her—and God's. He inspires confidence. E.N.C. was safe with him. The church is safe."

This is how I saw Samuel Young. He never has cared much for congratulations. He says he does not want to hear his own obituary. He must listen to his epitaph as I pronounce it: "To see the right is prophecy; to choose the right is faith; to stand by the right is victory."

CHAPTER X

Expansion with Edward Mann

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

Edward Stebbins Mann was awarded an honorary doctorate (LL.D.) by Northwest Nazarene College. And later by the University of Vermont, his native state, the honorary degree of D.D., exceptional for a layman but recognized as eminently appropriate for the layman Edward Mann is.

I had the pleasure of composing a citation for him once—was it when he was named E.N.C.'s Alumnus of the Year? Beyond question he deserved that too and more. Yet he lays no claim to greatness. I have heard him say of himself and his job: "Wonderful to be paid for what one would want to be doing anyway!"

I believe, and have said often, that no one has loved E.N.C. more; none with his complete, once-for-all faith. I believe he has felt he owed her his life. Certainly he has paid, is still overpaying, that debt—"in journeyings

often, in weariness . . . in the care of all the" faculty and staff. I have often asked myself in distress as I took up the long, printed directory list of E.N.C. addresses to make a phone call, Where will the President get the money to pay all these salaries? Worse at the Christmas faculty party when I see all the faculty families. All the staff and in addition all the students and all the constituency of all the Eastern Zone make up the load he carries.

His story is well-known: the Vermont senator's son persuaded by his father (and his mother's prayers) to attend little, unknown E.N.C. for one year, then to transfer, should he choose, to the University of Vermont. Coming to college with his ukulele, acquiring a reputation for a good mind and a good heart, sound principles, and considerable ingenuity in clever, non-destructive pranks; converted, sanctified wholly, called to teach in a holiness college—E.N.C.? Standing at the rear of the "old" chapel—on his way from study in the library—watching faculty members and older students at the altar pray a younger one through to God, hearing a Voice say, "This is your work"—he never after left his alma mater. ("Alma Mater"—he wrote the college song.)

Strong Christian undergraduate, alumni president, dean of men, marrying the president's secretary, professor of mathematics while earning a graduate degree, college "minister of propaganda," vice-president—in 1948 the presidency of E.N.C. was obviously his. He knew E.N.C. inside out; he belonged to her, and she to him.

Before the close of the General Assembly that took Samuel Young from us Edward Mann asked me to take breakfast with him. He told me the trustees for E.N.C. had elected him to the presidency, and asked for my opinion. The courtesy was unnecessary, yet I prized it. Of course we both knew that he faced a difficult job,

but I knew and he knew there would be joy in working together. In all the years since he has lived by his desk motto, "There is but one rule of conduct for a man: to do the right thing."

This new president has believed in E.N.C. perhaps more than she deserved. His optimism has carried her over more than one tough spot. He refused a peculiarly tempting offer because he felt—rightly, I believed, and told him so then—that she needed him. His wife, the former Cora Herrschaft, had shared his faith and has been heart and soul with him. She has proved an exceptionally capable and resourceful President's Lady, always alert to every need.

I shall not attempt to chronicle the events of this administration. A few highlights only, as I saw them.

In the late fall of 1948 a report from Eastern Nazarene College signed "Bertha Munro" appeared in the *Herald of Holiness*. A sketchy version follows.

After giving our president Samuel Young to the general superintendency of the church last summer, we returned to Wollaston in the faith that God's leading is always forward. Former Vice-President Edward S. Mann has already proved himself God's choice for the presidency. The faculty are as one man behind the new administration—President Mann, Vice-President E. S. Phillips, and Business Manager J. R. Naylor—and the work of the college moves on without interruption. We give God praise. He has His man for every place, and His choice is our choice.

Freshman Week welcomed a record entering class with lectures, conferences, tests, and library tours, plus prayers and God-blessed songs, orienting new students to E.N.C. life and traditions. Then came the opening convention with Rev. James E. Hunton, its stirring messages and dedicated lives.

Inaugural exercises for incoming President Mann were held September 28. Visiting delegates and messages of congratulation arrived from far and near. The address by General Superintendent and former President Samuel Young concluded with this statement of

confidence: "Brother Mann, the trustees have chosen you because they have known you. Your many years of service to this institution make their knowledge and yours most intimate. They have chosen you because they believed in you—your personal integrity, your qualities of leadership which have been increasingly apparent in recent years, and your understanding and vision for this Christian college . . ."

Fall Revival, October 15-25, with Dr. Hardy C. Powers as evangelist, brought preaching illuminating, warm, searching. Standards of holiness were raised, hungers for righteousness created and quickened.

Dedication services for Memorial Hall followed on Sunday afternoon, November 14. General Superintendent and former President G. B. Williamson delivered the address on the future of democracy as dependent on Christianity. President Mann stated that contributions had been made to the erection of the building in memory of eleven hundred men, living and dead, of the Eastern Educational Zone. His inaugural address, "Unchanging Amidst Change," concluded:

"We are jealous of our heritage and are determined that the future of our college shall not be unworthy of the past. That which has been entrusted to us by one generation we must bequeath to the next. To this sacred task we pledge our all, 'that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children; that they might set their hope in God.'"

NINETEEN FORTY-NINE

The year 1949 was another anniversary year, the thirtieth. I find three documents evidently of this date, bearing my signature: one a report on commencement at the close of Edward Mann's first year as president, one a letter to alumni, and one, what seems to be an anni-

versary inventory. Repetition—yes, I see it. My calling has been to say, “Lest we forget.” “Unchanging amidst change!”

COMMENCEMENT AT E.N.C.

“Spirituality, Scholarship, Service”—somewhere in the college publicity Rev. W. C. Esselstyn had seen the slogan, and he used it as the text of his remarks at the Alumni Banquet Saturday evening, May 28, stating that he was convinced the three words actually embody the spirit of our college.

His tribute was heartening; even more heartening was the deepening sense as the commencement program wore on, of a peculiar blending in every exercise of the three objectives realized. Many remarked on the manifest presence of God; every speech was stimulating, fresh, and thought-provoking; every word spoken, every song sung breathed a high-hearted consecration to the will of God in service for men. Again and again a breeze from heaven swept through.

Where every program, from the Fine Arts Recital Friday evening to the Commencement Exercises Monday evening, was of so high an order, it is difficult to make an adequate selection. The return of so many alumni to honor the twenty-fifth anniversary of the class of 1924, and their spirit of love and loyalty? The ringing call of Dr. Gould's baccalaureate sermon for “radioactive Christians” filled with the Holy Ghost? There was Sunday afternoon “E.N.C. in Active Service,” when Professor Alice Spangenberg shared with us her clear, true vision of the teacher's rewards and opportunities; Rev. Blair Ward, his analysis of the large investment returns of the pastor's calling—with two stirring songs thrown in; and District Superintendent Esselstyn of Africa, his perspective of the far-reaching possibilities of the foreign missionary's influence. There was Vice-President Phillips' graphic portrayal Sunday evening of “The Two Paths,” with that glorious lift to the very gates of the Celestial City, and a victorious altar service. And Dr. Harper's practical, inspiring commencement address reminded us that there is a place of service for every one, and that our lights need never be put out. There was President Mann's final impressive charge to the recipients of degrees: “Ye are our epistles.” And the orchestra, the *a cappella* choir, the

mighty swell of "A Mighty Fortress," repeated strains of "Alma Mater," the parklike campus at its best, degrees conferred, honors awarded, gifts received.

But the impression which probably will remain longest with our guests, if we can judge by their comments, is of the final chapel service with the testimonies of the graduating students: sincere, heartfelt, devoted to God and holiness, many of them converted or sanctified wholly or called to service during their years at E.N.C., all of them established, strengthened, settled here, all praising God for His faithfulness and grateful for Christian parents and Christian teachers.

The president of a great university said that no man can become truly educated who has not gained in his twenties "a clear theory of what constitutes a satisfying and significant life, and . . . a true moral philosophy." We believe that is the only sort of education which prepares adequately to meet the world of today, and we believe it comes by way of Christ and His truth. That sort of education we have tried to give these entrusted to us. This commencement has proved to us that in some measure, by the help of God, we have succeeded. To Him be the praise.

LETTER TO ALUMNI

Dear E.N.C. Family:

It is hard to realize that you are not still "boys" and "girls," but that some of you already are sending your sons and daughters to E.N.C. I hope you all will be doing just that as the years roll around. Many things E.N.C. could not give you, but one thing she never stinted you in; that is, love and the feeling of belonging.

And only one thing would grieve us now: if you should lose the sense that you still belong to us and always will, and that we belong to you. Families can't be torn apart easily.

We all had to scrimp together, but we had the things that count most, the "ancient beautiful things": love, faith, courage, and the will to work.

We have just lived through another Campus Day. I know that brings back memories to you as it does to me: of strained muscles, an aching back, and a sunburned face, but a combed-and-brushed lawn and driveway and tennis courts and a hungry, complacent bunch of laborers. If you were on my team you raked and grubbed on the

Mansion lawn; if you were on President Nease's or President Gardner's squad you dug holes or carted rubbish on the athletic field or the dump. But you did it for love of E.N.C.—and for good fellowship!

Campus Day was symbolic of the family spirit in which the youngest child feels himself a part of the whole; of the *noblesse oblige* spirit in which every privilege entails a corresponding responsibility; of the good citizenship attitude that accepts duties as well as rights. You were doing more than save money for E.N.C.; you were saving and developing something fine in yourself.

E.N.C. has grown, in numbers and—thank the Lord!—in financial and scholastic recognition. This latter some of you have helped us win, and we do not forget. We wish we could have grown faster, but we have grown steadily and surely. Of this year's graduating class three members have just been accepted without reservation as candidates for the Ph.D. degree in chemistry: one at Harvard, one at University of Rochester, one at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Our graduates in education are doing practice teaching in the Quincy Public Schools and being offered positions in the school system. We are developing a department of Business Administration.

And so on. You know E.N.C.'s reputation as a maker of college professors, college presidents, college pastors, and general superintendents for the church! We believe you need not be ashamed of your alma mater and what she will have to offer your sons and daughters by the time they are ready to come.

The things that were the heart of E.N.C. we have tried to keep intact for you and for your children: the friendliness, the sincerity, the democratic standards, the loyalty to God and holiness. You would find the spirit of Brother Angell and President Nease alive today on the campus and in the classrooms, and we believe you would feel at home. Come and see!

The greatest single change is the substitution of beautiful Memorial Hall for the Cardboard Palace. That change we are not sentimental enough to regret. And that change, as a family expense, you are helping us pay for. We know as long as you help pay the bills you still belong to the family: you still call E.N.C. "Home." You still believe in what E.N.C. stands for enough to sacrifice to keep her spirit alive. That is what we want

most of all: your continued love and loyalty. Truly, we seek, first, not yours but you. "Now we live if you stand fast"—and stand by us.

And come to look us over at commencement, with a loving eye!

Faithfully yours,
BERTHA MUNRO

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

When I say E.N.C.:

I see five hundred clean, earnest young men and women who have chosen the genuine things and who really believe the will of God is life's highest good—believe it enough to act accordingly.

I see a group of faculty members to whom persons are worth more than things and a place of service worth more than money; who are here because God called them here.

I see alumni from Canada to California, from Washington to Florida and all around the world: a college president here, a seminary dean and professors there; a superintendent of nurses here, a superintendent of schools there; a physician, a teacher, a missionary, an upright businessman; Christian homes and holiness churches; Christian fathers and mothers sending their children back to E.N.C. from the ends of the earth.

I see a venture of faith which has proved it is always safe to obey and trust God. E.N.C. is the impossible realized through the blessing of God. E.N.C. is answered prayer—and so is a constant challenge to faith for the next impossibility.

I see a college which always has had for its goal the balance that the educators are beginning to cry for: the sound scholastic standards, the general cultural education, plus the "social conscience" and the Christian spirit. I hear the dean of a large graduate school say, "The students that come from that little college have something."

For I see a place that God has kept His hand upon and has brought to a day of unparalleled opportunity. I see potentialities that can bless the world and make E.N.C. a praise in the earth.

E.N.C.'s brick buildings, we never forget, are born of that God-given vision, more than thirty years ago in the

small corner room of the worn frame building in Rhode Island, E.N.C.'s forerunner, to three persons praying together; "a group of brick buildings—ours." Impossible. But today, through God and His people that vision is being realized.

God-given, too, is the larger vision of a holiness college in the East that shall stand until Jesus comes. The Christian college is vital to the work of God. In the years when young people are making their long-time choices—of vocation, companionship, philosophy of life—it makes it natural for them to choose right. It urges them to know God for themselves and to make those choices through Him.

Our vision today:

An *atmosphere* where education will never choke out the love of God; where God is real in Christ; where His knowledge, His standards, His commissions are trusted implicitly.

Teachers who are investing in young people. Called of God, their lives interpret the truth they teach.

Sound preparation for life and Christian service: reputable scholastic standards and adequate equipment; a variety of training for ministry and laity.

A *sterling product* in young lives saved to the Kingdom and directed into the useful channels of God's choice. Holiness in action; education poised and aglow.

E.N.C. a praise in the earth.

BUILDING

Everyone knows President Mann has been *the* builder. Under his administration we have seen go on to completion that "group of brick buildings" which are "ours." With each new structure proposed I of little faith have groaned, Where could we put it? How can we pay for it? Yet somehow the structures were eased in, the campus was stretched a little at the edges; even though Professor Babcock and his conservatory product filled every cranny with flowers, we still had room to breathe. And we got used to mortgages in six figures. Our credit was good. And Uncle Sam was on our side.

For we were growing. Every building was a new "must": the Nease Library, Shrader Science Hall, Alice

Spangenberg and Esther Williamson Halls for women, Shields Hall for men, E. S. Mann Student Center, and now in progress the Religion Building. Other houses were purchased to provide faculty housing and additional rooms for students. (Somewhat ironically, the one of these houses designated as our president's home had belonged to the one native originally most opposed to our intrusion into Wollaston.)

As enrollment shot up and graduation classes were larger, the senior gifts to the college, proportionately larger, witnessed to a student interest in collegiate campus quality: the campus sign, the campus gateway, and campus Westminster chimes, sounding out faithfully through the community: "Lord, through this hour—Be Thou our Guide—So by Thy power—No foot shall slide." And in 1967 the landscaping to set off the just completed Edward S. Mann Student Center building. The naming of this building, by the way, is evidence of his recognized care for the students and their needs.

The academic quality was now significantly strengthened by the addition to the faculty of a full-time, fully trained, widely experienced librarian, Dorothy King. The Department of Education filled a gap in its program of teacher preparation by the addition of an efficient and experienced teacher and supervisor of elementary education, in the person of Gwendolyn Mann. Soon Dr. Ronald Gray came for secondary education; and in time, to organize and develop the entire professional education program, Dr. Philip Fitch.

Other already strong departments were developing under expert, proficient leadership, notably Science with men holding foundation grants, Drs. Rigden, Taylor, Phillips, and finally Dr. Lowell Hall.

More of the faculty were earning doctorates. I was particularly happy in the sixties to be able to say "Dr. Louise Dygoski" on her return from study and teaching at the University of Wisconsin. She had demonstrated

again her characteristic blend of grit and grace. And "Dr. Barbara Faulkner." When I see the amplitude of her achievement, the keenness of her mind, and the devotion of her spirit, I think of the day when she enrolled at E.N.C. and was persuaded to take the long view of the four-year college rather than the short route to quick returns.

The official history has just appeared, *Eastern Nazarene College: the First Fifty Years*, by Dr. James Cameron, of the Department of History, a triumph of research skill, the scarcity of available records considered. In several other ways this scholar has demonstrated professional versatility and insight.

And here I am in real trouble, for I want to go down the list and mention others and yet others.

OUTREACH OF INFLUENCE

It was in President Mann's day, and largely through his influence, that the latent rivalry among the Nazarene colleges has given place to cooperation and mutual helpfulness.

The first of the Nazarene educators' conferences met on the E.N.C. campus at our invitation. Possibly our president's lure of side trips to historic shrines was a drawing card. At any rate, this meeting proved so successful in every respect that biennial gatherings have been held ever since, attended by presidents and deans, and in time by business managers and development men. The institution has demonstrated its permanent practical value. This meant for me air trips to Pasadena and to Nampa, and at least one address to the assembled educators on my personal philosophy of education. It was a delight to catch the spirit of such men as Deans Culbertson of Pasadena, Ripper of Bethany, Snowbarger and Cotner of Olivet, Gresham and Adams of Trevecca, and of course to find Dean Thelma Culver of Nampa. And Mackay of Trevecca one does not

forget! Nor Dr. Purkiser, then of Pasadena. Again I should not have started. The list is long. The entire experience was mind-and-spirit-stretching.

Phi Delta Lambda, National Honor Society of our colleges, had come into being some time before, this also through E.N.C.'s initiative. Alumnus Professor Verner Babcock had stirred us up to get together a group of honor graduates, for the purpose of encouraging post-graduate study through some form of loan. We learned that Pasadena College also had such a society, founded before ours. That gave us an Alpha Chapter, Pasadena, and a Beta Chapter, E.N.C. We encouraged all the other colleges to follow suit, and meeting during General Assembly in 1940, we organized a national society. Professor Mann (he was then) and I were elected the first president and secretary, and to us was given the responsibility of choosing a Greek-letter name and designing a pin. We followed the Phi Beta Kappa tradition as to the key shape (relying on Alvin Kauffman, later our dean, for the design) and as to the first word, *philosophia*, wisdom or knowledge. The second, *dikaio-sune*, righteousness, was as near as I could come to our religious ideal; the third, *lambda*, service, stood for the goal of a dedicated life. Phi Delta Lambda still is active in all our colleges. Every commencement at E.N.C. the coveted phrase rings out as the diploma is presented to the highest-ranking graduates: "*magna cum laude*, elected to Phi Delta Lambda." And every quadrennium two representatives from each college meet in formal session to pass the leadership from one college to the next. In many ways this honor society has proved its worth in terms of cooperation and encouragement of superior achievement.

ACADEMIC RELATIONS

President Mann, having himself been a layman faculty member, has shown a personal understanding of

faculty feelings and a thoughtfulness of faculty needs. And he has worked desperately to obtain grants and other special donations which would make possible salaries more nearly adequate for the ever-rising cost of living.

One personal example is his presidential order to me to "take a vacation"—which I obediently followed year after year. To Madeline Nease also, which she never could bring herself to obey.

A new generation of faculty members was taking over: young men with doctrates either earned or in progress, and with growing families. Their demands were greater and some critics must have thought their spirit of sacrifice less than that of the "old-timers." But I was an old-timer, and I considered their dedication genuine. The demands on them were different; a higher standard of living was required of them for the honor of the college, and more contacts with the "outside world," attendance at professional meetings and membership in professional organizations, expensive advanced study. Many of them faced the "moonlighting" of an extra job, when they had turned down a salary twice or thrice what E.N.C. could offer them. They were paying for the privilege of giving their lives away.

This sort of devotion is still very much alive. I cannot express the thrill I felt at the Phi Delta Lambda business meeting this past commencement when I saw some of today's finest young faculty members putting their best—and a fine best it was—into a job for E.N.C. they were not paid for.

Which brings me to the changes in my responsibilities as dean of the college. With the gaining of accreditation in 1943 came wider horizons and new relationships and obligations. There was not only the New England Association but also the Association of American Colleges whose meetings the president and dean must attend. There was inspiration in some outstanding speeches;

there were practical suggestions in the conferences; there was encouragement in comparing notes with well-known institutions and finding there much the same problems and practices as our own. And, I must add, there was considerable pleasure and profit in talking over with President Mann the pertinent issues and suggested solutions; and sheer fun in discovering we both liked a simple oyster stew for a meal we must snatch *en route*. For in those days we traveled by train and distances were really distance.

Another change was inherent in the rapidly accelerating tempo of educational policy. In theory the New England Association was not an accrediting body, though membership in it was tantamount to accreditation and was so accepted throughout the country. In good old New England fashion, it trusted to character. Once assured of the integrity of purpose and the quality of spirit of an institution and the adequacy of its means and policies in terms of finances, faculty preparation, and student ability, it had little to say about quantitative details. But with increasing pressures from all quarters of the United States it was now taking on the burden of reaccrediting its members, looking them over, this time measuring by more specific standards. E.N.C. was slated for another visit in 1958. The Committee on Academic Policy went to work, the Committee on Academic Standards as well. Self-study was the word. Dr. Shrader was in his element. We passed the test with commendation, also with some advice, and were promised a second visit in about ten years.

It was encouraging at this time to hear a noted educator say, "This institution has a distinctive air about it: forward-looking, spiritually alive, and conducive to educational accomplishment."

With these changes and the consequent greatly enlarged demands on the deanship, it was evident that a younger person is required for the office. It was con-

venient that my seventieth birthday and the completion of fifty years of teaching, thirty-eight of them as dean of E.N.C., came along about now. In June, 1957, I was glad to retire from the deanship.*

Any sensible person would have done so earlier. From the beginning I had been a sort of homemade dean fitting loosely the wit's now trite definition of the dean as "the person who stays at home trying to make the college half as good as the president says it is." I had been exposed to excellent standards of both scholarship and spirituality; I tried to live and communicate these as best I could to both faculty and students. I knew that the usual academic dean had a full-time job of organization, recruitment, and cultivation of connections in the academic world. I scarcely had a right to the title. But it had come to me and stayed. And I seemed to be needed in the work I was doing. I forgot how many years were going by. I was glad now I could turn the office over to as fine a person as Dr. Alvin Kauffman.

One word spoken of me—I forget on what public occasion—by Dr. A. F. Harper when he was our philosophy great man, I have remembered and cherished. He spoke of "her students, her standards, her Savior." On that I am grateful to stand.

*This same June my class of 1907 was honored at the Boston University Alumni Meeting. Special mention was made of my retirement as dean of E.N.C. and I was sent a special B.U. symbol.

CHAPTER XI

The Nineteen Fifties

MISCELLANEOUS

For the college these 1950's were years of expansion in numbers of students and faculty and in all the pressures and activities incident to that growth. As the decade wore on, our high-powered men, Paul Wells business manager, and Stephen Nease director of development—both general troubleshooters, one at home, the other abroad—were operating at increasing tempo. Grant Cross was multiplying regional alumni clubs, stirring alumni loyalty. Rev. E. E. Grosse was perpetuating the tradition of those earlier trustees L. D. Peavey and Maurice Emery, who gave us their love, their prayers, their labors, and their children. The talk was of grants, wills, life loans. There were John Gould Lectures on Holiness, E. H. Kauffman Lectures on Evangelism; missionary workshops and faculty workshops; fine arts series and visiting lecturers.

Life on campus seemed rich in those days. Student attitudes, on the whole, were positive and wholesome. Our present college pastor, Rev. Gordon Wetmore, a graduate student in 1954, recalled in last week's sermon a revival meeting of that year significant enough to set a standard for him and for many others of the manifest presence of God at work in human lives.

Many young men and women apparently were achieving the stated goal of our teaching, a life that integrates the spiritual, the intellectual, and, hopefully, the practical. An eighteen-member undergraduate honor society seems symbolic. Six of the eighteen are today world missionaries; four are ministers or ministers' wives; two are E.N.C. professors, one an ordained elder teaching Bible, the other the academic dean of the college. The missionaries are well-known: Berge Najarjian in Jerusalem, Jordan, Harry Rich in Haiti, Evelyn Ramsey in Africa, Mary Wallace in Nicaragua, Gloria Henck in Cape Verde Islands, Joyce Knepper with American Indians. Our best students were also our most evangelistic- and missions-minded, with a practical drive to carry them to their objective.

Symbolic of integrating experience across department lines were the music-and-literature performances by Mrs. F. Addison Porter of New England Conservatory of Music. A favorite was the Shakespeare-Mendelssohn correlation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I might note that Professor Cove and I tried something of the same nature with Grieg's music and Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*.

For me the early fifties were years of lectures at the other Nazarene colleges, of getting some talks and *Conquest* articles into print (*Not Somehow, but Triumphantly*). One address, "Give Ye Them to Eat," presented at the educators' conference in October, 1955, expresses (or tries to express) my feeling about my high calling. These were also years of exciting teaching.

Many other experiences come to mind: days at Portsmouth and Smith Mills camp meetings. (On the side, at Smith Mills, Rev.—now Dr.—Everett Phillips and Rev. Chet Smith, then pastor at New Bedford, introduced me belatedly to a genuine New England clambake at Fairhaven.) And of course North Reading. Occasionally a day at Douglas Camp, where I met Christ so long ago.

One once-in-a-lifetime gift, the trip to Europe in 1954. One trying illness, an unidentifiable “bug,” stayed with me from the Glorious Fourth I spent at North Reading Camp (*post hoc ergo propter hoc?*) throughout the summer. We called it the “Methuselah disease.”

* * *

One lesson of the earliest fifties I do not forget. I had known it theoretically for a long time. Our pastor, Brother Angell, used to explain to the students that tennis was right and good, a wholesome recreation, but when prayer meeting time came, tennis was wrong. The point was clear. He went on to define “uncontrolled desire” as “lust”—rather, perhaps, the essence of lust as uncontrolled desire.

When Stephen Nease was dean of men and athletic director, he lived with his family (his wife, Christine, and two-year-old daughter, Linda) in the first-floor apartment of Memorial Hall. Every afternoon about four o'clock I used to come and take Linda over to our house to play for an hour. It was my recreation. Silly for a “great-aunt,” but I grew so fond of the youngster and my fun-time with her that I awoke one day to realize that the pull of the hour was too strong. I did not want anything to interrupt it or prevent it, even more important matters. I recognized temptation; the pull had to be regulated. Not that the desire was wrong or that the visits had to stop, but that desire must be put in its place, and the loving urge to please God con-

sciously come first. There is a moment when the Spirit gently warns of a desire that is getting out of hand. If then indulged, it will take over in the ugliness of uncontrolled and soon uncontrollable desire.

(I was reminded that there can be an uncontrolled desire to work on a good matter, when I found myself under deadline pressure in writing this autobiography, tempted to cut prayer-time short, to get a few extra precious morning minutes!)

But from this relationship and these "Linda days" I have carried away a single treasured phrase. I had come for her one afternoon, found her not quite dressed from her nap, gone across campus on an errand, and been a bit delayed in returning. When I opened the door, she stretched out her hands to me and choked out, half-laugh, half-sob, "My Auntie Bertie wouldn't forget me!" I have prized that trust. Unthinkable to disappoint it. The words still are with me. They say much to me of One who cannot disappoint.

"It sure am easy to overtalk" (remark of elevator operator to General Superintendent R. T. Williams). And these years are too full for selection, too near for comment.

PICTURES OF PRESIDENTS

Pictures in brown hanging on our college walls. Clearer pictures etched on my mind and heart flash into memories. A longtime dean gets to know her bosses well. "Presidents come and presidents go," they paraphrased, "but she goes on forever." Almost. For some occasion in the early 1950's I was asked to complete the sketch I had presented in 1944. We stopped then for a bit of past perspective.

President Shields, I called *Boanerges* (Son of Thunder who became John of Love). Zeal for truth plus kindly humor. Contemporary flashes (in *Nautilus*): "vision" (Wollaston), "recognition of ability" (faculty), "faith" (his divine commission); "smile," "hearty laugh."

President Nease was *Paul*: evangelist, philosopher, theologian. Contemporary flashes: "Our guide, philosopher, friend." "Classes vital and thought-provoking." "Controller of reins of college life, but larger the place in our hearts." "Missed as teacher, preacher, counsellor, president, brother."

President Gardner was *James* the apostle. Practical, patient. Contemporary flashes: "Inspiration to practical Christian living." "Understanding friend." "Shares our work and our play." "His heart is in young people." "Courage."

President Williamson: *Joshua* plus *Gideon*. Courage, resolution, energy. Contemporary flashes: "Youth, spirit, confidence." "Vigorous, dynamic leadership." "Vision and unstinting effort united with prayer and faith."

President Young: *Nehemiah* (builder) plus *Isaiah* (worship). Love of truth, understanding of truth, devotion to truth, application of truth, impact of truth. Contemporary flashes: "Fair-minded and tender-spirited." "His God doth instruct him to wisdom."

President Mann: I called him then *David*. "Delivered from the lion and the bear . . . also from this giant." "Alma Mater." Contemporary flashes: "Simple virtues." "Dedicated to lay service to God and church." "Power to command loyalty of students and respect of educators."

Joy to work with these good men without a break, with complete confidence in their integrity—and now to be their camera.

I see the steady growth and constant spirit of these years in terms of principles: always the devotion to God and truth, but the emphasis varying and the vision enlarging with new conditions and fresh demands. The portraits in the Administration Building remind us:

With President Shields, *the vision of the pioneer*, the faith that ventures—"What must be can be by the help of God."

With President Nease, *the challenge of the evangelist and scholar*—consecration and development of the entire personality for the service of Christ. "100% of the man I can be for God."

With President Gardner, *the courage of endurance and stick-to-itiveness*. "Steadfast, unmovable . . . your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

With President Williamson, *the confidence of victory*. Financial and educational impossibilities, but the slogan "He is able."

With President Young, *the steadiness of the long view, loyalty to truth, strengthening foundations and building wisely*: "Let every man take heed how he buildeth."

With President Mann, *the stability of a constant faith in E.N.C., her spirit and her God*—plus a new forward dream: permanence and advance. "Trust and obey."

PERSONAL REVIEW

As I looked back then in perspective on the history of the college, I seem also to have been reviewing my personal life. The recapitulation that follows, you will find full of repetitions, for you have been living my memories with me. I trust you will see them now as I saw them then, as composite demonstration of the faithfulness of God; as wealth I must share.

In a letter to the alumni my past life was a

GREAT ADVENTURE

Not a moment of boredom when you are embarked on an adventure for God, especially an adventure with young people—their minds, and how to use them; their lives, and what to do with them. Shakespeare and Chaucer and Dante may be the same in print as they were in 1919, though what we see in them is enlarged. But no two boys have ever been the same. That is why years fly by so fast and so excitingly in our great adventure.

Today I am thinking of the glory of losing yourself in a cause you believe in thoroughly, and of proving the

utter faithfulness of God. Many of you know that same glory. For years I have watched E.N.C. alumni captured, one and another, by Christ for an assignment. Only this week I had the joy of seeing one of them face and accept a difficult, responsible charge, at real cost but with the light of a heavenly vision—here at the college. Starry-eyed dreams will pass, but the dynamic drive will be the stronger as repeated crises are met by repeated inner strengthenings.

They come thronging back to me, those moments of my life which have kept the flame alive. You can parallel them in your own adventure with God. Moments, in my late teens at the university, of *dim vision*: "Why not the best in education combined with the best in religion (holiness)?" Moment of *venture*, a few years later, with a final absolute commitment: "All you are and have belongs to God and holiness"—so, to a struggling holiness school. (The venture lasted long!) Moment of *assignment* (under the railroad wreckage): "Life was given you for this. This is your place."

Moment of *insight*: "The cross of Christ is the central fact of history. All truth, to be truth, must harmonize with that." (Then logically the holiness college offers the only completely *genuine* education. More than training for the intellect in a Christian environment, it is a place to *think Christian*, to love God with all the mind.)

Moment of *faith* stretched to the limit: "Start a holiness college under the eaves of Harvard!" Impossible, but a calculated risk. Moment of *demand*: frustrated by non-accreditation and impossibility of premedical recognition, the importunate prayer, "Lord, can't You *do* something about it?" And the moment of *achievement*, soon after, with membership in the regional association actually secured. Moment of *claim*: "This campus belongs to God!"—and moments of *reassurance*, with revival tides.

Repeated moments of *crisis*, when the ground seemed swept from under foot, followed the same instant by moments of *reinforcement*, with inner strength to meet the crisis—such the faithfulness of God.

Today every commissioned Christian faces a crisis. (The Chinese write the word *crisis* by two other words combined: *danger* and *opportunity*.) E.N.C.'s crisis is threefold. (1) To keep her doors open she must keep accreditation. Educational standards are constantly ex-

panding, especially in an atomic age. To keep accreditation, she must expand; to expand she must have money. (2) To meet the needs of the church she must keep pace with her original vision, enlarged. Now that a Nazarene seminary prepares more of the ministers, more young people are looking to the college for secular training. Secularized in scope, she must not become secularized in spirit. The Church needs a laity which will be clear-minded, substantial—and loyal. (3) To maintain the poise of the dual vision, the spiritual must be vital and dominant and the scholastic must be genuine. No counterfeit in either area. For this end she must have both students and faculty who are prepared in both areas.

No easy assignment; for more complex and more subtly threatened than forty years ago. As is your own peculiar assignment of living and spreading the Gospel. But all the more alive with exhilarating challenge.

As Edwin Markham wrote years ago to a pioneer educator,

*They who can put the self aside
And in Love's saddle leap and ride,
Their eyes will see the gates unfold
To glad roads of the Never-Old.**

CHAPEL MESSAGES

Some chapel messages of the early 1950's speak for themselves: first, the dedication of the new chapel (ground floor of the new college church)—“Grow, but Do Not Outgrow.”

“Wherever Abraham and Isaac went they dug wells and built altars. So do all Christians; the two belong together, prosperity and worship. Every Christian group builds an altar in recognition of God in all of life. So we dedicate our new chapel.

“Every organization needs a spiritual heart, said Benjamin Franklin. Every institution has a soul, which it can lose as it grows larger. I have seen this happen with my own alma mater. And I have seen E.N.C. out-

*Quoted in *National Educational Association Journal*, March, 1957.

grow, in size, two chapels. She kept her spirit through two; I trust she will keep it through the third. We need a reminder as we dedicate today: Grow, but do not out-grow.

"We celebrate the same days: Junior-Senior Day of achievement, Campus Day of cooperation and loyalty, Society programs of fellowship, Revival days of soul illumination and victory, personal and united. We have the same symbols: the altar, God real; the Bible, God guiding; the bowed head, God ordering. We hear the same messages on truth, holiness evangelism. We pray the same prayers of confession, aspiration, thanksgiving, and sing the same songs: 'He Lives,' 'Glorious Freedom,' 'Even Me.' Our college seal is the same—The Way, the Truth, the Life; the lamp of learning, the Book of spiritual illumination, the globe of worldwide service. Our Christ is the same.

"We can outgrow all these unless we make and keep each one real to us. They *are* the real things. Or their meaning can grow as we grow. The same response will bring the same glory—but larger."

*Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and heart, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.*

There was "Give Me This Mountain." In reading an autobiographical account of "Discoveries Made by Way of Mountains"* I was reminded of the discoveries about life that some of us need to make and can make only by way of the difficulties that face us. Our liabilities? Loneliness and loss—they drive us to the sight of the stability and strength in God's "mountains round

*William O. Douglas.

about." Weakness and self-doubt we can overcome only by making ourselves climb; "Whom the Lord loveth He lets fail," to make him stronger as he remembers, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Fear and fear of one's own fear? Face the fear and the fact of your fear by action and listen to the strong Voice that says, "Fear not. I am with thee." Then "live unafraid in the midst of danger."

The mountains as a symbol of eternity. "Live dangerously, and you are not afraid to die"; and are "strangely free to live." "He that would save his life shall lose it." The challenge of difficulties faced, not shirked, drives us to tap all the tremendous resources of the human spirit—and more, drives us to the mountains of God. Four of these mountains I have found to be solid foundations for life and eternity. Mt. Sinai, with its revelation of God's authority—symbol of our moral accountability to Him. Mt. Carmel, with Elijah's "If the Lord be God, follow him," symbol of personal choice and personal experience through faith; Mt. Hermon, mount of the Transfiguration, symbol of mind and heart centered in Christ, the integrated life of a Christian philosophy. Mt. Calvary, the grace that makes available the power stronger than human to deliver from self and sin. Through the Cross my path to life is free!

In the fall of 1954, "Picking up the Pieces" was based on the then current elementary method of letting children discover principles by handling the objects piece by piece.* "To organize the pieces (of life) into a whole is to become adult. So if your summer vacation fell to pieces—or if your thinking, to date, is still in jigsaw puzzle pieces—hear two things I have learned: (1) Don't get panicky over broken pieces. Begin where you are and go on. (2) Don't live your life in pieces.

*Growing out of a conversation with experienced teacher, Boneita Pyle Marquart, E.N.C., '32.

"This is the genius of the Christian college. It helps you organize your life around one Person by the help of one Book. Read the Bible for great problems and great principles of solution. Check your thinking by these: not all the answers are there; basic premises are. The Bible *History*: the nature and relations of God and man, the infinite value of personality, man as he is with God pushed out of his world, God working in history to redeem. *Psalms*: God realizable in all areas of life for those who choose a personal relationship. *Wisdom Literature*: the will of God man's supreme good. *The Prophets* and the *New Testament*: God speaking finally to man in the person of the God-Man. God as redeeming Love. Integrate your life around the person of Jesus Christ."

You will see that all roads lead in my thinking to the same point. Wherever I start, the same end, "There is none other name." One more example: "Dead Ends, or Life's Good"—the things men spend their lives for. It had been suggested that as a teacher of English I should speak on literature. With apologies to the sophomore "lit" students, I used Homer's Achilles as example of physical strength and courage; Euripides' Medea and Racine's Phedre, examples of passion ("all for love"); Voltaire's Candide, example of honest effort, energies ironically spent for nothing. A dead end always for an earthly *summum bonum*.

Even much that is fine in life, worthy goals, can end in frustration. Virgil's Aeneas sacrificing all for an earthly Rome; Socrates' moral courage and intellectual honesty unsure, at the end, of immortality. Just the way life is: weak or strong, a dead end if you face it alone, humanly. Good intentions? Hardy's weak Jude and Tess, George Eliot's Lydgate weak and Dorothea strong*;

*In *Middlemarch*.

Ibsen's easygoing Peer Gynt's dead end the melting pot, and iron-willed Brand's the ice church.

"Near-Christian," we say of some of these, and they have much to teach us. But they cannot sing Paul's "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded." Nor Job's "I know that my redeemer liveth . . . he shall stand . . . I shall see him." "He knows my way . . . when He has tried me I shall come forth gold." No dead end here. For this life and the next.

Paul speaks again: "In all these things . . . more than conquerors through him." No one, nothing, shall separate from the love of Christ. In the storm, the ship going to pieces, "the Lord stood by, whose I am and whom I serve . . . Be of good cheer . . . I believe God." "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown . . . the Lord . . . shall give me."

Outstanding characters these, but Jesus has a word for us weak ones: "In the world tribulation, but in Me peace. I go to prepare a place for you; where I am ye shall be." No dead ends for the wayfaring Christian. An open road ahead, through trial and into heaven.

And no dead end in our personal problems today. If an open door through death to glory, then an open door through problem to power. There is a way through.

One more bit of reading: Charles Williams' symbolic story, *Descent into Hell*. One man, self-centered, shrinking from facing any facts that hurt his vanity, disintegrates—in incestuous lust for self-flattery—and slides down the long rope into hell. Three others, freed by honesty with self and trust in the "substitutionary love" of Christ, pass on that love in bearing loads for others; so grow strong and mount the heights, serving and saving as they go. Subtle self-deceit and self-satisfaction are possible. Thank God, we can turn over the deeps of our nature to the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ. With no shrinking from knowing the worst of self, looking ourselves straight in the face, then straight at Christ,

we find our open doors to fullness of life. (This at some length, because it is my testimony.)

There was the "Yet Twenty Days" talk. I was plagiarizing Russell DeLong's E.N.C. sermon, "Yet Forty Days, and Nineveh Shall Be Destroyed."

"Yet twenty days and E.N.C. will close. Twenty days for catching up. What had you hoped from E.N.C. this year? What seen in God's will for you? (Once seen, always there, unless enlarged). Standard? Habit? Weakness? Work possible? Experience to obtain? These great moments of insight are (1) real, (2) opportunity, (3) obligatory, (4) possible, (5) our life—our only hope. Twenty days for going forward together."

The talk after a good revival service: "On Growing." Two recent challenges: (1) "Grow in grace—or backslide," John Wesley warned. (2) "Don't reject the Gospel, but *reduce* it," the enemy whispers.

How grow? How prove the *full* Gospel? Slogans from my own experience: (1) "Trust your great moments." There eternity shines through the mists of earth. They are reality. (2) *Be*. "Face your facts"—every one. "Don't go round." (3) *Do*. There is a job in the Kingdom for every one. Find yours. "God will not waste a consecrated life."

* * *

In June, 1957, I retired formally from my official deanship. The following September, I spoke to the trustees and faculty, a farewell manifesto, as it were. I give here only the opening paragraph.

Vision in 1957 for a Holiness College

"In India it is said that the truly sacred places of the earth are those where two rivers meet. So Allaha-bad, for instance, is held to be a sacred city because it lies at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna. In a somewhat similar way it may be said that E.N.C. is a

sacred place because it stands at the confluence of many streams. Here meet the precedents of the past and the needs of the present, the insights of scholarship and the eternal verities, the grace of God and the aspirations of all sorts and conditions of young people.

—ADAPTED FROM DEAN DOUGLAS HORTON
Harvard Divinity School

“In a special way we stand today at the confluence—what almost seems confusion—of crosscurrents, so violent the shock of meeting streams. Ours the responsibility to deepen the channel into which they flow and merge, so to blend them as to change confusion to power.”*

*See full text of this address in the Appendix.

PART THREE

Perspective: Purely Personal

Section One: THE MANYSIDEDNESS
OF THE SELF

CHAPTER I

Cocurricular

The words that came to me as a possible phrasing of the title for this section were those of Pirandello—"Multiplicity of the Ego." But I am not certain that I agree with his thought. Belief in personal integrity is too deeply ingrained. I suggest instead "The Many-sidedness of the Self." Is that person a husband? a father? a grandfather? a son? a brother? a nephew? a student? an engineer? a golf player? a citizen? a Christian? a church member? a man (I trust I recall correctly Samuel Young's discriminating statement that he was first—not in time but in essence—a man, then a Christian, then a Nazarene.)

Emerson defines the scholar as "man [generic, it is to be hoped] thinking." Essentially the person remains, but his various relationships exercise different faculties, call out different responses, and exhibit different facets of his personality. (Homemade psycho-

logical theory!) Having come ponderously thus far, I descend to practics. I have dealt so far with Dean Munro, to some extent with "Bertha Munro" as a name. There is still Bertha Munro the person, perhaps even Bertha. So no apology for Part III, "Purely Personal."

Yet when I come to write, I am surprised to see how at every turn I find the college. It has indeed been my life. But I was not submerged by it. I will try.

FAMILY

First, for the record, my relatives. The blood relatives are few, and my contacts with these few have been sketchy, though affectionate. There are my good Baptist maternal cousins in Melrose and Reading, Massachusetts; we keep in touch and are truly fond of each other. Also my niece in South Africa, and her children and grandchildren, whom I have never seen; we write at least once a year, and I was happy that the founders of Nazarene work in Bulawayo at least met her.

The closest in recent years have been my nephew and niece, Alexander Munro III and Jessie Munro Reid. Alex ("Allie," we all called him, poor boy, in distinction from his father; Florence, his sensible wife, saved him with her masculine "Al") was a loyal, active Methodist. Three years ago he collapsed suddenly on the platform just as he finished a talk to the Sunday school. He had been personally involved in church hospitality programs for international students. His earlier enthusiasm had been singing Scottish songs at gatherings of American Scots. He had a good voice and a strong family-Scottish sentiment; he asked me to bring him from Scotland a replica of the Munro clan coat-of-arms suitable for framing. We had seen little of each other until lately, when we found we were genuinely congenial and began to celebrate Thanksgivings together and sometimes birthdays (he was born on my sixth birthday). I believe he was a true Christian. Now Florence and I are drawn

together, with Janice, their daughter, and her little Jennifer.

Very close have been those remaining of my adopted families: the children of John and Annie Parsons—Willis, now Dr. Willis Parsons; Wilbur (whose granddaughter is this year marrying the grandson of my spiritual father, E. E. Angell, so interwoven these relationships become); and Alice Parsons Sweetser—I used to tell her the “Little Red Hen” story; now she is a grandmother. And the daughter of that May McKenney who helped make my father comfortable in Cliftondale, Beatrice McKenney Herrschaft (pals in girlhood, both Alice and Bea live now in Florida).

Those left, too, of the Hosley family, the husband and children of Annie Hosley Shrader: Dr. James Houston Shrader and his daughters—Muriel Shrader Mann, Margaret Munro Shrader, and Jean Shrader Mullen. They are well-known to most of my readers.

My “working” family today are my closer-than-adopted daughter, Madeline Nostrand Nease, and her children and grandchildren, whom you have met already. On second thoughts, you have not met the grandchildren: Stephen’s daughter, Linda Carol; and his three sons, Floyd William II, Stephen Wesley, Jr., David Hardy Nease; Helen’s Stephen Ernest, Carol Munro, and Mark Robert Bradley. Then of course Mary Kiser Harris, who has been my living partner for forty-five years.

But how many, many God has given me who seem my own—at least I feel the bond of love. Some have actually given me the name, and I have prized it. This wealth was His promise, and He has fulfilled it richly. The E.N.C. Alumni Breakfast at the General Assembly in Kansas City this year (1968)—that group of hundreds, many of whom I had not seen for years, was pure joy to me. All I could say, to myself and to them, was, “It pays to obey God.” It pays to trust Him with your life. He gives the best.

DRAFTED

I suppose I lack initiative. It seems I have always had to be given a push. Dr. E. P. Ellyson, head of Nazarene Sunday School Publications, in 1927 asked me to write "Points That Are Practical" for the weekly *Bible School Teacher's Journal*; Dr. Orval J. Nease, in his turn, assigned me "Literature and Life"; Dr. J. Glenn Gould, when he came to the office, wished me to resume the weekly feature under the title "Truth for Today," and this worked itself into the devotional books *Truth for Today* and *Strength for Today*. I did *The Pilgrim's Roadmap* on my own initiative; but someone else coined the phrase "Not Somehow but Triumphantly," which I used as title for my next book. I did not even choose the phrase; it chose me, forced itself on me when I saw it on a little shield motto in the office of President Young's secretary. From that moment on I could never escape it.

The editor of *Conquest* drafted me to contribute monthly articles, most of them chapel talks I had been called upon to give. And Dr. S. S. White impressed me on the basis of old friendship for the "Thought for the Day" column in the *Herald of Holiness*, to which he assigned the title. He had me writing seven paragraphs a week for several years, keeping my spiritual and mental nose to the grindstone with the plea, "Don't stop till I retire," which I could not turn down. Stephen White and I had been colleagues and good friends both at P.C.I. and at E.N.C. (These daily "thoughts" have been organized for printing someday as a book of devotional readings.)

And I must remind you that I was drafted, by John Warren and President Mann, to write this autobiography. But in spite of myself, I am glad they made me do all these things.

So much for me as a writer.

Then Samuel Young, when district superintendent, called for a set of lectures on "What Literature Can Do for a Preacher." I still have the briefcase given me in appreciation of that first lectureship. New England Young People's Institute ordered talks on literature for young people; and I tried, overambitiously, to show the meaning for their lives of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Goethe's *Faust*, and Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*. The Florida young people's group wrote for suggestions as to how and what to read, and I wrote on that topic.

Our Ralph Earle, E.N.C. '33, by that time professor at the Nazarene Theological Seminary, got me out to Kansas City to give lectures to the preachers-in-training on "Bible as Literature" and "The Sin Problem in Literature." Mrs. Earle had me telling the Shepherdess group—no, it was Parsonettes—how to be good pastors' wives! I was summoned to Bethany for *Pilgrim's Progress* and "Bible as Literature," to Olivet by the Poetry Club; I spoke there on "The Constant Symbol." To Asbury by Ruth Fess (this was my first air travel); to Northwest Nazarene College by John Riley and Marian Washburn—both my former literature majors, as were most of the other summoners.

I was being forced, I see, to think through the vital implications for my Christian faith of my field of study, literature, which I had chosen originally because I was pulled into it by the discovery, "This is life!" And vice versa, the implications of my faith for my insight into literature. How to find truth in the fiction that has lasted; the distinction between fact and truth. The principle of vicarious living: broadening your experience of life and people by living in literature through a situation you never would meet yourself; light shed on human nature as human conduct and motives are studied and interpreted, got together with the Word of God.

Once in a while an encouraging testimony has come

to me. Abbie-Jean Kauffman (Delp) told me only lately that those lectures to teen-agers on *Faust* and Dante had first stirred her to think. Viola Roberts, an army WAC, more mature than some, testified to the basic spiritual help she had received from *Peer Gynt*, *Faust*, Dante's *Inferno*, Melville's *Moby Dick*, read as a Christian thinker reads.

This sort of literary study has since been developed, particularly in the sixties, by Nathan Scott of Chicago and the so-called Christian critics. I had to work it out through experience, thanks to those who pulled it out of me. Not the least of these my patient students, who faced me daily for what is now called "dialogue." I never could get far in my teaching with "straight lecture courses." Instead, we had "topics for discussion." It seemed always that mind must meet mind, even clashing. And good dialogue we have had. I think especially of some lively minds that could always be counted on to ask the right questions for an illuminating encounter of wits. I will not start naming.

In 1960 a second course of lectures on the worth of literature to the preacher was called for at Kansas City. The titles may be of interest: "Seeing Life Steadily and Seeing It Whole," "Destiny by Catchwords," "Seeing Ourselves," "The Preacher and His Own Day."

The editor of the *Nazarene Preacher's Magazine* called on me to write some articles on "The Preacher and His English." I came through with three: "His Reading," "His Writing," "His Speaking." I still have a list of theologs' common errors furnished me at my request by Evangelos Soteriades, our librarian. Totally unself-sparing, punctilious in his own use of English, he had ideals for our students and for the Christian ministry. I myself have recognized, naturally, but never taken even mental notes of errors when listening to a preacher, however immature. I came to him for spiritual sustenance.

Some of these assignments I could not manage without help. One I have mentioned already: advice to the wives of pastors. Here I adopted the popular researcher's method, the questionnaire. I selected half-a-dozen E.N.C. alumnae "queens of the parsonage" whom I considered successful, and wrote asking them to tell me their chief problem, chief happiness, secret of success, and so on: Gertrude Chapman Lanpher, Lois Emery Nielson, Gertrude Thomas Phillips, and Dorcas Tarr Riley among the number. The results were helpful, sincere, illuminating.

The same pattern proved its worth later when the Sunday school lesson required that my "Truth for Today" give counsel on bringing up children! I appealed to alumni who came of families unquestionably happy in their output. I wrote to Edward Mann, to Ralph Earle, to one of the John Nielson, Sr., family, to Esther Mosher Blaney, and others asking what family customs, practices, policies had meant most to them. I quote from the reply of Mother Earle, who had sent us three fine sons and two daughters, all sturdy Christians and superior students. (Of Quaker stock, she had promised the Lord that if He would save her sons from the army draft she would gladly give them all to Him for missionary service. God took her at her word, and they were ready.)

Our rules in bringing up children: spiritual needs first, physical needs second, needs of the mind third. Guarded them in associates as much as possible. Tried to ground them spiritually before sending them to school. I felt that weariness, hunger, or bodily hurt was the cause of quarrelsomeness, and tried to counteract it with rest, nourishment, or soothing remedy.

Risking all inheritance due us, firmly although tearfully, asserting that I would bring up the children as I felt right, no matter what. It did cost, but how marvelously the Lord has made it up to us. It was freely argued that our children would never have any education because we had "too much religion."

Family worship, sitting together in the living room unhurried, reading the Bible and each praying in turn, was a family stronghold that made family decisions and straightened out wrongs.

And constant prayer.

Others, the Nielson family and the Moshers especially, spoke of the good times given them by their parents in place of some questionable entertainment withheld; the Nielsons, also, of singing together.

So I became a legitimate authority on child-rearing. "The educated person is the one who knows where to go for the right answers." But of course they say that the old answers won't do for this new breed of youngsters. I wonder. I am sure the promise, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God," is not footnoted, "Except for family matters."

The drafting has also been for "talks" for various occasions, on various subjects. I have scarcely ever spoken without a sort of near-panic beforehand. But these talks, I am fairly sure, have benefited me more than those who heard, even the few who listened. They have forced me to develop to some degree the "lost art of meditation." Without these demands I probably should have been "too busy." They have also helped me to appreciate more truly the qualities of the men and women of whom I spoke, the needs and the potential of the students to whom I spoke, my debt to the church and the college I serve, and the wonder and wealth of the gospel resources, the endless adequacy of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

CREATIVITY?

Publications? writings for scholarly journals? Formal reports of these are required of college faculty members. Histories of "creative work" to be presented to accrediting committees? My record shows up poorly.

I am reminded of Muriel Shrader Mann's (English major, E.N.C. '35) words about her own "poems":

*My sonnets are the ages two and three,
 Small, charming bits of masculinity.
 My cherished song is just six summers old;
 Her eyes are brown, and in her hair is gold.*

So most of my "publications" are people. Such creative energies as I possess have been poured into the lives of young men and women.

As I have emptied—I cannot say files—old desk drawers where I have over the years thrown used notes or outlines, I find an astonishing—to me—number, mostly chapel talks, both scholastic and "spiritual"; also lectures at E.N.C. and other colleges or at preachers' meetings or laymen's retreats, formal speeches (Junior-Senior Day, E.N.C. anniversaries and faculty-trustee dinners, educational conferences, faculty-student workshops, Phi Delta Lambda initiations, alumni reunions, young people's societies, miscellaneous). All, as I said, produced on demand. I did not dream they had worked me so hard. I have not been a draft-card burner; neither have I been a volunteer. Speaking publicly has not been easy.

But when I say E.N.C. I see people—hundreds, thousands now—whom I have loved and given myself to. One passing moment standing beside the Alumni Smorgasbord tables—the last year in the old dining room I think it was—looking back at the packed room and the long lines, a wave of utter weariness swept over me. Had I taught all these people?! How tired I must be! That was a freak illusion. I never have tired of a student or grugged him time or strength. And the alumni—"Now I live if they stand fast."

CHAPTER II

As Requested: Hobbies

My hobbies? Student questionnaires have asked. The answers have varied. Playing with the "kids" you have heard about. That was not included. Once the blank was filled: "My Sunday school class"; once, "Seniors." "Double-Crostics" certainly. Once I could have said with bitter sincerity: "Witchgrass." And once in blissful ignorance: "Making pies." There was a time in the distant past when Mary Harris and I were prognosticating what we would do "when we get old." We settled with a laugh that I would run a bakeshop and she a poultry farm. Until one day I stopped to calculate. Judging by the length of time one pie took me, a single day would put us in the red. The vision evaporated.

As for the Sunday school class, for forty years—how we teen-age girls used to laugh about the "forty years ago" phrase—for over forty years it was the college girls. The numbers grew and grew as the college

grew. But what wonderful girls they were: Elizabeth Roby and Elisabeth Earle, June Romig and Louise Dygoski, Janice Perry and Marguerite Cherdron, Della Boggs and Irma Koffel, the Emery girls and Evangeline Smith, Becky Skidmore and Jeanette Brake, Barbara Finch and Judy Andree. And now I should go back and add as many more—or else name none. They all were close to my heart.

All were loyal to the class; but I suspect they loved best the Christmas Sunday supper at our tiny #90 house, where between sixty and seventy girls, sitting crammed on the floor, shoes parked on the porch, managed creamed chicken with Miss Harris' potato rolls, hot cocoa, Hollywood salad (sorry about its name!), and brownies. Carols, of course, and a prayer, then back to evening service. For years this was routine, with only one case of spilled cocoa that I recall—a minor miracle.

I believed, and still believe, it is good for girls to have some means of all-girls get-togethering which has the spiritual life at its center, helping them to arrive at truly Christian ways of meeting their peculiar problems as they come. Even after the organization of co-ed classes for all the college students, a good number insisted on continuing the Fidelis Class. However, after a year or so I decided for them and asked the superintendent for another class.

When God released me from one longtime responsibility, He gave me another. It is His way. He will not waste a life, and He has plenty of jobs to be done. I had had a lasting concern for graduates who had stayed on in Wollaston or Quincy or nearby towns, many of them as teachers, some as housewives, a few in other capacities. (There was then no "young adult" class. And even there today a single young woman feels rather out of place.) These seemed to me like strays. The concern crystallized. It seemed God wanted to revive the some-time-defunct Business and Professional Women's

Class. This was the spot I fitted best now. Most of those eligible had been my E.N.C. students and Fidelis Class girls; we knew and loved each other. Besides, most of them were unmarried and knew I could understand their needs.

At any rate, the class was soon organized and went to work most enthusiastically and happily. Barbara Finch was our first president; everyone knows that fact guarantees energy and efficiency, and unselfish devotion. They called themselves the Inasmuch Class, and they have been in-as-much-ing ever since. The chief outlets have been annual Christmas candy boxes for the children of Boston Chapel (city mission church started and carried on by E.N.C. Evangelistic Association) and a foreign missionary budget: the support of a ministerial student, one in Africa, one in India, throughout his Bible school career, a parsonage in Haiti, contribution toward the children's wing of a hospital in Africa. Always some project that was the burden of "a former member of Miss Munro's class": Marjorie Whispel (Stockwell) and Lorraine Schultz of Mozambique, Mary Jones (Anderson) of India, Marion Kish (Rich) and Nancy Borden of Haiti; Dr. Evelyn Ramsey of Swaziland—\$1,000 each of the past two years, thanks to Emily Earnhart's vision and drive. Every Sunday there is a prayer for "every girl who has ever been in Miss Munro's class."

I neglected to say that the class as organized includes both those who can attend the Sunday morning class sessions and also those otherwise engaged at that time, teachers of other classes, and choir members particularly. These all get together once a month or so, for supper and some profitable social activity; sometimes for special prayer.

The class sessions have been signally blessed of God, I believe. My Sunday school philosophy is that there is some one bit of truth or blessing for each one

that meets the particular need of that hour. God does not waste time or His Word. The openness and oneness of true fellowship in Christ is a source of strength to us all. Every one is given the opportunity to express what the lesson of the day says or has said to her through the week; facing ourselves, coming to terms with the Word of God, is inevitable. Some quiet, unobtrusive persons are given an outlet and a sense of "belonging." And every once in a while some lost one wanders in, and stays. Twice at least an unwisely married young woman has brought a child to Sunday school—she missed the way, but wants her son, or daughter, to have a Christian rearing; has found us, right across the hall from the Beginners' Class, and also found the Lord for herself.

Yes, my Sunday school class is number one hobby.

SENIORS ET AL.

Seniors—they have been a close second. Subconsciously always, I suppose, as I followed each student from his freshman registration when I signed his card as adviser or countersigned it as dean of the college. For in the earlier days I knew every one fairly well by the time he reached his fourth year, or fifth—longer for some. But it was not until Christmas vacation, after the day itself, that I began consciously to distill my acquired knowledge—impression possibly is the more exact word—for the "senior sketches." From then until the spring vacation, when I actually beat them into shape for the Junior-Senior Banquet about the first of May, odd "boners," phrases, quotes, snatches of hymns, Bible verses would attach themselves, like iron filings to the magnet, to one or another of the graduates-to-be.

I recall the first time I attributed the boners to individual seniors (doubtful ethics?)—the shocked looks, and later the incredulous question, "Did I really say that?" They soon became used to my cheerful deceit

with the grain of truth, and delighted in it. They knew there was love behind it. At the banquet they were called by name, quite out of alphabetical order, and stood each to hear his sentence pronounced. They were good sports and trusted me with their lives and sacred honor.

A characteristic, identifying quality, a list of outstanding accomplishments, wise or otherwise, the boner worded as a test error, and a Bible quote or line of a hymn that seemed to me in some way appropriate were chosen for each senior. All were in terms of the main theme of the evening's program or the class motto. Some specimens of the boner: To Robin Clougher, a fine Shakespeare student, professedly independent of the males, Polonius' "To thine own self be true; thou canst then be false to any man." To another brilliant lit major: *Question*—"Tell me what you know about Keats." *Answer*—"I don't know anything. I don't even know what they are." To a married theolog, father of two notoriously lively boys: "The greatest miracle in the Bible was when Joshua told his son to stand still, and he obeyed him." To preacher-in-the-making Jay Patton perhaps—it was so unlike that conscientious, excellent student I trusted to irony: *Question*—"Name the minor prophets." *Answer*—"I can't. But I can name the four evangelists: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John."

Even a timeworn witticism became clever wit in the atmosphere of the evening when applied to those we all knew down to the least foible. Even for the victim there was some fun in laughing at himself, especially since he knew that in his turn he could laugh at all the others. As for me, it was a wit-twister to find fresh, bright sayings that were genuine humor, not forced or shady. Of course my own classes sometimes gave me material. There was the time-honored perversion of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," which every so often pops up on a test as "imitations of

immorality." But that could be used only once. I must not repeat.

What kept me going year after year from before 1930 until after 1960 was the double fact that: (1) always both classes would beg me "not to stop this year," the seniors because they wanted the sketches, the juniors because they wanted to round out their program; (2) for me it was a love service. I believed it could mean something real to every student to know he was noticed and cared about, appreciated both for what he was and for what he might yet be. So the hymn and the Bible verse went with a prayer, and no laugh had a barb in it. (Perhaps a mild reminder for one who needed it. For a young man who checked chapel attendance by rows and occasionally took advantage of his opportunity to walk out: "Down the chapel aisle—and on.") I have been amazed, though not actually surprised, to learn how accurately the Holy Spirit himself directed the aim, and the quote proved to be either one the senior had already claimed as his own (as Agnes Cubie's "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose . . .") or one that I learned later stayed with him to be of particular strength in afterlife (as Bob Sawyer's "Lead On, O King Eternal," which was the marching song when he took his Ph.D. degree). Or John Nielson's "I know whom I have believed."

The Double-crostics are the most relaxing of the hobbies. They have often saved my roommate and me from the boredom of "just sitting": long plane trips, long waits between planes, the delay in a doctor's office, a persistent hospital convalescence, for example. We became acquainted with the Kingsley Double-Crostic on the inside back cover of the *Saturday Review*, then went on to the bound collections. One of these latter we are apt to have on hand for just such occasions.

Even a relaxing recreation should possess some positive value. Not to mention the fascination of play-

ing with words and of testing the memory, this has the charm of discovery in the end result. Probably the best example of what I mean is this we met several years ago: a Christmas rhyme from Ogden Nash, more serious than his usual. I think of it often.

*Two ancient laws alone we know,
The ledger and the sword;
So far away, so long ago,
We lost the infant Lord.*

Two that appeared when daylight saving was a novelty have a lilt all their own, and are chanted annually in our home. In the fall,

*By law they took away from me
One hour of April laughter;
But I was tangled deep in love
And cared not what came after.
Just now they're giving back to me,
When I am sad and sober,
One lonely, melancholy hour
Of empty, still October.*

This I recall reciting to the faculty when it was new, at our October workshop. In spring,

*Go, turn your clocks up one by one,
Manipulate the moon and sun.
Legislate when day is done.
Go, send a message to the dew,
Inform the bees, and just a few
Robins, lest they wonder too
How man can tamper so with heaven
That half-past six is half-past seven.*

I may miss an editorial in the *Saturday Review*, never the *Double-Croctic*. Or the *Literary Crypt*. Decoding is always a challenge. And it too yields some interesting surprises.

WITCHGRASS

The witchgrass hobby is not one that I recommend. It was violent and all-absorbing while it lasted. When Franklin Avenue was widened to run almost across our doorstep, we felt that we were sitting in the middle of the street. So when real-estate men came inspecting the marshy lots between us and the parallel street to our rear, we decided we could not breathe with houses built close behind us. We managed to purchase three lots from the owner, who had moved to Florida and was glad to unload them. We now had ample room and spoke complacently of our "estate." Cheap fill had edged out the swamp; with a layer of topsoil, lush grass flourished. Willow trees and shrubs were set out, and the neighbors congratulated us on the park we were furnishing them.

Then here and there in our prairie-like expanse of lawn we saw tall, light-green blades, in some places spreading in wide patches. We started pulling, and found white roots winding and intertwining, one root sometimes running a foot or two underground. They did not loose their hold easily, but we determined to get rid of the pest. It was all one summer that we were working with pitchfork or a great carving knife to loosen the soil, with our bare fingers easing the roots out without breaking them, and using all our strength to manipulate our tools. Patiently we inched our way along early and late; during the heat of the day we were pulling ourselves out from our exhaustion. At the last we had a field of empty black spaces—ready for crabgrass to take over. As it did. The work was finished somehow, but not triumphantly. With the drainage problem which has followed we are still living somehow. Yet this experience too has said its say to my mind. I am sure this spreading, clinging, seed-choking witchgrass is only a faint symbol of the inner evil that our fathers felt demanded a total "eradication."

READING

As for a hobby taken for granted: reading. The learned journals—a few—come to my home. PMLA, *The American Scholar* (Phi Beta Kappa official organ), *Modern Fiction Studies*, *The Key Reporter*, *College English Association Critic*, C.C.L. (Conference on Christianity and Literature) *Newsletter*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Saturday Review*, *U.S. News and World Report*, and sometimes *Time*. Of course *Herald of Holiness*, *Other Sheep*, *Decision*, *Free Methodist*. Not to mention the *Reader's Digest* and some years *Better Homes and Gardens* for Miss Harris. I cannot keep abreast of them all; I do not pretend to. A book or two now and then: Elva McAllaster's poems, George Macdonald's *Diary of an Old Soul* lately, and parts of Tolkien's symbolic *Fellowship of the Ring*. J. B. Phillips' *The Ring of Truth*, Richard Taylor's *Life in the Spirit*, J. Sidlow Baxter's *Awake, My Heart*, Elton Trueblood's *The Incendiary Fellowship*. Edward S. Mann's *I Write a Poem* is constantly in my sight, with J. B. Phillips' *Letters, Gospels, New Testament* paraphrases and his *God Our Contemporary*.

I started with "The Years Teach." They have never stopped teaching. In fact, during the past ten years I have been more aware of their lessons than ever. I came near omitting reading from my list of hobbies because reading is my job and no reading is peripheral. But I suppose I rarely sit down to relax without a book in my hand. (On second thought, when do I "sit down to relax"? But I am taking this business too seriously. This is not confessional, nor psychiatrist's couch.) The facts are that I love to read, and I pray I may not lose my eyesight, but I have not read as widely and as avidly as a teacher of literature should. Still, there is nothing, apart from seeing a soul saved, that gives me more keen delight than discovering a book that speaks to mind and spirit simultaneously.

During the past two decades my thought horizons have been lifted, my roots deepened, by acquaintance with two English writers, and others I came to know through them: C. S. Lewis, as a writer of fiction, and then his friend and inspirer, Charles Williams. These led to Dorothy Sayers, and back to George Macdonald, all beautiful writers and earnest Christians. Lewis with his allegories, notably his space-novel trilogy of redemption, and his children's stories (for grown-ups); Williams for his intense symbolic objectifying of the tremendous powers of good and evil. I would not say they strengthened my Christian faith, but they illuminated it by their rich symbolism.

One sentence of Lewis, from *That Hideous Strength* (spoken of Ransom's revelation) leaves me breathless: "Love coming to earth, fiery, sharp, bright and ruthless, ready to kill, ready to die, outspeeding light. Charity direct from the third heaven—deafening, blinding, scorching"—the flaming, burning light of the heavenly offensive.

Then there has been the excitement of recognizing God speaking through contemporary European writers, novelists and poets, not Christian themselves, but revealing facets of the "human predicament" in an un-Godded age. This will explain why to the end of any teaching I may yet do there will be a seminar in "Moral and Religious Issues in Literature."*

OTHERS

Other hobbies? Reading German Bible with Dorothy King. Following my girl Violet Balwit around the world by letter. A perennial hobby, the E.N.C. *Messiah*. Not singing in the chorus. Just listening. Mrs. Esther

*Much of what these paragraphs would develop into if there were time and space has been said in lectures that may be printed if time holds out.

Williamson's contralto solos, "He Shall Feed His Flock" and "Say unto the Cities of Judah." Kenneth Akins' "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted." No one else can sing for me, "And the rough places plain." Paul Willwerth's trumpet: "The trumpet, the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. . . . In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye . . ." That terrible pause of the chorus—then, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." One *Nautilus* staff's gift of the complete *Messiah* recording keeps this alive in our home.

Was this a hobby?—it was my way of discovering rich treasure—to trust for my special personal Christmas message each year, from some bit of the *Messiah*. It never failed. And once heard, it was always heard.

Sometimes in addition there was one from a carol. They too lasted, as peculiarly mine. All my friends know—the carolers know—that "Joy to the World" is my carol; not all know the reason. One year I heard, "He comes to make his blessings flow far as the curse is found." That meant to me cleansing from every trace of sin's virus in my nature. Another year, in "Silent Night" I heard "With the *dawn* of redeeming grace."

And so the listening "hobby," or habit, went on, unplanned but working its surprises, to Easter, and the lift, almost an atomic explosion, of "Ours the cross, the grave, the *skies*—Hallelujah!"

And on to Sundays.

Yes, singing is one of my hobbies—other people's singing, that is. The listening part. A wise man said it takes two to write a book, the one we call author and the understanding reader. We know some people "get more out of a book" than do others. Perhaps the same is true for singing.

CHAPTER III

Summers

EUROPEAN PILGRIMAGE

Vacations should come next. I have never taught regulation classes in summer school, but have never, that I can recall, spent a summer free from catch-up of leftover duties and preparation for the coming college year. Though I must seem to my laboring colleagues like the summer grasshopper without a care, I am following inner compulsions. The summer of 1954 spent in Europe, I presume, comes closest to irresponsible freedom.

One evening in the fall of 1953—it might have been at an alumni meeting—I had heard my first “This Is Your Life” program. Facts and fiction, it was *my* life they were talking about. And climaxing this rehearsal came an announcement that floored me: I was to go to Europe. That was before “going abroad” became a commonplace. Years before it had been a “someday” bare possibility, but now? I was within sight of seventy.

Sent by the college alumni and friends with injunctions to spend my time and their gift of money just

as I pleased, driven to the New York pier by our friends the Blaneys, finding roses and chocolates in our stateroom, Mary Harris and I were queens. Edith Cove, seasoned European traveler, had given us advice as to pleaces and routes on the Continent. Mary Mellinger, E.N.C.-er then teaching in the Nazarene college near Glasgow, advised lodging for us in four several sections of England which we could use as centers from which to visit surrounding points of interest, as well as two stops in Scotland. We were to travel independently on a planned itinerary. We sailed on the "Ryndam" of the Holland America Line the last week of May, and enjoyed the trip thoroughly—until we ran into a "big blow," the ship rolling at a 35° angle for two days and three nights. A great experience. Miss Harris enjoyed even that.

I did not take a camera. I did accumulate a suitcase full of cards, scenes, books, and maps to browse over "when I get old" and supposedly bored. I did acquire many mental pictures and priceless memories. We kept to our schedule fairly well except that we had to omit the stay in southwest England (Devon and Cornwall) and in southern Italy. My traveling partner became ill in Florence, Italy, from food poisoning and we were held up there for two or three weeks. In what better place could one wait? Later at Harrogate in Yorkshire there was a ten-day delay. We flew home from Prestwick, Glasgow's airport, August 11.

But what I have to tell is something bigger. When we left home, our good friends Elmer and Henrietta Kauffman (who had helped a great deal with Miss Harris' passage money) had made us promise to call them if we were in any trouble. Our excellent Jewish physician in Florence, Dr. Ashkenazy, who had practiced in Germany till Hitler drove him out, then in Italy till Mussolini did the same, then in India had experience with cholera, was at his wits' end. So that

day when she was in the grubby little "clinic" critically ill, after the worst night I ever spent, I cabled asking for prayer. Mary came through and gradually regained strength. Yet the remarkable fact was the way we found friends at every turn, and by having to spend longer time in Florence, in Yorkshire, and in Glasgow, in the Shakespeare country and in London, with Nazarene friends instead of at hotels, we learned to know the country and the people as we could not otherwise have done. We agreed that though the sight-seeing was a delight, what we prized most was the friends we had found.

When we came home Mrs. Kauffman was telling us of their prayers for us at the time. She said, "All I could pray was, 'Lord, sent them a friend.'" I learned something then about the specific way in which God answers prayer—sometimes even dictates the terms of the prayer. I have been thankful ever since also for the earnest prayer for us by (now Rev.) Dallas Mucci, who was then an E.N.C. student working at the Kauffman home.

But I must add one other lesson. In the dead of that worst night of struggle and desperate praying (I found out afterwards that both Mary and I thought it was her last) I said half to myself and half to God, "If only someone knew, to pray for us." At once the answer from the skies: "I can hear your prayer as well as anyone else's." I wonder if this meant not only that my prayer could fill the gap until the cable reached Massachusetts but also that He would send the right words to our praying friends. It seems to me that here is a bit of truth worth picking up both for the isolated missionary and for us at home who wish to pray effectively for him.

Some of the high spots of our trip for me were the bells of Köln (Cologne) Cathedral Sunday evening, the air breathing music; the boat trip up the Rhine—

“castles on the Rhine,” the Lorelei, and the German people on the boat enjoying their Monday holiday; the Castle of Chillon on Lake Geneva, with its dungeon where Shelley scrawled his name and the floor was *not* “worn by the sad steps of Bonnivard,” as Byron wrote. The Pietá (Jesus’ limp body being taken from the Cross) of Michelangelo in the Duomo of Florence and his David in the Piazza Michelangelo on the hill overlooking Florence; the spot beside the River Arno where Dante and Beatrice met; the Roman Forum and the Coliseum. Sunrise on the Alps as we flew over the Matterhorn. And of course every inch of London, though I knew Trafalgar Square best, with the pigeons and the National Museum. Carlyle’s study in Chelsea, Samuel Johnson’s house just off Fleet Street, a glimpse of Charles Lamb’s Inner Temple, Wesley’s Chapel; and from London east to Canterbury, west to Stonehenge. Certainly Shakespeare’s church, and the wedding bells leaping, dancing up and down the scale. Even better, Warwick Castle and the bells of St. Mary’s at noon. The Lake Country and our Irish hostess at Windermere, Wordsworth’s seat on the great rock by Rydal Water; the field of daffodils. From Harrogate, to Haworth and Emily Brontë’s lonely house; and the walk alone “across three fields” to the rolling expanse of her *Wuthering Heights* moors. The great York Cathedral with the “shambles” close by. The heather hills of the Scottish Highlands, the wild Glencoe pass, where the Campbells and MacLeods fought to the death; Tam o’Shanter’s Brig o’ Doon; Livingstone’s early tenement home at Blantyre; the Royal Walk at Edinburgh, with the house of John Knox, and directly across the street the large sign, “Alexander Munro, Tailor”! All are vivid, and many more.

Time has long since run out, and space. Just one or two—or three—intimate memories. One, our experience with Dr. Miller of Harrogate, retired except for

special services. He loved flowers and brought Miss Harris a great bunch of his own poppies; and he took me with his wife and university-bred daughter to visit the beautiful Gardens of that "Floral City." He also had me drive with him on a professional visit he was making out on the moors. When we left he said Miss Harris owed him nothing for his ten-day services (England's socialized medicine), but he would be grateful if we could get him in the States some cortisone he needed for a patient; it was scarce in England. He handed over to me \$100 without asking for a receipt. I never stopped to think it strange. He did not know us. We were glad to get the cortisone from our college physician at wholesale price and mail it to him.

Second, the friends we made at the Christian guest house in Harrogate. One, Betty George, has sent us every Christmas since one of the *Beautiful England* calendars. Her finest gift to me was the poem I loved at first sight:

*Go round England when the fields are green;
Something to remember when the east wind's
keen.*

*Go round England when the buttercups are
there;
Something to remember when the land lies
bare.*

*Go round England when the hedge foams May;
Something to remember when the skies are
gray.*

*Go round England, mark her lovely ways;
Learn her, and delight in her, and give God
praise!*

Put "daffodils" for "buttercups," and this says England for me. It stands with John of Gaunt's apostrophe to England so often quoted from *Richard II*,

*This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England.*

The Maurice Winterburnes, so kind to us in London, welcomed us to their home that chilly July Fourth morning when we flew in from Rome. The open arms of missionaries Earl and Thelma Morgan in Florence, who had just moved into the new mission home and church—God's timing for us—they insisted on our staying with them until Mary was able to travel. What close fellowship! And the thrill of Harold Tattersall's "Come and welcome!" to his home in Birmingham. I had vowed that I would not impose on the Nazarenes for entertainment, but we were in trouble, and I had to phone him.

And last, the Youth Institute at Galashiels in Scotland. I had been scheduled before leaving America for a devotional message daily. Their chief workers, Rev. Sydney Martin and Rev. T. Crichton Mitchell, were thoughtful, devoted, warmhearted, young with the young. My climb (partway) up the Eildon Hills with the youngsters led to their kind adoption of me, their morning song altered to take me in (Tune: "What a Friend We Have in Jesus"):

*From the hills of bonny Scotland
And from England Old and New,
Not forgetting dear old Ireland
And the Welsh people too.*

Best of all, their fresh, hearty voices as they sang—new to me then, and now a double thrill whenever I hear it:

*And can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Savior's blood?
 Died He for me, who caused His pain,
 For me who Him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! How can it be
 That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?*

.....

*My chains fell off, my heart was free!
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.*

An explosion of inner praise for which there are no words.

Trips abroad are commonplace nowadays. Not to me in 1954.

HISTORIC

As to ordinary "holidays"—note influence of **English** idiom—I am interested, as I think back, to recognize the changes as time and age move on. My first love was the ocean. In childhood Lynn Beach or Salem Willows and the picnics there with family or Sunday school. The whole school would go from Cliftondale in a chartered streetcar singing gospel songs on the way. Ocean Grove later when I baby-sat: the heavy-hitting waves with their sneaky undertow, and the quiet hush of the tabernacle grounds. Nova Scotia: the lighthouse, the fishermen and the deep-sea fishing, the thick mists. The sweet wild strawberries covering the front "lawn" of the old homestead of the May McKenney family. And games with those unspoiled boys and girls—how few on the second visit; many had gone to the States. The "tea meetings," with the cakes of many recipes, "out of this world," we thought, with their honest fresh eggs and fresh butter. Cundy's Harbor was much like Nova Scotia, but tamer. And no cakes, no deep-sea fishing for us.

Then for two or three years in the 1930's the charm of the mountains at Jackson, New Hampshire, in a roomy log cabin belonging to Mary Harris' mother's friend, halfway up Thorn Mountain, directly facing the Presidential Range. I shall never lose, but never be able to describe my first view of mountains, from that wide front porch. View, yes—but I was a part of it, enveloped by those misty blue peaks—majestic, yet friendly; distant enough to hold me off, close enough to draw me into their light-infused atmosphere—a breath-holding peace.

So the ocean had a rival. But we came back to it in our summers at Rockport, Massachusetts. The father of our missionary Margaret Stewart had discovered two sturdy stone cottages at Pigeon Cove, the rocky tip of land nearest to Europe, and he was kind to us for Margaret's sake. Another breathtaking sight, that first view of a clear, bright blue stretching as far as the eye could reach, and beyond. We knew there was an angry world beyond, for during the war we could hear the stealthy steps of the armed patrol on watch for smugglers. Otherwise, just rocks and tide. Once a mammoth storm at sea drove in gigantic, roaring breakers rolling in one continuous line the whole length of the long shore, pounding from Wednesday until the Tuesday we left—glorious in the sun as translucent green piled high, hesitated, then burst into dazzling white. Those years we had millionaire's vacations at poor man's prices. Our friends were more than generous.

Our next love, in the 1950's, was Newfound Lake, in the White Mountain region but not quite of it. Sugar-loaf was its highest peak. But the white birches, the green vistas opening ridge beyond ridge, slope after slope—from the Bart Sangers' porch I counted nine distinct layers in the gap on the shoreline opposite. And the great stone fireplace of the Victor Stewart luxury cabin overhanging the lake. I used to be up and out

on the porch in the early morning. (Lose the tranquility of the morning and you lose the best of the day.) The mother wood duck with her trail of ducklings was sure to go by; the squirrels and woodpeckers were awake too. And God was there.

We, Mary Harris and I, often had guests. At Pigeon Cove, I think of the night the Kauffmans surprised us at midnight, having driven over from North Reading Camp. Of our Columbus Day weekend there, with Stephen Nease on an overnight leave from Navy boot camp. The chilly night ocean air and the moon's path on the water, and Christine—just time enough and right enough for engagement vows.

At Newfound the Harris clan held a reunion in 1950. We used both houses, and the brothers and sisters came from California, Ohio, Kentucky, Pennsylvania. The Californian said, "If they had this lake in California, the world would hear about it!" It was not long before the water skiers began to rob Newfound Lake of its peace.

In the 1960's we have still quieter tastes. We summer now on the edge of a cove of Lake Champlain, in northern Vermont. "God's country," as our Vermont registrar says, and as our Vermonter president thinks it. But we have our own love affair with the state of Vermont.

We were attracted by the fact that the Stephen Nease family of youngsters had a tiny spot here and we could enlarge it and also enjoy their fun if we owned the bit of land next them. It is still a place the tourists have not found, and the entire cove is practically ours. As for the teen-agers, we made a list last year of the "camp activities" available: sports, games, handicrafts, it ran to sixty or seventy. Their father had been a camp counsellor and he has made the most of his ingenuity.

So here we are back to another generation of borrowed children to keep us young. Helen's husband,

Robert Bradley, found us a used trailer and transported it to its location here. When the Bradley children are added, swimming, diving, splashing, there is little left to wish for.

As I write this, I am sitting, Mary Harris in a *chaise longue* beside me in our unpretentious "hide-away," as Martha Savage called it, the last day of June, 1968, Sunday afternoon. A soft breeze is blowing from the water; everything is still. I look between the tops of the gently rustling poplars and the giant willow, away up into the cloud-free sky, and remind my partner of the day last year when this same sky was filled with thick, cottony clouds, and suddenly an opening showed through in the center the dazzling light, it seemed, of heaven. And we relive once again that other day by Lake Geneva fourteen years ago when, both of us on the brink of illness, we saw the two sparrows cheerfully pecking up God-given food. They preached to us their wordless sermon.

And so, to all vacationers, Godspeed.

Section Two: PHILOSOPHY AND FAITH

CHAPTER IV

My Philosophy of Life

"GLIMPSES OF TRUTH"

I have been telling it all this time, but we'll try an overview—another assignment—by way of analysis. Let us head it with the words I found myself the other day singing over and over half-consciously:

*Open my eyes that I may see
Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me.*

I have called my philosophy "homemade"; it was not "self-made." I believe God gave the glimpses. It started, perhaps you recall, with the one thing I knew for certain: I had to have Jesus. From that, everything. I could recommend to young people as their *summum bonum* the abiding things: faith, hope, and love. "A Person and a Philosophy," but in essence the Philosophy was the Person. In Him "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." How?

If He died for me, I was worth saving. I find an old browned sheet with notes of a short talk to Taylor friends in Boston back in 1920, in which I quoted (Holmes, I think), "‘Yesterday an egg and tomorrow a feather duster,’ said the rooster." A rooster’s philosophy of life. I think now of Russell Metcalfe’s half-humorous bit of verse written for Poetry class, "Scratching": "Chickens can only scratch." The next thing I was certain of was that man has a soul to save: his condition is such that he cannot save himself, his value to God such that He allowed His Son to die to make this saving possible. Something more I knew, though I knew I could not understand it, something about God: His unspeakable love. That could be trusted, to any lengths beyond question. From this the whole pattern of living.

How did I know all this? First because the Bible said so. Then I proved it by experience; the Bible could be trusted. So I had the truth of God’s double revelation of himself. God had made himself known in Jesus and in the messages He had sent through chosen persons; in the living Word and in the written Word, Jesus himself and the Holy Bible.

My own reactions had let me know that I could, must, choose. All this did not happen without my letting it. I had learned the fact of human responsibility: freedom, and obligation, of choice. My philosophy of life then? Just the core of the old Christian orthodoxy. The working detail had yet to be acquired. I am still in the process.

THE "ALL THINGS" PHILOSOPHY

There was Romans 8:28, with its reminder that trust would not always be easy or even reasonable, but that the safe thing would be to stay obedient and rest in His loving will. This had to be learned by living; it still has to be kept alive by testing.

"If all the blessings which suffering has brought into my life were taken out of it, it would be a very poor life. . . . I have learned everything through suffering."—Rev. F. C. Gibson. I read this not long ago and tested its validity by my own experience. I had in the past—I think for a talk to some youngsters—made a list of "Things I Have Learned." Glancing it over now, I see that many of these grew out of suffering.

I might put it this way. From one point of view I could see my life as a succession of losses. The one I had come to lean on was taken away. But through God's dealing with the situation each loss piled up more and stronger proof of the "all things" promise. This certainty is life's overall practical blessing. And with, for, each loss a special, pertinent promise.

The word of my mother's death, my early, basic conception of heaven: "They shall see his face; and his name . . . in their foreheads." "His servants shall serve him." Still my philosophy of life after death.

That night, not long after, of utter aloneness, on the old Colonial line steamer from New York to Boston. I had said good-bye to the family who had in a way filled my mother's place and to the girl who had been almost my other self. Utter depths, it seemed, for a forlorn teen-ager. But out of it the recognition that I must be *myself*, with God. "I called him alone, and blessed him." I trusted it. My name could substitute for the pronouns.

When Madeline Nostrand decided to marry—yes, I had pushed her into it, for I knew it was just right; but that first holiday I spent alone at 11 West Elm Avenue I knew real heartache. Until the word came clear: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should . . . bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." And then, "God having provided some better thing." (Out of context this last, I know, but harmonizing with Romans 8:28.) In the

joy I have had in the children of Floyd and Madeline Nease, I recognize the "better thing," and give thanks. I still have Madeline, and Mary Harris besides. Her family of brothers and sisters too. And missing the suffering, I should have missed the "ordination" and the promise, and the stronger tie to God.

There was a period of several—perhaps ten—years that I suffered, not from actual loss, but from threatened robbery, of personal influence and student spiritual welfare. I cannot be more specific. The distressing situation seemed endless. But out of it came a direct message which has been precious beyond calculation: "I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." The deliverance, when it came, gave me faith in Hudson Taylor's principle: "To move men through God by prayer alone." Because of this experience I was able years afterward to answer my Jewish therapist when she asked me one day during a treatment what she could do to stop a malicious slanderer. I told her I knew of no way but to turn it over to the Lord and trust Him to manage it. I had always found this the most satisfactory solution of a problem. She seemed to understand.

As the story approaches the present, I find it difficult to write personally. The losses have been of E.N.C. personnel whom I felt to be essential to her welfare at that moment: Ralph Earle, Samuel Young, Stephen Nease. In each case I said Yes, for I knew these men were answering a call of God. But the suffering was real and acute. In each case there came a word to lift above the present, a stretching of spirit outward and upward, a new toughening of my faith, a deeper understanding of my slogan "Expendable for God." Annie Johnson Flint's

*When we reach the end of our hoarded resources,
Our Father's full giving is only begun,*

spoke for me ("hoarded resources") and to me ("our Father's full giving").

Bringing this survey to date, I venture to mention Dr. Donald Young's leaving E.N.C. for Pasadena four years ago. I had expected him to fill my place as head of the Department of English and also of the Division of Letters. It was good for him to have this wider experience, and I told him so. But my heart was heavy. I tell this only because the "philosophy" we are investigating is so evident in this case. Not only has he returned to head the department; he has come with wider experience as teacher, and with expert training as an administrator to serve as a most efficient dean of the college. And as for me, indefinite postponement of retirement and the challenge of the seniors' final rounding-off course for graduate school have kept me on my toes intellectually, at least saved me from mental atrophy.

*He gives the very best to those
Who leave the choice with Him.*

"OPEN MY EARS"

This philosophy of God-confidence has been deepening lately into more of God-consciousness—"more power-conscious and less problem-conscious."

I find myself humming, "Take the dimness of my soul away."

*Open my ears, that I may hear
Voices of truth Thou sendest clear;
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear
Everything false will disappear.*

I have called this listening habit a hobby. It is of course more than that; it is a prayer. And it is not peculiar to me. You know how it is. Suddenly from a hymn you have sung over and over for years a phrase springs into life and presses its way into your consciousness, into your heart. You know it is *yours*—forever. This is truth, And this is the Spirit himself speaking.

It happened with me the other day when we, the Sunday morning congregation, were singing,

*He hideth my life in the depths of His love,
And covers me there with His hand.*

"The depths of His love"—what am I saying? What words are these? How deep those "depths"? How safe? "My life"? It is true.

It happened when a trio was singing on a Sunday evening:

*Oh, I have found it, the crystal fountain
Where all my life's deep needs have been supplied.*

It happened one day when I was driving a carful into the sunset, and I found myself singing—rather, found it singing itself—not aloud,

He will lead me safely in the path that He has trod

Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

"All the Way My Saviour Leads Me" has been my song for many years; but a few months back one Sunday morning it sounded like this as we sang: "All the way my Saviour leads me," and I was not looking back in testimony, but looking ahead in faith and glad assurance. I needed that change of emphasis to round out Romans 8:28.

*Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God.*

An octet of seniors was singing on Junior-Senior Day, singing beautifully, as if they meant it. I heard, with all there was of me,

*See the streams of living waters,
Flowing from the throne above,
Still supply thy sons and daughters
And all fear of want remove.*

"There is a river"!

Opened ears will hear more than singing. I am sure the Spirit touches ears as well as lips in the making of sermons, so drives the right putting of a basic truth to the ear prepared and needing it. I know exactly where and when certain phases of Christian truth became mine. E. E. Angell's "The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ"; J. Glenn Gould's "Take my yoke upon you" and "The Ministries of the Spirit"; S. S. White's "Public Enemy Number One" (indifference); Milton Poole's "The Interrupted Miracle" (Peter's walking on the water). And Samuel Young's, "You can't fight the Lord's battles with the devil's weapons," and "We stand or fall on our worship"; H. V. Miller's, "It may take a lifetime to get your moods under the control of the Holy Spirit"; T. E. Martin's prayer, "Help him not to waste his sorrow."

I have heard many sermons by all these men and I trust have been helped to work them into my living; these stand out as specific contributions to my thinking. I find myself quoting them often to myself and others to drive home a truth.

The same of testimonies: Edith Cove's on "embracing the promises"; Abbie Jean Kauffman's, "I can't be bothered" (with picking up a grouch); Viola Roberts, "I'm at God's disposal."

Then chapel speakers:

Dr. Harry E. Rosenberger, philosophy professor in the thirties: "We all must be careful lest our religion spoil our morals."

Professor Mervel Lunn, history professor, in a chapel service in the forties: "If there were no injustice in the world, there would be no chance for a moral risk!"

Weston Jones, history major of the forties, speaking one day in chapel: "If you don't defend the truth when you can, you may be called upon to defend it when you cannot."

The "color line"? There never has been one in my mind. For in the very earliest days of our church we entertained overnight in my home a colored evangelist, "Brother Lamont." A lasting memory was his singing of

*I know, I know, I have another building;
I know, I know, not made with hands.*

And later, still in my teens, I knew "Sister Rest," a colored member of the Washington Church of the Nazarene. I suppose she had another name; I never heard it.

*In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North—*

nor white or black.

I O U

The following, published originally in the *Herald of Holiness*, I believe expresses my philosophy of personal relations:

I owe you respect for your personality. You too are that climax of God's creation, made in His likeness. I owe you a right to your own opinion. You may differ with me without fear that I shall raise a barrier between us if we do not see eye to eye. We can disagree and still be friends.

I owe you belief in your integrity. Since I do, I shall put the best possible construction on your actions. I shall trust your words and deeds, even those I am unable to understand.

I owe you honest treatment; I shall not steal people's good opinion of you. I shall voice the sort of comment on you and your actions that I should wish made on me.

I owe you a "taking-off place." Though I value your friendship, I shall not enslave your spirit nor bind you so closely to me that you will lose the wealth of other friendships, or even fail to develop your own best potentialities.

I owe you thoughtful consideration. I will not steal your time when you are evidently busy, just because I happen to have some free time to "kill."

I owe you honest wages if I chance to be employer, honest work if I chance to be employed, honest measure and just weight in any case.

I owe you special help in time of special need: my hand, my ear, my voice. I owe you patience with what seems to me your stupidity or slowness. I owe you the identification of Golden-Rule imagination. I owe you "love unfeigned."

I owe it to you not to push you down in order to lift myself. Rather, I owe you advancement to the limit of my ability. I owe it to you to see you forge ahead of me without any reaction of envy or jealousy—even to give you a push.

I owe you a good example, a Christian testimony. I owe you the gospel of Christ to the limit that I possess it. I owe it to you to prove its power to the full, that God may challenge and encourage you by the sight of what He has done for someone else.

All this I owe you, and much more. I owe it to you not to fall behind with my payments. I shall always owe the abounding love which will meet those unforeseen and unexpected demands of the emergency and will save me from "Thou shalt" and "I must."

"Owe no man any thing but love."

MY PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION

Has been a Topsy-like development. From the one formal course at Boston University taken in my late teens I derived, I believe (my memory is hazy), a general ideal, to be identified later in Whitehead's "pursuit of excellence." My professors demonstrated some standards of successful, or the contrary, teaching. I wearied of Professor Black's oft repeated "simplicity and sincerity," yet somehow—osmosis, was it?—I caught the spirit. My Greek Professor Taylor's insistence on accuracy and comprehensiveness of memorized detail followed by Professor Aurelio's rapid-fire testing of principles and their application was a combination of knowledge and understanding which put into my system an objective standard of excellence. The Harvard courses, as I have said, exposed me to the depth and largeness of the ocean of

learning and ruined me forever for shoddy and quick success.

At Boston University also you will remember the philosophy began to take shape dimly, the ideal education seen as a sort of ellipse with the two centers, or foci, of sound scholarship and true religion (for me then, the brand of religion I know as "holiness," the all-out experiential relationship with God).

The commission appointed by the General Assembly to draw up a statement of the educational philosophy of the Church of the Nazarene—I was a member of it—was not particularly successful. I fear we were immature in our thinking. I know I was. I do not know what use, if any, was made of the statement submitted. The fact that we came short challenged me later to go back to basic assumptions, as we had not done. A sound philosophy of education is based on a sound philosophy of life.

My lived-into philosophy of life I believe you have followed: (1) the centrality of the incarnation, crucifixion, and resurrection of Jesus Christ; (2) the basic nature of man and of God as recognized and implied by this revelation; (3) the view of man and his relationships assumed in the masterworks of literature of the centuries. (I could have added to [3] "as revealed in history, and in nature as our understanding of nature progresses.")

I arrived at the following tentative formulation of a philosophy of Christian education. No doubt it has glaring philosophical weaknesses, but I am writing a personal record, not defending a thesis.

My working catalyst? fulcrum? keystone? It has been the fact of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, God's unique Revelation of himself. Any idea or statement that claims to be true, to justify the claim must not conflict with the implications of that fact regarding man or God. If it appears to do so, either reject it utterly or shelve it for future further knowledge. My

philosophy, then, starts with a basic commitment to essential revealed truth.

GOD: *Creator*, infinite in knowledge and goodness

Love to man shown in redemption

Personal: self-knowing, self-directing

MAN: *Created*, finite

Image of God: self-knowing

a whole being who thinks,
feels, wills, acts

Potential: God-given sovereignty of his own

Ability to choose: Harmony with God

or

Opposition, alienation

Redemption and Revelation

Primary: God in Christ, God the Spirit

Secondary: In the Scriptures; in the Church
of Christ

(Through these, redemption of individual men;
through individual men, redemption of society)

Education: development of the potential

Christian education: true and safe development of
redeemed, regenerated, restored men

Note: Man naturally is out of harmony with God
through a perverse will.

Traces of the divine image remain in a sensitivity and attraction to the drawing of the Holy Spirit.

The task, work, responsibility of the church is to regenerate (begin).

The task, work, responsibility of the college is to develop.

In evangelizing the student, the college is laying the foundation of a sound education. (She must often assume the role of the church.) The faculty member is not responsible to indoctrinate or to require the student to accept God's will or his own ideas; he is responsible to let him know and help

him to understand how he himself has related himself to God, and his subject to the basic Christian philosophy.

Specifically, the work of Christian education is:

1. To accept, if necessary, or supplement the *role of the church* for the initial step: a yielded will, an opened heart.

2. To lead the student to *accept* the fact of Christ as the one authentic Revelation of God to man, to *commit* himself to that as a guiding principle, and to explore its implications.

3. With the student to *seek truth* from every source, truth to be apprehended through all faculties (intellect, imagination, emotions, will) and to be expressed in action. The understood goal: dynamic integration of "the life of the mind" and "the life of the spirit."

4. To *guide* the student in *finding* and *checking* discovered "truths" with the essentials of revealed truth (the teachings of Christ and His life, death, and resurrection).

5. To *think with* the student in exploring and discovering new facets of already apprehended truth, revealed or discovered; in relating, organizing, and assimilating all so gathered and tested truth, distinguishing primary, eternal, absolute values from secondary, temporary values subject to question, change, or modification.

6. To aid the student through all possible means—example, communication, involvement, commitment, participation—to express in *action* the truth being made his.

7. And so, to aid in developing his God-given, Christ-redeemed, and Spirit-guided-and-energized personality for utmost service to God and men in this world and for an eternity of growth in knowledge of the Triune God and His purposes.

To suggest this central purpose of Eastern Nazarene College we have

1. The device on her official seal: (Christ) Way, Truth, Life.

2. The name of the college (national) honor society: Phi Delta Lambda.

Philosophia, Dikaiosune, Latreia; i.e., Christ realized in Understanding (Truth), Character (Life), and Service (Way)

* * *

Later, as I began to teach, then to plan curricula, I must understand what I was doing, and why, committed as I was to the cause of education in a "holiness college."

In my study of Milton, I ran across an analysis of the double goal of education in two definitions, both in his *Tractate on Education*, that said much of what I was feeling. One, "The aim of education is to repair the ruins of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, and to be like Him." The other, "I call that a true education which enables a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war."

There it was, not simply what a person could stuff into his head, but what it did to his personality and what it did for his relationships both with man and with God. It was an education not for the mind only, but for the whole person.

In time Newman's *Idea of a University* spelled out plainly the necessity for the Christian college. More basic than this was his concept of the organizing, correlating, digesting, active function of the mind in the educative process, the educated man's ever-broadening vision of the interrelationships of pieces of knowledge,

illustrated by the panoramic view of one who has gained the summit of a high hill.

And there was Pope's concise putting of the post-doctoral studies' never-ending lure in terms of mountain climbing:

*More advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
The increasing prospect tires our wandering
eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!*

Or Isaac Newton's "child picking up pebbles" on the shore of the vast ocean of knowledge.

Thomas Huxley's famous debate with Matthew Arnold kept my academic sympathies broad, as befitted the dean of a college of liberal arts. Arnold had gone to bat for literature, and naturally I was all for him. I needed no persuasion to accept his argument that literature touches the personality at more points than do other subjects; it does more to "relate our acquired knowledge to the other powers that build up human life: the power of conduct, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners."

Huxley had retorted in defense of science with his now classic definition: "That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will . . . whose intellect is a clear, cold logic machine in smooth working order . . . whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no mere ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself." The aim of education, to Huxley, is

preparation to live in harmony with Nature. Perhaps he begs the question of how the study of science will achieve all this, but he certainly suggests closing the culture gap between science and the humanities, even presents science as one of these humanities.

I still thought of the ellipse.

CHAPTER V

Myself and My Church

MY WEAKNESSES

Weaknesses? Many. And more show up with the years. "Old age is an accumulation of bad habits." In all honesty I must say that it is only the most bothersome, and obvious, to which I now confess.

Number One, that unique to me, dubious grade of B++, revealing indecision of character, but intended (am I rationalizing?) to suggest to the student that with a grain of determined effort he might earn the coveted A-.

Number Two, my "files," which I fear reveal a shameless lack of system, but which I excuse by saying that I never had a full-time secretary. One part-time student secretary, Mary Sumner (Lechner), one of the extremely few *summa cum laude* graduates in E.N.C. history, did her best to put my house in order, but her

term of service was short. Mary Wallace and Doreen Armstrong (Pratt) also did what they could, but they too were shared with the registrar.

Number Three, which may be distantly related to the secretary problem, but which probably makes closer connection with the bad reputation of good intentions: the manila envelopes filled with opened and read letters, discovered when necessity drives me to clear out desk drawers, labeled, "Answer at Once."

Indecision, lack of system, procrastination—perhaps that will do. But for good measure I will add another. Never but once have I tasted tea, never but twice tasted coffee. That was enough.

Oh, yes, one more. My housemate says that, for her, one idea of heaven is a place where nothing ever gets lost. I wonder why.

As for shortcomings, or comings short, "Let's not talk about that." I quote my small nephew David, when he was tactfully reminded of one of his oversteppings of the mark. Mrs. R. J. Dixon used to call herself "the Great Regretter." The title could fit me.

But with the weaknesses, the promises grasped and the understanding love of a Christ who shared our humanity. I read today of "the two persuasions." "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep"—Christ's faithfulness. "I am persuaded that nothing . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus"—Christ's love.

"The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps ['goings'] shall slide." How glad I am that one after another I have been helped to make my decisions in the light of His Word as I understood it!

I recall President Mann's testimony that he had learned to live a normal Christian life by walking, using both feet: one foot Trust, the other Obey. Trust—Obey—Trust—Obey. It is a good march rhythm.

Many times when testimonies have been called for, two verses have slid into my mind spontaneously, though I haven't said them aloud. I can't explain this. They seemed to say it for me: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" And, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

Best of all is the fact that, in spite of all my dissatisfaction with myself, His Spirit has constantly been with me. John 13 to 17 has been to me the *sine qua non*. At the end of all I fling myself on His unutterable mercy. "Blessed are they that hope in his mercy."

MY CHURCH—AN OLDSTER'S VIEW

Several successive shocks have forced me to admit, as my Aunt Maggie used to chant: "I'm not so young as I used to be, when I was a girl of twenty-three." Shocks of growing old: the first came in the early 1930's when I read in the *Campus Camera* Eunice Brown Lockhart's reference to "our silver-haired Dean." The second was on February 19, 1962, when they presented me in chapel with a beautiful Magnavox stereo radio and record-player, with congratulations on "your seventy-fifth birthday." A third shock came when in conversation with three other oldsters I calculated casually and discovered with a sudden twist of the knife, a burst of painful insight, that in a year and a half I should reach *eighty!* The fourth—and last, for I am hardened now—came this June morning, 1968, when I realized suddenly, and said to my housemate, "Why, I've belonged to the Church of the Nazarene for seventy years!" (Impossible, for the church itself is only sixty years old. But true. In 1898, I joined the church in New England which in 1908

merged with the groups from West and South to form our general church.)

Seventy years—this set my thoughts to work. How much the church has given me: faith, fellowship, friends, a present full of meaning, a future that opens into eternity! How glad I am that she opened her arms to me when I was young and accepted me as I was, made the most of what I had to offer! For the record, recapitulating:

SUNDAY SCHOOLS: teacher for over sixty years; a year or two as organizer and teacher of Sunday school teacher-training groups on the New England District; thirty years of writing for teachers' journals.

CHURCH PUBLICATIONS: several years a column in *Herald of Holiness*; a year or so regular article in *Conquest*; four books, two of them devotional; occasional articles in *Herald of Holiness* and in *Come Ye Apart*.

OTHER SERVICES: as delegate, district and general assemblies; commission on philosophy of education; lectures at preachers' meetings and laymen's retreats.

LOCAL CHURCH: church board member for over forty years; faithful attendant and "front-seater."

EDUCATIONAL: dean of church college for thirty-eight years, professor for fifty-five years; lectures in other colleges and at educators' conferences.

With all these opportunities and others given me, I have fallen far short in prayer—most important of all. Forgive.

CLIFTONDALE

My church. Church in an ever-expanding sense. I have spoken already of the little church in Cliftondale as I saw it in my childhood and adolescence and as I came to depend on it in my years of college and public-school teaching. In April, 1943, asked to speak at the forty-fifth anniversary of the church building, I had

gained perspective. I had known the church longest and banked on it most completely. I began by admitting that many could speak better, but claiming that no one could care more, and went on to explore Psalm 48. It expresses my feeling not only for Cliftondale but for God's Church anywhere, everywhere. Indeed we at E.N.C. have known it belonged to us!

"Greatly to be praised . . . the city of our God . . . the mountain of his holiness." I knew the thrill of the dedication April 19, 1899. I was present. A twelve-year-old—but this was ours, a big thing. Before this I had gone to church in halls. I had a financial stake in this (my burned-up library); I had watched the building from my schoolroom window next door; I had even distributed the circulars headed by the American flag. April 19, Lexington Day, was a legal holiday, the birthday of American freedom, and the dedication of our church. Naturally, glory filled the air.

Today I see it as more truly to be praised; "the city of our God." His hand has been upon us through the years. I "have thought of thy lovingkindness . . . in the midst of thy temple." It is still the place where God dwells, "the mountain of his holiness." Years ago I stepped out of this church on nothing (tangible) but its teachings, and have been preserved to be a witness to His deliverances, to His faithfulness.

"Beautiful for situation"? "Joy of the whole earth"? Very ordinary in appearance and location. But simplicity has its own beauty. To me it will always be beautiful. Mountains, mothering, and a magnet it has been. And a beacon. A touchstone too. It stood for the best; I went far, and found no better.

"Walk about Zion." What is our church to us? Why is she great? "Tell the towers thereof." She has had a succession of clear-thinking pastors, scriptural, sane, earnest, impassioned, following the main lines of gospel truth. And convictions (for example, "prayer meeting first," "not unequally yoked," witnessing, not following the crowd). I have studied since, and thought, but never found it necessary to alter these essentially. "Mark ye well her bulwarks." They are holiness—she was founded on that and is loyal to it, it is her life; prayer—she has been

kept alive by it through every crisis; devotion—members not many, but they have given all, steadily. “Consider her palaces”: her altars, her testimonies, her songs, her Sunday school, her children’s and young people’s meetings.

“Tell it to the generation following.” Her glory is not in the past; it is ahead. The truth is the same today: the minister as Spirit-filled and devoted, as scriptural, God-anointed; the testimonies as sure; our God as able and willing. The reason for being is the same, the need as pressing. Is the constraint of love the same? They paid a high price for their church; they were not wanted in Clifftondale. The price for us is as great if we are to pass it on. Are we anointed as truly?

The secret: “This God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.” Our dearest were buried from this place; they left us with shining face and confident heart. The faith worked for them individually; it will work for us. By our personal victories we can pledge to them and to God to keep a light in this place until Jesus comes. “God will establish it for ever.” Impregnable ships have gone down in the war even with saving commands being shouted through the loudspeaker. Our victory is assured if we obey commands and have the fighter spirit.

WOLLASTON

My church membership remained in Clifftondale until, in 1922, I became a charter member of the new church in Wollaston. The Wollaston Church of the Nazarene chose its name with care. Its aim was clearly defined. It was not to be the “College” church. It was to serve both college and community. Were the founders aiming too far? Gradually, as two other Quincy churches have been organized by E.N.C. students and as more of our students are from other denominations, the church is coming to be distinguished as the College Church. Hard as some of us board members worked to get our sanctuary built off campus, the site we had set our hearts on, fronting Elm Avenue at the junction of East and West, when viewed realistically proved much too small, and no other suitable piece of ground was

available. So the die was cast; the church, first level, was erected on the East Elm edge of the college campus. Some cash was available in the building fund, the Granite Trust was willing to loan (the college backing us). Pastor Glenn Gould, with the practical assistance of Wesley Angell, was willing to assume the responsibility.

At this point I fear my faith was not very helpful. I saw the huge cellar swallowing more of the tiny campus. I had never thought highly of a campus church. I wasn't grouchy about it, but I lacked courage to visit the seat of operations during those winter months. Then one spring day Miss Harris, true to form, went with other volunteers to wash windows. She came home saying, "You'd better come over. It's pretty! It doesn't look like a basement church." I went at once. True enough, it was pretty. Soft palest green walls and cove lighting, thanks to Wesley Angell and Tom Brown, Jr. It never has looked like a basement church. But I hope to live to see the superstructure.

I have loved the church and tried to be a faithful member. Possibly too faithful; for I have probably missed some fine things in Boston churches, and certainly the delight of slipping in to hear some of our alumni pastors and see their congregations. But church membership to me involved responsibility. And my understanding of the golden rule has made me a front-seater. I know how a speaker feels facing empty seats. Also how much closer the fellowship when near the speaker and near one another.

The Wollaston church was organized in response to a deeply felt, recognized need for spiritual food for faculty and students. I was elected a trustee as long as the church was a little unsure of itself financially; I happened to be a property owner (*in cursu*). By the time we had several substantial men to assume the risk

I was shifted, quite happily, to steward status. So I grieved with the rest of the board over each tried and true pastor lost, agonized over the choice of each replacement, and rejoiced over each good new pastor gained. For they all were good: Angell, White, Young, Gould, Martin, Poole, and now Wetmore. All good and all different, each ministering to a different spiritual need as God saw our lack at the time. Each contributed something definite to my life.

AND TO THE WORLD

My local church has sent me regularly as a delegate to the New England District Assembly—not so happy an honor in those early days when the Education Service of the assembly was all begging from a constituency that had little money and was not sure it needed a college. But as the number of alumni pastors has grown, and the education budget has been underwritten, it is an unqualified pleasure to listen to the pastors' reports. In fact, threadbare with retelling but truer than ever is my boner in a delegate's report, years ago when we had to report: "I like to go to the Assembly to see the boys." I have a large stake invested in them.

The district gave Miss Harris and me the use of one of its cabins at North Reading Campground, which we occupied for several seasons. North Reading is not a beautiful spot, but I never went on the grounds from its very beginning that I did not recognize the presence of the Holy Spirit.

The district has also chosen me one of its delegates to the General Assembly every quadrennium since 1928. I am profoundly grateful for the trust. And through the missionary outreach of the general church I have been enabled to "go . . . into all the world."

Beyond my missions-minded church I see the Christ who gave himself. I hear Him say, "As the Father

hath sent Me into the world, so send I you." I feel the pressure of need, of opportunity, of a charge to keep. I see my church in new clarity as a part of God's redemptive program—an "extension of the Incarnation." As a channel for the energy of an active Holy Spirit. As one of many members that make up Christ's Church. I know that He still walks in the midst of the candlesticks.

My church—may she, may all of us who make up our church, be "clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

Section Three: UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

CHAPTER VI

Unsought Memories

In writing this salmagundi of memories I have experienced something quite unusual for me, ups and downs of mood. I have a deadline to meet, the day college opens—let us say September first. Before that date an eighty-year welter of memories to select or reject, whip into shape, somehow make readable, then discover too much time has been spent on a nothing while an important something has been forgotten altogether. And only a few hours a day available for the doing. So one night I go to bed exultant—I have really covered some ground; the next, disheartened—I'll never make it.

The night I finished "Hobbies" I was really "low." I prayed, of course, and told the Lord this "up-and-down experience" was no way for anyone who trusted Him to live. Next morning when I started the day "God first," as usual, I found myself reading a page in

the *Bible School Journal* on "The Master Teacher"—His qualities—and thought of the course I had taught on that theme in the 1920's. How we had seen "love and caring" as the driving force of all His teaching. Then I saw a note I had already written in an attempt at objective self-analysis: "My only qualification [for my job] was love and a willingness to give. And these are not mentioned in the official list."

So I said to myself, Why not tell the real things? Hobbies? The students have been your hobby. Your happiest, gladdest moments have been the hours when you have known them best. Don't fail to tell these. You need not write the names; the owners might be embarrassed. If they read the book, they will recognize themselves.

Hours in my office, in my home, in the class, in the church—anywhere.

A handsome, popular senior, an ex-G.I.—how strikingly attractive he was that day I met him in the registrar's office! Called to preach, he could have sold himself short. I said to him once, "You *could* be a superficial preacher." But this day in my office he told me he had decided on "depth" in his ministry. So it has been.

Our college quartet tenor, standing by my front door, telling me he had turned down the invitation to serve in one of the large churches as minister of music, to take the pastorate of a small, struggling church. He knew the other would be for him the easy way, but only by this road would he gain the strength that comes by depending wholly on God, and know the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. He may not have used exactly these words—probably not. He did not have to. He too was choosing depth.

At my front door too, after a good chat on our common philosophy of literature, its values and a teach-

er's emphasis, with a young man who had just completed his doctoral program in English and was beginning his teaching career at a Nazarene college—a short prayer and a Godspeed.

In my office again the young man of great promise, and of many prayers, who would not be a Christian. He professed unbelief. I had reasoned with him often, but that day the urgency of his need and the hunger of his heart seemed to bring him so close to yielding—"You are drowning! Can't you catch hold of the rope thrown to you?" I believe the Spirit spoke in my desperate desire. I recall only the inability to help. He did not grasp the rope then. But today he is a strong Christian, a leader in his church. With every good report I say a "Thank You, Lord."

Other kaleidoscoped memories flash into mind spontaneously. Walking home across the marsh with Ruth Rollins (Lane) the night after she said, "Yes," to God. Utter joy of answered prayers. Now she is veteran college nurse at Olivet Nazarene College and mother of three lovely Christian women.

Three o'clock one Sunday afternoon at the altar in the old chapel—we had been kneeling there since noon—when the light broke through and Esther Thomas was sanctified wholly. Then the day, years later, when on furlough from Africa, she told on the chapel platform of God's faithfulness to His specific promises to her.

Kneeling at an E.N.C. altar two decades later with Ann Cubie (Rearick), hearing Mrs. Esther Williamson tell her, "Just open your heart to the Holy Spirit. Let Him come in and arrange the furniture in any way He wishes." Kneeling with Nancy Borden at the aisle seat next the front in our present auditorium (the altar was full and all the front rows) as she settled what later proved to be a foreign missionary call. It was easy for her to put Christ completely first then and forever.

Praying a crucial prayer with Doris Biggs (Gailey) by the rocking chair in my living room. They say she makes a fine missionary.

These were my life.

That talented, warmhearted Literature major rising from the altar, tears in his eyes and face aglow, turning to look for me, to say, "It's all right!" I do not name him, but I hope he reads and remembers, for he has lost the glow. I pray for him daily.

The day Francis Jarvis, bred in the Roman faith, met me at the classroom door with a question: "You said in class that Protestants believe one can talk with God directly, not through a priest. Do you do that?" Today with a positive Christian experience he teaches English in a Nazarene college.

The day that other young man, by then a married graduate student, came to the office announcing the imminent birth of his first child, to be named "Elizabeth Munro." Prime irony: he has sons only, four of them.

John Warren's chats, from high school days on, about the need of Christians in politics never made him president or even governor. But those ideals helped build a solid Christian integrity, with a keen sense of responsibility for his Christian witness in life and word.

Gwen Rice, called home to the South permanently (just after the date of fees refundable) after only a month or so of a college course that God had led her to enter upon. Some were blaming Him as unfair to her. I can see her now saying with radiant, tear-stained face, "But God isn't like that!"

Many prayers, many victories, some confidences still buried.

In my office and in my home the girls who have come with their boy problems, all the way from "I want to tell you—I'm in love!" to "I'm in deep trouble." Almost every stage and every variety. But those are

moments one doesn't share. I am glad I never betrayed one.

And letters. I remember the one David Cubie wrote from his pastorate in the South, telling me of his sense that God might be calling him to teach the Bible in a holiness college. That loyal E.N.C. Cubie family have belonged to E.N.C. all the way from their Scotch father's Th.B. to professor Dr. David Cubie and this year's valedictorian, James.

MY CLASSES

My classes followed the curriculum. The assignments were to be met; the syllabus was definite. But my students were my friends; I was excited about my subject and I trusted they would catch the spark. I think some did. I believe there was a meeting of personalities that was not in the formal outline, a communication with each individual student which we both recognized.

It was a long distance from the sophomore English Lit class of three girls to the sophomore World Literature classes of one hundred fifty and over. But the one hundred fifty in three sections. We must look each other in the eye. It was the students that made the class.

Some classes stand out in memory, especially those of the 1950's: Irving Laird's day in English Novel class when he and Art Seamans and Ann Cubie had such happy fights over Thomas Hardy's "Eustacia" *et al.* Nineteenth Century Prose, when two future English profs, Art Seamans and Don Young, got their first taste of research: Don with his "Carlyle versus Macaulay," Art with his calendar of quotations followed up by his (extra-class) case for Charles Williams.

The thirties and forties had made scholars like Marian Washburn and Evelyn Brown (Gray), Lillian Kendall (Kirkland) and Lois Emery (Nielson) and Mary

Sumner (Lechner). In the early fifties the men took over the creation of English faculty members. Coming on toward the sixties the division was fairly even. Dick Clifford and Richard Morris, Louisa Hines and Dorothy Dinsmore waxed warm over the "Sin Problem in Literature."

In the early sixties it was Barbara Gilliland (what a potential volcano!), Bruce and Anne Tracy, and Harold Babcock in "Twentieth Century Lit" and the seminar "Special Problems" (Literature of the Far East); then Gary DeLong and Judy Knox, Ethel Mae Haslett and Pat Price in "Moral and Religious Issues"—Dostoevsky's *Brothers Karamazov* and *Job* lighted the fuse.

And only yesterday it was Genevieve Cubie and a second-generation Dinsmore involved. Their teacher too. Dostoevsky and Dante have a way of involving one more deeply with every reading. And David Daniel in "Interpretation of Literature" was wrestling cheerfully with the new literary critics. Now he is as cheerfully confident in his graduate study and teaching.

List ended, but incomplete. Unfinished!

As I come closer to today, I realize—or is it illusion?—that the subject becomes richer and the interchange of minds more challenging, more alive, more stimulating. I see that the years have been teaching more and more of how to teach. I still am learning, when it is time to stop. Again I must confess I am on the receiving end. Exposure to these young minds and open hearts has given me more than I have been able to give them.

Each time it fell to my lot to give away a course—American Literature, then English Novel to "Prof Span"; Interpretation and Twentieth Century to Dr. Young—it was like losing a child, though I knew they were going into better hands. How often I have rejoiced in the quality and vision of those who were to succeed me!

Alice Spangenberg and I have been colleagues in the Department of English now for over forty years in perfect fellowship always as to aims and methods. Even when we had not collaborated, we found that our decisions harmonized. Our emphases, our temperaments, our areas of study differ; her abilities are greater and more varied than mine. But we have supplemented each other, not rivaled or competed. Every once in a while we have stepped out of our busy little scheduled ruts to congratulate ourselves on having each other to work with.

And as I have said, having Dr. Donald Young as head of the Department of English makes me at last ready, almost, to say the long-awaited, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." I am not irreverent in the prayer.

GIFTS BEYOND MEASURE

People have been far too generous with me, to me. I should not fail to express, or try to, my thanks. I am humbled, in looking back, to see how grossly overestimated I have been. I live in the constant awareness that someday awards will be adjusted. Some who have deserved high honor but never received it will go to the top of the class, and vice versa. Jesus said of the Pharisees, "They have their reward." It is a searching word.

I am embarrassed to list the many honors, so far from being merited, but I am truly grateful for the confidence and encouragement these expressed. I have believed they came out of love, and love is beyond price. But not beyond love returned. That I render in this acknowledgment.

Three offers of an honorary doctorate have come to me from our colleges. I prized the consideration highly, and found it hard to decline.

Three times the dedication of a *Nautilus*, once of a *Green Book* with a Shakespeare theme.

Gifts from E.N.C. alumni: the handsome testimonial book with personal letters and an illuminated tribute; the *de luxe* suitcase, still the one piece of luggage that gives me distinction when I travel; the summer in Europe of which I have written.

The chapter in George Rice's Seminary thesis on the history of Eastern Nazarene College. The dedications of Ralph Earle's and Russell Metcalfe's published books. Numerous gifts from classes, both college and Sunday school.

From the trustees of Eastern Nazarene College the naming of Munro Hall, \$250 in silver on my twenty-fifth anniversary, the Munro Scholarship inaugurated on my retirement as dean in 1957.

From the faculty a citation on retirement as dean, handsomely illuminated by Dr. Alvin Kauffman.

From faculty and students and friends, on my seventy-fifth birthday a Magnovox FM radio and stereo record player; on my eightieth birthday *Encyclopedia Britannica* and chair.

From the general Church of the Nazarene a citation with medal, to be worn with academic regalia, for educational contribution to the Eastern Zone.

Inclusion in the series of Founders of Eastern Nazarene College.*

From John Warren a handsome desk and desk chair to ease the labor of "the autobiography."

Helps by the way: Dorothy King and Violet Balwit with watchful eye for our needs, marketing for us in illness or bad weather. Ralph Earle in his E.N.C. days, then Harvey or Paul Blaney, then Ray Benson, driving me to school on icy or stormy mornings. Our pastor, Gordon Wetmore, allowing me to clutter his driveway

*See Dr. Samuel Young's address in the Appendix.

with my car every weekday forenoon to save me anxiety about a parking place.

Dinners sent in time of illness by "E.N.C. Women" or the church women's group.

And kindnesses many more.

The enrichment of life that has come to me through three devotional books coming all unexpectedly within the last few years: one from Audrey Williamson, one from Elizabeth Vennum, one from Anna Gulick and Dorothy King.

And the unmeasurable gift of trust by those who have followed my steps into the teaching profession. May they find there something of the joy they have given me.

Unfinished!

SOME VERY WONDERFUL FRIENDS

"Not as the world giveth, give I unto you"—it is true for friendships as for all else. My life has been rich in fellowship—one of the joys of teaching in a Christian school. It is a calculated risk to begin to name them, these dear friends, for I cannot finish. Of late the heart of this fellowship has been the group that have met week after week in one of the faculty prayer meetings, Edith Cove and Esther Williamson always, and others with the changing years. Some of the same ones in the church prayer-and-fasting service.

The title of this chapter division came to me compellingly this evening as the pictures standing on my old desk in the den upstairs caught my eye. There was *Christ in Gethsemane*, and beside it that heart-stirring painting *Christ Among the Lowly*, reproduced on a card sent me by my old friend Tom Brown. The same picture in sepia hangs in my dining room, given me by Louise Dygoski's class. She knew I loved it. Rev. Tom Brown, Sr., rare blend of saint and beauty-lover,

had somehow discovered the original hidden away in a basement storeroom of the Boston Art Museum and kept at the job until he saw it restored to its proper place among the masterpieces on display in the galleries. Christ is at table with two rough men, the Emmaus travelers who said, "Abide with us"—their faces all eager surprise. "He is known in the breaking of bread."

"Abide with us"—my mind jumps to two younger friends, the Harold Hendersons, to whom I shall be eternally grateful for their singing of a simple song in the Wollaston church:

*Dear Jesus, abide with me
As I travel life's stormy sea,
And make my life what it ought to be.
Dear Jesus, abide with me.*

Simple, but how real the presence of Jesus himself as students melted to the altar for prayer and all our hearts echoed the words as we sang them over and over!

Dr. J. Glenn Gould—what a good friend through all these years, living quietly the holiness he preaches! We have respected and trusted each other enough to tease each other in public. I think often of what his mother, Mrs. Olive M. Gould, then E.N.C.'s fine dean of women, said at a baby shower: "The greatest thing a woman can do is to give the world a good man."

The Earles, Ralph and Mabel, who call themselves "your kids." Christian world travelers, they remember us from the ends of the earth.

Harvey and Esther Mosher Blaney: Harvey at E.N.C.'s disposal, and God's—I almost said, and mine—for any service; Esther, the strength of loving patience. Their lives have preached me silent sermons.

Bill and Pauline Williams, increasingly dear from Taylor days. From the "ashes" of suffering the "beauty" of radiant joy and self-forgetting generosity.

The Elmer Kauffman family, the second generation as well as the first—"our kin" is the word. Their many kindnesses, most of all their open arms of love and prayer.

Mollie and Edith Cove: Mollie so nearly my twin (she beat me into this world by exactly two weeks)—veteran foreign missionary by way of the throne; Edith, her "little sister," all out for sports, then all out for God. Mollie has fought a brave fight with the illness that kept her this side of the ocean. Her own hymns, words and music, tell the story:

*Clear and sweet came the answer from heaven,
"The distance you need not see,
For I'll be so near that you'll love to walk
One step at a time with Me."*

And this song she must have written for me:

*Keep a song in your heart though your lips cannot sing it;
Keep a song in your heart though the world may not hear;
Keep a song in your heart, and as faith wafts it skyward,
The Savior will listen, and heaven draw near.*

A late-found friend, Dorothy King, prays with me Saturday evenings, answers my questions, and "just checks." To her I am "Tante Berta." Louise Dygoski and I laugh together, spontaneously, at ourselves and about our common problems—a spring is relaxed in each of us. Our fellowship goes deep. Betty Mollica's kindness always draws from me a sincere, unforced, "My friend." The Kent Goodnows, steadfastly there on the seat behind me in church; the Naylor, warmhearted, open-handed; Marion and Gwen, Alverda and Bernadine—why did I start?

Freda Hayford (Lambert), Ruth Fess, Donna Bowers, Clara Hiller. Deborah MacDonnell, who typed the first draft of this book and gave unforgettable help during my partner's last illness; Barbara Gilliland, who taught for a year one day a week the oversized sophomore World Literature class to lighten my load. Doreen Armstrong (Pratt), with her monthly "reports" on Laurie; Mary Lechner, who has brought me joy since the day I met her, always a fresh surprise. "Mother" Tracy and Martha, now Olive has left us.

My oldest friends, Ruby Pugsley of Malden from our subteens and Lydia Greene of Washington from our teens, Katherine Hardwick ("Kat"), Leola Cole Cormac, and Ella Fletcher Millett from college days, May Curry (Wordsworth) from our mid-twenties—and Marian Washburn, who has doubled my life story in her work at N.N.C.

Effie Goozee Martin, a friend and colleague in 1919, is still a friend who means even more as old friends grow fewer. Always a gracious lady, the grace has deepened with time. When she and Rev. E. E. Martin planned to marry, they decided that each would confide in one person only. She chose me; he chose Rev. J. Glenn Gould. The woman, at least, kept the secret!

And special friends, our E.N.C. missionaries. Della Boggs, an English major and my own girl—she has never forgotten me on Mother's Day. She has all the strength of Christian gentleness. And indescribable Irma Koffel—what gifts she has poured into Africa! Under that jolly laugh the gamut of intense emotion; under the 30-hour-a-day strong man's work load the softest of hearts and the skilled devotion of the nurse. God made these two women to complement each other. Mary Jones Anderson, veteran of India, with her always cheerful, overgenerous warmth in letters to me—no one would guess the degree of her selfless giving. These

three are representative of many. Greetings sent me from E.N.C.-ers meeting in Africa, I reckon among my highest honors.

And here I stop, resolutely. I think I understand as never before the feeling of the writer of *Hebrews*: "Time would fail me to tell . . ." the countless heroes of faith. Every one was an individual; God had his name written down in the Book of Life—even on "the palm of His hand." I am not comparing myself to God! But it is true that over the years so many have come into my life and heart and never left—have given me something of themselves, something precious I could not lose—that as I name one I think of two others. The only word I can say—helplessly—is "Unfinished!" or better, "Thank God for making us persons, who can love and be loved."

CHAPTER VII

Poems That Speak

. . . to me, for me, or both. (This chapter also by request.) I attempt a sampling.

First, to clear the road, three Christmas bits of verse of my own I have been asked to reprint. They speak for me as truly as I would know how, "Gifts" probably most clearly.

GIFTS

*The wise men came, that far-off winter dawn,
And brought their gifts—gold, myrrh, and
frankincense—
To Christ, the King. But as they turned to go,
Their pathway changed into a road of gold,
A heavenly fragrance to their garments clung,
And songs of praise set all the world aflame.
Blessing the King, themselves were blessed in-
deed.*

I too brought treasures to my Lord Divine.
I brought my gold—my wealth of human joys,
My friends, my gathered store of truth, my work.
I brought my myrrh, the bitter griefs of years;
And frankincense, the worship of my heart.
I brought them to His feet, and laid them there.
But, lo, He touched my gifts, and gave them
back

Radiant, transformed, a royal gift to me.
His joy transmuted mine to living gold,
Gave my frail work pledge of eternity;
His peace breathed on my griefs, and perfumes
rare

Of sympathy and faith and hope distilled;
His love on my soul's altar kindled there
An answering flame, and showed my Savior's
face.

In the King's hands poor gifts wax infinite.

"THANKS BE UNTO GOD FOR HIS UNSPEAKABLE GIFT"

He gave me Light:

The light of those upon whose darkness
dawns

A strong, sure ray. Sitting in helpless night
And shadow of death, on me the glory shone.

He gave me Joy:

The joy of those whose mouth is sudden
filled

With singing laughter and a glad surprise;
The joy of Heaven's wells for each day's
need.

He gave me Peace:

The peace of those who find calm after
storm,

And rest, deep-centered, 'mid life's grinding
cares.

He gave me Truth:

*The highest thing a soul may know on earth,
Glimpse of a universe of sun and star
Gladly obeying God's all-perfect will;
My heart, with them, transparent, unafraid.*

He gave me Love:

*Filling my emptiness, healing every hurt,
Binding all broken things, and reaching out
To suffering, groping millions, to fulfill
Itself by being spilt—His love, not mine.*

*This Thou hast given—this to me, O Lord?
This Thou hast given, for Thou gavest Thy-
self;*

*Traveled the road, the road Thyself didst
make—*

*From glory to my need, from God to me.
O Gift unspeakable—Thyself—to me!*

EPIPHANY

*To Wise Men from the weary ways of thought,
Searchers for truth, following the beckoning
gleam*

*A light shone from the Manger, and His Face.
No seeking more, but ever rest in Him!
He is The Truth.*

*To Saul of Tarsus, toiling in the Right,
Serving indeed, but with no God to know,
A Light, a Voice laid claim. "What wilt Thou,
Lord?"*

*"My Name is Love. Serve Me with heart
aglow.*

I am The Way."

*To sinners, hopeless, impotent, and dead,
Once more the Christ appears in living
Light.
He breaks the spell of failure and regret,
He shines in power and everlasting might.
He is The Life.*

*Epiphany—my Lord, the Christ revealed!
My Truth, my Way, my Life, for aye unveiled.*

This Easter poem was Mary Harris' favorite.

AS HE SAID

*Not fettered in the dark, cold tomb my Lord,
But risen! risen! The trembling Easter dawn
Swells to a sea of light. My Lord is risen!
Risen, as He said. And now He goes before.
Tracing His steps—my Sun no more goes down—
I walk the path that shines yet more and more
To perfect day. I serve the living Christ.*

*Not orphaned in a world of chance and change.
The night of sin and wrong shall yet become
The radiant morn of heaven. My Lord is coming!
Coming, as He said. On those glad hills of light
Beyond the blue, the clock of God still strikes
Unerringly. And constant to His word,
My Lord will come. I shall behold His face.*

* * *

Verses written by some of my students—for no class of mine!

By Dorothy White (Leavitt), E.N.C., '24:

I WONDER

*A hundred thousand years ago, I think,
I wrote. I wove into my theme neat words.*

*I penned with careful fingers all I knew. . . .
Tucked in a box today I found my theme,
And blushed to see I wrote so childishly.
I wonder if, some long dim ages hence,
I shall not read—and find a cause to blush.*

Olive Tracy's (E.N.C. '30):

AND HE WENT A LITTLE FARTHER

*Midnight, and an old, gnarled olive bough
Bends above the Man alone; for now
The others sleep, and one goes to betray;
But He went on, in agony of soul,
a little farther, then—to pray.*

*Had He but chosen comfort, rest, and ease
Instead of love, no cure for earth's disease
Could there have been, no healing, only loss,
No ointment for our wounds, had He not gone
a little farther—to the cross.*

*To reach below the stain of sin's despair,
And conquer hell in death's dark, narrow lair,
He who loved the birds, the wild white lily
bloom,*

*The mountains and the windy sea, went down
a little farther—to the tomb.*

*And then, His Father's will and mission done,
With intercession now to be begun,
He broke the binding earth, the hindering stone,
And Easter trumpets shouting, He arose
a little farther—to the throne.*

Barbara Gilliland's (in the 60's):

THE TEACHER

*Not as a sculptor molds his softened clay,
Forcing and shaping form to fit his need;*

*More like the gardener who plants the seed,
Then waits and watches through the night and
day,
Trusting the laws divine, that in their way
And without benefit of any creed
Produce the plant in time with little speed,
Until at last the bud to blossom spray;
You find the mind alive, but still asleep,
Waiting the kiss of love to set it free,
And wake and set it on the pathway steep
With joy and understanding sympathy.*

*May youth before his mind to manhood sink
Find one like you and cry, "I live! I think!"*

* * *

As for "real poems," the classics called literature, I find as I grow older it is the seventeenth-century poems that continue to speak to me, George Herbert's "The Collar" perhaps most deeply because most truly for me.

THE COLLAR

*I struck the board, and cried, "No more; I will
abroad!
What! shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it;
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it,*

*No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,
 All wasted?
 Not so, my heart, but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands
 Which petty thoughts have made, and made to
 thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away! take heed;
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's head there, tie up thy fears;
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need
 Deserves his load."*

*But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, "Child";
 And I replied, "My Lord."*

There is a magic in the first lines of Henry Vaughan's "Eternity":

*I saw Eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure celestial light.*

I find myself quoting often John Donne's,

*Since I am coming to that holy room
 Where with Thy quire [choir] of saints for-
 evermore
 I shall be made Thy music, as I come
 I tune my instrument here at the dore [door],
 And what I must do then, think here before.*

I thrill to his,
Death, be not proud! Though some have called
 thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so. . . .
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt
 die.

To Dylan Thomas' "And Death Shall Have No Dominion," also, though I know I read into his nature symbolism a secondary spiritual meaning he did not intend. I know what fascinates me is the powerful rhythm of his repeated phrase from the King James, "And death shall have no dominion."

Hard to select from Gerard Manley Hopkins, but "God's Grandeur" always stirs me:

*The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook
 foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his
 rod?*

*Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; bleared,
 smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's
 smell: the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.*

*And for all this nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down
 things;
And though the last lights off the black West
 went,
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward,
 springs—*

*Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with
ah!
bright wings.**

I have not mentioned David's Shepherd Psalm nor any of his others; nor Shakespeare's or Milton's sonnets. They are taken for granted. "Hark! Hark! the Lark" when Edith Cove plays Schubert's music on my old piano is a favorite.

I do not love Browning as I used to, but I cannot leave out his "Saul," David's true intercessory prayer for Saul, climaxing in his leap of faith:

*Would I suffer for one that I love?
So wouldst Thou, so wilt Thou—
See the Christ stand!*

It spoke to me first in the midst of a revival meeting at Taylor. I came from a service in which I was deeply concerned for a student's salvation to a class where we were studying this poem. And a flash of insight told me that the true prayer of intercession is this terribly personal identification with the soul in need and the equally personal identification of his need with the suffering Christ.

* * *

Elva McAllaster, English faculty member in a sister Christian college, is a real poet for our day. She speaks to me always and often. Three of her poems printed in recent issues of the *Free Methodist* I find in the little box which holds my *Daily Light*. I think of them frequently. They need no comment.

IN HER NEW JOB

*Make her a mirror
Without tarnishings, Lord.*

*Copyright Oxford University Press in *Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*. Used by permission.

*Some of her students
Who have never looked at You directly
And want not to look
Will see Your face reflected in hers
Daily.*

*Let her be a cup of joy
Drab minds will drink from.*

*Let unloved, rebellious braggarts,
Truant from themselves and You,
Find in her love
A gentle key
For now-locked doors.*

*Let Your hand be upon her hand
To make, shape, build, renew, and calm.
For someone—many someones—
Let her be a gyroscope
In storms.*

*Grace, Father.
Give her
Your great grace.**

IN PSALM FORTY-SIX

*Be still.
Shut out the din of clamor sounds,
Cacophony
Of wanting, wanting, wanting.
At noon on jostling sidewalks,
Still, be still.
Beyond the shriek
Of factory whistles:
Still.*

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*When worry howls,
When tear-ducts fill
And overflow,
Be still.*

Be still.

Be still.

*And know. . . .**

AT THE INTERSECTIONS

*"Go that way," said Balaam. "Trudge."
Balaam's donkey would not budge.
Out with club and cudgel, thumping
On her ribs, bump, bump, and bumping,
Changed her not a whit.*

*Balaam, look, an angel's barring
That ill way you've chosen (marring
Clearly known commands).
Turn the donkey, turn your planning.
Go in paths of right intentions,
Not these devious circumventions.
Go where truth demands.*

*Angel, at the intersections
I shall pass next, let reflections
From your sword be light to guide.
There's no donkey I can ride.
None to make replies,
None to bray me wise.**

My favorite "Love Poem":

*My clumsiest dear, whose hands shipwreck
vases,
At whose quick touch all glasses chip and ring,
Whose palms are bulls in china, burs in linen,
And have no cunning with any soft thing*

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Except all ill-at-ease, fidgeting people;
The refugee uncertain at the door
You make at home.

.....

Unpredictable dear, the taxi driver's terror,
Shrinking from far headlights pale as a dime.
Yet leaping before red apoplectic streetcars—
Misfit in any space. And never on time.
Be with me, darling, early and late. Smash
glasses—
I will study wry music for your sake.
For should your hands drop white and empty,
All the toys of the world would break.*

—JOHN FREDERICK NIMS

"March" I quote on occasion:

Oh, Winter's his father and Summer's his
mother.
He's their one son, he hasn't a brother;
He's their one child, they haven't another.

Nine stanzas describing March's frolics and tantrums.

Then,

Oh, Winter's his father and Summer's his
mother;
He's their one son, they haven't another;
Having had him, they wanted no other.

Another family favorite is Edward S. Mann's "On Approaching Grandfatherhood":

Our house—once overrun by boys—was filled
with laughter gay,
With conversation, and with song by night as
well as day.

*Excerpted from "Love Poem" from *The Iron Pastoral*, by John Frederick Nims, and copyrighted by him. Reprinted by permission of William Morrow and Company, Inc.

*The big house fairly jumped at times and rocked
upon its sill;*

*But now the boys have gone away and, oh! the
house is still.*

*Now everything is in its place. No sweaty
underwear*

*Is strewn about the living room or draped upon
a chair.*

*No books or records stacked in piles, no pillows
on the floor,*

*The whole house is presentable—immaculate—
but poor.*

*No ties are missing from my rack; I do not need
to hide*

*My shirts, my shoes, my shaving cream. My
car is parked outside.*

*No study-weary, hungry boys are waiting to be
fed*

*A week's supply of groceries before they go to
bed.*

*No fights or quarrels to be quelled, no fancied
hurts to share;*

*No intimate confessional before the good-night
prayer.*

*No one could ask for more in life, for greater
joys than these*

*Experiences which bring today such happy
memories.*

*And as boys face their careers, I find my
greatest thrill*

*Is knowing that their lives are yielded to the
Master's will.*

*So now I very cheerfully approach grandfather-
hood;*

*I would not turn the dial back—not even if
I could.*

Then for practical wisdom the lines with which I heard the Publishing House manager, M. A. "Bud" Lunn, close his report at the General Assembly of 1968:

THE KITE

Who flies the kite?

*"I," said the boy, "it is my joy;
I fly the kite."*

Who flies the kite?

*"I," said the wind, "it is my whim.
I fly the kite."*

Who flies the kite?

*"I," said the string. . . . "I am the thing
That flies the kite."*

Who flies the kite?

*"I," said the tail, "I make it sail;
I fly the kite."*

Who flies the kite?

*All are wrong; all are right.
Don't forget—ALL fly the kite.*

* * *

But there are verses I have found speaking first to me, then for me, as I lived their truth. Annie Johnson Flint's "All the Days," on a card in Mary Harris' Bible, has marked on it the dates of all the hospital experiences, long or short, of our lives together, really a good many since 1927.

ALL THE DAYS

(Matthew 28: 20)

*Lo, I am with thee when there falls no shadow
Across the golden glory of the day;
And I am with thee when the storm clouds gather,
Dimming the brightness of the onward way;
In days of loss and loneliness and sorrow,
In days of weariness and fretting pain,
In days of weakness and of deep depression,
Of futile effort when thy life seems vain,
Still I am with thee, Strength and Rest and
Comfort,
Thy Counsellor throughout Earth's changing
years.
Whatever goes, whatever stays,
Lo, I am with thee all the days.**

And those companion verses we hear sung, always speaking to many,

*He giveth more grace when the burdens grow
greater:
He giveth more strength when the labors in-
crease.*

“Great Is Thy Faithfulness”—but we’re coming close to hymns and gospel songs, and there is no end.

THE FEET THAT WAIT FOR GOD

*Not so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God, and wait:
Although he seem to linger long
He never comes too late.*

*He never comes too late;
He knoweth what is best.*

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*Vex not thyself, it is in vain;
Until he cometh, rest.*

*Until he cometh, rest;
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God, 'tis they
Are soonest at the goal.*

*Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
For I shall wait his lead.*

—BRADFORD TORREY

Irma Koffel's life song:

I AM THE LORD'S

*Whether I live or die, whether I wake or sleep,
Whether upon the land, or on the stormy deep;
When 'tis serene and calm, or when the wild
winds blow,
I shall not be afraid—I am the Lord's, I know.*

*When with abundant store, or in deep poverty;
When all the world may smile, or it may frown
on me;
When it shall help me on, or shall obstruct my
way,
Still shall my heart rejoice—I am the Lord's
today.*

*When I am safe at home, or in a foreign land;
When on an ice-bound shore, or on a sunlit
strand;
When on the mountain height, or in the valley
low,
Still doth He care for me; I am the Lord's, I know.*

*Nothing shall separate from His unbounded love,
Neither in depths below, nor in the heights
above.*

*And in the years to come, He will abide with me.
I am the Lord's indeed, for all eternity.*

—C. W. NAYLOR

Grace Noll Crowell's

I THINK THAT GOD IS PROUD

*I think that God is proud of those who bear
A sorrow bravely. Proud indeed of them
Who walk straight through the dark to find Him
there,*

*And kneel in faith to touch His garment's
hem.*

*Oh, proud of them who lift their heads to shake
The tears away from eyes that have grown
dim;*

*Who tighten quivering lips, and turn to take
The only road they find that leads to Him.*

*How proud He must be of them! He who knows
All sorrow, and how hard grief is to bear.
I think He sees them coming, and He goes
With outstretched arms and hands to meet
them there*

*And with a look—a touch on hand or head—
Each finds his hurt heart strangely comforted.**

J. Stuart Holden's

*What can strip the seeming beauty
From the idols of the earth?*

*Not a sense of right and duty,
But a sight of peerless worth.*

*From *Poems of Inspiration and Courage* (1965), by Grace Noll Crowell. Copyright, 1938, 1966 by Grace Noll Crowell. Reprinted by permission of Harper and Row, Publishers.

'Tis the look that melted Peter,
'Tis the face that Stephen saw,
'Tis the heart that wept with Mary
Can alone from idols draw.

Draw and win and fill completely,
Till the cup o'erflows its brim.
What have we to do with idols
Who have companied with Him?

And there is Clarence Edwin Flynn's gem,

REVELATION

Through centuries men strained their aching
eyes,
Trying to see God on the misty height.
They heard His accents in a baby's cries,
And saw Him in its swaddled form one night.

Vainly men reached, and tried to touch God's
hand,
For He was veiled in shadowed mystery.
One day they looked across the trodden sand,
And saw Him on the roads of Galilee.

Men wondered what the God of might would do,
If He were in their place in time and sense.
One day they saw Him move with courage
through
The vistas of their own experience.

Men wondered if God wore an ermined gown,
And if His were a jeweled diadem.
He stood before them in a thorn-decked crown,
And dragged a cross tree up a hill for them.

For a very long time, this last one has had no rival.

THE COMFORTER HAS COME

*Oh, spread the tidings round wherever man is
found,
Wherever human hearts and human woes
abound,
Let every Christian tongue proclaim the joyful
sound:
The Comforter has come!*

*The long, long night is past, the morning breaks
at last,
And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the
blast,
As o'er the golden hills the day advances fast—
The Comforter has come.*

*Lo, the great King of Kings, with healing in His
wings,
To ev'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings,
And through the vacant cells the song of
triumph rings,
The Comforter has come!*

*Oh, boundless love divine, how shall this tongue
of mine
To wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace
divine
That I, a child of hell, should in His image shine?
The Comforter has come.*

*Sing till the echoes fly above the vaulted sky,
And all the saints above to all below reply,
In strains of endless love, the song that ne'er
shall die:
The Comforter has come!*

—F. BOTTOME

CHAPTER VIII

Emeritus

DOINGS OF THE DECADE

Glancing over what I have written—a sudden memory pops up. In the dim past Dr. Shrader on one of his professional visits to Boston had Miss Harris and me attend some public health function with him. This must have included a symbolic presentation. All I remember of it is two figures: Death repeating sepulchrally, "Reap, my sickle, reap!" and Ignorance strumming on a single mandolin string one monotonous note. Must I now be reminded of Ignorance? "A woman of one idea?" Certainly one idea, and certainly repetition of that. Or perhaps, "This One Thing I Know"; "This One Thing I Do"?

Another memory comes: snowy-haired Aaron Hartt* singing,

*All the earth took on new beauty
When mine eyes beheld the King.*

That sight, and that Presence—however dimly realized—is the One Thing. I recognize the persistence of the

*Pioneer evangelist, founder of the Reformed Baptist denomination; our pastor at P.C.I., but I heard him long before.

note; the tone could have been clearer, the variations more pleasing. But I cannot apologize.

The last ten years are not easy to write. I lack perspective. For tangible, countable happenings of the 1960's:

1. Two birthday milestones, the overtaking malice of octogenarianism overlaid with and far outweighed by Christian friendship and love.

2. Two real-estate events. The Franklin Avenue property threatened, almost ruined by the elevation of Copley Street at the rear, which lessened its size and flooded it with a drainage problem—finally solved by the skill and energy of a Christian brother, Russell Mollica, who knew how and did. And the acquisition of the bit of Vermont land I have written of, which confers the high honor of Vermont citizenship, gives me new friends in the Vermonters, and also furnishes richer evidence day by day of God's providential care. He knew our need before we did.

3. A third "event" is John Warren. That is, I must reckon him in with God's other providences. His bright idea of the autobiography was at the start a ridiculous impossibility. With repeated urgings over two or three years, and a final threat (someone else would write it; I would furnish the facts), he broke down my defenses. With his gift of a new desk and a foam-rubber-seated desk chair the project showed itself as unevadable payment of an honorable debt; in the writing it was its ornery self, a demanding chore. But in the course of the doing it proved a means of spiritual blessing. Thank you, John!

4. Four perfect spring vacations in Orlando, Florida, thanks to our nonesuch good friends the Elmer Kauffmans. There were the obvious direct blessings of blossoming azaleas and orange-blossom fragrance-laden atmosphere (my first impressions), the Bok Singing

Tower and another long vista down a double colonnade of sky-tall royal palms (my second lasting memory), the complete relaxation of drowsing in the sunny out-of-doors in March. There was also the long auto ride down the west coast and back up the east, driving on famous Daytona Beach, getting acquainted with the country, feeling the difference between Miami and Tampa, and of both from St. Petersburg (to this Yankee all three had been just "Florida"). And in Miami and Orlando the joy of meeting with E.N.C. alumni groups, the warm hospitality in Miami of the Russell Kleppingers. Stopping *en route* at Alice Parsons Sweetser's and Bea McKenney Herrschaft's. Visiting in Orlando with my old college friend Leola Cole Cormac, and of course with the Elmer, Jr., and Phoebe Kauffmans and their small Beverly.

The fellowship with the Kauffmans, Sr., was, and has been, heart-to-heart. And I know that this gift to us of a life-giving breath at the moment of the college year when the strain is tightest has been only representative of what Elmer Kauffman would wish to do for every member of the E.N.C. faculty. I have listened to this one of his many dreams of Kingdom investment.

5. There have been in the emeritus years talks to young people, requested by them in these "trust-no-one-over-thirty" days: at student faculty workshops, at all-Nazarene-college student groups, at Phi Delta Lambda initiations; talks too at laymen's retreats, both to the whole group and to the wives. One to a post-collegiate group at Park Street Church in Boston. And one for the Golden Age Sunday at a Nazarene church. And I have been busy teaching at E.N.C.

The first missionary workshop—such a success that the practice spread to the other Nazarene colleges—was the occasion of a genuine moving of the Spirit. Missionary Nurse Agnes Willox spoke simply in chapel after a night of prayer. Branson Roberts, student body

president, made an honest statement of shortcomings, and the floodgates were open.

Upon graduation he, Branson, entered the Seminary to prepare for the ministry. It happened the next year that I was lecturing at the Seminary. I felt rather strange on the platform that first morning, in the grand chapel, theology professors behind me, rows of budding theologians before me. As I stood at the speaker's desk, I caught sight of Branson Roberts in a seat next the center aisle. I was at home!

The word "workshop" recalls the first faculty workshop (now an annual October feature) when the closing Saturday morning was devoted to "Why I Am at E.N.C." Faculty members spoke individually, voluntarily, without reserve, of their past leadings and present motivations. The spirit was warm, understanding; we were drawn together in true fellowship. Carroll Bradley and Eldon Hall I shall always know better for this openness.

And with the mention of Carroll Bradley, our truly Christian coach, I must mention the victories of those tall men, the Crusader basketball team, to us far ahead of the Boston Red Sox. And with them, of the E.N.C. intervarsity debaters, who for several years also brought home trophies, theirs from encounters with the strongest New England regional teams.

These successes recall also National Science Foundation grants which our science men were bringing to E.N.C.: Rigden and Taylor and Phillips and now newly returned alumnus Lowell Hall. Professor Babcock's field study courses in plant ecology in the Blue Hills, then in the Adirondacks, now expanded to marine biology in Florida. All these I could enjoy from the sidelines. Both faculty and students were assuming a more active role in the ongoing of the college; note the Curriculum

Commission and the positive voice of the Student Council.

6. At the other extreme was the resurgence of the P.C.I. alumni group of loyal old-timers. Each commencement a remaining few have gathered in Munro Hall parlor the afternoon of Alumni Day. Madeline Nease, their secretary-treasurer, has been the moving spirit, keeping up an active correspondence through the year and handling their finances. Marvelously, they have made significant contributions to the college: furnishing two prayer rooms and setting up the Ernest E. Angell scholarship.

As their old teacher, I still "belong," and have attended every year. Worth it, if for nothing else, to hear Hervey Brown sing Paul Hill's "Even Me." But more, for what these lives tell me of the long-lasting quality of the work of grace we call "holiness." The class letter of 1913, still circulating twice a year or oftener, comes to me on its way. Ephraim Wordsworth, my age, is still preaching "second-blessing holiness" and living it, with a shout. Warner Turpel, veteran evangelist of the Maritimes and the entire Eastern seaboard, both legs amputated, is eager to be at it again, "every sigh changed to a Hallelujah"! The "girls" of the class are quieter, but their wells are deep.

7. I read recently how "the eternal youthfulness of Christianity tends to age into calculating manhood," and thought of that article, years back, on the "meridian test," the peril of middle age for the Christian experience. Then I look around and see the several E.N.C. "emeriti" professors demonstrating perfect love—not a trace of the petty jealousy, envy, self-pity, unkindly criticism their situation could breed. I see Dr. Shrader, a year and a half ahead of me in years, after three coronaries still pulling at the traces, reading, writing, stirring up minds to think about God and the future

wherever he goes. I sit in the Wollaston church prayer meeting an evening when the students are in class prayer meetings and only the oldsters (comparatively speaking) are present. We sing, "The burden that once I carried is gone, is gone," and in a wave of deep emotion I realize that each one of us singing so heartily has experienced the same lifting moment in the past, is now feeling a current problem lifted. This is Christian fellowship indeed, something—Someone—says to me. This is no "calculating manhood." This is the lasting "youthfulness of Christianity." The dramatic spiritual release of Professor Violet Balwit, which has transformed her rather restless globe-trotting into joyful pilgrimages, is another evidence.

All these. Yet the "calculating manhood" of the passage quoted above had to do with our tendency to limit God's boundless resources to the scope of our human "possible."

For my personal story the word for these years seems to be "new." Some time ago I heard a listing of "the four tragedies of life," recognized as failure of joy, failure of truth, failure of ideals, failure of the sum of life. No one of these failures is possible for one who has found Jesus Christ and found in Him his joy, his truth, his ideals, the sum total of his values. This listing is a dead-end picture. No Christ in this life. No opening vista. No "wings." Against these negatives I put the positive of the "things you cannot lose." Also the new things you gain with Him.

Because I have had Him, the years since my retirement as dean have seemed a fresh beginning. God gave me a new responsibility. "A new thing"; a new commission, a new vision, new messages. A new generation of young people, so new problems—and a new installment of faith—every one of these says something of what these years are doing for me.

I can best express it, I think, as "the sense of wings." Martha Snell Nicholson's poem "Looking Backward" I have quoted often as witnessing to the faithfulness of God from a perspective on the past. Another of hers speaks for me now:

*Let me hold lightly temporal things,
I who am deathless, I who wear wings.*

The faith I am learning today is defined,

*Be like the bird, who
Halting in his flight
On limb too slight
Feels it give way beneath him,
Yet sings,
Knowing he hath wings.*

—VICTOR HUGO

Not that everything is easy or simple. Quite the contrary. There is often agony of soul. But there is God.

In these years my mind was not asleep. I was still growing, seeing more in "my subject." From Tennyson and Browning to Hopkins and into Dante; from Dickens to Dostoevsky and beyond. In my courses, from American Literature and English Novel to Twentieth Century Literature and deeper meanings in Shakespeare and Chaucer; to the correlation of these with Bible as Literature in the course Moral and Religious Issues in Literature; and finally to the correlation of all in Interpretation of Literature. Faith was growing firmer as mind was facing challenge.

"SINGING DOWN THE YEARS"

These ten years seem the richest of them all and I have the urge to try to tell them. This borrowed time I have lived like any other time, as we all live all of our lifetime, not realizing. But how thankful I am that God granted it to me!

I read today a suggested outline for the Sunday school lesson "Exiles Return Home": "(1) God's Stirrings of Men's Hearts; (2) God's Strength for Men's Bodies; (3) God's Songs on Men's Lips." It fits the pattern of my life story: God's Stirring (what I have called Preparation), God's Strengthening (Pioneering), and now God's Songs (Perspective, as it merges into "Singing Down the Years"). God's way always ends with a song.

For a long time I have been saying there were two hymns I wanted sung at my funeral—a semi-casual way of confessing my settled faith in God's tested promises: "How Firm a Foundation" (general, universal) and "All the Way My Savior Leads Me" (individual, personal). Now another added itself, laid hold of me: "Until Then." It may be that in these later days it was living itself into me as the others had done.

*Until then my heart will go on singing,
Until then with joy I'll carry on.*

I was still learning, seeing the old truths in a new way. There was the Good Friday of 1965, when the meaning of Gethsemane and Calvary became so powerfully real to me—though only a faint shadow, I knew, of the infinite actual. There were new opportunities to test old slogans. "New occasions teach new duties"; and new situations teach new and deeper senses of old words. "Go it, John" was now not encouragement in general, but sitting on the sidelines and cheering the youngsters on as I spoke to the student leaders in conference. "How Big Is One?" was not to send honor graduates out into the world or to deliver freshmen from an inferiority feeling; it was a challenge to me to prove the power of prayer.

Prayer. I have learned, and said, our only hope or safety is to "build our lives around prayer." I had known prayer as daily strength, as the inspiration of

"great moments," as "reporting for duty." I had written for the *Herald of Holiness* in the early fifties those lessons I had learned on prayer, and again on exploring our divine resources. Now the listening aspect became more clear, and the testing, the sifting of motives and the quality of my faith; the "I believe God" in the heart of the shattering storm. Also the practicing of what I knew.

The "problems," did I say, incident to the new student generation? Problem rather. The old problem in a new form, of the double self-identification: with the ones in need and the One changeless Christ who can meet the need, so bringing the two together. Not a question of making the young people different or like me, but of hearing His words, "So send I you"; then trying to understand these restless ones as they really are, both their complaints of us older generation and the essence of their basic need. And acting on what I see. Letting Him act through me as best I can.

*I know a Name that dispels the power of evil;
I know a Name that is greater than them all.*

* * *

These "new" things—this newness focalized in four pressures of reality, inroads of the Spirit they seem.

The first occurred during three days of fasting and prayer requested by our general church of all its members. In addition to the individual prayers our Wollaston church observed certain hours for united fasting and prayer. During one of these our pastor, Rev. Ted Martin, read the first chapter of Ephesians with a comment on "God's purpose." It probably was verse 11, "we also," that triggered my response. The comment may have contained the phrase "something new." What it actually said to me as I knelt there at the altar was that God's purpose of the ages was to do "a new thing" for E.N.C. This certainly was included in the sweep of

God's will for "us also." And the new thing I saw was that E.N.C. would not have to become completely secularized, as has been the history of so many American colleges, Harvard and Yale heading the list.

This was not a passing thought. I cannot communicate what the intensity of the conviction has meant to me—means today—of almost overwhelming responsibility. Many are praying for E.N.C.—I am thankful for every one; but to me it is as if I alone must face the issue, must insist, "Thy will be done." There was a day when I thought I understood Abraham's, "I have taken it upon me to speak with God." This sense of a new commission has not left me; it only presses harder. And in the very pressure I recognize with joy the fact of God's willing and caring. A new assignment. A new promise too.

And new testings. The second of these significant experiences has to do with the illness of Mary Harris. The heart seizure, when I waited by the door of her bedroom where the physician had her under sedation, to hear his verdict at 10 p.m.—I was praying for healing before ten. But then the quiet voice: "God's time, God's way." It has been so now for five years.

But particularly the summer of 1967. She had been so very ill the year before in Vermont; completely dehydrated, had spent five days there in the hospital. I myself had had a long struggle emerging from flu. Were we foolish at our age to risk three hundred miles away from home? Each without the other's knowledge prayed for guidance; both received simultaneously the direction that it was right to go. We were perfectly happy in our leaving home. Several problems foreseen smoothed themselves out.

Then the day after our arrival at the lake, she became violently ill; it seemed the same old struggle was taking over. And the leading? I should have known God better, but I listened. The taunt was dia-

bolical, but it was unshakable: If I couldn't trust that leading, I could from now on trust no divine guidance in practical matters. I never had known suffering to equal this. Then one morning, perhaps the third day, as I prayed, I remembered the agony of Jesus in the garden; I remembered the "if's" Satan drove at Him in His hour of temptation in the wilderness; and there swept through me a great wave of joy. I thanked God that I had not died without having had this experience; I should have been ashamed to meet Jesus without this bitterest kind of suffering.

The next day the situation began to change. Week after week we said to each other—we knew the reason why: "The best summer we've ever had!" A new, surer, steadier trust. Another bit of evidence to add to the "all things" philosophy.

I put beside this an earlier, never-to-be-forgotten moment when I knew the same sudden surprise of joy in the realized fact that the bare knowledge of being gladly in the will of God is actually my highest delight.

The third of the "new" experiences is not easily, or simply, categorized. Even "a new vision" seems weak. Or is it too small? It is an overall sense of *God working* with an urgency that demands response. Here and there around the world, "news of nations awaking borne upon every breeze." God trying to break in, it seems to me. In what we have called "dead churches," new manifestations of the Holy Spirit, a new practice of prayer, a new interest in "religion" even among the most secular-minded.

All this in spite of the breaking down from within of all the old barricades against evil, in these most degenerate of times. The God who is Reality is alive, is aware, and more than that, is claiming cooperation. The time is ripe, on His calendar, for the worldwide revival to hasten Christ's return. The pressure is strong for me and my church to share in God's program—to

open wide to the working of God through His Spirit. This too is not simply an idea; it is an atmosphere I cannot escape. A conviction of Total Reality moving. A fullness to which my inadequacy is open-ended.

I am beginning to prove its down-to-earth reality. In an ordinary prayer-and-fasting meeting, joining sincerely in the prayers of others, suddenly I pulled myself together and asked God for His special assignment for *me* of burden and faith. Immediately came the thought of one young man converted at E.N.C., sanctified, called to preach, and what his single life had expanded to in terms of service in God's kingdom—just one. And then I was almost overwhelmed by the pressure of the many young men and women here at the college, lives as full of potential that could be wasted unless God was made real to them by His Spirit. "Waste!" "Waste!" the words groaned through me over and over. I knew God was giving a new dimension, a Kingdom frame of reference for my prayer. God's perspective, it seemed. I knew I should never again pray as near the surface as before.

Again, just under the line for this book, came the first E.N.C. "Workshop on the Ministry." As I listened to four men, two of them recent E.N.C. graduates, their tremendous reports of God's active working in the inner city, with minority groups, in foreign lands, in home missions gave a new tightness to my hold of faith. I felt the quickened sense of God's attention to detail, His availability for specific direction and exact timing—if I will be totally involved, and ask.

The fourth "new" experience is a consequence of the third: *new messages*, I will term it. I think of it as the winds of God. Somewhere I had read something about "the most important letter of the alphabet"—I can't recall what the author came up with. I have my own selection. It is W. The "honest serving men"—"Who?" and "What?" and "Why?" "When?" "Where?"

But also a new series. It started for me in the St. Albans church one Sunday morning. The hymn was "The Hallelujah Side," and my mind and heart, my whole "Me" responded, "I've opened up toward heaven all the windows of my soul." *Windows*—the two sets, His and mine. Then *Wells*: "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." *Water*—the living Water of the Spirit. And the *Wind* of the Spirit, "moving on the face of the waters" at the creation, moving in the hearts of men at Pentecost, moving in the world today. *Windows*, *Well*, *Water*, *Wind*—*Words* too, that are spirit and life, and *Waves* of the tide of revival. The *W's* can carry us far.

And now with the new sense of the dynamic working of God in our world has come an added sensitivity to the Winds of God, ready to be picked up as the spiritual receiving set is kept tuned in. It was said of the missionary doctor Wilfred Grenfell, "He made the sound among men of a holy wind blowing."

A sampling of these Winds of God that have reached me:

The Wind of Joy. Sloth as a deadly sin, defined by Thomas Aquinas as "sadness in the face of spiritual good." I sin if I do not accept Christ's offered joy. The message keeps coming, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." The Christian is one who through the worst that life can bring is "absurdly happy." Irrationally happy, yes—if you don't know the logic of grace: security and meaning for life in the eternal purpose of the unchanging God of love.

The Wind of Freshness. The note I read one day: "The romance that gives life zest is to meet every day with the Lord. What will He lead me to and through? The God of infinite variety (no two snowflakes alike) never leads, blesses, works twice in exactly the same way. The God of infinite wisdom (ours for the asking)

orders our days, and as our day our strength. Therefore no strain."

"Life is not salvage to be saved out of the world, but an investment to be used in the world."

The Wind of Pure Love. Again and again, the farewell speech of old Mr. Standfast in *Pilgrim's Progress* before crossing the river: "I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth I have coveted to set my foot."

The Wind of Assurance. The direct word, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." I have always needed His personal word to me.

Such was His recent message to me on the filling with the Holy Spirit: "My void Thou wilt meet with Thy merciful and peaceful fullness, hour by hour in toil, in leisure—in privacy, in company—in adversity, in success—in things sacred, in things secular—in great things, in least" (H. G. Moule).

*Prove in me Thy boundless fullness;
Live in me Thy life divine.*

"Filled like the streams of flood tide in the spring." The fullness of the spring freshets: the drive and enthusiasm, the freshness and purity; no stagnation, no clogging with rubbish.

"Filled like the tides that flow 'from out the boundless deep.'" The fullness of the full tide, "too full for sound and foam": the serenity and vastness of a oneness relationship with God himself, the adequacy that is peace.

"Filled like the ship's sails that catch the current of the wind." The fullness of the filled sail: rough canvas made beautiful in use, weakness of self become strength in service, motive power for work, energy.

"Filled like the house with sweet aroma when Mary broke her alabaster box of sweet perfume." The fullness

of love without stain of self: joy without envy, glad sacrifice. Christlikeness because Christ-love.

"Filled like the sanctuary with the deep rich tones of the organ." The fullness of the holy place: the hush of the soul in the presence of God: the instrument out of sight, the life God's music to attract to Him. And more, "the measureless reaches of redeeming love." The fullness of the "more abundantly."*

*Be still, my soul, thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;
All now mysterious will be bright at last.
Be still, my soul, the winds and waves still know
His voice that ruled them while He dwelt below.*

*The quotes are Earl Wolf's, the interpretation mine.

Postscript

As I come to the close of my chronicle, I recall that somewhere I have claimed to have had "not a moment of boredom" in my teaching. I trust I have not given a wrong impression. Boredom, no. Weariness of mind and body, frustration and perplexity, yes. Once asked if I enjoyed grading papers, I replied, "No, most of them." I stopped to think, "No, I don't like correcting papers. I really suffer over assigning grades—but I love my job!"

The phrase "Not Somehow, but Triumphantly" belongs to me, they say. But not as a boast of achievement; rather as a reminder of resources in Christ. I hope they remember that the word "triumph" implies a battle. It has not always been smooth sailing. I have needed all the grace my faith could grasp.

The many notes from that unfiled drawer have varied with audiences and occasions, but all have expressed facets of the one unchanging Reality. With the

passing of time I became more deeply stirred by the wonder of the abiding dependability of Christ's principles and presence. I discovered, and was captured by, clearer insights. One Jewish woman who was enrolled in a course—"Twentieth Century Literature," I think it was—stopped at the desk as she went out, to say, "You seem so *sure*" (of my faith, she meant). I was. It was time-tested.

But the years still teach. I end the story with what I can only call the explosion in my mind of a metaphysical fact. It occurred last week. (I suppose I had known it before, theoretically. Even now words cannot communicate the burst of glory.) It was this. The 70 years' experiences of specific "grace to help in the nick of time"—God always on hand for every one of the days—were not chance. They proved the existence of an active, beneficent, cosmic Intelligence—absolute, infinite—noticing, aware before I recognized my own need, providing in advance the saving word. And this miracle is available to every individual, living or yet to live, who will tune in to the wisdom of God. The universe is a-tingle with God. This is His mind, and it works for the mere dot which is I—in Love!

Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is a poem I had to live into gradually as I understood more clearly its symbolism of the deep truths of life, love, and religion, everlasting as expressed in the beauty of its carved scenes. Merely by living through the centuries the Greek vase was declaring its truth.

Today the role of the urn came alive to me. Perhaps this is what my "staying put" has meant—a witness across the generations to a living, unchanging Truth. (I capitalize as Keats did not.)

*When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain in midst of other woes
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,*

*Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.*

If so, how grateful!

But my whole soul goes out in a prayer for the future, a prayer that has promise at its heart: "Behold, I will do a new thing." Could the two, prayer and promise, make prophecy? "Even now shall it spring forth."

*Tune Thou my harp;
There is not, Lord, could never be
The skill in me.*

*Tune Thou my harp,
That it may play Thy melody,
Thy harmony.*

*Tune Thou my harp,
O Spirit, breathe Thy thought through me
As pleaseth Thee.*

—AMY CARMICHAEL*

NOTE ADDED SEPTEMBER, 1969

One more of life's lessons, one further demonstration of the faithfulness of our God: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." This, too, I proved when this past spring my living-partner of forty-seven years, Mary Harris, died. God was with us in living, loving presence to meet both her need and mine. For her the assurance of His welcome at the open Gate; for me, the "Comforter, Counsellor, Leader, over the uneven journey of life." "The haven of rest is *my Lord*."

*Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London, England.

APPENDIX



For a Holiness College in 1957

Farewell Address as Dean
Delivered Before the Faculty
and Board of Trustees

"In India it is said that the truly sacred places of the earth are those where two rivers meet. So Allahabad, for instance, is held to be a sacred city because it lies at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna. In a somewhat similar way it may be said that ENC is a sacred place because it stands at the confluence of many streams. Here meet the precedents of the past and the needs of the present, the insights of scholarship and the eternal verities of faith, the grace of God and the aspirations of all sorts and conditions of men."

—ADAPTED FROM DEAN DOUGLAS HORTON,
Harvard Divinity School

In a special sense we stand today at the confluence—what seems almost confusion—of crosscurrents, so violent the shock of meeting streams. . . . Ours the responsibility to deepen the channel into which they flow and merge, so to blend them as to change confusion to power.

Past and present. This fiftieth anniversary year of our

church, all our institutions are subject to appraisal. We know the precedents of the past, the founders' vision—we owe it a debt not to betray our trust: to “spread scriptural holiness.” But not as a pet doctrine. As basis for a redeemed humanity to grow to “a perfect man in Christ.”

This thirty-ninth year of ENC as a college, we have told you repeatedly of the growth of her vision. Our new dean's (Alvin H. Kauffman's) report to the faculty opens with “Our Faith: Thirty-nine years ago ENC was conceived and dedicated to the proposition that the best in education and the best in the Christian faith could be combined with a profit to both and a loss to neither. This is still our optimistic faith. Christ gives the key to the fuller realization of truth.” By faith we understand; and every added bit of knowledge adds strength to our faith. (Confluence of the insights of education and the eternal verities of faith.)

The needs of the present—I recall telling last year of the squeeze these needs present:

1. We were founded to train ministers and missionaries. Now with a seminary to do that, an increasing number of young people of college age (with a higher general level of education soon one of every two will be entering college) are preparing for various other vocations. This requires greater variety in curriculum and more expensive equipment—buildings and apparatus, and a specially trained faculty. Yet industry takes these Ph.D.'s first—takes them and pays them. We need men. All colleges need them, but we need a particular quality. We need money. Our constituency are not wealthy and are not fully awake to the need.

2. In the past we could operate unnoticed; now we must have and keep scholastic accreditation to stay open. We must raise educational standards (including admission requirements) or close our doors. We could be “out of the world”; now we must meet the challenge.

The business world of England at one period had a saying, “In matters of trade the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much.” They tell us the life of a college president combines Sisyphus (rolling uphill forever a great stone which forever rolls back) and Tantalus (standing up to his chin in water which forever recedes as he stoops to

drink). Both are Greek images of everlasting punishment. And the faculty lie on the bed of Procrustes (chopped off or stretched out to fit the one standard), all service, no reward.

"Do human brains require as much investment and development as copper in the Andes?" Our faith of the past must prove itself in this present: the best spiritual, that is, genuine; the best education, that is, genuine. This is a day when only this "best" will do. And "tomorrow may be too late."

* * *

Some quotes from educators bring us to the second confluence, "the insights of scholarship and the eternal verities." "We stand now at the crossroads of history." "Glimpses now of counterrevolution against Communism." "Save the colleges to freedom as liberating forces for the world." "Educate for character." "Men are men before they are lawyers or physicians [or ministers, I add], and if you make them capable and sensible men they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers and physicians" (John Stuart Mill). "Students must ask the right questions and get the right answers."

Educators—many of them seem to be recognizing that it will take Christian education to produce these free, sensible, wise men, and are speaking out. Note these titles and emphases:

"A Tree Bearing New Fruit." "Stir the earth and put new mould about the roots. Our task is to develop a spiritual vitality capable of holding its own among the ideological currents of the time." "To relate ourselves to truth in a new way." "A people which lacks a sturdy moral fiber, plus dependable spiritual resources, is weak, no matter how great its material forces may for the moment be."

"The Facing of This Hour." The president of Park College asks for a "religious atmosphere in which the student can think through his personal relationship to God—find a mature personal religion which will stay with him and grow deeper and stronger throughout his life."

* * *

Now to what is my real, new burden for ENC, a concern for the individual student—that third confluence: "the grace

of God meeting the aspirations of all sorts and conditions of young people." Again our dean's report: "A second principle of the ENC program is the Christian view of the supreme value of the human personality: young people vibrant with expectation, eager to learn, yearning to serve their age—of inestimable value, but complex, sensitive, responsive, unpredictable."

This is a new day for them, different from ours. There has been more change in the past 20 years than in centuries before. Human nature is the same, but conditions, problems, influences, ideas are different. More are going to college; more money is spent on colleges. It is a new world of new words like "atomic," "automation," which have changed skills and the demand for skills. There is a new knowledge and different. And a new society: less work and more leisure and more ways to spend it, more temptations and different, more standardization and less individuality; less background of Bible truth. 'All sorts of aspirations"—what are the aspirations of our young people? How meet them with grace?

Two studies have been made lately of attitudes of U.S. college students. (1) The *Newsweek* education editor finds them conformists, egocentric—their only aspirations material gratifications—no idealisms. Their aim to become well-rounded business executives by accepted business deals. (2) A social researcher in the nation's colleges finds college youth worried and anxious over spiritual problems. The thoughtless take the road of cars and yachts and television and travel; the more thoughtful, the way of distress and anxiety. The causes are the same: the scientific revolution with the Freudian follow-up. If man is just another animal, as superficial pseudo-science suggested, no brakes on biological appetites. Free will? Moral responsibility meaningless. Rather, moral relativism. And if no standards, then nothing else matters. Distrust of supposed spiritual values, therefore confusion and moral frustration.

Oldsters professing moral standards seem to present to them the hypocrisy of two conflicting systems of value: (1) religion for Sunday, (2) competition, shrewd, unscrupulous, for other days. And the fact of atomic war—what significance and what future for the individual?

But the moral nature will not down. Postwar thinking of psychologists, philosophers, sociologists, scientists is swinging to theories nearer to Christian truth.

* * *

Our own young people—can we put ourselves in their place? We can try. The attitudes vary.

(1) Some are "wise." Through unselective television, radio, reading, associations at work or school, they are infected with the atmosphere of the day. Some long for the forbidden. (2) The serious who accept the doctrines and keep the rules. Their standards are the negative "don'ts"—small vision of positive service and Christian ethics. (3) Those "trying to get sanctified" who are "up and down." Lightweight in their ideas of religion and of fun, they have to be amused. Life is a patchwork of discordant ideas. (4) The mentally keen, who "wish to think for themselves." Overimpressed by "education," they accept anything a "great scholar" says. They are exposed to intellectual dangers. (5) The genuinely sanctified, but shielded. They will be shocked, confused, when they have to learn. (6) Some with a sense of calling must prepare, but do not know what is involved. (7) Some at ENC were converted in last summer's camp. Some few have never before been exposed to "what Nazarenes believe." Some of these are eager, some indifferent—all inexperienced.

For all these the saving Gospel is the same, and the college degree. All must mature; these are the growing-up years. But we must find them each where he is. Jesus found the path to the heart of every individual: for Nicodemus the new birth; for the Samaritan woman at the well the living water.

"Where are the young in college to find the spiritual leadership they so desperately need? In the secular college their leaders are largely silent or ineffectual.

"He [the right sort of leader] has to bring light into their darkness, order into the chaos of their experience, to discover meaning, to make them feel and understand what was incomprehensible to them, to distinguish the essential from the inessential, the valuable from the valueless, the direction in which they should walk and what they should

do. He must have the capacity for imparting his own vision of truth to others and for inducing them to choose a specific way of life."

—F. H. HEINEMAN, in *Existentialism and the Modern Predicament*

Where are such leaders to be found? They should be in the holiness college. Here is my fresh vision for the holiness college, my challenge, burden, faith for our young people, the treasure of the church, sheep needing a shepherd.

The "educator's task for freedom (for God, for the church) is to provide the kind of learning in which knowledge of truth becomes transforming of life." The peculiar asset of the holiness college is the transforming grace of God; changed hearts develop changed minds. A spiritual altar will work a double miracle.

It is ours to be sure they get the real miracle. Ours to live it and make them hungry for it. To help them fall in love with the real before they are exposed to the counterfeit. To keep them enveloped in prayer and faith and love. In the new bottles to put new wine—not a new Gospel; the same work of the Spirit that Peter knew and Wesley, but fresh in our lives and in theirs, and meeting both our problems. The new wine of the Spirit poured (released) into the new situations of the new day.

An "old-fashioned revival"? Surely no one form is prescribed for the Eternal Spirit. God's form. God's new wine. God real among us.

Then—"Keep education open at the top to the truth God would speak to our time amid all our vast knowledge and power."

For the minute they rise from the altar they face the fact that they must "perfect holiness." There are questions to answer: how to live, what to think. Think grace into living; learn to live by principles, not by moods. Start where they are to develop a whole man, loving God perfectly, with all soul, heart, strength, and *mind*. Education "open at the top" is not merely illuminating but transforming—of themselves first.

They have minds that must grow with their growth; they are responsible to use them to face questions they cannot

answer. There is no real conflict between real education and holiness, but some new ideas seem to conflict. The Spirit will guide, but the burden is on us teachers to help them find the guideposts that we have found ourselves. "Meet the insights of education with the eternal verities." Teach the new ideas, expect the questions—even lead to them, but beyond, to the things that do not change.

"Christ is the Answer" in the sense that His truth is the eternal corrective, touchstone of moral and spiritual reality. Any supposed truth that clearly impinges on that reality to contradict it is to that extent untrue. But true truths, secular and spiritual, reinforce and illuminate each other. Perhaps, probably, Christ's truth has yet unrealized implications. Be sure we ourselves know in our own experience something of the confluence and lead them to it, this grace in living and thinking.

"In the world" of ideas, but not wholly "of it"—not swamped by it, but master of it; steering between the conceit of testing by human reason alone and the superficiality of a holiness that feels only and does not think. If here in college we allow them to be swamped by ideas, we can lose our best from the church. But if we do not let them think, we may lose our church. Education "open at the top" also to transform their world. Perhaps their greatest lack lies in their contentment with negativeness, keeping holy by don'ts. There are new aspects of the many-faceted truth of Christ to be taught by the Spirit: for new needs new facets of holiness yet to be discovered by keen, sensitive minds deathlessly loyal to Christ and His cross; clear ethical insights, new avenues of service.

In "new days" of the past God used university-trained men in a large, lasting way. Paul, Luther, Wesley unearthed not new, but buried riches of Christ's eternal truth. We need some great interpreters of holiness. (I suppose John Wesley did not say the last word on the riches of grace.) Thinkers on the psychology and the philosophy of this truth, its ethical implications; on the anthropology of races to whom we send missionaries.

We need—they need—visions of service in the "ministry" and out: pioneers to evangelize in industry, in the professions—physicians, teachers, physicists, chemists (why did

I omit lawyers?), laymen who have their own faith clear, going out to testify, meeting other educated men and women on their own ground. This is the place for "calls." We are handling the priceless future of the church, perhaps of the world. We need to keep the atmosphere electric with prayer, and testimony.

Arnold of Rugby said, "No man should meddle with a university who does not know it very well and love it very dearly." We tremble at the responsibility, but we do not draw back. We have God. And we have you. I said the colleges ask too little? We claim your help in this—you, their families, their church. We ask your example as witnesses, your prayers and faith for us and in us, your money, your moral support—and your sons and daughters.

* * *

Some recent omens of victory to report. In one day:

1. The visit to me of a recent alumnus, a young man with no money, working for an advanced degree preparatory to teaching literature in a holiness college, his eyes filled, his face fairly shining as he told of the thrill of counselling at a Nazarene camp this summer, when he realized how acute the young people's need and that he could help.

2. The visit at my home of the newly elected student body president, a top-ranking chemist, kneeling in humble, earnest prayer for grace and wisdom to be a leader in spiritual things as well as in other activities.

3. Word by phone of a brilliant young high school senior now considering ENC rather than Radcliffe—impressed by the different quality she felt in an ENC practice teacher.

4. A few weeks back, a faculty member sharing with me in prayer his burden for his contribution to young preachers in training.

5. The night our new dean knelt with me, at his request, and consecrated himself to the new task. The Spirit ratified.

6. Two recent chapel services for farewells to three of our best ENC missionaries.

To quote Churchill: "We have not set out on this course to be liquidated." "For their tomorrow we give our today," humbly, prayerfully, and, I trust, faithfully. "Tomorrow may be too late!"

Message to the Alumni

As Dean Emeritus

November, 1965

Looking over my *Nautilus* files with an eye to a couple of regional alumni gatherings, I was impressed by two persistent facts: change, but sameness. At first glance you looked so young, unlike your present selves. But then I saw: not that your senior face was different, not even older—just the same you, but *lived*. And I noted the terms in which you were described in those famous (or infamous?) “sketches” from freshman to senior. I saw that in the four, or five, or six years you were growing: from ignorance of yourself and your potential to clearer vision and to a commitment both in purpose and in something of passion; from surface unawareness to deepening and direction. I saw too that today you are what as seniors you promised. And I remembered the words, “What you will be you are now becoming.” The “becoming” not yet completed. We still have some of it to do, you and I.

I saw also the large number of students pictured in the Evangelistic Association, the large number of called ministers and missionaries—large in proportion to the total enrollment of the college. And I noted the superior quality of the

book evident both in tone and in workmanship. I felt the closeness of faculty and students. Change, or sameness?

Then memory went to work. I thought of the decades of change—I had lived with the college well into six decades, each with its characteristic mood. Before 1920 this mood had been *preparation for evangelizing*; we were just beginning to grow from Bible school to college. No financial worries for students; no one had any money, but no one needed any nor expected any. No one griped; everyone could work in broom factory, mop factory, or kitchen. For the school itself *all* was financial strain and stress—all except prayer.

In the 1920's the mood was *serious study*. All the students—almost—were serious-minded, earnest, purposeful. They had chosen a holiness college, even unaccredited, because it was a holiness college. ENC was getting its feet down academically; our aim was to be better than our reputation and we were gaining a good name. In 1930, in answer to prayer *and* work, we were given the degree-granting power in Massachusetts. We also had a great revival.

The 1930's were *depression* years. The problems were all financial, and these pulled faculty and students close together. God brought us through to a glorious mortgage-burning early in the next decade.

The 1940's were marked by full academic *accreditation* sought and won, and also by *secularization* begun. With increasing numbers of young men and women from our constituency, as well as returning GI's, more attention must be given to preparation for lay careers in science, education, medicine, social service.

The 1950's saw a *second-generation faculty*, younger men, Ph.D.'s earned or to be earned, with growing families, their dedication requiring a new type of sacrifice; rapid *numerical growth* creating new problems in maintaining the old spirit and new financial pressures (more dormitories to house more students and more laboratories and libraries) to maintain accreditation.

The 1960's: *a world that has lost God* and is destroying itself; *new young people*, conditioned to "think for themselves," rebels on principle. The problem seems complex, "to serve the present age": to sift out the essential "soul of ENC," and to communicate it to young men and women who wish

to be "like other colleges." Change—yes. But sameness, identity. If ENC is *only* like Ivy League colleges, she has lost her soul. She was founded to be like them in academic quality ("the best in education"), but more ("the best in religion—holiness of heart and life"). "And in that 'more' lie all her hopes of good."

Changes from decade to decade in circumstances and in practical problems, but a core of faith sound and, we believe, needed as never before: a standard of values and a living dynamic for a world that has lost its bearings and for young people that have not yet found theirs. Did you learn the secret in your decade? Or did we fail you?

It comes to me today in the words of a scrap of verse I came across lately—not in a specifically religious setting. At first it may sound light.

*This is the school of Babylon,
And at its hands we learn
To walk into the furnaces,
And whistle as we burn.**

"Whistle"—perhaps you think "sing" would say it better for us; but "whistle" has in it the lightness of perfect freedom. At any rate, you get the allusion: those three young Hebrews in Nebuchadnezzar's Babylon. How was it they could choose to walk into the seven-times-heated furnace and "burn," yet come through singing, with garments unsinged? You know: "the form of the Fourth."

We had to turn you out into the thick fires of life's testings and trust you had the secret, the magic word, "the mystery," Paul called it. That your "whistling" could not only carry you through unsinged but inspirit others (as Bunyan's pilgrim heard Faithful ahead of him in the Valley of the Shadow and took heart).

This truth expresses itself in the ENC motto, engraved on its seal, *Via, Veritas, Vita*: "Jesus Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life." That motto did not just happen. It was not chosen at random. It has been lived with the years.

*Thomas Blackburn. Quoted by May Sarton, *The Moment of Poetry*, Johns Hopkins Press, 1962.

The Truth. I remember when I began to *think*. It was years after I began to teach that I heard a lecturer say, "The greatest single fact of all history is the crucifixion of Jesus Christ." If that is so—and it is, if Jesus is who He said, if the infinite God once visited our planet to reveal eternal truth to us—then all other "truths" stand or fall in relation to that Master Truth and its implications. I tried this test and found it made sense, found I needed it.

Christ, the Truth—a philosophy of life. The implications of the Cross, a sure frame of reference for understanding ourselves and our fellows, for making basic decisions.

Christ, the Way—a basic attitude that gives life meaning. Jesus' "Come," utter dependence on God; Jesus' "Go," constant giving to others.

Christ, the Life—a relationship with the living Christ by the Spirit: dynamic, enabling, creative.

Here is the core—solid, firm, unchanging, "yesterday, to day, and for ever"—of faith and truth. All life is one, centered in Christ, the Son of God, life here and hereafter.

We hear the psychiatrists stress the need of an "integrated personality." No schizophrenic split here. Here is wholeness; here is rest and certainty for a Babylon of lostness, confused and confusing. I am reminded of Dr. Harold Kuhn's recent chapel talk: "'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free'—free from today's loneliness, alienation, and futility."

We hear much throwing about of brains on the subject of creativity. Here is the secret of genuine creation: "There is no limit to the good a man can do if he does not care who gets the credit." Browning wrote of the

*gift . . . allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he make
Not a fourth sound, but a star.*

Jesus himself, I believe, defined this truth, this way, this life in Him, in His well-known interview with Peter. Peter had just declared, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus had responded, "This doesn't come of yourself; My Father has revealed it to you. On this rock I will build

My Church"—on the personal revelation of this Christ, with the lives of ordinary men and women who have met Him and committed themselves recklessly to Him. With them and through them He is building His kingdom today.

But Jesus began at once to teach Peter the basic principles of this "creativity." As usual, Peter talked.

Peter said of the Cross, "Be it far from thee, Lord." Jesus replied, "Get thee behind me, Satan." *Redemptive self-giving.*

Peter asked, "How often must I forgive my brother?" Jesus replied, "Always. No end to forgiveness." *Loving unstinted.*

Peter asked, "What shall we have?" Jesus said, "The greatest shall be servant." *Expendable in service.*

Committed to love: God's love for us, our love for others—it is so that Christ can build through us.

Practical? Possible? Only through the deliverance from self-centeredness that will make us each a pure, free channel for God's love, the blessing we call holiness, through the Spirit's filling. This is ENC's unchanging pattern.

The test comes in "the school of Babylon": how the faith works in the furnaces, your furnace and mine. "The fire shall try it, of what sort it is." It was made to work. If you have proved it in the test, looking back you see that the fiercest fires were those you remember as the experiences of greatest value. So our poem ends:

*We praise the school of Babylon,
For where else could we learn
To walk into the furnaces
And whistle as we burn?*

As for ENC, this is a day of heated furnaces. *Finances.* Scholastic advance, but ever-advancing levels of education to keep pace with (or we lose accreditation and with it our very existence). Hence, a larger and larger number of high-quality faculty members (quality of both head and heart). And money for both salaries and physical facilities.

Larger enrollment, but more buildings (money) and more scholarships (money again). Community colleges and state universities are luring students away who need the Christian influence.

Spirit. President Williamson's son, about five years old when his father came to ENC in 1936, prayed one night: "O Lord, bless my father, who is president of the Boston multitudes." I think often of the "multitudes" when I sit on the chapel platform and look out over the hundreds whose lives are entrusted to us. We are responsible for preserving and developing the soul of ENC, and for communicating it to this generation of students. Responsible for translating the old spirit into the new forms demanded by the new day, for giving it practical, living expression.

Pray for us as you never have prayed. The past few years have brought us the keenest tests of faith, but the greatest sheer joy in fresh dependence on God and love of His truth.

I give particular thanks for the most recent word from Him: "O Lord God . . . with thy blessing let the house of thy servant be blessed *for ever*." "Thou blessest, O Lord, and it shall be blessed *for ever*."

Just a few recent messages given our students by alumni, to acknowledge the share you still are having in perpetuating the ENC spirit.

Claude Schlosser at this fall's opening convention: Truth, its power and dependability; attitudes, choices, commitment to truth; Christ, the Truth.

Paul Hetrick in chapel: "Lo, I am with you alway"—God's omnipresence illustrated by a prayer in America answered by a marvelous deliverance in Africa.

Richard Howard, speaking at North Reading Camp, preached informally in Wollaston: "Live in the Spirit."

Gordon Wetmore in a Sunday evening service: "To whom much is committed"—the "much" not merely a Christian heritage and a Christian environment but the gift of the Holy Spirit living in a young person today, each one to find his own creative work in God's will. Sheer excitement for layman as well as for minister; God's will for him, Christ's use for him in His building.

(Kipling's "Anybody might have heard it, but His whisper came to me.")

Dr. Robert Merki, now on furlough from Africa, in chapel: "How shall they hear without a preacher? And how

shall they preach except they be sent?' Listen. God may be trying to get your ear."

It is too late for some of us to make great changes in our lives even should we wish. I have asked God for each of us a new urge; a quickened sense of the worth of what we have to give—yet—to those around us who do not have the ENC secret; a new prayer for ENC, her president, her faculty, her students, and her development men. And a new faith to "challenge *your* mountain in the Lord."

*Dean Bertha Munro—
Builder and Symbol of ENC*

Founders' Day Address, October, 1968

Delivered by Dr. Samuel Young

We do not come today to give you a biography of Dean Bertha Munro—she has written that herself very recently at the insistence of those who know her best—and we have read the early chapters covering the years before we first met her. We promise you a treat when this work is off the press. Nor do we offer this as an obituary, for she reported to us recently, "I'm not dead yet, and hope I'll not be in October." Rather, we offer these lines as a summary of her philosophy of life and as an estimate of her service as a builder and symbol of Eastern Nazarene College.

We have known Dean Munro for 46 years. We are still one of her students and listen when she speaks and read everything that she writes for print. But we have also been her pastor, her district superintendent, a college trustee of "her" college, a colleague on the same faculty, and for a few years, her college president. We have prayed often in her home as well as around the same church altar. We have seen her perplexed and burdened and even at her wits' end. We have argued with her occasionally but seldom success-

fully. She has the daintiness of a woman, the poise of a scholar, and the strength of a saint. She has been a symbol of ENC to hundreds of students both in what she is as well as what she strives for.

Her very length of service—more than half a century, any way you count it—makes this day appropriate, but its real significance to us lies in the nature and quality of her service. While Emerson wrote, "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," Bertha Munro makes us acknowledge "man" here as generic—it includes woman, too.

We have drawn heavily on her own writings in making this brief summary of her place of service and have also been privileged to look into her personal notes for chapel talks and educational addresses. As we read these during recent weeks it was not hard to understand why she was valedictorian of her class in high school at 16 years of age, and to learn that she testified to the saving and sanctifying power of God's grace even then. Neither were we surprised that she was valedictorian of her class at Boston University, having earned scholarships all the way, besides serving as a proctor during her junior and senior years. They elected this Latin major to Phi Beta Kappa. She rejected the sororities as inconsistent with her high ethical and social standards, but she was not unpopular with the students herself. Also, her grades in graduate studies are a closely guarded secret, but she does not fool all of us—the same caliber student prevailed at Radcliffe College in Harvard.

CHRISTIAN BELIEVER

The key to Dean Munro's service to ENC lies first of all in her own religious experience, for her service cannot be evaluated unless we see that she serves her God first of all and then her fellowman. Also, her contribution in building this holiness college can only be understood as a Kingdom building endeavor. But let the Dean offer her own religious testimony and basic philosophy of life given in the epoch of her maturity:

"How have I known Him? As Savior first, from sins realized and unrealized, from deceit, from selfish ambition, from laziness and willfulness. The sight of His cross showed

me my treacherous nature; His word changed my quicksand, too, to rock.

"I too have known Him as Counselor. Without Him I should have been bewildered and lost in a confused world. But He directed my basic choices, at every turn I heard His 'Follow me.' And looking back, I see the way He led was good.

"How do I know Him? As faithful Guide, He has given meaning to my life; He has given me a cause to live for that is bigger than I am. The very day I gave myself wholly to Him, He gave me a work to do for Him. Delivering me from an almost certain death, He laid claim to my service for life. At every crossroads the word of direction has come in the nick of time. In the keenest temptation to think myself a useless failure, He has repeated, 'I have chosen you . . . that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.'

"How do I know Him? I have come to know Him as Provider and Giver of Bread. I have found by specific tests that, if I would give daringly to the Kingdom, He would fill up the lack in my purse; if I would 'rest in the Lord,' He would care for my interests.

"How do I know Him? As Master and Teacher, He taught me with the basin and towel that my work was to be done selflessly for Him: 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.' He taught me that things—rewards and material possessions—do not matter so much: 'I am your Possession.' He taught me to pray, 'Establish thou the work of my hands,' and promised—but how can I tell all my secrets?

"How do I know Him? As Friend, Comforter, Strengthener, with me always. In my early teens He took my mother but whispered in my ear a word of comfort I had not known was in the Bible: 'They shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.' And in every emergency since He has been there to speak the lifting word. How faithfully those words have come! Alone under the wreckage of a railroad car, 'Jesus, every day the same.' At the point of a crucial test, 'Lo, a spring of joy I see.' In heavy loss, 'God hath provided some better thing.' Battling weakness and illness, the healing word, 'All things are possible to *her* that

believeth.' Fighting for a soul when it seemed too late, 'Even now—'; and again, 'The faith of the Son of God.'

"It all comes too close and too personal to put into writing: the gifts of inner strength and hope and courage to face life's battles—the power of that faithful engine down in the hold of the ship throbbing steadily and carrying it on through the waves and storms. 'In all these things we are more than conquerors through him.' 'God is able to deliver us . . . *But if not—*', the form of the Fourth is there. 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

TEACHER

Dean Bertha Munro is first of all a teacher. She began teaching in high school in Middleboro, Mass., 61 years ago, but managed always in those early days to return to her holiness church in Cliftondale for Sunday services. She has taught in a wide range of areas, especially in languages, but English literature became her chosen field in graduate studies and this has occupied her mind through all the years.

Her philosophy concerning true literature has been hammered out on the anvil of life as she saw the issues emerging clearly enough to pass them on to her young people. These insights contributed to clear thinking. She calls it her "Lived-into Philosophy." There are three distinct insights or contributions that came to her, she reports:

(1) The first was given in a lecture by Dr. Harold Paul Sloan: "The most important event in all history was the crucifixion of Jesus Christ."

Dean Munro confesses, "I recognized this as basic truth."

(2) The second insight came much later in an essay by Edmund Fuller, distinguished literary critic. He wrote: "The most important question to ask in judging a work of literature is its view of the nature of man."

Again Dean Munro observes, "This, too, I saw to be sound."

(3) Her third great gift in evaluating literature came from Theodore Spencer, then head of the Department of

English at Harvard. It consisted of "the four assumptions common to the greatest works of literature through the centuries." They are:

- a) The worth of the individual
- b) The conflict between good and evil
- c) A Reality behind the apparent in the universe
- d) A Unity behind the seeming diversity

When we put the above all together we discover in part why Dean Munro became such a clear lay theologian among us. She was not afraid to let her religious faith mingle with life. Truth was not to be shunned or feared. She was careful to identify truth as personal rather than limit it to abstract principles. She was fond of quoting the Syriac version of John 1:17: "Grace and Reality [truth] came by Jesus Christ." George Macdonald's lines expressed her true prayer:

*Oh, let me live in Thy realities,
Nor substitute my notions for Thy facts.*

Dean Munro's vision for a holiness college began when she was a teen-ager during her undergraduate years. It came as an intuitive insight—perhaps a bit dim at first—"Why not the best in education combined with the best in religion (holiness)?"

Early in her service she underscored the *noblesse oblige* spirit—"in which privilege entails a corresponding responsibility; the good citizenship attitude that accepts duties as well as rights." This is one reason (apart from her own inner spirit) why she would never shelter anything of snobbishness. Even in her emphasis upon scholarly excellence she insisted, "There can be no snobbishness within the Church. The Church's Master made himself of no reputation and became a servant. The elite can be saved; but they become humble first."

Dean Munro always insisted, "We want to be like other colleges in the best things." Using religion as a cloak for intellectual laziness was for her inexcusable. She wrote, "We want no exemptions. We have been trusted by the educational world; we want to keep faith with them." In fact, her own ideal was to be better educationally than we professed to be.

Her religion reinforced her here as she reminds us: "We have been trusted by God; 'we will walk honestly.' His praise is for the 'good and faithful servant.'"

Dean Allyn of Mount Holyoke, secretary of the Investigating Committee for the New England Association of Colleges, said to Dean Munro at the close of their investigation of ENC, "You are doing all that it takes to make a good college."

But Dean Munro knew the risks of the intellectual task involved in education. She confessed: "It may mean too little or too much. It can be a show thing, if taken superficially merely to get a degree; or it may be an overwhelming, ruinous experience if taken overseriously without the necessary balance of faith." It is interesting at this point to observe what she calls the true spirit of ENC. She notes, "I believe that spirit comprehends a certain attitude to things of the mind, an attitude combining independence and humility." She writes to the graduates in a warm letter: "The things that were the heart of ENC we have tried to keep intact for you and for your children: the friendliness, the sincerity, the democratic standards, the loyalty to God and holiness."

We were almost shocked last May while visiting on the campus to discover that she was still teaching a class. We were sure she must be fragile (we're getting older, too), and here she was with the light step, twinkle in her eye, and when we sat down to talk with her, we discovered the same clear mind and unswerving devotion to God and truth. Long ago we had discovered the source of her drive (apart from her inner renewing through faith in God); it was in her very task itself. She saw in youth "a world of spiritual opportunity, inner resources unlimited." She always insisted, "Not a moment of boredom when you are embarked on an adventure for God, especially an adventure with young people—their minds, and how to use them, their lives, and what to do with them. . . . No two boys have ever been the same. That is why years fly by so fast and so excitingly in our great adventure."

But she never taught a class—she taught individuals. Even when classes became large, she seemed to know them

one by one. She had the happy faculty of adding a name to each one that described him for what he was or did. It may have sounded like a nickname to some, but it wasn't. It was descriptive and appallingly accurate. In evaluating her own service she never pandered to the A student to the neglect of the C student. She was not usually "tough" in her grades, but she could pile on the work. She insisted that her field required a volume out of line with many other areas of instruction.

For many years she gave thumbnail sketches of the seniors at the junior-senior banquet, and many an individual received a deserved and revealing boost or gentle stab with good humor. Always there was penetration until they wondered, "How did she know that about me?" Those lines revealed her too, for she never lost her interest in the age-long boy-girl dilemma. In truth, they became her children, and their children in turn became her grandchildren, too. And when they left these halls, she followed them with personal notes, especially during holiday seasons, even to faraway places, reassuring them, especially in times of crisis, that she still loved, cared, prayed, and understood.

WRITER

In all her teaching, Dean Munro cherished highly her service in the Sunday school. For the most part she taught college girls. Not long ago we discerned her inner feelings regarding this service when we rediscovered that she had dedicated her first devotional book *Truth for Today* "To my co-workers, the Sunday school teachers of the Church of the Nazarene"; and the second one, *Strength for Today*, "To my Sunday school girls of the years, now scattered abroad."

Actually she had written a column for our denominational teacher's journal for more than 13 years, first under the heading "Points That Are Practical" and then as "Truth for Today." She also wrote freely for the youth magazine, *Conquest*, for the college's *Christian Scholar*, and for other magazines and publications.

Her book *Not Somehow but Triumphantly* reflects her undying interest in the mind and problems of youth. She never seems outdated, and in recent years when a few would

remind her that she was well over 30, she would counter with the fact that Jesus was more than 30, too, when He taught.

The Pilgrim's Road Map contains a practical study in *Pilgrim's Progress*. Here she reflects a special interest in Puritanism at its best, especially from John Bunyan, preacher, evangelist, pastor. It is seventeenth-century to be sure, but "practical, colloquial, down to earth," she insists, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven."

Her devotional books deserve special mention. We helped to nudge her into writing *Truth for Today* with the plea that it would help ENC if she would do it. This was followed by the companion volume, *Strength for Today*. Both continue to enrich the lives of Christians who read them and dare to let their truths search and strengthen their hearts.

LAY THEOLOGIAN

In her own right, Dean Bertha Munro is a recognized lay theologian among us. She would be the first to insist that she is not a technical theologian at all, for her emphasis is upon the practical applications to life. Her starting point of reflection and her chief frame of reference is always the Bible, but long years of study in literature have shown her confirmation and fresh applications of the Bible principles and illustrations. When she contemplated the soundest principles involved in the greatest works of literature, she concluded: "All these I could see were comprehended in the implications of the Incarnation, Crucifixion, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. . . . This philosophy meant to me a steadiness in Him, a shaky uncertainty apart from Him."

Dean Munro would agree heartily with Luccock when he writes, "Literature reinforces the values inherent in the Christian revelation." Her studies here especially emphasized the nature of man, underscoring his sinfulness and need as well as his potential and moral responsibility. In numerous classics she sees "symbols of sin that will live in the imagination." Her picture of Hugo's octopus in *Toilers of the Sea* describes "clinging carnality." Also in Hugo's *Les Misérables* she sees the quacksand setting as a symbol of the depth of man's need and his utter helplessness to save himself. In

Hawthorne's poison flower she sees "the poison of moral evil—and the girl infected and infecting others—lovely and deadly." Again in Melville's *Moby Dick* we have the great white whale, "symbol of the mystery of evil, the mystery of what the author felt to be a malignant power in the universe." But further illustrations are too numerous to list.

We suppose her two chief studies were of two seventeenth-century Christian classics—Puritan classics which appeared only seven years apart. They were *Paradise Lost*, by John Milton, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan. Anyone who sat wide awake in her classes on these studies came away richer and wiser.

But she also judged contemporary literature by the standard of the classics. She seemed to be able to lift the meat out of literature's contribution without getting lost or engulfed by the century or by the illustration itself. She was especially fond of quoting Dinsmore's summary: "We in our easy tolerance think of sin as some 'soft infirmity of blood'; but those masterminds that have gone down the deepest into the heart of evil have felt that they were entering a dismal world of chill fog and sick poison, a place of squalor, dull misery, and benumbed wretchedness; and He [Jesus] who most of all the sons of men tasted its true character through His own purity, found it to be paralyzing, horrible, God-forsaken."

But Dean Munro also glories in redemption. She sees God's initiative in the divine-human encounter. A ready illustration in literature was Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*: "I fled Him down the arches of the years." Jesus Christ is always the Seeker after man. She also loved to quote the Wesley hymn with its emphasis upon the Cross:

*'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, oh, my God, it found out me!*

Wesley continues,

*Thy grace diffused a quickening ray;
I woke—the dungeon flamed with light.
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.*

Dean Munro always identified "the implications of the Cross, a sure frame of reference for understanding ourselves and our fellows, for making basic decisions."

SYMBOL OF ENC

Dean Munro by her life and service is a symbol of ENC. She had the vision and she applied it to her own life. At certain points in her career it looked to some of her intimates foolhardy to continue, but they did not understand. She was like the third servant of the Lord in Henry Van Dyke's *Legend of Service*. She did not tarry with a *Why?* or argue with a *How?* but asked eagerly *When?* The nudge had come under the railroad car wreckage that day and she started immediately to obey.

The church's concept of a holiness college in the early years amounted to a kind of "sanctified gumption," but Dean Munro saw it rather clearly in her early days of college teaching. "God-given too is the larger vision of a holiness college in the East that shall stand until Jesus comes. The Christian college is vital to the work of God. In the years when young people are making longtime choices—of vocation, companionship, philosophy of life—it makes it natural for them to choose the right. It urges them to know God for themselves and to make these choices through Him."

Her vision came to include:

"(1) An *atmosphere* where education will never choke out the love of God; where God is real in Christ; where His knowledge, His standards, His commissions are trusted implicitly.

"(2) *Teachers* who are investing in young people. Called of God, their lives interpret the truth they teach.

"(3) *Sound preparation* for life and Christian service; reputable scholastic standards and adequate equipment; a variety of training for ministry and laity.

"(4) A *sterling product* in young lives saved to the Kingdom and directed into the useful channels of God's choice. Holiness in action; education poised and aglow."

She concludes: "ENC a praise in the earth."

Where did this New Englander discover this gleam and

how has she kept it glowing to this present hour? We think we see the secret in her own testimony recorded in an earlier page and in the last paragraph which we have withheld until now—in a God-given faith that has not faded with the passing years. Hear her:

“Faith in Christ is not an upside-down cone teetering tipsily on its point; faith in Christ is a pyramid resting firmly on its base, broadening down and settling surely so that it cannot be overturned, more real and more precious than life.”

Don't feel sorry on this Founders' Day for the oldsters—including Bertha Munro—for she will answer you with the poet's lines:

*The young can only trust to Him,
And walk by faith; but we,
Those who have traveled longer roads,
And older grown—can see!*

In the intimacy of Dean Munro's personal notes we found a poem sent her by one of her former students, now a missionary. She describes her alma mater, and probably reflects the idealism imbibed from her major professor. She writes:

*I came one day, a stranger to your gates;
You welcomed me, and in the few brief months
That passed while I remained with you
You gave to me a multitude of friends.
I came one day content to live within myself;
You made me take a world into my heart.
You taught me not to seek for happiness;
To smile, to love, whate'er the circumstance.
You gave me vision of a mighty task,
A life that, living, builds itself in life.
You showed me splendid wealth in human souls
Beyond whatever I might dream in gold.
You gave my soul the courage to fight on
And win a battle I had thought to lose.
You gave me faith and loyalty and truth;
You gave yourself to me, my alma mater.
Your own, henceforth, your spirit incarnate,*

*I must go forth, forever now a part of you,
To do the mighty things you dream;
To justify the purposes of those
Who builded you in prayer and steadfast hope.*

Our prayer joins Dean Munro today, for as she read these lines when they were first written, she wrote at the bottom: "If this be true for Marion Rich, I feel we have not wholly failed. It must be true for many more. Amen."

In the richest sense ENC is always an unfinished task and is entrusted to each succeeding generation. In short, Dean Munro's vision will not die if it lives in you and me.