The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

725 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Aug. 6, 1885.

My dear Powers:

The post-mark "Glen Summit" on an envelope addressed in your hand-writing, was a real surprise to me, last evening. I was imagining you at Narragansett Pier for now and for some time to come.

But I can understand the effect of the strong sea-air of the New England coast on your throat. It was that which drove me from my Stonington home, and which

changed my life course. Even to-day I should feel it, if I remained there for any length of time.

As you ask about Mrs. Wattles; and as you ask my counsel, also, concerning religious discussions; I hasten to reply to you, even though I must write hurriedly in this busiest of busy weeks with me.

To-day Mrs. Wattles is to try sitting up for a little - the first time in six weeks. She seems to be gaining; although she is still very weak. I write several times to Mr. Bartlett, giving information of her progress, in order that you and your good Mamma might hear frequently - as I knew you would be glad to.

Besides missing Mr. Waller from my office for several weeks, and being alone at my house for a full month, my assistant, Mr. Napier, was off for a week's vacation, and now my other editorial helper, Mr. Blake, is down with a fever. This week I must be away at Gen. Grant's funeral. My work presses me. The air seems pretty thick!

About that matter of discussion, I have always felt it undesirable to discuss religion with an unbeliever. If a person wants to know the truth, I am ready to do all in my power to help him in his search for it; but if he wants to show me that I am at fault in my views, or to convince me that he is right in his views, I do not care to argue the question — either

case. This has for many years been my position in this matter.

Discussion between two persons, in honest desire to find what is true, has its real value. Discussion, for argument's sake, tends only to confirm the disputants in their own opinion.

I would like to talk with you on this subject, more fully than I can write; giving you illustrations of my view of the case. But I can now only touch the main question.

He who trusts Christ as his Saviour, has a right and a duty to bear witness for Christ. He can tell of his faith and of its comfort. He can prove his faith by his consistent life accordingly. No argument can do more for the truth than such testimony as that. I will tell one incident, to show you what I mean.

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

725 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

_____ 188__

An acquaintance of mine, doing business in Boston, and living in a suburban town, was accustomed to ride in and out from his business in the same train with the editor of an infidel paper — who often tried to get up a discussion over religious matters. At length my acquaintance said to the editor, in substance: "I cannot discuss religion with you. I am not competent to do it; nor do I want to. You are a smarter man than I am. You could, probably, get the better of me in an argument. But apart from all argument I know this: Jesus Christ is my Saviour. I love him with all my heart.

I trust myself to him for this life and for the next. He is more than all the world to me. I wish you had the comfort in him which I find. That is all I can say to you."

To his surprise, the editor turned to him, and taking hold of his knee, as they sat side by side, said earnestly and seriously: "There you've got me. I can't answer that." Argument, the editor could deal with; but testimony was too much for him.

On one instance, I was assailed by a Boston infidel, who wanted me to discuss the Bible with him. I declined to do so. He said sharply: "If you think that is God's book, why don't you try to prove to me that it is so?" I answered, "My friend! I know it is God's

book. I wish you knew the same. But if God has failed to show you that that is his Book, I dont propose to set my little brain at the task. There would be no gain in a discussion between us. I am satisfied. You have no wish to be – on this point." After that, on one or two occasions he asked me, in a very different spirit, what I understood to be the Bible teachings on a certain point. I answered him frankly – not in the way of discussion.

Once, when I had not met him for some time, as we came together, he said. "I've been very sick. I thought I was going to die. I didn't know your address; but I wanted to send for you to have a talk

with you". Then he added, as if in unwillingness to admit his doubt and unrest: "Not that I was afraid; but you seem so sure in your belief; that I wanted to talk with you."

The evidence that a man believes, and therefore speaks, carries all the weight that any testimony can.

In such a case as your cousin's, it would seem to me desirable for you to avoid formal discussion; to refuse to enter upon it. Yet you might well suggest to him, that he must certainly admit, that if there is a future, and he has a destiny, it behooves him to learn about it. The responsibility is on him to know all that can be known

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

725 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

188

in that direction.

What is he living for? Whither is he bound? You are on a ship, with chart, compass, engines, and a purpose of voyage. He is on the same ocean, recognizing no need of chart or compass, having no recognized destination, and of course not using his engines for a purpose. He may be satisfied to drift with the winds and waves. But you cannot stay your voyage, merely to keep him company; if he does not wish to

go anywhere in particular.

This is a rambling letter, but some of its thoughts may be suggestive to you.

Our weather here now is cooler; quite comfortable indeed.

The members of my family came from Spring Lake yesterday. After a short time here, they purpose going to Hartford.

The Barakats have another Bara-kitten.

I am very busy at my book; hoping to finish it this month.

Please give my best and sincerest regards to your good Mamma; and believe me

Yours affectionately

H Clay Trumbull

Mr. T. H. Powers Sailer
Glen Summit Hotel
Glen Summit
Luzerne Co.
Penn

The Sunday School Times.

EDITORIAL ROOMS.

1031 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

March 16, 1886.

My dear Lowes:

It was very pleasant to me to have that walk with you on Sunday evening, and I was glad to make the acquaintance of your cousin, so naturally.

I would have liked to see you afterwards, for a chat on the subject. You may have thought it strange that I led the conversation as I did, after all I had said to you about the desirableness of avoiding outside discussions on the subject of religion. But my course was carefully considered, in this case.

Your cousin had not spoken to me on the subject of religion, and I was not authorized to press it upon him on our first meeting. It was for me to show an interest in him and his lines of thought. I wanted him to

feel that I knew something of themes which interested him, and that I was in sympathy with his lines of thought. In this way I could make ready for future talks with him, on a common basis of understanding and of research. My chief desire was to show him that your friend Dr. Trumbull was not exclusively bound to certain theological dogmas, and as was unfamiliar with advanced scientific discoveries.

I think that I prepared the way for future talks with him, to advantage. I like his manner and spirit. I hope to see more of him. Meanwhile I am glad that you have such a loving and prayerful interest in his spiritual welfare. I pray with you in his behalf.

My visit to Princeton was very pleasant to me. I enjoyed my stay there, at every moment. I hope to see you again and often in your college home; and ever and always I am

Your affectionate friend

H. Clay Trumbull

#24.

Northfield, Mass.
Thurs. July 14, 1892.

My Mr Moody:

The Conference is over. Its closing words were spoken last night by dear Spear, and I was called to dismiss it with the Benediction. I hope I shall be a better man and shall do a better work through God's blessing on its influences.

I leave this morning at 11 o'clock for Amherst, to pass a few hours with President Gates; going thence by way of Poughkeepsie Bridge to Philadelphia, expecting to reach home in the morning. I must turn aside from writing now, in order to see a man for whose soul I am interested,

(Philadelphia, Friday, July 15) Here I am at my office desk once more. I took a sleeping car at Amherst at 8 P.M., and was at 9th. and Green Sts. at 7.45 A.M.

Your letter of July 4 reaches me this morn. It is most welcome to me. I am glad of it as a greeting from you, on my return to my routine work. I wish I could sit down with you, face to face, for a few hours talk about Northfield; for I am full of thought about it.

The "unusual activity in intellectual lines" of which I spoke, was in preparation for my absence, and not on my "covenant" studies. I had to write

up editorial and lesson matter in advance, and to get ready for the Northfield addresses. That sermon to children was not written out; hence it is not available for your reading.

The German books which you sent to my address are already here. The review of Speer's "Studies" appeared in our issue for July 2.

I do not know the precise state of things at Elm Avenue. I will endeavor to ascertain and let you know. The last I heard was that Cooper had gone to Portland, and that his predecessor at Portland was talked of for Elm Avenue.

The Northfield Conference was up to the highest standard of any of the series. An added sense of responsibility was on all the leaders, because of Mr. Moody's absence. Mott and Speer died admirably, and they shaped, under God, the course of things. I was grateful to God that he gave me a part with them in counsel and in action.

I think I gained a new plane in the Christian life, through the influence of the Conference; and I hope it will show in my writings and work. I was humbled by a sense of my lack, and I was encouraged by what Mott and Speer said to me of the value of my presence and labors with them, and as they observed the effect on others.

Speer said at the start, that I could never know how much I had done for him; and as I came away he said that many hearts were grateful that I had been at the Conference, and that he couldn't tell me how he and Miss Bailey had come to love me. You will believe that this was a comfort to me. Mott said publicly that my address on Personal Work four years ago marked an era in the Christian life of the colleges of America, as he could bear witness from his visits to those colleges; and he told Phil. Howard at the close of this Conference that "Dr. Trumbull could never know in this world

the good that would come of that last address on Personal Work, as already indicated in the delegation meetings of the various colleges represented".

I speak of these things to you, because you know how I feel my failure in my best endeavors at helping others, and how I am inclined to utter despair because of my shortcomings. God encourages me to persevere, by showing me that I can be of service to men as good as Spear and Mott. If I can help them in any way, they will make that help tell for good a hundred fold.

Spear spoke, in his Bible class, on Wednesday morning, of some lives that we know that while incomplete in themselves are full of suggestiveness and stimulus to other lives. Perhaps he would include me in that class of persons.

The lessons that I have learned the past season of my failures, would have crushed out all hope for the remained of my life, if God had not given me cheer through another side of my labors, or through my labors in another direction. I hope to be of less discomfort to you, through the two lessons I have learned of late. I pray that it may be so. I think it will.

There were many friends of yours at Northfield. The Davises, the Dougherty's, the Mr. Williamses, the Van Rensselaers, and others. They often spoke of you. Mrs. Dougherty spoke of an editorial of mine, written a dozen years or more ago, and which she had preserved for re-reading until it was now yellow with age. It is one of those preserved in "Ourselves and Others," and I am going to send a copy of that volume to her.

All that you say of your daily life interests me. May that life be blessed to each and all of you, and may there be an end of disturbing elements in its atmosphere when it is renewed here in Philadelphia once more.

Very lovingly your friend H. Clay Trumbull