

A Service

To Honor the Memory of

The Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D.

And to Help Perpetuate the Ideals to which
his Life was Dedicated

Church of the Ascension

Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street
New York City

February the Seventh
1915

LS 15684.5

John C. H. Eleet
Cambridge

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
The Knickerbocker Press, New York



Robert Newton

TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. RICHARD HEBER NEWTON, D.D.
AND TO HELP PERPETUATE THE IDEALS TO WHICH HIS LIFE
WAS DEDICATED

THERE WILL BE A SERVICE HELD IN THE
CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION
TENTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

ON

SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7, 1915
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

WHICH YOU ARE HEREWITH INVITED TO ATTEND

THE RT. REV. DAVID H. GREER
BISHOP OF NEW YORK

Col. Theodore Roosevelt	Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, D.D.
Hon. Joseph H. Choate	Rev. Henry Mottet, D.D.
Dr. Robert Abbe	Rev. William S. Rainsford, D.D.
George Haven Putnam	Rabbi Stephen S. Wise

THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION
FIFTH AVENUE AND TENTH STREET
NEW YORK

THE REVEREND DOCTOR PERCY STICKNEY GRANT
Rector

SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7, 1915, AT EIGHT
O'CLOCK

A SERVICE

To honor the memory of

The Reverend RICHARD HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

and to help perpetuate the ideals to which

his life was dedicated

The Reverend Doctor Percy Stickney Grant

Dr. Robert Abbe	Mr. George Foster Peabody
Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.	Mr. George Haven Putnam
Dr. Felix Adler	Dr. William S. Rainsford
Hon. Joseph H. Choate	Hon. Theodore Roosevelt
Rev. Jenkin L. Jones, D.D.	Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D.
Hon. George McAneny	Rev. J. M. Whiton, D.D.
Rev. Henry Mottét, D.D.	Rabbi Stephen S. Wise
Rev. Leighton Parks, D.D.	Rev. Elwood Worcester, D.D.

▼

ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional Hymn - - - - *O Quanta Qual*

Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see!
Crown for the vallant, to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Scripture Reading—Wisdom of Solomon, 3:1-9 and 5:1-16

Prayer—Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of
those who depart hence in the Lord

IN MEMORIAM

vii

Anthem—How Blest Are They - - Tschaiikowsky

How blest are they whom Thou hast chosen and taken
unto Thee,
O Lord: their memorial is from generation to'generation.
Alleluia!

Addresses by

The Reverend Doctor Percy Stickney Grant
The Reading of Letters
The Honorable Theodore Roosevelt
The Right Reverend David H. Greer
Doctor George Haven Putnam
Doctor Felix Adler

Congregational Hymn - - - - St. Anne

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Addresses by

The Reverend Doctor James M. Whiton
Doctor William S. Rainsford
The Reverend Doctor Elwood Worcester
Doctor Stephen S. Wise

Offertory Anthem—O Rest in the Lord *Mendelssohn*

O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and
He shall give thee thy heart's desire. Commit thy
way unto Him, and trust in Him, and fret not thy-
self because of evil-doers.

Sung by Mrs. Adele Lacie Baldwin

Benediction

Recessional Hymn - - - - *Requiescat*

Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

IN MEMORIAM

ix**ASCENSION CHOIRS**

FORUM CHOIR

Janet Baird	Alice Pinkermann
Harriet Bauman	Violet Purvis
Bertha Clapper	Edith Robinson
Louise Daeder	Elsie Schumacher
Lulu Denny	Emdal Sibthorpe
Elizabeth Fincken	Grace Smith
Alice Fincken	Martha Smith
Carol Greer	Elsie Smith
Irene Maguire	Ethel Smith
Edith Mead	Marion Taylor
	Sadie Van Delft

In Charge of Mrs. James A. Wright

CHURCH CHOIR

Mrs. H. H. Baxter	Mrs. W. W. McIntyre
Miss Dorothy Beebe	Mrs. Louise MacMahan (Solo)
Mrs. H. G. Beman	Miss Sylvia Moore
Miss Marjorie Brown	Miss Dorothy Updike
Miss Hazel M. Clark	Mrs. H. A. Wilson
Mrs. J. H. Ferris	Miss Amy Belle Wright
Miss Eva LaPierre	Mrs. George B. Hodge
Mrs. J. H. Flagler (Solo)	Miss Enid Johnson
Miss Anna Hoermann	Miss Annie Lowry
Mr. Michael Corcoran	Miss Emeline McIntyre

Mr. Wm. Howard Hoeffler Mr. Philip J. Meany
Mr. F. M. Hubbard Mr. Chester Williamson
Mr. Carl Heinrich Mr. Frederic Berryman
Mr. Henry Sasloff (Solo) Mr. W. R. Smith
Mr. Chudson W. Stone

Jessie Craig Adam, Organist and *Director*

The Flowers upon the Altar are given by
THE CHANCEL GUILD

ADDRESS

BY

Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant

TO share in a memorial to a great life, the life of a leader, is to do honor to one's self, and to confer honor upon that place in which such a memorial is held. By coming together in this way we borrow from and array ourselves with those finer qualities which were the distinction of the one commemorated. We show also that we understand the meaning of his life and of his leadership; that we are not of the dumb, or deaf, or blind, but that we see and hear and know the meaning of our times, and are glad to express that meaning. We also dis-

close by such a memorial our gratitude, and with our gratitude, again, our perception of obligation for courageous lives which have opened the way into the future, that have "made tracks into the unknown," and by so doing have smoothed the road for those who follow.

It is the courageous who suffer; it is the courageous who too often perish in their undertaking. At any rate, we who are the gainers by their courage can declare the extent of our appreciation of that benefit. In some such spirit, I fancy, we are here to-night, feeling the honorable surroundings which befit a noble life, and glad of some expression, even if belated, of the power and the richness and the staunchness and the self-forgetfulness of that life into which we have come as heirs and beneficiaries.

Phillips Brooks wrote to Dr. Newton

and said, "You have opened the door of truth so wide that no one can ever close it again." It is through that door of truth that we are to look to-night.

A large number of our most eminent citizens called this meeting. Naturally a smaller number only could take part in such a program as we are about to carry out. They stand in the open door of truth, disclosing what they have seen individually through the door that Dr. Newton insisted on having no longer locked or bolted or disguised.

ADDRESS
BY
Dr. George Haven Putnam

FRIENDS, Friends of Heber, Newton, we have come together to honor the memory of a good man, a patriotic citizen, and an inspired and inspiring teacher whose influence was for half a century a source of help and development for many. I think of my friend as a fine-natured idealist; a star-gazer if you will, but the stars towards which his face was turned were light centers of hope, of spiritual life, of aspiration for the highest things. It is given to some men, poets and idealists, to see or to feel the meaning of these stars and to interpret this meaning to their fellows. These idealists

save men from their baser selves; they are the salt that keeps the community sound and preserves its higher vitality from being overwhelmed by demoralizing influences. Such an inspiration came from the life, the character, and the work of Heber Newton. Men die, their ideals live. The things that are material pass. It is only the things that are of the spirit that endure.

Fifteen hundred years ago there came to mankind the shock of a great disaster. Rome, the great City, the center of the imperial traditions, the seat of the authority of the Christian Church, had been overwhelmed and destroyed. Throughout the world men were staggered and the Christians were in perplexity. The word of hope came from far-off Africa, from St. Augustine, the Bishop of Hippo. "The cities of this world perish and pass

away, but the City of God, the City not made with hands, endureth forever."

I feel that the strongest foundation for the everlasting hope that looks beyond this life is the realization that even in this world, in which men die, cities perish, nations come to an end, and all the material creation passes, it is the immaterial, the things of the spirit, that endure. It is the ideals that persist through the ages, influencing and inspiring successive generations. It is with these ideals, which are everlasting, that the spiritually minded men, the prophets of each generation, are able to illuminate the thoughts and to ennoble the lives of their fellow-men.

Heber Newton was an omnivorous reader, and, in the lines of investigation undertaken by him, a conscientious student. In the theory of the develop-

ment of life as framed by Darwin and amplified by Darwin's successors, he found the basis of the evolution not only of the physical, but of the spiritual man. According to his interpretation of evolution, man had been developed as the end and the aim of the highest creation of nature. He accepted the conclusion of Herbert Spencer that the divine energy, which is manifested throughout the knowable universe, is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness.

Mr. Newton gave careful study to the subject of Spiritualism, which at different times during the forty odd years of his active career was attracting the attention of many men in whom Newton was interested. With the larger number he had much sympathy, but he found himself—I will not say impatient; it was difficult for Heber Newton to be im-

patient—distrustful of the methods of many of the modern spiritualists; and he was doubtful as to the value of the results secured from the larger portion at least of the experiments.

About thirty years back, he published a volume on "Philistinism." He did not apply the term in the sense in which it was used by Matthew Arnold as characterizing matters of form, or of taste, or methods of intellectual procedure.

To Heber Newton Philistinism stood for the absence of the sense of the spiritual, an obtuseness or blindness under which men absorb themselves in things temporary in place of accepting as a guide or standard for their thought and for their lives the ideals which are eternal. I recall his characterization of one phase of the Philistinism of his day in the words "a raw rationalism." The phrase as I

heard it reminded me of a very similar expression from my old friend Octavius Frothingham. Different as were their theological platforms, the two men had much in common: the same unflinching truthfulness and courage; the same refinement of nature and of intellectual standards; the same grace and precision of expression; the same keen sympathy with the personal standpoint of the other fellow; and the same aversion to "half-baked" rationalism, to the kind of person who thinks himself to be a "wide-minded liberal" because he has learned to sneer at the "orthodoxy" of others.

He gave much time to the study of what might be called "Applied Sociology." He had always in thought the service of those who needed help, and was much interested in the plans for so organizing

welfare work that the Christian feeling and the charity feeling of the community should be made really effective. His service was always in readiness for the many needs of this great community of ours which carries so much sadness, so much need. Mr. Newton was a worker who in his sympathetic thought as to the things that were to be done, never lost his sanity of judgment.

Heber Newton gave in two small volumes, "The Book of the Beginnings" and "The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible," his views in regard to the interpretation and the value of the literature, the thought, and the inspiration to be found in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. He wanted to have these Scriptures freed from the undue authority and the haphazard influence that had come to them in their character as a

fetish, and to cause them to be studied for themselves, for their intrinsic value, and to be utilized as a guide in so far as their teachings were found to be applicable to the problems of the day. These little volumes present a scholarly and reverential analysis of this great collection of literature of the old-time world which during the centuries that have passed have meant so much for mankind and which, with intelligent use, can still mean so much for men of to-day and further generations to come. Mr. Newton emphasized in these volumes, as in other utterances, the fact that the collection of Hebrew and Christian Scriptures were of inestimable value as a record of the thought, the ideals, and the aspirations of humanity through all the generations since the beginnings of traditional and of recorded literature. He points

out, in connection with this study of the Scriptures, the distinction between the literature of knowledge, for which he utilizes as examples a volume of Herbert Spencer and "The Origin of Species" of Darwin, and the literature of power, represented in his comparison by "The Imitation of Christ" by Kempis.

In a volume called "Womanhood," Dr. Newton gave a very charming study of the ideals of women through all the past ages and of the stupidity and obtuseness that have from time to time restricted the better and the larger development of the potentialities of women. He emphasized in this volume the importance of securing the full value and the special quality of the coöperation that could be rendered by the feminine half of the community. He emphasized the wastefulness and the wickedness, when the

world needed all the wisdom and all the work that could be secured, of limiting in human beings the character or the extent of coöperation that they were ready to render.

In a volume entitled "Church and Creed," Mr. Newton gave his views of the relation that the creed should bear to the organized Church and to the believers who constitute the Church of each generation. He took the ground that no creed should be so worded that, as it stood over the doorway of the Church it should appear to bar the way to any that hunger and thirst after righteousness. The crystallization into creeds of dogmas which, while they fairly expressed the faith of one century, could not be honestly accepted by a later generation, was in Newton's mind a serious error and a misfortune, one that had been an enro-

mous obstacle in the way of Christian influence. It was his thought that creeds should be shaped in such form that the children of the Church might be left free. The Church, he said, is not the Church of the past, but is the possession of each living generation, and should constitute the religious expression of each generation.

"Heresy," says Newton, "is not so much erroneous thinking as conceited thinking. It represents the obsession of the person who having arrived at a conclusion insists upon enforcing this conclusion upon his fellows as the only orthodoxy."

Heber Newton might, I suppose, have been classed as a mystic. He had an admiration for the old-time German mystic Boehme, and he had given sympathetic reading to the history of Port

Royal and to the writings of Madame Guyon and of Pascal.

He had early in his working life entered into close personal relations with Frederick Denison Maurice, for whom he always expressed the strongest possible admiration. The two men had in fact much in common in their mental and spiritual characteristics. Each possessed strong and assured convictions, but each was unwilling to attempt to exert authority or to place limitations or boundaries on the convictions of others. Mr. Newton also spoke with appreciation of the value of the teachings of the English preacher, Robertson, who doubtless influenced larger circles of believers than were prepared to accept the teachings of Maurice.

He found himself keenly interested in the problems of sociology, but he took

pains to base his theories and plans for the betterment of social conditions on a thorough study of the principles of economics. Mr. Newton was a warm-hearted altruist, hoping for and working for the best good to the greatest possible number. It seemed to him that things which were needed ought to be done, and to be done quickly, but, as is not always the case with earnest workers who are eager to relieve the sadness of misfortune and need, he always kept in mind the calculations that were necessary concerning the resources available for such help. His earnestness and hopefulness were not permitted to impair his common sense or sanity of judgment.

He had a hopeful confidence also in human nature, a quality which undoubtedly furthers the happiness of those that possess it, and, I believe, makes them

more valuable members of the community, even though it does occasionally result in annoyance, disappointment, and trouble.

There are good men (I will not use the phrase "good men" in the worst sense of the term) who forgetting the necessity of careful calculation as to resources bring about the muddling of important causes and of good work. The efforts of these men tend to lessen the coöperation that good citizens are always ready to give to work in service of their fellow-men, if this work be only assured of wise direction. In such work Dr. Newton was the wisest of counsellors. No man could doubt the strength of his feeling, but while his personal service was ready, his greatest contribution was in the wisdom of the counsel given for the direction of the whole undertaking.

Dr. Newton was one of the early

members of the City Club, an organization which has for its purpose the betterment of things in this great troubled and troublesome city of ours. In the later years his strength prevented him from taking active part in the work of the Club, but his counsel was always ready and was always valuable. I know that when the days of invalidism had come upon him, I used to talk with him on his piazza at Garden City, or at the little cottage at Easthampton. He was full of questioning as to the management of the great problems of the city. "What are the men doing with this work or that?" Is progress being made? Can these things be put forward? Can we hold on to what we have secured? And when our committees were busy in town, there would come from the one whose presence was no longer possible, the suggested

letter, the word that would start somebody else to do the work that Dr. Newton knew ought to be done, and those letters and those words counted as inspiration for the movement.

I remember once calling him to account when I found him reading the proofs of an article that he had contributed to a certain Cyclopædia. I knew that the Cyclopædia was a piratical publication, by far the larger portion of which had been "appropriated" from the other side of the Atlantic. The managers were securing contributions from a few American writers of position whose names would help to give reputation to their publication. I told my friend that he ought not to have permitted the use of his name in connection with such an undertaking; and when he understood the history and character of the work,

he was troubled. "I accepted a contract," he said, "and I am, I suppose, bound by my obligation." I agreed that the specific obligation must outweigh the general undesirability of his being a contributor. A few weeks later, Mr. Newton told me, with a feeling of apparent satisfaction, that "the matter was all right." The publishers had failed, and the article, to which he had given a full measure of labor, was not going to be paid for.

Through many years of his life he was struggling with invalidism, but, with un-failing patience and assured cheeriness, he refused to take an invalid's view of life, present or future. He was an optimist, and with his hopefulness and keen sympathy he was always able, and always ready, to be of service and of inspiration to others. Within a few days

of his death, it was my privilege to pass an afternoon with him, and I was impressed anew, as I had been oftentimes before, with his clearness of insight, and with the strength of his judgment in regard to the issues that were pending, the questions of the day for this country and for the world.

Heber Newton was an earnest believer in the higher things, and for these higher things he was a faithful worker and a courageous fighter. He was a high-minded gentleman, a loyal and sympathetic friend, an inspiring teacher, and a great citizen.

Our friend has passed from among us, but his life and his character remain for us a precious memory and an inspiration.

ADDRESS
BY
Dr. Felix Adler

IT was a fine sentiment that led your Rector to bring together men of different intellectual horizons in order to join in this Memorial Service, and willingly did I respond to his summons to pay my tribute of affection and appreciation to the *manes* of Heber Newton. It is not, indeed, chiefly to bestow honor upon him that we meet, for he is past the praising and the blaming, but rather to gain a certain profit ourselves, to make definite in our minds the chief traits of his character so that they may continue to influence us, to fix, as it were, the lineaments of his spiritual face. That

face I see before me now, outlined against the shadows. It is in the presence of that face I speak.

Of all the things that might be said concerning Heber Newton, there are three of which I wish to speak. First, he was a man of the Dawn! He was one of the first in this city to discuss in the pulpit the burning social questions of the day, the questions that are economic on their external side but ethical at the core. He raised up in the pulpit that mighty thing, the social conscience, instead of confining himself in his teachings to matters that relate to individual morality. He extended the jurisdiction of religion so as to embrace social reform. He stepped before the throne of Religion, where she sat with speculation in her eye, intent on the astronomy of the skies, and bade her descend and take possession of

her earthly realm and rule as well as reign.

He was a bell-ringer in the tower of the church, ringing, ringing the matin chimes, in which faintly echoed distant millennial chimes, rousing the slumbering world to action. In the dreamy Orient, among Mohammedan peoples, it is the blind Muezzin who, from the minarets of mosques, sends forth the call to prayer. He is blind; the fair scene beneath him he does not see. The light of life is shut out from his vision. He is the type of a kind of prayer that has also its place in the religious life, the prayer of inward concentration. Heber Newton was the bell-ringer in the tower of the church, the type of meditation insunderable from action, and the summons he sent forth was: *Ora et labora*.

Secondly, he was spiritually minded

in the practical activities in which he engaged. If he vitalized religion by applying it to social reform, he exalted social reform by infusing into it a religious tone. We worked side by side in many of the political and social movements of the 70's and 80's: the People's Municipal League, the movement for colonizing the surplus labor of the city on the land, and the educational movements. To all these he added in his own way a spiritual touch. He did not hold, as some do, that society must be made better first, before the individual can become better—a mechanical view of human nature, as if men were just the product of conditions. Nor did he hold, as do others at the opposite extreme, that the individual must be made better before society can be bettered. But he held that both ends must be pursued ever jointly. Nay,

I am certain that he would have agreed to the statement that the individual can become better only in and through his endeavor to transform the whole of human society. To his eyes the practical activities of men were like a fire-screen of glass placed before a hearth. On the screen is pictured a landscape, and in it a procession of figures. And the figures and the scene are translucent to the warm light that comes from beyond them. So the practical activities of life, as he saw them, were translucent to the light and the warmth that come from the hearth of the world.

I have spoken of him as a religious teacher and as a social reformer. I wish to say a word about him as a man in his relations to men of opinions different from his own. He was of a broad and profound catholicity. His own convic-

tions were cherished by him, as well they might be, and valiantly maintained. He did not mistake tolerance for indifference, nor approve of a featureless eclecticism, nor a sentimental unity in which intellectual distinctions disappear. But rather the differences of conviction appeared to him like points on the outer periphery of a sphere, and the task of life for each is to penetrate from the place his thought holds on the outer circumference of the sphere toward the center. As we advance toward the center, each from his proper starting-point, we draw nearer and nearer to one another. At the center we shall meet.

Such was Heber Newton as I knew him—the man of the Dawn, the ringer of the matin bells, the man of clairvoyant vision who saw the light beyond the

screen, the friendly, catholic fellow-seeker after central truth!

The life of New York is hasty and tumultuous. Wave after wave of life sweeps over the city. New generations are arising for whom the name of Heber Newton presently will have but little meaning. It is not in the actual recollection of their name, but in a noble anonymity of influence that such men continue to last on in the community to which they belong. And thus Heber Newton's influence will last on, for he has left his mark for good on a city that is seeking to find itself, that is striving to create for itself a soul. But for us who knew him, there remains a more intimate association. Still at times shall we see his face, as we see it now, with the spiritual expression upon it. And still in quiet hours, when the noise of the busy world

around us is hushed, shall we seem to hear his voice—a voice so strong, with the note of righteousness in it, and so moving with its deep accent of human tenderness.

ADDRESS

BY

Rev. Dr. James M. Whiton

AS I look back over the era of my dear friend and comrade, Dr.

Newton, no words seem more fittingly to characterize him, both as a man and as a minister of God to men, than the words with which St. Paul begins the pastoral charge delivered to Timothy with this statement of the aid and aim and purpose of the charge: "The end of the charge is love out of a pure heart and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned." This charge he seemed to me to keep as the Great Apostle himself kept it and bade Timothy to keep it without spot, without reproach.

Were he to have made any request of the Recording Angel, it would likewise have been that of Abou Ben Adhem, "Write of me as one that loves his fellow-man." Loving, then, with a deeply religious love, he was an apostle of the brotherhood of men in their father God. And to bring this into practical and visible recognition, he made it his great endeavor to remove existing barriers.

Born and bred in the bosom of the Episcopal Church, whose loyal son and life-long servant he was, his spirit so transcended the limits of her venerable forms of faith and worship that he sought religious fellowship with kindred spirits everywhere. Thus, as in the time of Christ and of Paul, the vital cleft between men of the letter and men of the spirit still runs across and beneath all the lines of former separateness between religious

men. "Saints," said Dr. Newton, "are of blood-kin the world over. Trust the religion within you in fellowshiping with the truly religious everywhere in the freedom of the faith." Thus he sought to lead all Christians back to the simple catholicity of their Master. "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and sister and mother." Now, in our hymnals, we all acknowledge this blood-kin, and in worship-song we join with men of other creeds, whom many of us, alas, exclude from every other fellowship, although they have led us in such hymns as "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," and "Nearer My God to Thee." My brethren, said the Apostle, these things ought not so to be. Does a fountain send forth from the same opening sweet water and bitter?

Christian unity has become to-day of

commanding interest. As intent on this as anyone, Dr. Newton was also intent on an interest of even greater moment in society. The riot of selfishness, of moral anarchy, that has long corrupted and disgraced our industrial, commercial, political, and municipal life can be reformed only by mobilizing against it all the religious forces of the nation. In this line of ethics Dr. Newton was one of the first and foremost leaders. Religions are many; religion is one, and religion unites whom theology divides. To promote this unity as a unity of effort for that righteousness in personal and social life that God requires,—the transcendent moral ideals set before us in Holy Scripture,—Dr. Newton, in 1897, invited a few like-minded to meet with him in the chancel of All Souls' Church to take counsel together. This effort set on foot a thorough inquiry

throughout the State, which, two years later, resulted in the much larger meeting that organized the New York State Conference of Religion, to-day the most inclusive religious association in our State. In this fellowship he labored with voice and pen until he ceased from labor altogether. He had already identified himself with a slightly older association on a national scale, the Conference of Religion, serving it as one of its first vice-presidents, and speaking repeatedly for it both East and West.

For thirty-five years after Dr. Newton came to New York, many books on various themes of social interest issued from his prolific pen. Probably more than any of these, his enduring memorial will be the Book of Common Worship, prepared by him at the request of the Conference of Religion. Its first problem

was the possibility of such a desideratum. It was clear enough that men, banded together to seek first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness, ought not to assemble without uniting in common prayer for His guidance and blessing. But men asked, "How shall we in so doing avoid the discordant notes likely to be injected by the theological differences in our fellowship,—the Trinitarians, Unitarians, and Jews?" This serious problem was referred to a committee of three representing the triple constituency, and its solution was confided by his associates to Dr. Newton as being better versed in liturgics than they. Their approval of his work is attested by the presentation copy of it inscribed with the autographs of Dr. Newton and Rabbi Gottheil of Temple Emanu-El and Dr. Slicer, of All Souls' Unitarian Church.

Its selection from Jewish, Christian, and Ethnic sources,—these collects of prayer from Jewish and Christian sources; its hymns, Christian and Jewish, ancient and modern, most felicitously combined the several forms in which the spirit of worship communes with the spirit which inbreathes it. Such worship, said Dr. Newton, is the confession of the common spiritual life out of which all religions grow. Precious indeed is such a demonstration as this, that religion unites whom theology divides,—comprehensive fellowship in worship, which he sought, which he wrought for.

He was equally concerned for and in religious work to right the many wrongs in social life. To the Episcopal Church belongs the honor of the leadership in the now rapidly swelling movement of the churches, and Dr. Newton early sought to

arouse it in those churches as well as in his own. I vividly remember the inspiration I derived some thirty years ago from a week-day meeting in All Souls' Church to which he had invited others outside of his communion for a conference on special problems. To the end of his ministry, All Souls' was a center of social work in the East Side region and neighborhood.

I have limited myself, my friends, for the present occasion to that line of Dr. Newton's activity which brought me into more frequent and constant coöperation with him than in any other. Were I to attempt to sum up in brief his entire work, I do not know how it could be better expressed than in the letter addressed to him on his seventieth birthday in 1910 by the Executive Committee of the Conference of Religion:

We honor you for your work during many years for the displacing of error by truth, of superstition by reason, of dogmatic sectarianism by religious solidarity, of formal religionism by vital religion and of conventional morals by moral ideals.

And now finally, friends, we certainly are reminding ourselves that this commemoration of him is for our sake as well as for his, not solely to render him deserved honor but also for our own inspiration as we contemplate his life. In this we shall not fail while we heed the apostolic precept, Remember they that spake unto you the Word of God, and considering the issue of their life imitate their faith.

ADDRESS

BY

Dr. William S. Rainsford

I WANT to speak to-night of Heber Newton as he helped and inspired me and many another man somewhat younger than himself in the early days when his ministry was a mighty power in New York, in the 70's and 80's. Some have spoken to-night of his literary work, and others beautifully of his social work. I want to speak of the work that lay close to his heart, yes closest, and I cannot but think that if Heber Newton was with us to-night he would urge on us all to remember that the fight he entered on is not yet won, and that the visions he saw are not yet realized.

And, first of all, Heber Newton in a very real sense was a lonely man. Those that go front of their fellows are always lonely men. Men that lead the charge are always lonely, and the best of them generally die as they lead and the second best go over their bodies to win; he was one of the best. Real leaders are condemned to loneliness and misunderstanding. Most men in all professions are merely "stand patters." In medicine, business, politics, and Religion it is all the same, they think and act with the crowd. They see no need for reform or change—Heber Newton was not of this quality. He dared to stand alone and to preach the truth of God as it was given him to see it. Be patient with me, then, if I try for a moment or two to speak of the things he strove for, and how he strove for them.

He was unalterably opposed to Ecclesiasticism—and Ecclesiasticism feared and attacked him, stood ready always to challenge his right to a place in the Church. He denounced Ecclesiasticism as the enemy of true religion. He was against it because he was for freedom. He knew it for an age-long opponent of truth. It decks the prophet's tomb when he is dead, and has nothing but abuse and calumny for him while he is living. The longer I live the more vital seems religion, the more injurious Ecclesiasticism.

The theory of Ecclesiasticism is specious and false. Specious, I say, for once admit its premises you must accept its conclusions. Its premise is that religious truth is different from all other truth. Religious truth is supernaturally revealed, supernaturally imparted—a mistake in other matters can be rectified—but in

religion the mistaken may be damned—hence to avoid mistakes there should be, there have been, appointed authorities on earth to guard, expound, and declare religious truth.

Heber Newton struck mighty blows at this specious and much-believed lie. As he saw it, all the churches had fallen into this error. Rome with her Pope, Protestantism with its inerrant Bible, Anglicanism taking a slice out of both Roman and Protestant error as it suited her purpose. Clear as day he made it, that there were not, there could not be two sorts of truth, nor yet two ways of arriving at truth, but only the one old, age-long, slow way—by search, by self-denial, as all good, truth-loving, truth-keeping men, brought as the ages passed their small and hard-won additions to man's little knowledge. 'Twas more

especially against the theory of an inerrant Bible that in early days Heber Newton protested—for the doctrine of its verbal inspiration, though no educated men hold it now, in those days laid a heavy burden on us all.

I have heard some one here to-night say that Heber Newton was not a fighter. That can only be said by those who did not know him as I knew him thirty years ago. He was a brilliant fighter, and when he knew he was right he dearly loved to fight—as all good soldiers ever have and shall. He was not fighting for himself, but for the truth of the living God. His friends cautioned him, his opponents threatened him, and had it not been for the firmness and tact of a good and strong Bishop, H. C. Potter, he would undoubtedly have been brought to trial. But Heber Newton stood firm, for well he

knew he was standing just where his Master had stood—for the truth against Ecclesiasticism. He stood just where poor Crapsey of Rochester stood later, only Crapsey had not a Bishop Potter to back him.

I say my friend was a *brave man* for it took a brave man to do what he did. I say more, my friend was a *brainy man*. It is not too much to say that Heber Newton raised the plane of the pulpit in New York. He did this because he honored his pulpit and respected his audience. He thought, he studied, he observed, *before* he spoke. He gave men his very best on Sunday mornings, and so men crowded to hear him as they have ever crowded to hear the man of conviction and of brains who has something to say.

Some tell you to-day that the daily

paper, the magazines, the professor's chair, have taken the preacher's place. *Do not believe it!* It is true that people do not go to church as they did—ecclesiastical statisticians may juggle with figures as they will, but the sad fact is too patent to be denied. But the reason they do not go is because the vast majority of churches are filled by men who, though they may be good men enough, are no more capable of preaching than they are of writing good poetry (let us say). Mark me! The day of the preacher is not over. Men and women are ready, as ever, to listen to the *living* voice—no change in intellectual fashions can take its place, or still its power. *Heber Newton was a real preacher.*

Let me try and say one thing more of him and I have done. He was a brave man, he was a brainy man. But more

even than these, he was a man of Vision. He was a *seer*. Professor Adler has beautifully spoken of him as such to-night and to what he has said I would add but little.

My friend saw Jesus, and he foresaw the Church of Jesus, the Church of the future. But it was not the Church that orthodoxy has offered, and still offers, to the world.

Jesus founded His church on a rock (He called it). He said no tides of time could shake it. But century after century, we poor, mistaken men, often wishing to do our best, but as often mistaken in the doing of it, have sought to buttress the thing He was, the things He taught, by piling up on that Christ-rock, our beliefs, hopes, imaginings. Men, not contented with the rock, have piled their sand heaps on top of it. Sand heaps of creeds, cere-

monies, fables and fakes, priests and altars, oracles and dogmas—and they have called the strange mass orthodoxy. Against them all, undermining them, sweeping them away, have arisen the tides of life, the tides of God. History, psychology, science, common sense, and last, in these tremendous days in which the whole world is remaking, God's terrible season of war, have arisen, and before them all the sand bank of orthodoxy is melting away—but the Rock stands firm.

Jesus revealed to the world a new sort of God, a *God like Himself*. He seemed, and in simple truth let us confess, He still seems, impossible to sinful men. He is ages ahead of us still. Rome covered Him up with a legal wrapping, Canterbury clothed Him in Anglican respectability, Constantinople's garment for

Him is richly archaic,—all of them, after their own idea, have muffled Jesus in grave clothes, almost out of recognition. Yet the day is coming, coming soon we hope, when looking each man into his brother man's eye, mankind will rediscover God—rediscover God where Jesus placed Him, not on a distant and tremendous Heavenly throne, but on *His true throne, the heart of man.*

A real unity too, he saw, of religious men. Not a unity of creed or ceremonial, but a drawing together of men from all nations and from all churches, who professed that for them the supreme desire of life had come to be to follow and obey Jesus Christ—men whose religion consisted in what long ago he demanded, viz., *bringing the best they had to the best they knew.* Such men will never find a creed to express the truth they

seek, nor yet a sacrament to contain it; nor yet a book to explain it. To them it seems evident that the Lord and Giver of life must ever require to explain Him, all life, all people, all religion, and all creeds.

I have tried in poor outline to give you the vision that Heber Newton preached with all his fine soul and mind. We were young men then, the world was before us, we had a great cause to fight for, and Heber Newton gave those who would follow a splendid lead. I would say of him what Schiller makes Wallenstein say of his friend:

“ For, oh, he stood beside me like my youth,
Transformed for me the real to the dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalation of the dawn.”

ADDRESS
BY
Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester

OF the men whom I have known personally, I think that the two most hospitable minded were William James and Heber Newton,—hospitable, I mean, to every form of truth. Just such a meeting as this, this variety of men and the variety of interests represented here to-night show the great extent of Dr. Newton's sympathies and interests and the immense range of his mind. It would be hard for anyone to place a limit to his thought and to his study. Politics, social science, social service, abnormal psychology, Biblical criticism, comparative religion! Where shall one stop?

There is just one subject that I would like to say a word for, that I think has been somewhat misrepresented, in regard to Dr. Newton's feelings in the latter part of his life; and I wish very much that Dr. Hyslop might have been one of those to speak to-night, of a subject that was very near to Dr. Newton's heart, that is, the life after death, psychical research. Dr. Newton's attitude on that subject was almost like that of William James, that is to say, he had an open mind. He believed that the most important subject before man to-day is the subject of his own immortality and that the only satisfactory answer we shall ever have to our doubts will be by long, careful study and the exact methods of science in the hopes of obtaining a real and empirical truth.

Dr. Newton was a man of a very rare

type of nature, so rare that a great many persons, both the religious and irreligious, would like us to believe that it is impossible of existence,—that combination, that mingling of ice and fire, of ardent faith and cool intelligence that one so rarely sees in this world. Dr. Newton was a man of faith, of mysticism; he was a man who believed that faith of every kind ought to be based on facts, and that the more facts faith can find to rest upon the happier and the safer it is. And how he sought for those facts and how honest he was with them, seeing that the certain was certain, that the possible was possible, that the probable was probable. He cared apparently very little for these rather cheap, ready-made explanations of things, but he had his own deep and personal convictions that were the result of the intense loyalty of his own nature

and the product of his heart and of his own reason.

There is just one other trait of his character that I am content to speak about, and that was his singular lack of fear. With him it seemed almost as if fear did not exist. He loved God, but he feared God just as a little child fears a king, and he did so much in that way for the mitigation of theology. He believed in truth; he believed in it so absolutely that he always felt sure that it would lead him whither he would go. He was one of the few men in the ministry of our church that I know of who had such confidence in truth that they were willing to tell people the whole council of their hearts; and how the people responded to it, partly on account of the pleasure of observing such a beautiful mind at work and partly because of their faith in his

veracity. A beautiful mind; a mind that was free from all vulgarity, pure, noble, generous, and subtle, and a heart that was as great as his mind, a heart which was full of love and of light!

For my part, I feel that my life has been a better thing in consequence of my friendship and intimacy with Dr. Newton, especially during the last years of his life. I feel that the Episcopal Church is a better thing; that it is a wider thing, a saner thing, a happier place in which to dwell because Heber Newton lived in it and he died in it. I feel that his spirit is where it manifests itself with power. I believe that his spirit is here with us to-night, and I am sure that he would be glad of the words of affection and of sincerity and of moderation that have been spoken in regard to him to-night.

ADDRESS

BY

Dr. Stephen S. Wise

I REMEMBER the moment of my first meeting with Heber Newton. His long-time friend—my one-time teacher—brought us together. He held out his hand with a heartiness and friendliness which in another might have seemed affectation. “You are Rabbi Gottheil’s friend; henceforth you shall be my friend.” And my friend, if the personal reference may be pardoned, he became and remained. I remember his word when, ten years later, I returned from the West to take up anew my ministry to my people in this city. Heber Newton was the first religious teacher of

my own or any faith in New York to bid me welcome. He, a Christian teacher,—not merely a teacher of Christ,—bade me welcome and asked that he might be enrolled among the founders and members of the Synagogue; he and I must add another, his co-founder of the State Conference of Religion and a kindred soul, Dr. James M. Whiton. Dr. Newton's words were: "Your teachings are my teachings. I want to have a part in your work." He helped me much; he deepened and enriched the purposes that moved my associates and myself. How could—how can I fitly express the gratitude of my heart for the furtherance and counsel of him, who became as an elder brother to a younger battler in the common cause of religious freedom? He was eager to help younger men to hand on the torch which he had lighted,

and he was, as few are, great-hearted enough to have joy in the strength and zeal of his younger brothers. Best of all, and inevitably viewing the man, there was nothing of condescension either in the matter or the manner of his helpfulness. He was too human to be condescending; he was too brotherly to be guilty of superciliousness. His catholic soul would have scorned anything as unreal and unbrotherly as mere tolerance. What great soul does not find tolerance an intolerable thing? Nothing less than the realities of fellowship, in the place of the professions of mere tolerance, could satisfy his radiantly brotherly being.

Heber Newton was a pioneer and, as a pioneer of the spirit, we are met to-night to do him honor. Has it ever occurred to you, men and women, that no man could have pioneered more bravely than

Heber Newton did with less of the fighting mood moreover native to his soul, with less of that militant temper which we ordinarily associate with the pioneering spirit? He seemed ever to be a shrinking, diffident being whose very iconoclasm, paraphrasing the word of another, was so sweet-tempered as to seem an act of worship. It was hard for him to be a pioneer, for his was no *gaudium certaminis*, such as sustains the native warrior. Once enlisted in battle, he bore himself like a warrior, but he was not happy as a battler, for he was a gentle man, radiating sweetness and light even when stoutly battling for the right. Of him it might be said, as was said of another "spiritual aristocrat," that the hard-hitting and implacable champion of truth and right was always a most compassionate lover of his kind.

Matthew Arnold reminds us of the words of Heine: "Lay upon my coffin a sword, for I was a soldier in the liberation war of humanity," and Arnold adds: "Heine was significant because he was a brilliant and most effective soldier in the war of liberation of humanity. Goethe himself, if he were to say what he had really been to the Germans in general, would say that he had been their liberator." Heber Newton was a dauntless liberator of the spirits of men. The speaker is only one of a multitude whom he had helped to a larger measure of freedom within the church and synagogue.

And yet, to-night, on the grave of this soldier in the army of God, of this captain of the hosts of the Eternal, we do not dream of laying a sword. Our tribute is after the manner of the people of Florence, who every year gather at that place where

the soul of Savonarola was offered in sacrifice in the great square of his loved city. Every man brings to that holy place a rose petal and, when at mid-morning we reached the spot, it was covered by a wilderness of rose petals, tributes of love and gratitude to an unforgotten liberator of the soul. Such—not a sword—were a fitting tribute in this hour to the memory of Heber Newton, friend and furtherer of our spirit,—freedom-bringer to men's souls.

If Heber Newton, in the despite of his native benignity, became a pioneer and battler, it was because of two elements in his nature that made an inexorable demand upon him. He was a man of transparent intellectual integrity. He saw truth bravely and spoke it fearlessly. By the side of, and of a piece therewith, was that moral veracity—fanaticism of

veracity it was named with regard to Huxley—which led him to espouse the high causes of his day and generation with unflagging ardor and with unweariable purpose. As said one great Englishman of another, he had intellect to comprehend his highest duty distinctly, and force of character to do it. Which of us dare ask for a higher summary of his life than that?

Heber Newton, stout champion of social-moral reform as well as reforms, understood, as was said to-night, that men are not necessarily better because they are better off,—that they will not inwardly be better, solely because they are outwardly better-to-do. But, on the other hand, Heber Newton was among the first in our generation to understand that the ethical imperatives of religion must be stressed as never before,—that

church and synagogue must face man-ward as well as Godward, and that, unless it so did, the church might gain the whole world and yet lose its own soul. He knew well—no man better—that social reform was not an end in itself, that betterment and amelioration of every type were not the last words of human purpose and human destiny, but, leading others among us who have tried to follow whither he fearlessly led, he saw with clarity of vision that man is more than a bread-getting instrumentality and that he must above all things be a living personality. He saw that not we are the materialists, who would minimize the import of the struggle for a minimum of things in order to magnify the spiritual values of life, who feel as we do that man shall not live by bread alone, neither shall his life be given to the quest of bread so that he be

denied the chance to exalt his life, to greaten his soul, to turn his vision Godward.

Out of the richness of the life of Heber Newton, there came a beautiful revelation in his last years. There are men of whom Benjamin Franklin once said that they obtrude themselves upon posterity. No such man was Heber Newton, of whom it might have been said, as it was said of General Gordon of Scottish Church fame: "It was not necessary for this man to work in the last years of his life; enough for him just to live and just to be." Heber Newton was never finer than when he put aside his pen, when, as it were, he laid down his sword. Then he who had convinced the minds of men by his nobly eloquent pleas for the high service of truth through freedom won men's hearts anew by the resistless persuasiveness of

his presence—his beautiful, gracious presence, the manly-sweet and holy manner of his life.

Oft have I thought of him in the words of the poet:

“This is not broken age but ageless youth.”

His was ageless youth who, in the evening of his life, gave himself to a high cause of the people, as he saw it, with the ardor of a youthful lover. To us who knew and loved him, he gave visible proof that a man may renew his life from day to day and from generation to generation if he but selflessly give himself to things greater than his own life. Immortality was foretokened in the ceaseless renewals of his soul's search for the true and the good. As his earthly strength waned, his spirit waxed more beautiful,

so that transfiguration itself seemed to be but another step in his radiant quest.

Some of you may ask to-night: What permanent memorial of Heber Newton is to survive? How will Heber Newton be remembered if at all, after two or three generations shall have spent themselves? For one thing, who really cares? Not he, this truth-seeking, God-worshipping, man-serving teacher of men whose work was of the essence of eternal things. When Theodore Parker died, the question was asked: Is his influence to be limited to the boundaries of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston? Was it so limited? Theodore Parker is just as truly a living presence to-night as he was in the fifties, of the last century, when he thundered in mighty word against the crime of his age. Canon Farrar said that

he heard Emerson preached in every pulpit in America.

It might be said that Heber Newton is to live in his work, the Book of Common Worship, that precious handbook of religion universal—rather than universal religion—in which he believed. Moreover, in the light of the dire things happening in the world to-day, do we not see that the world most needs that which his whole life aimed to further and to fortify,—the dominance of invisible values, the triumph of life's spiritual ends. Nay, more, though men forget, the Church of God is truer, humaner, godlier, because Heber Newton has lived.

Two men have stood before you to-night, each of whom has said and done that which is bound to live in a more deeply spiritual and moral church long after their earthly presences have passed

from earth. The work in the Kingdom of God which a man performs cannot contain him nor imprison his influence. This Christian church, this company of truth-seekers,—dare I say it, my own ministry in the synagogue not church,—these shall be abiding witnesses to the life and spirit of a man sent of God,—Heber Newton.

The Following Letters were Received and Read

My dear Dr. Grant:

I sincerely thank you for your letter of the 14th.

Dr. Heber Newton was one of those rare men of whom it can truthfully be said that merely to know him was an inspiration to better thinking and higher living. There are men who in all their private relationships represent what is highest and best who yet in public affairs fail to show the vision and sane devotion to the right without which no forward movement is possible. On the other hand, there are only too many men who have this vision in public affairs but who lack sanity and who lack that character foundation without which no abstract appreciation of right will make a man do as he ought to in the intimate relations of life. Dr. Heber Newton, however, was a

man who in all the most intimate and private relations of life can be taken as an ideal and who at the same time was, using the phrase as it should be used, a public servant of a singularly useful type. If there were more men like him, there would be less point in the customary bitter gibes at political philanthropists—gibes the most famous of which is Canning's in the anti-Jacobin. Moreover he realized the ideal that we all of us have as to the connection that should obtain between the Church and great movements for social reform. It is easy for a clergyman to avoid taking part in such a movement; and it is only less easy to take part in it in such fashion as to do harm rather than good. Dr. Heber Newton gave no cause for just offense and yet he, with entire fearlessness, accepted the view that the Minister of

the Church should feel it peculiarly incumbent upon him practically to apply the principles he preaches and to endeavor to make the Church a force for social regeneration. I count myself honored in being able to say this inadequate word about one of the bravest, gentlest, and wisest men who in our day and in this country have fought to bring nearer the reign of justice and of clean and honorable living.

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

NEW YORK CITY,
January 22, 1915.

My Dear Dr. Grant :

It is with feelings of deepest pleasure and gratitude that I remember Dr. Newton's connection with Leland Stanford University. The position of University Chaplain and spiritual adviser to the student body which he was called upon to occupy seemed to him the fulfillment of the dearest wish of his life, and no man could have filled it better than he did. From the time of his arrival it was felt by students and faculty alike that a spiritual force had entered the University such as had not been experienced there before. The magnificent church, erected in memory of the founder of the University, was thronged every Sunday morning. What attracted the hearers was not so much the fine eloquence of the speaker as the depth of his religious

thought and the presence of an extraordinary personality who had come to deliver a message.

I know of many students, struggling with doubts, who learned from him how to regain the peace of their souls. As he was beloved and revered by the students, so he was respected and esteemed by the faculty who saw in him the representative of finest Christian culture and a helpful colleague who carried with him love and inspiration. The deep and widespread influence which Dr. Newton exerted at Stanford can never be forgotten.

JULIUS GOEBEL.

NEW YORK CITY,
February 4, 1915.

My dear Dr. Grant:

Well do I remember the coming of Dr. Heber Newton as resident preacher to my Alma Mater, Stanford University, and the enthusiastic manner in which he was received. On the night of his arrival a large body of students stood in front of Mrs. Stanford's home and shouted loudly, "We welcome you, Heber Newton!" and still more enthusiastically, "We want Heber Newton! We want Heber Newton!" A very happy and gracious speech was made, which marked the beginning of a strong bond of fellowship between Dr. Newton and the Stanford men and women.

To understand this relationship one has to look back and view the situation at very close range.

In the first place, the community was then, as it is now, very free from any spirit of conventionality. Its spirit was that of true democracy—a broad sympathy and a universal tolerance. Hence it was quite ready to give a hospitable hearing to a prophet that had not been received with honor in his own city. From the very first it recognized that Dr. Newton did not have a message that accorded with the evangelical or scholastic jargon. The University perceived that he had investigated every phase of religion—historical, comparative, social, psychological, philosophical, and metaphysical—upon which he could speak with authority. The result was that he never failed to present a big message to large and appreciative audiences that sought him at the University.

In the second place, the students of

Stanford came to see that Dr. Newton was an artist in the wielding of his materials; that he had a mind that was keenly sensitive to fine literary form. Rarely do you to-day find a prophet that can blend the logical and poetic elements as harmoniously as could this rare genius. At one moment he could make a fearless, scientific analysis of some profound religious truth, at another moment he could soar aloft in the realms of the imaginative. Was not this true of the art of the Nazarene?

In the third place, the Stanford students came to appreciate Dr. Newton as a fine Christian gentleman. He was always courteous in acknowledging their salutes. He was ever ready to receive them in his home. He was unfailing in his care and ministrations of the sick. There was great sorrow at Stanford when Dr. New-

ton decided to relinquish his work and return to the East.

May God spare us from the ivory-headed, heresy hunter! May God raise up to us more Newtons!

Yours very sincerely,

LYMAN HOWES.