



JAMES ADDISON INGLE, M. A.

BORN MARCH 11TH, 1867—DIED DECEMBER 7TH, 1903.

FIRST MISSIONARY BISHOP OF HANKOW,

1902—1903.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

FOR

THE LATE RIGHT REV. JAMES ADDISON INGLE,

AT

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH,

FREDERICK, MD.,

JANUARY 31ST, 1904.

CONDUCTED BY

Rev. J. Houston Eccleston, D. D.,

RECTOR OF

EMMANUEL CHURCH,

BALTIMORE,

MD.

1904

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HYMN NO. 404.

I heard a sound of voices
Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harps
To Him that sat thereon.
"Salvation, glory, honor!"
I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
In wondrous harmonies.

From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
With jewelled diadem;
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honors there,
And laid them at her feet.

And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself, the light;
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.

O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own.
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

O Lamb of God Who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far!
O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home.

APOSTLES' CREED.

LITANY.

HYMN NO. 505.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run The straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

ADDRESS.

James Addison Ingle in His Days of Preparation

REV. CARL ECKHART GRAMMER, S. T. D.,

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, NORFOLK, VA.

I feel greatly honored that the Congregation of All Saints' should have asked me to speak at this memorial service. My last visit to Frederick was to attend with his classmates at the Seminary, the ordination of Addison Ingle in this historic church, and little did we then think that the young knight-errant of the Cross who was that day so solemnly ordained to leadership in God's militant host, would so soon be called to his reward and to the higher service that awaits the faithful soldier and servant of Jesus Christ. But God's thoughts are higher than our thoughts, and the paths of His wisdom are untraceable.

In what I shall say this afternoon, I shall draw chiefly upon my own recollections and impressions. When Addison Ingle was a lad in Frederick, I met him on occasional visits to this town or county. He was a High School boy, when I was a student at the Seminary, and during his three years at the Theological Seminary, I was a member of the faculty. In these years there gradually grew up in my mind as the result of many

little incidents, most of them forever lost to memory, a profound conviction of the beauty and strength of his character. Your invitation to take part in this service has sent me on a journey through the long picture galleries of memory to see whether I could not resolve this generalized idea into its constituent parts. While I have been pained that my recollections were not more numerous and distinct, it is an abiding satisfaction to find that not one unpleasant incident, association, or occurrence was brought to consciousness. In what I shall say, there will be no prudent reserves; there is nothing suppressed. The kindness of some friends have aided me to fill out the picture of his early life with some incidents, but the total impression is more distinct and certain than any one incident could possibly be.

How vividly I can see him now as I beheld him one day in the first flush of manhood upon the Seminary Hill. I was walking with one of the students down that promenade so well known to all the friends and alumni of the Seminary, which is sometimes called by the ambitious name of "the Boulevard". We had just turned the corner to go towards Quaker Hill, when we saw Ingle approaching in a rapid walk, with an energy of movement, and an air of capacity and christian culture, that made my companion, who has been chiefly trained in schools of science, and who felt the superior breadth and liberality of Ingle's studies at the University of Virginia, exclaim, "What would I not give for the equipment of that man!" No one could look on him without seeing that before us was one whom God had richly blessed, and from whom much might be expected.

Let us analyze a little that equipment. Part of it was undoubtedly the result of his own dilligent use of

his advantages and opportunities; but it would not be just to others, nor a proper recognition of God's work in preparing and equipping his servant for his task, if we should fail to emphasize the great benefits of Providence with which James Addison Ingle began his life.

First of all, he had the unspeakable advantage of a godly and cultured ancestry, on both sides. On his mother's side he was descended from an uncle of that gentlest and most christian of all satirists of the 18th Century, if not of all the centuries. the amiable Joseph Addison, and could count eight clergymen in the connection, some of them widely known and loved, especially in Maryland. On his Father's side he had two uncles in our ministry.

This noble christian heritage reached its crown and consummation in his parents. Of his bereaved Father, lying to-day in that distant hospital, while we speak in this city the praises of his son, which are to so large an extent by the very nature of the tie between them the praises of the Father also, I need not speak at any length to this congregation, which knows him so much better than I. The praise of his christian character, his consistent life, his meek and yet firm spirit, is in all the churches, and needs no large setting forth in All Saints, Frederick. A chief blessing that Addison Ingle enjoyed consisted in being the son of Osborne Ingle.

His mother was taken from him in his boyhood, but the nature of her influence may be gathered from an anecdote that brings them both before us at a crisis in their lives. It was when the Angel of Death stood within their home; and a little sister's spirit was pausing between two worlds, that Addison said to his mother, destined, in God's mysterious ordering, to drink so full a

draught of that cup of bitterness, and to walk the brief remainder of her days in the valley of the deepest shadow of death, that he had vowed to God that if his little sister was spared to them, he would be a minister and give his life to God's service. The mother commended him for turning to God for aid in their distress, but counseled him that such a vow ought not to be made with conditions; that he must think it over and see if he could not give himself to God unconditionally. Such were his parents.

Dedicated to God by such christians, taught to look on the christian ministry as a high and holy calling, and trained in all the sweet courtesies, moralities, and pieties of such a christian minister's home, he grew up among you and spent his early days in your midst.

It was at this time, while he was quite a little lad, perhaps just going to school, that I first saw him. A party of us had set out for an excursion to the top of the Linganore Hills. Some were on horseback, and others in carriages. Among these latter was Addison Ingle, but towards the end of the trip, he was allowed to ride on horseback, and the courage and address of the little horseman were universally applauded. All my subsequent impressions only confirmed that early sense of his courage and skill.

Among the blessings that gathered around his early life, we must not fail to mention his wholesome environment. This staunch and loyal town, with its thrift and industry, and sober, sensible life, stands for some of the very best things in Maryland. This church, too, has had an unusual line of godly and gifted ministers. Such men as Dr. Stone, Bishop Johns, Dr. Peterkin, not to mention Dr. Ingle himself, must have transmitted stan-

dards of christian life, principles of thought and feeling, and have trained a christian congregation whose influence must have told in countless ways upon a nature so open to good influences. This church, and town, and whatever local schools he attended all had their share in making him what he was, and to them, in their degree, must be ascribed praise and thanks for the noble christian missionary that has blessed China by his labors and our church by his example.

To these schools, I must make an important addition, for he attended for two years the well-known Episcopal High School, near Alexandria, where he won the two highest distinctions, the Johns and Meade prizes. I have a mental picture of him at this stage, showing him, a boy of about fifteen, slight and graceful in figure, with a noticeably large head, coming up in a modest, yet alert way to receive a prize. The picture is typical of his scholastic life in which he was always winning prizes with modesty.

His collegiate course was taken at the University of Virginia, where he won in three years, the coveted degree of Master of Arts. The University's stamp was always shown in the precision of his thought and expression, and in his power of concentration and sustained mental exertion.

His course at the University was interrupted by a year's teaching at Mr. Sampson's school, "Pantops," near Charlottesville. This training, was doubtless of great service to him both mentally and spiritually. As I knew him at the Seminary he was remarkable for balance of judgment and self-control, but there were occasional slight indications that this patience and calmness of bearing were the result of the conquest of an impet-

uous spirit. Perhaps it was at "Pantops" under the discipline of the class room that he secured his best training in self-control. A friend of that period tells how troubled he was on one occasion, lest some exhibition of impatience on his part should have destroyed his influence for good. They were driving together, and he poured in her sympathetic ear the story of his desire to be of service to the boys, and his fear that he had now spoilt it all. She was able to comfort him by assuring him that it was not as bad as he imagined, that the boys looked up to him, and that his work in the school was justly valued. As she parted she gave him a text to comfort him and said: "Remember the verse 'Wherefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.'" "Do not leave off the end," he said as she paused, and he concluded the verse himself with a radiant face, "Forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." This meeting today is a public acknowledgment by this congregation and community from which he went out, that this promise was fulfilled in him, and that though his ministry was short, it was "not in vain in the Lord."

He entered the Theological Seminary of Virginia in September, 1888, and graduated in 1891. During this period I had, as one of the faculty, much intercourse with him. He was immediately recognized as a young man of unusual promise. The slight boy of High School days had gained in sturdiness of figure and was one of the best tennis players ever known in the institution. He and William Cabell Brown were the champions of the court, and divided the honors of the game. In the class room he was especially distinguished for the firmness of his grasp on subjects as a whole. His especial note was soundness

and sanity of mind. He and Dr. Brown, now of Brazil, were as closely related in studies as in games, and were generally conceded to be the leading scholars in the class of unusual promise.

Although a faithful and knowledge-loving student, Addison Ingle never yielded to the constant temptation of the scholar, to sacrifice upon the altar of his studies all the gentle courtesies of life. He had a social nature, and was conscientiously diligent in the discharge of those social obligations whose recognition does so much to spread good feeling and happiness. When strangers visited "The Hill," as the neighborhood is designated, he was prompt to call. He was thoughtful in gatherings of the pleasure of others and of the less popular. So it came to pass, that although he had intimate and special friends, he was also generally popular and admired.

No popularity ever rested on more solid ground. When Aleck Payne, whose ministry closed so soon, but left such influence for good behind it, was ill, Ingle had him moved to his room, as better situated and more comfortable. When the examinations drew near, and the members of the class, who had not had such exceptional educational advantages, showed signs of nervousness, it was "Jim Ingle," as he was called at the Seminary, who suggested the formation of "Quiz" classes for mutual aid. When a student was found without any adequate Bible with maps and concordance, and only the possessor of the simplest of editions, it was Ingle who proposed a present from the class of a book that would be a companion for life, and an aid to his studies. When he reached the senior year and might have chosen a room in the midst of his classmates, it was Ingle who remained in his old quarters that he might be near the newer

students and come into helpful contact with their lives.

The Rev. Robert S. Carter, one of his classmates, gives an anecdote that shows the nature of his influence and the secret of his life. The class was talking together over the demands of the ministry, how necessary it was to inform and educate themselves for this high calling. It was early in the session and they were making resolutions and forming ideals. The need of talent and learning in the ministry was the theme, and to be intellectually equipped was the aspiration of the hour, when Ingle lifted their thoughts to a higher sphere, by remarking that it was better to remember that we must strive to be like Christ. That was the secret of his life, his influence, his character, he tried to be like Christ and God blessed that effort, and changed him into the same image.

His mission work at the Seminary was among the colored people, and he was assiduous in his efforts to build up the mission and benefit its attendants, both by Sunday school and night school. At this time he was much attracted to the needs of Africa, and cherished the hope that he might go out as a Missionary to the Dark Continent.

I was much struck by his insistence, as he worked among the colored people, on the necessity of seeing things as they are. He evidently felt that too many preconceptions had been brought to this work. Later on, he decided for good reasons to go to China, but he carried to that widely different field the same desire to see the existing state of things, and fit his methods to the needs, the instruments to the task, instead of the Procrustean mode of fitting the subject to the method, the task to the theory. Mr. Gladstone once said that on entering upon

the study of the Irish question, he had one invaluable aid and that was his consciousness that he knew nothing about it. Addison Ingle brought to the study of new problems the same invaluable qualification, whose basis, is, of course, the great Christian grace of humility. He was willing to learn. He waited until the facts were in before he made up his mind. He was sincerely anxious to see God's world and God's children just as they are. In this temper of mind lay the secret of his great success as an organizer and missionary leader. Trained in this Evangelical Congregation, and brought in school and seminary under conservative and predominantly Evangelical influences, he must have carried to China certain preconceptions of the order in which the truths of christianity were to be presented to the convert. But as soon as he came in contact with the Chinese themselves and the well-devised methods of Mr. Locke in Hankow, he reopened the subject, and resolved to adapt his methods to the Chinese needs. On his first return from China, when he came back to secure from South Carolina, the wife whose desolate condition is in our minds and on our hearts today, but who is in the highest sense, so profound a sharer in our solemn thanksgiving for such a life, he spoke much with me on this subject. At a meeting of Protestant Missionaries, he told me, one of the Missionaries exhorted the others not to distrust their methods. "Could anything be narrower than such a frame of mind?" he asked. His own attitude was just the reverse, and he was willing to borrow from the early church, and every quarter if by any means he could save some. Constancy in aim, but flexibility in means, was his principle.

How far he carried this fruitful principle into his thinking and teaching, I cannot say, but he early de-

cided that the preponderating importance and primal place in winning converts given by Evangelical tradition to the doctrine of the Atonement did not meet the spiritual needs, or stage of moral development of the Chinese as he found them at Hankow. The paper on this subject which he read at a ministerial meeting in China should be preserved and published as a valuable lesson to all missionaries.

Different friends have selected different incidents as the occasion of his choice of the missionary field, but the true view, I believe, is, that his parents dedicated him to this service, and God answered their prayers by bringing countless influences to bear upon him that were adapted to turn him in this direction. His school, his experience at Pantops, a great missionary centre, and at the most Missionary of our Seminaries, all fostered a tendency which was planted and first nourished in his home. It was generally understood at the Seminary from the first, I believe, that he was going out as a Missionary. He was the President of the Missionary Society in his Senior year. And the beauty and roundness of his christian character was effective, as I was told by a missionary now on the field, in removing the association of fanaticism from the career of a missionary, and in attracting others to this heroic and fruitful field of service. His choice of China came as a response to the most moving missionary appeal that I ever heard at the Seminary. It was a speech of great simplicity and pathos by the Rev. Dr. Elliott H. Thomson, asking that he might not go back alone.

Of the Rev. James Addison Ingle, Missionary to China, and of Bishop Ingle, the first Missionary Bishop of Hankow, Mr. Wood can speak more authoritatively,

and with wider knowledge. It is unnecessary that I should dwell upon Addison Ingle's ability, as a presenter of the cause of missions, of his tact and power to interest and inspire confidence. It was shown before he went to China in the campaign in which he and R. K. Massie raised the funds to enable the Board to send them out, and it was recognized, after he returned, wherever he spoke of his work. For great as were these gifts, of energy, scholarship, organizing power, personal agreeability, it is after all not for these that we chiefly honor him here today. They are the stand in this case high and richly ornamented that held his light aloft, the light itself was his beautiful Christian character. Preeminently a man of concentrated purpose, he was markedly free from any forgetfulness of old ties or friends. His old companions found him unchanged in affection after the separation of years, simple, natural, out-going. To a firm will, and a well-trained mind, he added the graces of sympathy and fellowship. Richly endowed by nature, a higher power had added its softening, sweetening and yet strengthening influence. His friends felt that St. Paul's prayer for the Galatians that Christ might be formed in them, was in process of fulfillment in this consecrated life.

Charles Kingsley was once handed one of those so called mental photograph albums in which by a series of questions, designed to show your taste and principles, a fair idea of the answerer's character is supposed to be secured. You know the book. You are asked your favorite flower, your favorite author; favorite hero and heroine, favorite virtue and so on. Kingsley answered in the humorous or jocular vein usual in such cases, 'till he came to the question, "Who is your ideal." When

with characteristic impulsiveness he changed to the profoundest earnest and wrote immediately, "The One Ideal." As I read over the letters of Ingle's friends in which almost without exception the characterization of "Christ-like" appears in some form, and as I look back upon my memories, I realize that Addison Ingle followed "the one Ideal." Not Paul, or Apollos or Cephas was his master. He had been upon the Mount of Transfiguration and of the bright forms there manifested, "Jesus only" had taken his abode in his heart as Master Inspiration and Lord.

I cannot close without reminding you once more of the privilege and honor of having such a man go out from you to preach Christ so powerfully by word and life among the Heathen. God gave him to you. May his memory long be cherished here, and prove an inspiration to many youths of this highly-favored congregation. May God give his Church many like sons, and raise up worthy successors to follow in the steps of this able, self-forgetful, and Christ-like Missionary of the Cross.

HYMN NO. 507.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

ADDRESS

BY

MR. JOHN W. WOOD,

OF NEW YORK.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF MISSIONS.

My personal intercourse with Bishop Ingle, or Mr. Ingle as he was when I first knew him, was comparatively limited; but to work with him, even at a distance, to be in frequent communication with him, necessarily resulted in admiration for the man and his work, and admiration inevitably grew into deep personal affection. I met him first at the 1899 Diocesan Convention at Easton; he was then just home on his furlough. I remember with what earnestness and directness he spoke of the Church's work in China, making it all so real and practical that no unprejudiced person could question its present value and its ultimate result. There was something in the manner and the matter of his address which differentiated it from any missionary speaking I had ever heard before, and caused me to say to myself, "There is a man who knows thoroughly what he is trying to do, and whose work, whether among the Chinese abroad, or among half-hearted supporters or opponents of missions at home, is bound to be successful."

A few months later, when I became one of the Secretaries of the Missionary Society, my relations with Mr. Ingle became intimate, and the more I knew of him and his work the more frequently I said to myself, "Here indeed is a great man and a great missionary." He was great because he was simple; he was great because he

had a passionate desire to do what was right; he was great because he wanted to do the thing that would help other men and the thing that God wanted him to do. Indeed, the guiding principle of his whole life seemed to be to know and to do the will of God. "Does God want me to do this?" was the test he seemed to apply at every point in his career.

His missionary zeal was not the result of any hasty or spasmodic interest, it was a natural and steady growth and therefore all the deeper and more constraining. As Dr. Grammer has said, he had a splendid heritage in his home life and in the associations in this town in which he grew to boyhood and young manhood. He evidently recognized, earlier than most young men do, that "life," as Mr. Gladstone once said, "is a great and noble calling, not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny." As the question as to how he should invest his life began to present itself to him, he thought that possibly God would permit him to work among the black people of Africa, but in the Autumn of 1890 there came to the seminary at Alexandria, Archdeacon Thomson, one of the veterans of the China mission, who had even then seen thirty years of service in the field. He had remained at his post in Shanghai almost alone during many dark and trying days, but he stood there with that old Virginia determination and consecration, which insured success. A day of better things was dawning for the China mission, but there was then, as there is now, great need for recruits, so the Archdeacon came to the seminary and appealed for volunteers. He did not disguise the trials and difficulties of a missionary life, but he told, too, of its blessed service and of its certain

reward. Then, closing with some account of the need for at least one man to be associated with him in the work to which he had given his life, he put the closing question: "Gentlemen, must I go back alone?" That question seemed to be God's call to Addison Ingle. He gave up his plans for Africa and volunteered for China, with the understanding that he should be assigned to assist Archdeacon Thomson. But his offer of service came at a time when the missionary treasury was ill supplied with funds, and the Board of Managers seemed unwilling to incur any further responsibilities. With the resourcefulness and determination always so characteristic of him, young Mr. Ingle set about securing the money necessary to send him to the field and keep him there for at least a year. Thus, in the Autumn of 1891, his missionary life in China began.

He had not been long in Shanghai when his plans for his life service were again modified. A message came from Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yangste River, asking whether someone might not be spared from the Shanghai station to assist in strengthening and extending the mission in the centre of the Empire. Archdeacon Thomson asked Mr. Ingle to go to Hankow, look over the situation and decide whether he would be willing to devote himself to the work in the great inland city. He went, and a few weeks' study of the situation decided him to agree to the proposed transfer to Hankow. Within a year and a half of the beginning of this new work, the Rev. Mr. Locke, the senior missionary, retired permanently from the mission. Mr. Ingle had then been in China less than two years; he had devoted himself zealously to the study of the people and their language, but still he was lacking in much of the practical experi-

ence which is so large a part of the missionary's capital and so important an element in the missionary's influence. In spite of these disadvantages he was left as the only American representative of the Church in the great heathen city in Central China. It would not have been strange had even a brave man like Addison Ingle asked to be relieved of the crushing responsibility which now came upon him. The limited staff of the mission made it impossible to assign to the station any one of longer training and wider experience. However much he may have dreaded the testing that now came to him, we may be sure that the same qualities he showed as a boy and as a young man in this town, stood him in good stead. It was the same spirit of grit and determination which you young men know he always carried into his sports and plans, that now, used in a higher cause and touched with a divine purpose, enabled him to stay bravely at his post and meet cheerfully the burdens that came crowding upon him.

New as he was to his work, Mr. Ingle realized that if China is to be christianized—and China is to be christianized, let us never forget that—the work must be done very largely by the Chinese themselves. Instead, therefore, of scattering his energies by hasty visits from place to place to preach to the people in the faltering Chinese that was all that he could command in those early days, he began gathering about him in Hankow a body of Christian men, and by careful and constant teaching sought to impart to them something of the spirit of his Master. It was the Master's own way. You and I are in this church today, we enjoy all the blessings of a Christian civilization, we know the joy and the security of Christian homes, because long ago, in far-off

Palestine, the Saviour of men gathered about Him those first few apostles, instructed them, inspired them with His divine purpose, and then sent them out to be His witnesses. So, too, we may say with all reverence, it was with Addison Ingle. He gathered close about him a comparatively few Chinese, worked into the very fibre of their life the story and the motive of the Christ, led them from the old darkness to the new light, and so trained them to become evangelists to their own people. Gradually he was able to present men to the bishop for ordination as clergymen of the Church,—a veritable miracle, which perhaps you and I cannot fully understand, yet it is only one of the miracles which God is working every day in the mission field.

Out from Hankow Mr. Ingle sent these messengers won from heathenism, into the surrounding cities and towns. Bravely these men went into places where often not a single other person was ready to witness for Christ. Faithfully they worked, until gradually, here and there, little groups of learners began to gather about them. In his own way each native helper would try to make plain to his brethern the message of the Christ life, and to prepare them for baptism. While this work was being done, Mr. Ingle would go from point to point, meeting these groups of inquiring Chinese, examining them concerning that about which they had been taught, giving them further instruction, and, as time went on and some showed themselves to be ready, receiving them into the Church. Thus there has been built up in Central China a strong native Church with its well-ordered congregations and its own native clergy, catechists, teachers, Bible women, and other helpers, working under the leadership of the American bishops and clergy.

So ten years of his working life passed, bearing a rich harvest of souls brought to the knowledge and service of the King. Then, in the autumn of 1901, came the call to be the first bishop of the new district of Hankow. All of Mr. Ingle's associates in China were thankful that the choice of the Church had fallen upon him. Letters I received at that time from the American missionaries in Hankow and the neighboring stations, gave me some insight into the affection in which he was held, and supplied a promise of the loyal cooperation so abundantly given. Indeed, loyalty seems to be the watchword of the present Hankow mission, as it was the watchword of the young mission priest and the young missionary bishop. Loyalty to the Christ; loyalty to the mission; loyalty to its leader. With the call to the episcopate came still heavier burdens, but burdens that the new bishop was much better equipped to carry than those which had come to him as a new missionary. His diocese, though not the largest territorially, was, by the truer test of population, one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world. The very thought of being the bishop of a district with a population of nearly 100,000,000 of people, is in itself a crushing weight, but with brave determination and trust in God's power Bishop Ingle went about his work, developing the plans that in earlier days he had formulated with Bishop Graves, and extending the lines of the mission wherever possible. His episcopate, of less than two years' duration, was marked by advance in every direction. He not only had the confidence, affection and loyalty of his own staff, but throughout Central China he was recognized as a wise and effective leader. Dr. Griffith John, who has spent nearly half a century as the representative of the London

Missionary Society, in Central China, expressed the conviction of many others when he said that he was sure that if God had seen fit to spare Bishop Ingle's life for twenty or thirty years, he would have become one of the greatest missionaries of modern times.

Great as is the loss to the Church in China, irreparable, as we would say if we were to use only the language of men, the loss to the Church at home is also unspeakably great. When one heard criticisms of missions and missionaries, or when un-Christian lack of confidence in the power of the Gospel to change and uplift Chinese life found expression, it was always helpful to be able to point to James Addison Ingle, Bishop of Hankow, as the type of what the missionaries of this Church are and can be, and to his work as an example of what can be and is being done. Then, too, the Church in this country is the poorer for his death, since his presence and personality will not be felt in our House of Bishops. If God had spared him, he would have made his mark in that House. His devotion, his unswerving loyalty to the interests of the Kingdom, his wisdom and his far-sighted Christian statesmanship, would have given him a place of influence and leadership. But God had other work for him to do, and has called him to it. Of one thing we may be perfectly sure, that today, no less than in the former days of his earthly life in Central China, Bishop Ingle is engaged in the service of the King, and is seeking to know and to do the King's will.

If we were to go to Hankow today, if we were to visit other points on the river where our missions are established and talk to the American and English residents who represent the diplomatic and commercial interests of foreign nations, we would find that, almost

without exception, they would agree with the verdict of the old Scotch engineer of one of the river steamers who said that "Mr. Ingle was a grand man." If we could talk with the young men in subordinate positions, whose life in the midst of a non-Christian environment subjects them to fierce temptations, they, too, would tell us of their gratitude for Bishop Ingle's life and example and for much practical help given when most needed. They would tell you that he was a man who could be depended upon to reach out a hand to a brother, and a man withal who realized the joyousness and the significance of life.

The manner of his death was as the manner of his life. Thought of others was uppermost in his mind. When told that he must die, he gathered about him the members of his own family and a few of the mission staff who happened to be near at hand, and began to pray in the same clear and rich voice all knew so well. He asked God to look with mercy on the past and to use to His glory all efforts put forth in His Name. He prayed for his family, committing them to the care of the Father; for the members of the staff that they might be strong, brave, and united, never fearful or halting in the work committed to them. He prayed for the Church in China and for the Church at home, especially asking that God would stir His people in America to support the work more loyally and generously, giving more men and better men, men rooted and grounded in the love of Christ, to proclaim His Gospel and establish His Church in China. When the sad day of burial came, St. Paul's Church in Hankow, where less than two years before the young bishop had been consecrated, was twice crowded, once with a reverent congregation of Chinese Christians, and again with the members of the foreign community. Out

from his church they carried him to the foreign cemetery where his body was to be laid to rest, through streets lined with Chinese, many of them weeping as they realized that no more should they see in this life their friend and bishop.

Speaking from our human standpoint, we wonder why Bishop Ingle's working life should have been so short. We forget that

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs;
He most lives who thinks most; feels the noblest,
acts the best."

Measured by this standpoint Addison Ingle's life was a long life indeed. A life so fair, so rich in accomplishment, so full of promise; was it wasted in a foreign land? No, my friends, no life can be wasted in the service of God. He lived a long life in a few years; and he has left to his Chinese friends, to his associates in the mission, to the Church at home, an inspiring example of what a Christian man and leader can do.

The motive of his life was illustrated by an incident that came to me from the Far West the other day, from one of Bishop Ingle's seminary associates. Even in those seminary days, his devotion, no less than his position as senior student in charge of one of the missions near Alexandria, had earned for him among his fellows the name of "bishop." He had charge of a chapel for colored people hard by the seminary buildings; every day his fellow students saw him carrying his ash pan from his room and putting its contents on a path he was making through the soft ground between the Seminary and the chapel. One day a student asked, "Why do you bother with the path, Bishop? You won't be in the sem-

inary long enough to enjoy it." "No," was the reply, "but it will always be here for the other fellows." That was the principle of Addison Ingle's life. He was a path-maker in order that others might make more readily the journey of life. That is what he has been doing for the people of China,—making paths for them to come to the presence of the King! Always there seemed to be ringing in his ears the summons "The Son of God goes forth to war!" Valiantly he followed in His train. Today his is the reward that comes to the brave soldier who, after hard fighting, lays his armor by. Shall not we whose lives are blessed by the rich inheritance of his memory, try to follow his example by following the Son of God, as He goes forth today to the war that can only end when all His people have come to know Him and His love.

ANTHEM—FROM THE ORATORIO OF ST. PAUL.

“How Lovely are the Messengers that Preach Us the Gospel of Peace.”

COLLECTION FOR THE INGLE MEMORIAL HALL
WUCHANG, CHINA,
AMOUNTING TO ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

HYMN NO. 176.

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be forever blest.

Alleluia.

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, the one true Light.

Alleluia.

Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia.

But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

Alleluia!

PRAYERS,

REV. DR. J. HOUSTEN ECCLESTON,
RECTOR OF EMMANUEL CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

BENEDICTION.