

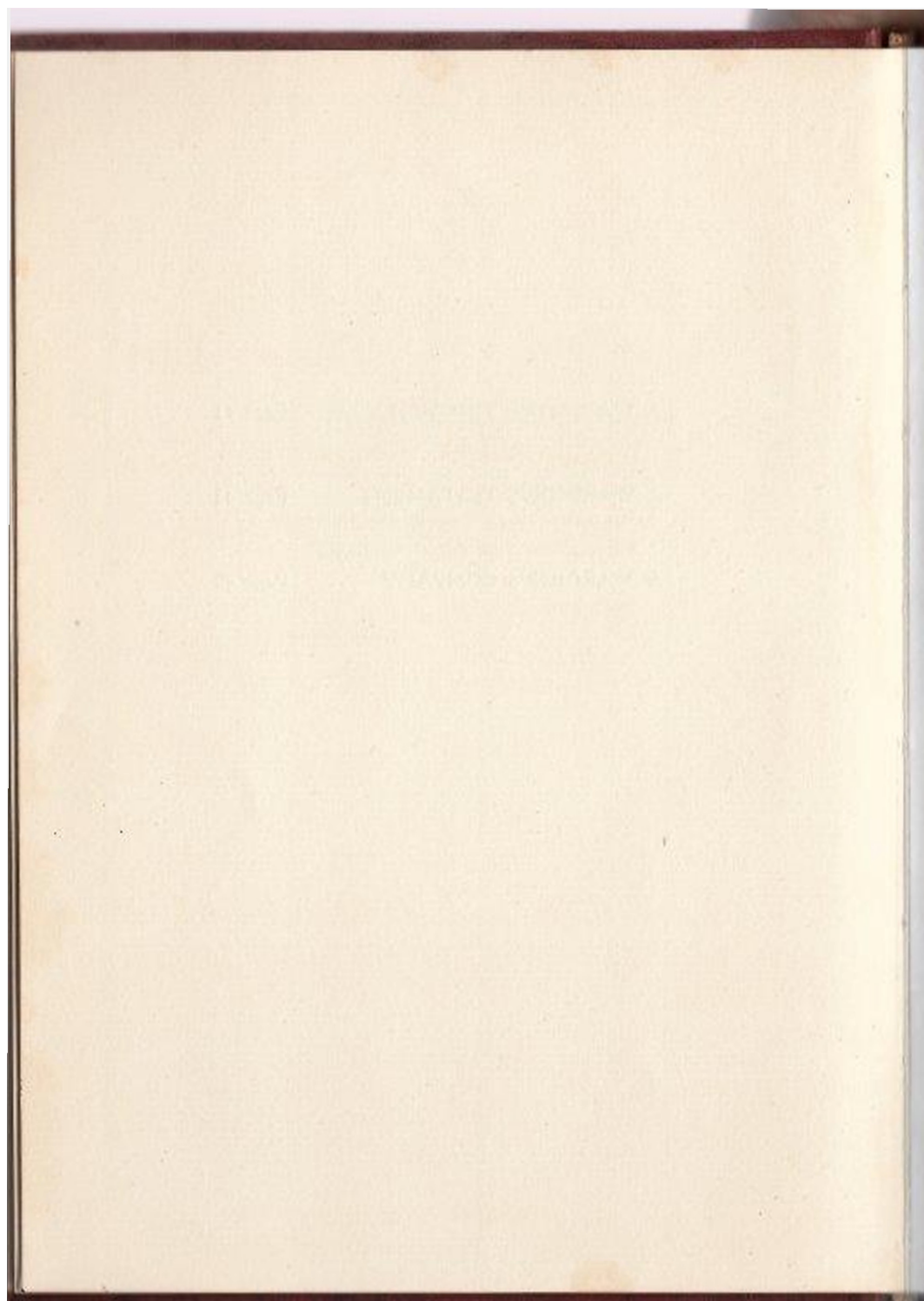
WARRIOR'S
TESTAMENT

*^h)his privately printed edition hat been
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> the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight e'er the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!"

— ROBERT BROWNING

A favorite pottage often quoted by Buhop Roots



1870-1945

F O R E W O R D

This intimate record of Bishop Roots' last week, before the burial on Mackinac Island in September, 1945, has been prepared by his family in response to many requests, in tribute to a beloved father, and in gratitude for his friends all over the world whose messages touched us deeply.

No one who lived through those days will ever forget them. Death took on a new and glorious meaning—not only in the sense of triumph over sorrow, but in the realization that this most poignant of all human experiences can be God's keenest weapon in the fight for a new world.

The frontispiece photograph was taken at Island House, Mackinac Island, during the last World Assembly he attended there. It shows him with the souvenir volumes presented upon his departure from Hankow, containing personally composed and inscribed tributes from China's leaders of all parties, including the late President of the Republic, Lin Sen; President Chiang Kai-shek; Premier Ho Ying-chin; Communist leader Chou En-lai; former Premiers Wong Wen-hao, Chang Chun and T. V. Soong; Chen Li-fu, recently Vice-President of the Legislative Yuan; K. C. Wu, Mayor of Shanghai; Wang Ch'ung-hui; Chu Cheng; H. H. Kung; General Chen Cheng; the late Feng Yu-hsiang and many others.

The telegrams from President Truman and President Chiang, representing the lands of his birth and his adoption, come appropriately at the beginning. With both he was on terms of friendship, and for both he prayed daily while breath remained.

His friend Dr. Arthur N. Holcombe of Harvard, Professor of Government at his old University, expressed in a sentence the unique position he held on both sides of the Pacific: "Bishop Roots was America's foremost Ambassador of good neighborliness to the Far East." And today, more than ever, his Chinese friends draw hope from his life for their stricken country. Mayor Wu of Shanghai, in a recent letter, writes:

"In this dark hour, we need, as Bishop Roots stressed, the guidance of God, and I trust He will make us strong and of good courage in the battle we are called upon to fight."

A word should be said about his love for England. It was his constant prayer that the British and American peoples would find in a common passion for promoting the Christian faith, a spiritual union transcending any differences of political or economic allegiance. His friendship with Archbishops Davidson and Temple, with Provost Streeter of Oxford, Arthur Baker of Fleet Street and Tod Sloan of East London, with Lady Antrim, Bunny Austin, Lord Lytton and Lord Salisbury (who was prevented only by his own death from writing this Foreword), were among his most treasured memories; and the words of another close friend, Lord Lang of Lambeth, former Archbishop of Canterbury, written from the West Highlands, form a moving epitaph:

"God give the fullness of His Love and Light to His valiant Saint. Surely there will be some special place in His Kingdom for a spirit so full of eager and self-sacrificing devotion. It was a privilege to have seen its radiance."

Two major themes absorbed his energies — the reunion of Christendom, and the development of a dynamic and over arching ideology- to answer the challenge of communism. A friend of Archbishop Paul Yu-pin of China and of other Catholic leaders in many lands, he had seen the failure of too many formal plans for Church unity among Protestants to believe that anything short of a universal rebirth of the Spirit would succeed. His personal relationship with communist leaders, first begun in our Hankow home, convinced him that though their beliefs were misguided, only a greater strategy and a purer passion could hope to compete for the mind of East or West.

Light on both these burning problems was shed for him by his long friendship with Dr. Frank Buchman, and his active participation in Europe and America, during the final twelve years of his life, in the fight for the moral re-arming of the world. The ardor with which he gave himself to this task shines through every page that follows, and was reflected in the wealth of affection showered upon him at the last.

Washington, D.C.
Easter 1949

JOHN MCCOOK ROOTS

From 'President Truman:

I SHALL BE THINKING OF ALL THE MEMBERS OF YOUR DEAR FAMILY WHEN YOU GATHER TO PAY THE LAST SAD TRIBUTE TO A LOVED AND LOVING FATHER WHO WAS MY FAITHFUL FRIEND. THROUGH LONG YEARS AS CHURCHMAN, AS HUMANITARIAN, AS CITIZEN, BISHOP ROOTS AT HOME AND IN FOREIGN LANDS WAS A NOBLE EXEMPLAR OF THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL. MY HEART GOES OUT TO YOU IN DEEPEST SYMPATHY.

From 'President and Madame Chiang Kai-shek:

WE DEEPLY MOURN THE PASSING OF BISHOP ROOTS, FOR HE WAS NOT ONLY OUR PERSONAL FRIEND BUT A STAUNCH AND UNDERSTANDING WORKER FOR THE WELFARE OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE, AND MANY CHINESE FRIENDS WILL MISS HIS DEEPLY SPIRITUAL FAITH WHICH, HOWEVER, WILL SURELY BEAR FRUIT MANIFOLD IN DAYS TO COME. TO YOU AND ALL YOUR FAMILY WE SEND OUR HEARTFELT CONDOLENCES AND WARM FRIENDSHIP.

FOR THE BISHOP

*Flag at half staff,
The passing of a Statesman.
Wave Stars and Stripes
For God's true Nobleman.
Honors go with him
From this and many nations,
Where his clear leadership
New life began.*

*Trumpets triumphant,
Sounding for a Soldier
One who has fought
As long as there was breath,
Fought for the vision
Lacking which we perish,
Fought and was victor
In life and death.*

*Bells toll in reverence,
The passing of a Churchman,
Bishop and Shepherd
To thousands of souls,
Builder of a family
East and West uniting,
Building a world
Where God controls.*

*Silent before God
Rememb'ring a Father,
Happens the wonder —
There is no separation!
Brightly his torch now
To our hands committed
Shall kindle our hearts
And enlighten each nation.*

JOHN M. MORRISON,
Mackinac Island, September 23, 1945.

LOGAN HERBERT ROOTS

From “*The Arkansas Gazette* ” Little Rock, Sept. 25, 1945.

The Rt. Rev. Logan Herbert Roots, D.D., aged 75, a native of Little Rock who became a leader in Moral Re-Armament, and who for 34 years was Bishop of Hankow, China, died at Mackinac Island, Michigan, on Monday. He was attending the MRA World Training Center, now in its fourth year at the Island, with representatives of labor, management, politics and the professions from North America and 15 foreign countries.

He was the son of the late P. K. Roots, little Rock banker, and was the namesake of his uncle, the late Colonel Logan H. Roots, for whom Fort Roots was named. In 1902 he married Miss Eliza Lydia McCook of Hartford, Connecticut. Five children survive: John McCook Roots, Dr. Logan Holt Roots, Sheldon Roots, and the Misses Frances Blakeslee Roots and Elizabeth Buder Roots, all of whom are active in the work of Moral Re-Armament.

Funeral services will be held at the Island House, Mackinac Island, Wednesday. Burial will be on Mackinac Island. Colonel Graham Roots Hall of Little Rock, a nephew, left last night by plane to attend the funeral.

Widely Known in Far East for Christian Unity Work.

Bishop Roots, who first went to China in 1896 shortly after his graduation from Harvard University, was widely known in the Far East for his work for Christian unity. He was Chairman of the China Continuation Committee, 1913-1922, the first organization aimed at uniting the Christian forces of China. He was also identified with National Flood Relief Work and The International Red Cross.

As Chairman of the House of Bishops of the Chinese Episcopal Church from 1926 to 1931, he developed close ties with England, and as Primate introduced Chinese bishops to King George V in London during the Lambeth conference of 1930.

Had Many Friends Among Leaders of Modern China.

Bishop Roots was said to possess an unrivalled personal acquaintance with leaders of modern China, dating back to the Boxer Rebellion of 1900 and the first Chinese revolution of 1911. He knew Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and harbored several of his colleagues at his home in Hankow during the early days of the Chinese revolutionary movement.

He had for many years been on terms of friendship with Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. When his wife died in Kuling in 1934, the Generalissimo sent his private plane to Peking to carry the Bishop and his sons on the last leg of their journey across Siberia from Europe, and Madame Chiang attended the funeral.

Bishop Roots first became acquainted with Dr. Frank Buchman, initiator of Moral Re-Armament, in Kuling, the Chinese summer capital, in 1917, and helped

him organize his first international gathering there the following year. During subsequent years of travel in many parts of the world he took every opportunity of supporting the Oxford Group, saying that he saw in its activities the "best hope of uniting the world's moral and spiritual resources in providing a Christian answer to the militant materialism which took root in Europe and Asia after the last war."

Moral Re-Armament Work Occupied Last Seven Years.

Since 1938, Bishop Roots had devoted his time to the work of Moral Re-Armament. He travelled with Dr. Buchman and his international teams in the United States and Canada, Britain and most of Europe.

As a personal friend of three successive Archbishops of Canterbury, and of British theologians (such as Dr. B. H. Streeter, late Provost of the Queen's College, Oxford), Bishop Roots had much to do with the strong support given to Moral Re-Armament by the heads of the principal British church groups in recent years.

During the war, Bishop Roots travelled along both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts visiting centers of war production and assisting with the MRA wartime program of industrial teamwork and national unity.

During the last year he had lived in Washington, D. C., where his apartment became a center for many of the United Nations delegates on the way to and from the international conference at San Francisco.

Bishop Roots was granted the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity by the University of the South in 1906, by the Episcopal Theological School of Cambridge, Mass., in 1922, and by Harvard University in 1925. Harvard also gave him a citation of honor for his leadership in the Far East.

* * * *

From ***The Living Church,*" October 7, 1945.

It has been said by Bishop Roots' associates that one evidence of his genius was the ability to make a difficult job look easy. In a life so filled with significant achievement, the level is so high that the most noteworthy events of his administration are difficult to name. He piloted his people and his diocese through the Chinese Revolution, with some of the fighting at his back door. He brought them through famine and flood and the trying months of 1927 and 1928. In 1927, Communist troubles and civil war made life all but impossible for foreigners, Wuchang was besieged, and the diocese was almost completely evacuated of the mission staff by government orders. In his more than 30 years as head of the diocese — one of the largest of the Anglican communion in the world with a population of 50,000,000 people — Bishop Roots saw the Church's work advance steadily, with but little loss or delay in spite of outward turmoil.

Tributes from many nations were paid at the services. A message from President Truman to the Bishop's son, John McCook Roots, was read by Dr. Frank Buchman, with whom Bishop Roots had worked for 25 years in Moral Re-Armament.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Garrett R. Starly, son of the former Bishop of Newark. The music, some of it specially written for the occasion, was conducted by Dr. Artur Rodzinski, Director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with John Corigliano, concertmaster, as the soloist.

FOR LOGAN

From hearing his children speak of some of the things that he loved most to think about in the last months of his illness.

*O blue of seas that wash the Isles of Greece,
O blue of lakes that catch the Alpine sun,
O blue Saint Lawrence, when the winter's done,
O wares, that mirror Galilean peace —
These, and the blue of Mackinac, are one.*

*O wind that breathes on Norway from the sea,
O wind that sweeps the valleys of Kuling,
O wind, that shook the Maid of Domremy
And blew upon the Twdve, and set them free —
Such winds at Mackinac are on the wing.*

*O quiet watcher at the window there.
These riches fill your heart, who loved them so;
You saw the long boats passing to and fro;
You heard the bell upon the quiet air;
Your peace was born in heaven, long ago.*

*Yet peace you did not ask, for you adored
The greatest Fighter that the world has known.
When once His battle-line to you was shown.
You carried the offensive for your Lord
And His eternal warfare made your own.*

*The bell rings on. The long boats draw their freight.
Now all the witnesses from distant lands
And ancient times, draw near, and stand, and wait
Fell but unseen, and holding out their hands.
You smile, and turn, and step within the gate.*

EDWARD W. DEVLIN

A WARRIOR'S TRIUMPH

STORY OF THE LAST DAYS

By DR. IRENE GATES AND HIS NURSE, ALICE TOOKER

Nestled in one corner of the east wing in the old Island House, with the tall pillars of the porch towering outside, is the room we affectionately call the Bishop's Room. For it was here that Logan Roots, Bishop of Hankow, in great peace and joy of spirit lived out his last summer among us. Like him the room was simple, and unpretentious and friendly. In one corner was the bed where he had to spend so many hours resting, for his coronary circulation was failing and for two years the original attacks had been recurrent. Beside the bed on a table at a level where he could always see them were the pictures of his children and his beloved wife and his old friends Frank Buchman and Annie Jaeger. An old-fashioned walnut bureau with a marble top and two easy chairs for his visitors completed the furnishings. Yet Logan Roots had been for years the Primate of China, and was still the honored and trusted friend of Chinese statesmen and patriots.

And of many others. All that summer these friends dropped in for a quiet visit, and went away strengthened, for Logan had a quiet confidence in the goodness of life that was rooted in his faith in God, and at the same time an urgent sense of the necessity to battle for the new world.

But his happiest hour came in the early morning when the first touch of dawn streaked the sky. Then he rolled his old arm chair over to the window where, beyond the green lawn and the brilliant foliage of the trees, he could see the ever-changing waters of the Straits of Mackinac. In the quiet of the dawn he listened to the Lord. Sometimes he wrote down his thoughts. The beauty of the lake and islands reminded him of his beloved China, of the wife buried in far-off Kuling. The historic significance of the training center at Mackinac that summer of 1945 and the destiny of his adopted country were always interwoven in his thinking.

His last notes were written during such a glorious autumn morning.

"Crescent moon and morning star, nearer together than yesterday, an occasional long ship passing, blazing with lights at stem and stern. Flashing lights of our lighthouse and bell buoys, red and white in the clear morning air. Few sounds, but a passing horse's hoofs on the hard street recalled our memorable ride to Arch Rock, the battlefields and sights of this island paradise yesterday afternoon. All this is background for world events — some of which center right here today.

The overwhelming beauty and quiet and peace of Mackinac this morning challenge you — for they are only part of the picture. And here you are, 'at the end of the ages,' with the long story of mankind and the universe behind you."

On Wednesday, September 19th, the Bishop came downstairs for a short walk with John before dinner. Then he dined with two friends from old China days. Dr. and Mrs. DuBois Morris. He had expected to see a special presentation of "The Cowboy Christmas" that evening. However, he felt less well than usual, and asked Peter Howard to carry him upstairs early.

His night was restless and disturbed. In the morning he was weak, and in considerable pain. His doctors, Paul Campbell and Irene Gates, re-examined him, and then told his family that his condition appeared critical. Logan, Jr. who was about to leave Washington by plane for China, was urged to come as soon as possible.

The pain around his heart grew less, but his lungs began to fill with fluid. We needed oxygen urgently but there was none on the Island. Dr. Chapman in Cheboygan, forty miles away, sent us the only available oxygen tank by the Coast Guard. Meanwhile, Irene called Grand Rapids and got hold of Dr. Ragsdale at the hospital there. None of us knew him, but he turned out to be a Harvard medical classmate of Logan, Jr., and considered it a privilege to help. His tanks arrived just a few minutes before the tank from Cheboygan gave out. The Bishop commented thankfully, "All our needs are provided for."

The next day, Friday, Logan was weaker. He sensed to know the end was near. He accepted it calmly, in relaxed and peaceful, almost joyful mood. His affection for people, and his appreciation of every service was unbounded.

His bedroom was directly over the dining room. All day preparations went on down there for the wedding of two Canadian friends, Elizabeth Doolittle and Paul Nanton. In the afternoon there was a tea for the wedding party and in the evening the wedding march pealed forth joyfully as they rehearsed for the next day's ceremony. Up in Logan's room we were very much part of the merriment, for he enjoyed it so thoroughly. He was a bit whimsical about it all. He had expected to have a special part in the service. Now he said he was for the moment on the inactive list. There was no sadness or regret in his voice at all.

Saturday at 3 a.m. the brief rally seemed over. The pain recurred again, suddenly, with great severity. His pulse grew rapid, irregular, his heart action poor and his respirations weak and shallow. Even then, despite his increasing weakness, he showed a remarkable ability to rally. He seemed to draw from some secret store of strength. His eyes held no fear of the future, and his spirit remained free. At times he had remarkable insight into the needs of people around him, and vision for loved friends around the world.

A Declaration of Faith

All day Saturday his strength slowly ebbed away, but his serenity and faith were unchanging. Once he said to the relief nurse, Barbara Steven, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." She answered him, "That's a promise, isn't it?" He replied, "It's a promise, yes, but it's more than that. It's a declaration of faith."

After another severe pain, he said, "We are called to the greatest revolution of all time, whereby the Cross of Christ will transform the world. Isn't that so?"

This was the message he sent down to the wedding that afternoon. For the bride and groom personally he added his last morning's guidance: "The best is

yet to be. Your highest hopes and best prayers are never too good to be true. For if they are good enough to be true, your Father will make them come true."

Irene stayed with him during the ceremony. He was exhausted from his recent pain, but alert as the wedding march sounded below. Then just as the Mackinac Singers chorused triumphantly, his whole chest was racked with sudden, stabbing, awful pain. His lips became blue and his pulse thready, his heart feeble. Before the hypodermic which Irene gave him could take effect, we heard the chorus sing quietly, "God be in my head;" Logan gasped, "Ard in my breathing." Slowly the pain dulled and he was left spent, just barely breathing. Softly they repeated the hymns together as they were sung:

*"He who would faithful be 'gainst all disaster.
Let him in constancy follow the Master."*

No one was more part of the service than the two who listened, and participated above. Somehow the joy of the life that was beginning with the wedding, and the joy of the life that was departing in death were all one, and God was in it all.

As soon as the service was over Irene sent for the family. John and Sheldon, Frances and Beth gathered around his bed. The Bishop seemed to know he was going soon. He gave them last messages to many friends, among whom were statesmen of several different countries. John read aloud the Twenty-third Psalm. Logan looked up at them and said, "You've been a good family." As they knelt there, he placed his hand on each of their heads, and blessed them.

"What a Beautiful Bride"

After that he seemed a bit stronger. The bride and bridegroom left the receiving line and came upstairs to see him. As she bent to kiss the Bishop she left a shower of petals from her bouquet on his blanket. He said to her, "What a beautiful bride!" and then, looking at her husband, "And, of course, what a handsome bridegroom!" Then with a characteristic twinkle he said, "Do you know the shortest story in the world — in three chapters? ... Maid one. Maid won. Made one." As they joined in laughter he added, "The beginning of an everlasting home."

Later in the afternoon some of his special friends came quietly to the door to see him or to sit by his bedside for a few moments. For each one he had something special — a smile, or a handclasp, or a last affectionate word. At about 5:30 in the evening he said to us, "I guess I'm just a little child learning how to fight." And in a moment, "I'd, help me to be a child." And later, "The destiny of the world depends on the men and women of God."

Roly Wilson and Peter Howard came to see him, and talked to him about England, and their mutual friends, and the future of the Empire. Before they left he asked them to read to him from the Bible.

>

Then some of the Labor team came in — those who had been with his old friend, Annie Jaeger, at her home-going. Two of the girls sang some of Annie's favorite hymns, *The Old Rugged Cross* and *Moment by Moment*, and then others that Logan specially loved. He said, "I'm grateful for that" and, as they started

another, he said to Bill Jaeger, "Bill, won't you sing? And all the rest of you?" So we all joined in on *My Faith Look* Up to Thee* and *He Leadeth Me*. Suddenly Logan joined in with a surprisingly strong bass, although his breath came in labored gasps.

Standing in the doorway were the Stearllys, the Purdys, the Wishards. Roly Wilson, Bremer Hofmcyr from South Africa, and Canon Streeter's old friend and biographer, Alan Thornhill. He smiled at them all and said, "I can see all your faces like a dissolving scene before my eyes." And added, as he picked out one voice from the others, "Is that you, Alan?" John asked Garrett to pray and then Logan gave them his blessing.

He was very tired after this and they all left. As he rested he spoke of the poem, written by Alice during his critical illness a few months before, when persistent angina attacks had kept him white and drawn with pain for days at a time. She read it again to him now:

AND FEAR IS GONE

*One thing I know — that pain
Need never rule me by its dread again.*

*Now, when it comes with tortured hand
And tries to twist my heart,
I simply say, with childlike faith,
Thy will be done "*
And fear is gone.

*All the truths that I have said so long
With all my dignity and power,
And faith — as much as I had seen —
These now are mine
By gift divine.*

*These are mine through tested fire —
The Ixrvé, that reaches through the dimmest, longest night;
The Grace, that finds me weaker here than I could wish.
My weakness means His power,
He's with me e-/ery hour.*

*With gentle hands, each fear and doubt is sifted from my heart.
Leaving it free to use as He would wish.
Leaving it free to care for those I love.
The gift He gives
Is Faith that lives.*

*Faith, that I a true Follower can be,
Faith, that moves a mountain, and a heart of stone,
Faith, that reaches every man, however high his place,
Faith, that some day will ride the nations.
Faith, that we will win in time
A new world — beginning from tonight.*

When it was finished he said, "That's the sum. of it, isn't it?"

Later on Arthur Baker, Chief of the Parliamentary Staff of the London *Times*, came and sat by his bedside for a last talk before returning to London. They spoke of Britain and Atde and Arthur's visit to this country, and Logan said, "You have brought a great mission with you." They talked about Mackinac and its significance in international affairs. "It's a new world," said Logan.

Finally his old friend Frank Buchman came in to say goodbye. Logan gripped his hand and held it with both his own. Frank said, "Well, Logan, it's been a long road together." The Bishop was too moved to speak. For some time they looked at each other, smiling through their tears.

"Got To Keep Fighting"

The rest of the evening Logan was fairly comfortable, though his breathing continued very labored. Alice and Irene and Sciff Wisbard stayed with him and at 1:30 a.m. they called John, Frances and Sheldon, for his weakness grew more apparent. As they gathered by his bed he whispered: "I pray the good Lord to strengthen me to do those things I know I ought to do." And later on, between breaths, "Got to keep fighting! Can't scop now."

Logan was concerned that we were not in bed, yet glad that we were with him. John prayed aloud, "Dear Jesus, be with us, remake us and use us for remaking the world. Amen." Logan seemed refreshed and relaxed and said, "Goodnight. My best to each of you.... Now it's Sunday, isn't it?" Then to Alice, "Tookie, you must keep on looking after me — and Irene, too." We replied, "Yes, we're both here."

His Last Guidance

At 2:30 he said, "Read me my guidance for today." Frances read a passage from I Peter V: 6-11, and then die message that he had sent to the wedding. That satisfied him and he said, "Goodnight."

Lacer he said, "The bridal couple—tonight's their first night. A time of gracious wonder, for Christ our Saviour's sake."

At 2:45 a.m. his breathing became slower and slower, and far more difficult. He managed to say, "Tor Christ's sake. Amen." Fran said, "He's right here," and he answered "Yes." John added, "Christ is with us. He's standing right here." His father said, "Yes." Frances said, "Mother's very close, isn't she, father?" Logan replied, "Yes, she is." Fran said, "She was a great warrior." "Yes, she was," he said. Then he seemed to relax and began to sleep. It was dien three o'clock.

"He Leadeth Me"

Sunday morning he was extremely sleepy and tired. Every movement was an effort and his breathing came short and fast. He knew it was a losing battle but his greacst concern was to see and give himself to as many of his friends as possible. At eight o'clock we sang hymns together and again he joined in, although with more difficulty. After *He Leadeth Me* Logan said, "My mother loved those hymns." The Roots children then sang their grandmother's tune to *O Little Town of Bethlehem*.

At one o'clock in the afternoon Paul Campbell examined him and found the number of heartbeats too rapid to be distinguishable. The family was called and stayed on with him. Towards three o'clock the thing happened in him that will happen within all of us some day. There was a sudden sharp struggle. He called out, "What is that? What is that?" Then answered himself in a loud voice before anyone could say anything: "It's the power of God."

After this he subsided into unconsciousness and did not rally again to speak clearly. There were times, however, when one could barely distinguish snatches of Chinese. In the depths of his heart was his adopted country.

The Team Say Goodbye

The Roots family had so wanted everyone to have a chance for a last visit with him. While he was unconscious during the afternoon, many of his friends came into the room, alone or in twos or threes, to sit quietly for a few minutes and say farewell. Frank Buchman came in several times. A labor leader, a devoted Catholic friend, came to kneel and to say an *Our Father* at his bedside.

Among the flowers in the room was a bowl of roses from Frank, the bride's bouquet, and bouquets of autumn flowers from two of the bridesmaids. Around him were pictures of many friends, including a large one of the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. From the bedside table his loved Eliza looked upon him and her smile seemed to make his entrance into that next life a thing to anticipate. Beside her picture were those of white-haired Annie Jaeger, and Frank Buchman. His world family was with him to the end.

In the evening, June Lee and Polly Ann Eastman came in and sang again. The music seemed to penetrate, as spoken words had not, that other world into which Logan was slowly entering and his lips moved with the familiar verses. The triumphant message of the songs was very real to us as we stood there. Together, with tears in our eyes, we sang, *Moment by Moment, In the Garden, My Faith Looks Up to Thee, Let Us Love of My Soul, Abide with Me, He Leadeth Me, O Love That Will Not Let Me Go, and Rock of Ages.*

A little later on, the familiar melody of *The Mackinac Song* came into the room. Rea Zimmerman was singing out in the hallway and with her was a quiet group lining the hall and scairway, who joined in the chorus.

Family and Friends

A storm had blown up during the evening and fierce gusts of rain beat against the windows of the quiet room. Just before nine we heard the whistle of the S. S. *Ottawa* coming into the dock. It had made a special trip to bring Logan, Jr. across the Straits and at nine o'clock he hurried into the room. His father seemed to sense that he had arrived. We thought we heard the word, "Logan." When we told him Frank had come in too, we distinguished through the heavy breathing the words, "That's fine." The family circle completed, the five Roots children gathered around the bed and sang together *O Little Town of Bethlehem* to their family tune.

In a few minutes Artur and Halina Rodzinski, devoted friends who had arrived with Logan, Jr., entered the room and when we told the Bishop he moved his hand

towards Artur. Then another friend, John Corigliano, Artur's Concertmaster, brought in his violin and began to play — "as he never had in all his life," said Artur later. He played the *Ave Maria*, by Schubert, and followed it with Handel's *Larghetto*. The music swelled and filled the little room, and with die wild wind outside seemed a part of unheard voices of welcome above us.

Meanwhile, out in the Barn Theatre where the Bishop had so loved seeing the plays during the last four summers, five hundred people were gathered. It was a distinguished audience and they were seeing that night a special performance of the industrial play, *The Forgotten Factor*. As they sat there, gripped by the drama, one of the actors backstage had a sudden conviction thac the Bishop was rapidly sinking. He quickly gathered the other people and stage crew in a room behind the scenes ar.d together they prayed for the Bishop and his family. Everyone agreed that the play that night had an electric quality and after the performance die entire cast went up fo the hallway and kept vigil outside the Bishop's room.

From nine-thirty on, Logan fought for breath. Suddenly, about half past ten, his breathing became slower, and easier, and softer. At cen-thirty-five it stopped altogether. Kneeling around his bed were John, Logan, Jr., Sheldon, Frances, Beth, Irene Gates, Sciff Wishard, Garrett Steady and Alice Tooker. In die doorway stood Roly Wilson and beyond him Artur Rodzinski and countless friends lined the hallway. On our knees we thanked Gcd for Logan's life and pledged ourselves to carry on the battle he had begun. Then we said the family prayer together. John gave the Benediction and we left him sleeping in peace, his face lighted by a smile.

TO A BELOVED WARRIOR

*Tonight all Heaven's portals open wide,
O Mighty Heart, that nears the journey's end!
The light that guided other warriors home
Is streaming through the darkness 'round the bend.*

*When your last breath is given up to God,
His Grace, the breath of mercy, there will be.
Oh, long and deep your soul at rest will breathe
The sweet and pure air of eternity.*

*And lo! Your fighting sons and daughters take
The arms you here bequeath them for the fight;
Tack up your battle to build here for God
The glorious world that waits for you tonight.*

ELEANOR FOSDE NEWTON

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

11 A.M., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1945

Monday and Tuesday, dressed in his episcopal robes, with his cross of gold around his neck, the Bishop lay on his bed while his friends came in to say goodbye. We came to a room filled with sunshine and flowers where he lay with the most radiant smile. He looked as if he had just seen something he had always wanted and was now profoundly satisfied with it. He had, as Frank Buchtnan said, "the light of Heaven on his face."

On Wednesday the morning broke in calm magnificence, with the Autumn sun pouring in through the windows of the Island House and sparkling on the living surface of the lake. It shone on the men and women from many countries walking up the path to early Communion service in the dining room. With us at the Communion were Colonel Graham Roots Hall, Logan's nephew, who had flown up from Little Rock, Arkansas, the day before, and Colonel Philip J. McCook, his brother-in-law, former New York Supreme Court Justice, whose Washington plane Ray Purdy had met in Detroit. They had motored the three hundred miles overnight. Archdeacon Gordon Hannon, from Ireland, officiated. Hallen Viney read the Beatitudes from St. Matthew's Gospel, and Eric Parft, the Epistle, "Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

At eleven o'clock all the Mackinac family gathered again around the green-draped altar. We rose and stood in silence as the Bishop's family — John, Logan, Frances, Sheldon, Beth — came in with Colonel McCook, who represented Mrs. Roots' side of the family, and Colonel Hall who represented the Bishop's side of the family.

The service was conducted by the Reverend Alan Thornhill, former Chaplain of Hertford College, Oxford, biographer of the Bishop's great friend, Dr. Streeter, and author of his favorite drama, "The Forgotten Factor"

Alan Thornhill:

This morning, especially, is our opportunity as a family to pay our tribute to one of the most deeply loved men of our time. A great statesman from overseas, whose cabled message arrived today, said of Bishop Roots, "He was one of the best men I ever had the honor to meet." There are thousands, not only statesmen, but simple men and women of every color, every race, every church, who would want to say the same thing. Bunny Austin used to say of Bishop Roots, "He is my favorite man." He has always been a very favorite man to all of us. We think of him as a great Christian fighter, and we thought the best way we could begin this morning was by singing *Onward Christian Soldiers*.

Hymn: *Onward Christian Soldiers*

Alan Thornhill:

We want to ask God this morning to help us as a family to know the meaning of a great life. One of the things Frank Buchman has taught many of us is to stop and evaluate the great things that happen and the great gifts that are given to us. Many people today are rushing ahead so fast that they never stop to evaluate. We dash into another day before we have really learned the meaning of the day we have spent. Often when a life has finished its course we hurry on and never stop to learn from God the meaning. Now we have a chance as a family to help each other to find the meaning of a great life.

There are so many different ways in which we can think of Logan Roots. First of all we think of him as a simple, great-hearted man of God. We can think of him as a great father of a family. Many Bishops have been fathers in God to their flocks, but not all have known how to be fathers to their own families. That is the secret which Bishop Roots learned and he had the great joy of being the father of a united fighting family who stood as one.

Then we think of him as a statesman. Logan Roots has been the friend and confidant of statesmen all over the world. He went out to China in the old days before the Boxer Rebellion, when the Empress Dowager was on the throne. Since then, in America, in China, in Britain, and in a dozen other countries, he has seen the end of an old world and the beginning of the birth of a new one. He has always thought in terms of statesmanship.

Above all, I think of him as a great Christian revolutionary. He had a revolutionary conception of the Church of Jesus Christ. He never thought of it as something that had to be kept up, protected, supported and defended. He always thought of the Church as a mighty energising force, a marching healing force going out into the lives of men and nations. He never thought of the Church just as a fortress. He thought of it much more as a Superfortress, something which took the spiritual attack out to homes, factories and governments everywhere. That is a revolutionary conception. When you live it day by day, you have to fight, and you know who your enemies are and who your friends are, and you know where the right battle line is, and when you finish your life men rise up everywhere to call you great.

I thought it would be fitting if first of all we had the voice of Labor, because Logan Roots found his way deep into the hearts of Labor.

William Schaffer:

*(Former President of the Cramp Shipbuilding Company's
CIO Shipyard Workers' Union of 17/100 men)*

I have made numerous speeches in my time, but I think this is going to be the toughest. The Bishop meant to me so much. I have met people that were Admirals and Generals and businessmen and Congressmen, and I know most of our Labor leaders. But none of them did what Bishop Roots did.

I remember my first time here when I met the Bishop. He was a pretty nice guy. He never insisted that I change. He used to tell me stories about other people that were sort of like me and how much different they were after they did change. He made me feel that I was a swell guy. But underneath he made me do a lot of thinking.

I recall one time in Washington, when I had changed about 60%! *In Fact*, which is a communist dope sheet in America, was giving me a terrific ride for being associated with Moral Re-Armament. The leftwingers were doing a pretty good job in my union. I had decided I was going to give up this damned fight. I had political fights in the union and fights with management, and I thought the fight for MRA was taking on an extra one and I was pretty sick of it and wanted to forget about it.

Then I received a wire that the Bishop was very low. And I made a tremendous decision. I sent Bishop Roots a telegram. In it I said I wished him a speedy recovery from the 17,000 workers at Cramp. The following Sunday afternoon I faced a membership meeting of 5,000 people, and I talked for an hour and a half about Moral Re-Armament. And at the end of that meeting a fellow put a motion from the floor that I be vindicated of all charges, and it was passed unanimously.

I realized I was so darned selfish that a man had to almost die to make me see what I was fighting for.

The Bishop has meant to Labor and to shipyard workers a tremendous lot. He meant a tremendous lot to my wife. My wife banked on Annie Jaeger. I put all my stock on the Bishop. Between the two of them, they gave us a home inside a home. The Bishop gave me the courage to go before 5,000 people and stand up for what was right. I will never forget that, and the letter and telegram from the Roots family.

Alan Thornhill:

We have another representative here from Labor, John Riffe. Would you and Rose care to say a word about what this day means to you?

Rose Riffe:

Last year I discovered what a wonderful person Bishop Roots was, and how true it is that he made you feel you were his special friend. Last night I experienced the most tremendous thing I have ever known, being up there in the room and seeing the smile of Heaven on his face. We hard-hearted guys in Labor have learned how to be new through just such people. I know there aren't any words to express what has taken place in our home in the past few days, but God knows. His guidance is what John and I will fight for from now on.

John Riffe:

*(International Representative,
United Steelworkers of America)*

I knew the Bishop very slightly. I knew some of his family well, especially one of his sons and his daughter. What they have meant to me and my family, words can't describe.

All my life I have been scared to be around where there is death of any kind. Walking into his room last evening all of that fear left me — something I had

carried all my *life*. Seeing the smile of a man who had lived many, many years and passed on. I am so happy to be here and able this time to say truthfully I have been changed. I want you all to forgive me for letting you down. From this day on, with Rose and Joanna, I will keep fighting.

One other thing. I want to ask each of you to pray for me and our International Executive Board. We have got a tremendous fight created by the communist faction. I am going in there with a fighting spirit, and I know with God's guidance we can clean that thing up.

Alan Thornhill:

Let us be quiet for a moment and pray, because that is the same fight which Bishop Roots fought, and it is the fight to which he commissions every one of us.

TIMS OF QUIET

Alan Thornhill:

Next there are one or two of the youth who would like to speak. I think Logan was one of the youngest-hearted people I have ever met. He said to me, "You know, Alan, I have loved people and I love living." Every day was always an adventure to him. He revelled in things that were new, and he found tremendous adventure in the untried ways.

I remember when we were on the road together — Logan travelled everywhere with us, and in those days it was the Revue, *You Can Defend America*. On Sunday morning he would be in the pulpit of the cathedral or some church of the city we were in, preaching a sermon, and on Saturday night he would be on the stage in the chorus with all of us, singing *The Arm Behind the Army*. He never missed a show.

Logan had eternal youth in his heart because he had God in his heart, fresh every day.

Now we will hear from Jackie Scott, and any of your friends, Jackie, who would like to say a word.

Jackie Scott:

(Sett of a Detroit Labor Leader, age 16)

Well, I was thinking the other night about death and what it meant. I had always thought it was a very horrible thing. I had a younger brother. A few years ago my mother was walking with him and a truck came and killed him instantly. My family was all broken up over that. We never talked about it. We had no answer. But now we do.

When Roger told me Logan had gone, I said, "Why should a guy like that who is always smiling and happy, die, and what proof did I have he was going to Heaven?" Then Roger got me to read in the Bible, and I saw where Logan was at his real home. Last night when I went up and saw him and he was smiling, I knew he was only there materially. I knew he was really upstairs, where he belonged.

Dorothy Saul:

This has meant a great deal to me. It reminded me of two years ago when my mother was taken. I thought of the difference. With us it meant splitting up the family over self-pit) and jealousy. The funeral was the hardest thing any of us ever went through. And the horrible way we feared the pain she had to go through, and stayed away from her. It made her leaving *so* hard.

But this family (turning to the Rootses) and what you have given to us. The love you poured into Logan that made his leaving so wonderful — a real symphony. It left a partem of the joy of entering the Kingdom of God on his face for all of us to know as a symbol forever. It is the absolute proof and I just want to thank you.

Virginia Crary of California, and Hope Kitchen of New Jersey, also spoke briefly, reprenting 275 teen-agers who had attended the Assembly during the summer.

Alan Thornhill:

It was a wonderful tiling that up here in Mackinac Island; Bishop Roots was able to have the most skillful and certainly the most devoted medical care anybody could have. I am going to ask one or two of the doctors an<3 nurses who had the privilege of taking care of Logan to say a few words.

Dr. Paul Campbell:

(Formerly of the Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit)

It was a very great privilege to have a pare in caring for Logan. He was one of those men who never lets his doctor down! (*Laughter.*)

He had an unailing sense of humor. Often when he was having bad angina pains we found it was because he was worrying over something, and if we could get him to express that, it would make the inner tension disappear and help the pains. So the other day lie was having pain and we asked him if there was anything on his mind. He said, *T don't think so." I said, "Why don't you have guidance and I will come back." In a little while I went back and asked bim what liis guidance was. It was all about the Tower of Siloam. I told him that part of my education had been skipped in medical school. So he told me die story of this tower which had fallen down and killed a lot of people, and the Jews came to Jesus and asked Him if it was because of the sins of those people or the sins of those before them. And Logan twinkled and said, "As I recall, the Lord said, 'Nay, but you be careful lest because of your sins a worse tiling befall you'." (*Laughter.*)

Ordinarily a doctor's function is considered to be the relief of pain and the prolonging of life. With Logan, it was something more primary. That is, that health, strength, illness, anything and everything have to be used to create new men and new nations, and the relief of pain and the prolonging of life were secondary issues. It is a completely new philosophy for the practice of medicine. The end of our treatment of Logan was that he and we together could use everything God had given us to build into people. He was a fighter who constantly gave to everyone who came to him. When a man is guided by God everything lie touches becomes a pattern for a new world.

Alice Tooker:

I was thinking of the time in Washington when he nearly left us last Christmas. He was very low and we weren't sure how long he could live. Somebody had guidance he would come to Mackinac in the summer. We thought it was too good to be true. Then our guidance was that God had more for him to do. So we had a winter and spring that were triumphant.

I would like to tell you of a few of the people who poured into his little apartment in Washington last spring and what happened to them. All people were dear to Logan, from the cleaning woman and the electrician who brought in the air conditioner, and the colored waiter at the hotel, to ambassadors and statesmen.

There was Father's Day, when we had open house for the Bishop, and the soldiers and officers who were his special friends came in from the Army bases around Washington. Duncan Corcoran, Jimmy Newton, George Wood, Henry Macnicol, John Wood, and many others brought their friends from camp who knew very little about what we were doing, but who found in the Bishop's room at tea a new experience of family life. Jim McLaughry sang *Fighters Ever* for the first time. They stayed on and on, and we finally had to send them home.

One day the wife of a prominent government official came to ask if he had any suggestions on how she could help her husband in his job. She is a gracious hostess and greatly admired in Washington. But she had no real friends. Logan told her how he had been honest with Iris wife and for the first time in many years they had found out the things that went on inside. Tears filled her eyes and she said, "Now I know what to do with my husband." The Bishop had his notebook where he had written down his thoughts for her. She kept saying, "What else have you got?" She went out with renewed faith and a plan for her life.

The Chinese Ambassador came in the middle of the morning one day, bringing with him another delegate to the San Francisco Conference. The Ambassador said to the Bishop, "You are a true friend of China and we couldn't leave this city without seeing you."

A diplomat's wife was close to a nervous breakdown through worry about political events in her own country. She said, "I came to find from the Bishop the answer to fear, because I know he has it." She found something very real. She told us of her plans and hopes for her nation and asked us to go back with her and her husband and take this spirit to their people.

One United Nations delegate, on the eve of leaving for San Francisco, had cabled news of his wife's sudden death. His own brother was afraid to tell him for fear he would be unable to face the Conference. The Bishop's guidance was that the brother should break the news to him. The Bishop then talked with the bereaved husband, shared with him how he had found an answer to grief when his own wife died, and told him that God wanted him now to take the whole nation into his heart and be a father to his people. The delegate set off for the Conference renewed in spirit, without any self-pity or crippling grief, and gave the strongest moral lead during those international sessions of any member of the delegation.

These are just a few of the many who came to his apartment and found there new life and new hope.

Then, after another of his nurses, Barbara Steven of Canada, and Dr. Gates had spoken, June Lee of San Francisco and Polly Ann Eastman of Los Angeles sang one of his favorite hymns, "lie Leadeth Me." Charles Haines of Philadelphia read two passages from the Bible, and Brooks Onley of Washington, one of the Bishop's colored friends, added a characteristic tribute: "Any time I met him " he said, "he always had his hand out to greet me."

Alan Thornhill:

Let us join together in a family quiet time, and as we thank God for Logan, let us make this also a commissioning service. I remember how when the team set out from England in the old days, we often had a Bishop to commission us, and send us on God's fight over the seas, and I feel today all of us have a Bishop — a great fighting Bishop — to commission us to the greatest revolution of all time, whereby the Cross of Christ will transform the world.

TIME OF QUIET

*Loudon Hamilton:
(Scotland)*

I was so struck by the beauty of the morning earlier today. It seemed such a perfect day for the homegoing of your father. These words came:

TO LOGAN

*Gently the winds of Heaven
Blow o'er the Islands of the Blest,
Peaceful without and endless peace within
As a true warrior is laid to rest.*

*So be the passing of all Thy saints, O Lord,
With triumph, gratitude and love,
His body 'neath the lovely Island's sward,
His spirit soaring in the realms above.*

*The bell is still today, the gentleness of Heaven
Broods on the waters' peaceftd tide.
The gratitude of hearts unnumbered on the earth,
The trumpets sounding for him on the other side.*

Bremer Hojmeyr:

(South Africa)

I felt God wanted to say something special to us in the amazing way the wedding and the passing were intertwined:

*What is the thing God wants to say
In planning things this special way
That here we seal the bonds of love
While life ebbs in a room above;
One day a family is born,
The next a father pines on;
An altar raised for two to wed
Sheds, too, its grace upon the dead.
Is it perhaps he wants to say
He values things another way —
That laughter's lilt and sorrow's pall
Are not so separate at all,
For both an equal chance afford
To bring our hearts before the Lord —
That ways we reckon things are wrong
And but to finite spheres belong,
While God may have another measure
Where joy and pain are equal treasure
And both the perfect plan unfold.
The purple weaving with the gold,
And every joy and sorrow stored
In hearts defenseless to the Lord
Together weave through peace or strife
The fabric of eternal life.*

Howard Blake:

(Columbus, Ohio)

I just wanted to say one word about your father. I remember so well one of the great turning points in his life, in 1928 at Minnewaska. The power that came to him came through costly honesty and we had a great sense of a fellow-man, a fellow-sinner, and a fellow-warrior. There, in later years, lay the secret of his influence in the lives of men and nations. That occasion meant my own wife's change. The Bishop's new decision gave her the courage to make her own start.

Leonard Allen:
(Former Chungking Representative of the
National Broadcasting Company)

Early this summer the Bishop said, "Never be discouraged. God is bringing China and the world closer to Christ." And today, Kay and I want to commie our lives again to carry on the great work for which he gave his life in the Far East. *We feci* today as never before the great pulsing heart of the Bishop through which came die love of Christ to the millions of Asia, and together with our children we want to carry on the fight until it is won.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE ENDED WITH THE BENEDICTION
BY DR. FRANK BUCHMAN, AND WE STOOD IN SILENCe
AS THE ROOTS FAMILY AND FRANK WENT OUT.

Memorial Services were also held in various parts of China and in Great Britain. His old friends, Madame Chiang Kai-shek and former Premier Chang Chun, then Governor of Szechuan, were present at services in Chungking. The following memorial came from friends in the Far East, headed by Bishop Foss Westcott, Metropolitan of India, Burma and Ceylon:

*The Risen Church — your heart's strong desire —
The East, a family, at one, afire.
Your certainty and lore, a searching light
Which clear the simple issues for the fight.
We pledge ourselves unitedly, anew.
In strong fellowship for East and West with you.*

FOSS WESTCOTT, MA NYECN THA,
GEORGE AND GRACE WEST,
FRANCIS AMYA, SHIVA RAO,
JAMES TONG, KATIE WOO,
LIONEL AND MARJORIE JARDINE,
KRISHNA PRASADA,
JAM NAD AS MEHTA, St.'RYA SENA,
V. T. XRLSHNAMACHARI,
AND ALL THE FAMILY IN THE EAST.

MEMORIALS

National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church

For a generation Bishop Roots was a foremost leader of the Christian Movement in China. His episcopate covered a critical period of history during which the people of China passed through two revolutions, endured many years of civil war, and set themselves resolutely to the remaking of their country. Throughout these difficult times the Chinese found among foreigners no more loyal and sympathetic friend than Logan Roots.

As the administrator of a flourishing diocese. Bishop Roots was distinguished for the statesmanship which he manifested in promoting Christian education, particularly the training of the Chinese clergy. As chairman of the China Continuation Committee formed by the Edinburgh Conference of 1910 he was among those who planned the great National Christian Conference of 1922 from which emerged the National Christian Council, a federation of Churches which serves the Church in China as the Federal Council of Churches serves in America.

Less for what he achieved, however, than for what he was, Logan Roots may be truly counted as one of the most widely beloved missionaries in China, known and honored with affection far beyond the borders of his own Church. During the last eight years of his life he devoted himself wholly to work with the Oxford Group and its movement for Moral Re-Armament. His numberless friends remember today his power to win and hold friendship, his beautiful simplicity, his impulsive warmth, his contagious enthusiasm, and the ardor of his deep consecration to Christ.

Foreign Missions Conference of North America

The China Committee of the Committee on East Asia places on record its deep sense of loss in the death, on September 23, 1945, of our beloved friend. Bishop Logan Herbert Roots. Those who have known the Hankow diocese intimately realize the deep affection and respect in which he was held. Trained by him and living much with him, two of his colleagues have gone out to be Bishops. They saw him demonstrating constantly that he had learned from his Master the secret of winning men's hearts.

No call for Christian service was too arduous for him, whether in or out of the Episcopal family. We can never forget his prayer of dedication at the laying of the cornerstone of the Hunan-Yale Hospital by Professor W. H. Welch at Changsha in 1915. Those who were members of other Churches always felt, when he visited the cities where they lived, that they were welcoming him as "Our Bishop." He was eager for the greater unification of the China Colleges, working with enthusiasm for the union of the institutions in central China into Hua Chung (Central China) College. Dedicated to the Kingdom, he helped men to love our Lord.

GOD'S TRAVELLER

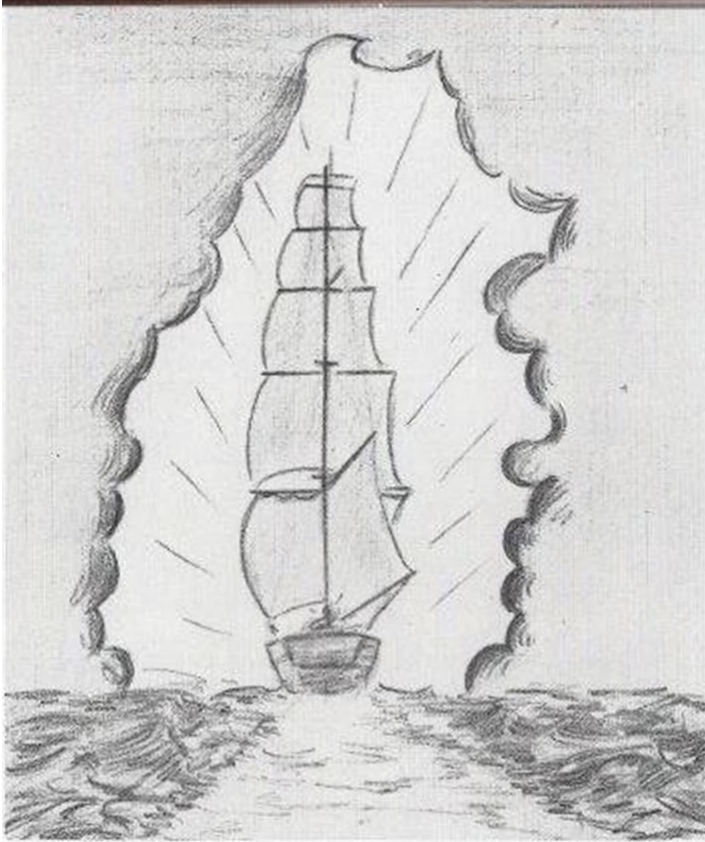
*The gusty winds have dropped. They rock
The waters in a gentle swell,
As slips the treasure-laden boat
Past harbor-light and watchful bell.*

*Laughter of children, prayers of friends,
Familiar facet on the shore;
God's quiet, intrepid traveller
Goes out to make one journey more.*

*Fran at the piano, faithful still,
Battling words and old refrain;
And from a friendly, hidden coast
The music echoes back again.*

*The gallant boat is lost to sight,
Borne by a deep, compelling tide.
We bend our listening ears to catch
That welcome on the other side.*

ALAN THORNHILL



To Logon,

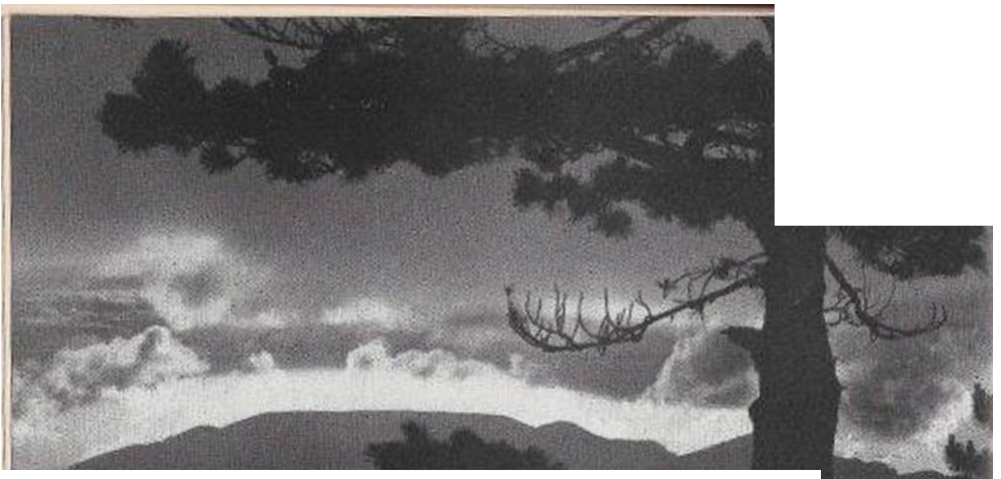
*A fighter whose spirit hold
Brought peace and battle to the countless in his fold.
And how much more for Uncle Frank he gave.
Urging on and always fighting this poor old world to sene.*

Oh Logan,

*I've honor thy fighting spirit rare
You're shown us how to care and fight for people everywhere
And so, like you we promise, every one.
That the battle you have started will be carried on,
And won.*

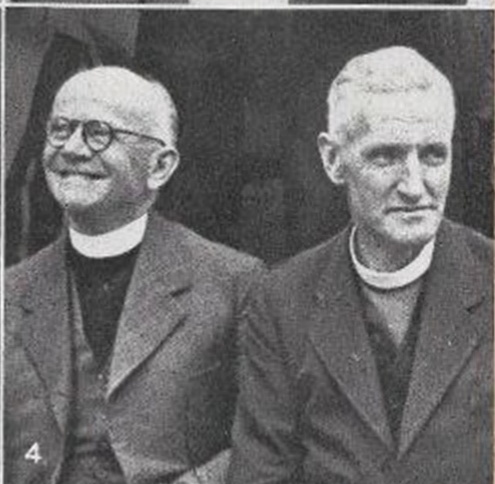
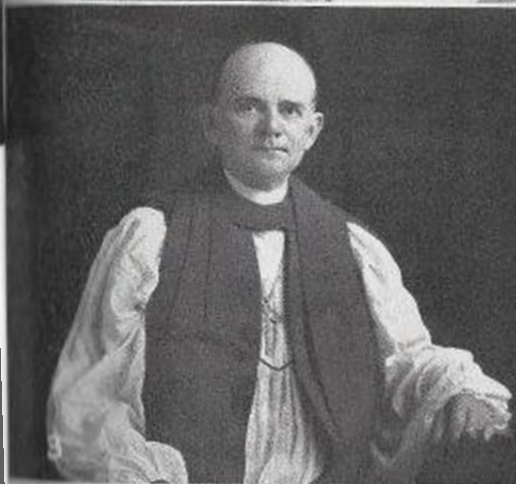
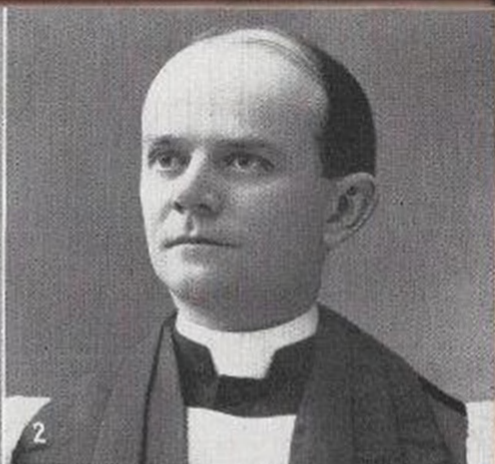
*In loving memory,
RAY, JR.*

(DRAWING AND POEM BY RAY PURDY, JR., AGE 12)



Sunset over Ruling, Chinas Summer Capital, where Mrs. Roots is buried.

1. Wedding in Hankow, April 17, 1902, to Eliza McCook of Hartford, Connecticut.
2. Consecration, Boston, November 14, 1904.
3. At I^ambeth Conference, 1930, as Presiding Bishop in China.
4. Oxford, 1934, with Dr. Woods, now Bishop of Lichfield.
5. Denmark, 1935, with Dr. Streeter, Provost of The Queen's College, Oxford, and Dean Brodersen of Copenhagen Cathedral.
6. Mackinac Island, Michigan, 1944, with (left to right) Dr. Morris Martin, Rosemary Chang, Dubois Morris, Jr., Dr. Buchman, and Dr. Chang Ku-ngau, former Chinese Cabinet Minister.





MACKINAC, 1947. General J. L. Huang, personal aide to President Chiang Kai-shek and for many years a friend of Bishop Roots, places the flag of China, made in flowers, on the Bishop's grave. Sheldon Roots stands beside him. On the rear base of the stone is carved the following inscription:

THE GOLD CROSS, FROM WHICH THIS MEMORIAL IS DESIGNED, WAS PRESENTED TO BISHOP ROOTS BY HIS CHINESE FRIENDS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS CONSECRATION, NOVEMBER 14, 1904, AND ON HIS DEATH WAS GIVEN BY HIS FAMILY TO DR. BUCHMAN IN AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE. THE TONGUES OF FLAME MOUNT TOWARD THE HEAD OF THE CROSS; THE HEAD AND ARMS BEAR THE CHINESE CHARACTERS FOR HOLY FATHER, HOLY SON, HOLY SPIRIT.

(The cross from which the headstone is designed is reproduced at the end of the book.)

THE FUNERAL SERVICE

3 P.M., Wednesday, September 26, 1945

Before the altar stood the open coffin, one end covered with an exquisite Chinese brocade with the symbols of Heaven woven in it. The Bishop was dressed in his robes. The villagers streamed past to say goodbye to him — Mary Metivier, from the newspaper store; Mr. and Mrs. Petersen, the engineer and his wife from the steamer "Mackinac Islander"; Mr. and Mrs. Wood fill, President of the Grand Hotel; Mr. and Mrs. Wellington, the schoolmaster; Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffelman, the plumber, and many, many others.

All around the coffin and the walls of the dining-room, on either side of the altar, were glorious floral tributes. Loving hands had made them from the flowers and autumn leaves of the Island itself. There was a red wreath with a white cross from the Swiss team; a beautiful sheaf of copper oak and maple leaves lighted up with white and scarlet gladioli from Britain; a star of leaves from India, and there was a great cross of autumn leaves made by the youth, which hung silhouetted against the window. The Chinese flag made in flowers and leaves; sprays and wreaths from Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Ireland, and tire many teams that have made the Island House a world home.

Archdeacon Hannon, Rev. Garrett St early, Rev. Halien Viney, Rev. Alan Thornhill, Rev. Eric Par fit, Rev. Rodney Usher-Wilson and Rev. Norman Schwab were the officiating clergymen.

SARABANDB (*Bach*)

*By John Corigliano, Coneertmaster
New York Philharmonic Orchestra*

Garrett Stearly:

We are met here this afternoon to say farewell to a valiant warrior for Christ, and I thought as we began we might sing together one of his favorite hymns, sung at his consecration as Bishop in 1904, and which he often sang in these latter years.

Hymn: The Son of God Goes forth to War

Garrett Stearly:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," saith the Lord. "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever tiverh and believeth in Me shall never die." "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though this body be destroyed, yet shall I see Ciod, whom I shall see for myself and mine eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger."

"We brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord."

Scoville Wishard:

Psalm 23: "77* *Lord Is My Shepherd.*"

Alan Thorn hill:

Verses from Romans 8 and John 14.

Garrett Steady:

Now I am going to ask a devoted friend of Bishop Roots to conduce the chorus in singing *Jcsu, Joy of Man's Desiring*. Artur arrived here on the Island just two hours before Bishop Roots left us. and I thought first you might fell us, Artur, whatever is on your heart and what these last days have meant to you.

Artur Rodzinski:

(Director, iNev York Philharmonic Orchestra)

Until a few days ago, death and fear were synonymous in my life. I always felt prostrated in the presence of the majesty of death. It never occurred to me that there was a constructive, spiritual power in it, a powerful Divine Voice leading us up when we seemed to be drawn down in despair that the mortal flesh is no more with us.

Our timely arrival was not a mere coincidence. It was a part of God's plan. Before we arrived here - Halina, John Corigliano, and Logan Roots, Jr. - we learned that the Bishop's heart neatly stopped beating before eight o'clock in the evening, and as we approached in the boat if picked up again. We were privileged to enter the room. He was breathing heavily and he seemed to be unconscious, but there wasn't a trace of fear or any struggle such as one often sees in the faces of dying people. There was peace and victory and complete surrender to God. All this seemed to radiate from his face. The Holy Spirit was in him and everywhere. His family surrounded the bed and sang hymns which he loved. It seemed that they wanted to tell him a happy Bon Voyage. They tried to make his last moments the happiest ones.

One of the family said: "Father, Artur, Halina and John are here." The labored breathing stopped for a second and you felt he wanted to say something. He moved his lips. I took his hand in mine and felt a slight handshake. In everything there was a note of triumph. Then John Corigliano played the violin. At first his string broke and he was nervous, but the spirit of the room invaded him and he overcame his nervousness and played as he never played in his life.

We left the room and a miracle happened. Before, in the presence of a dying person, I would always run away and sleepless nights would follow. But this time I was drawn back many times to the Bishop's room, and shortly before eleven he passed on. There was again a serene peace everywhere. Everybody was smiling and although their eyes were moist they were tears of joy and victory. There was a soft light in the room and there was "the silence of eternity, interpreted by love."

Since this night I have seen him many times and on his face is a wonderfully radiant smile. Frank says he smiles as if he wanted to say, "I have a secret." We all know this secret. It is the secret that he shared with us all the time — the secret of living in peace with God and not resisting Him. A few months ago I was in Washington and the Bishop asked me: "Artur, how about your obedience to God's guidance?" I said: "Well, I drink it is 75%." And he said, with a very strong voice, "Artur, nothing short of 100% will do."

He is not dead. He is alive. He is in this room, and I am sure he is checking up on the remaining 25%!

JESU, JOY OF MAN'S DESIRING (*Bach*)

Conducted by Artur Rodzinski

Garrett Stearly:

Countless are the friends who are remembering Bishop Roots today. In all quarters of the world men who know him and love him are thinking about him and thinking of us here on Mackinac Island. Not only in this world, but in the world beyond, others are thinking of us. Bishop Roots and my father were devoted friends, and I like to think that perhaps now they are meeting in the heavenly places and perhaps Bishop Roots may be telling him things about myself and how I needed to change, and perhaps he will help me out just a little bit with myself!

It is a great joy to have here in the Island House so many of Bishop Roots' family and friends, friends from the Island and all parts of the world. We are so grateful that Colonel McCook and Colonel Hall have been able to come. Bishop Roots had many friends in the armed forces, men who fought with the United Nations in all quarters of the world. I am going to ask Lieut. Jim McLaughry to read one or two of the messages that have come. Lieut. McLaughry is a bomber pilot and aide to the Commanding General of the United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe. He fought over Germany and has met our work in many parts of the Continent.

Lieutenant McLaughry, U.S.A.A.F.:

One of the living memorials to Bishop Roots will be thousands of young men in the service and out. I first met Bishop Roots in Washington. I felt that to call him Ixigan was too familiar, and asked what he wanted me to call him. He said: "Call me 'Father'." There are thousands of us around the world who will forever remember Bishop Roots as our father. I would like to read two of the telegrams received from servicemen, one from Captain John Wood of the staff of the Adjutant General's School at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia:

"A statesman departs in regal simplicity for the glorious meeting in the courts of heaven. His name beloved forever."

The other is from Pfc. Bunny Austin, who has been a friend of his for a long time. Bunny called the Bishop "My favorite man." He telegraphed:

"Rejoicing triumphant home-going our beloved Mr. Greathcart. Unconquerable remaker of the world. Tr caruring memories friendship. My favorite man. Grateful always pattern his life-long giving especially last victorious gallant year. He fearlessly flew hump of spiritual ranges loading spiritual weapons for loved country's reconstruction. Future generations devotedly will honor. Remember now life perfectly fulfilled. He fights with us still. Devoted love, gratitude you all."

Garrett Stearly:

Bishop Roots had two countries — the country in which he was bom, and the country to which he devoted his life — the great continent of China. I am going to ask Len Allen, who lived in Chungking and broadcast for the Chinese Government, to tell us of some of the messages that have come from leaders of China and what they have known and felt about the Bishop.

Leonard Allen:

(Wartime commentator for the National Broadcasting Company "The Voice of Chind")

I have here two souvenir volumes written by a number of the leading statesmen of China, personally written in their own handwriting, bearing tribute to Bishop Roocs when he left that country for the last time in 1938. I wish you could see some of die messages of love and gratitude. The Generalissimo wrote that the Bishop had been sent from Heaven as an Ambassador of Righteousness to China. A Cabinet Minister wrote: "His moral life has roots in the heart and shows in his face." Another: "He was a master of warm, kind, reverent, self-denying humility."

Scores of cables and telegrams in similar vein have come now from his China friends all over the world — from T. V. Soong, the Prime Minister; Wei Tao-ming, Ambassador in Washington; H. H. Kung, former Finance Minister; Carson Chang and six other delegates to the San Francisco Conference; Dr. Hu Shih, pioneer of China's cultural renaissance and recently Ambassador to the United States; Chang Kia-ngau, builder of the Burma Road and now Government Representative in Manchuria; General Wodemeycr, Commander of American Forces in China; Dr. Alfred Szc, former Ambassador in Washington; Nelson Johnson, former American Ambassador to China; W. H. Donald, personal adviser to President Chiang Kai-shek; and General Joseph W. Stilwell.

He was a master statesman because he was a master life-changer. The secret of his statesmanship was well expressed by a Chinese Government leader when he said: "Whoever meets him goes through transformation and change."

Not long ago, I was in the home of Dr. K. C. Wu, who now holds the important position in China of Minister of Information, and he told me how the Bishop had been the means of his change, and baptized him into the church when he was Mayor of Hankow. This cablegram just received from Dr. Wu in Chungking reflects something both of the love he kindled in those he met, and of the challenge his life represented to all who knew him:

*"I have never had a more inspiring teacher and a sincerer friend.
He is a saint on earth. I shall endeavor to conduct my life according
to his teachings so that I may hope to meet him eventually in heaven."*

Garrett Stearly:

Shall we now hear from Bishop Roots' friends in England. Roland Wilson of Oxford and London.

*Roland Wilson:
(Oriel College, Oxford)*

Many thousands in our country today are remembering us, all sorts of people; hotel porters in London who were devoted to him; Archbishops; heads of Oxford colleges; Members of both Houses of Parliament. They all think of him gratefully, for he shared with them the simple key to change, and listening to the voice of God daily, which he had learned in his own life. He taught them to be fighters for those very great truths which are at the heart of democracy. He gave them the secret of statesmanship, which is that the voice of God must become again the voice of the people.

In a last talk I had with him before leaving England a week or two ago, the Marquis of Salisbury, son of a former great Prime Minister of Britain, head of a famous house and our senior British statesman, asked me to give special messages of deep affection and gratitude to his dear friend, Bishop Roots; and in a cable we received this morning, he says:

*"Deep sincere sympathy on the parting of one of the best men
I have ever had the honor to meet. His life was a great example."*

Among many other messages from friends in England comes one from Louisa, Countess of Antrim, who has been Lady-in-Waiting to two of our British Queens and whom I have often seen with our friend, the Bishop, plotting and planning — two veterans who arc out to bring new youth to democracy. She cables that she is thinking of us gratefully and affectionately this afternoon. And many others.

One of the last times I was in his room before he passed on, we were talking and reading the Bible together, and I took his hand and he grasped mine. He wouldn't let it go, and it seemed that that handclasp was symbolic of the clasp of

his heart on men and nations — He wouldn't let them go until they found their highest destiny. The influence of his life is everywhere, and its powerful compulsion will be felt on many in Britain in future years. He fought for and he lived the Britain that is to be.

Major Edward Bell, former Master at Eton and Headmaster of St. Bee's School, also spoke for England. He was followed by Mr. Philippe Mollu of the Swiss Foreign Office, Johan Prylz of Norway, Mr. Anders Tauson of Sweden, representing the many friends made by the Bishop during his travels in Europe; and by Rev. Rodney Osher-Wilson, representing the Metropolitan of India and the Bishop of Rangoon, Burma.

*Archdeacon Hannon:
(Representing the Church of Northern Ireland)*

These days have meant to me a commission. He gave to me and thousands like me a completely new conception of the Church: the Church on the march, the Church like a mighty army, the Church not looking for anything for herself but fighting for the soul of the nation, interpreting and interpenetrating all its life, the vanguard of creative thinking, opening up to labor and industrialists, to the statesmen and the ordinary man the secret of living, and living together; giving men victory over frustration and selfishness and releasing thereby the hidden energies of the human personality, mobilizing unknown qualities of creative thinking. Here is a Church for which I, and thousands like me, will live and gladly die, a Church that gives all, that demands all, that meets the needs of a torn and bleeding humanity; a Church that offers for insurrection, resurrection; a Church that is not blinded by materialistic utopias but learns how to draw the battle line; a Church that ushers in the greatest revolution of all time whereby the Cross of Christ will transform the world.

Garrett Steady:

That is all part of the pageant of a great life and I wish we might hear some of the other messages: from Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, widow of the great inventor; from the Hon. James W. Wadsworth; from President Green of the American Federation of Labor, and many others. Our hearts are filled with gratitude.

I am now going to ask John Corigliano to play for us again. Many of you have heard him on his Sunday afternoon radio hour. When John arrived on the Island, just two hours before Logan left us, the first thing he did was to go to the Bishop's room and play for him *Are Maria*. John, will you play that for us now?

*Avk Maria (Schubert)
By John Corigliano*

Frank Buchman:

I first met the Bishop in the mountains of China years and years ago. And now these last summers here in Mackinac. I want to tell you that he loved this place and was so happy here. It came to me on Sunday morning that he was dying in the heart of his family, in the heart of the family at Mackinac and the heart of the world fellowship.

I want to read a telegram that has come from President Harry Truman to John Roots:

"I shall be thinking of all the members of your dear family (hit afternoon when you gather to pay the last sad tribute to a loved and loving father who was my faithful friend. Through long years as churchman, as humanitarian and as citizen, Bishop Roots at home and in foreign lands was a noble exemplar of the Christian ideal. My heart goes out to you in deepest sympathy

Dr. Morris Martin:

(Merton College, Oxford)

I want to add just a word on the thing for which Bishop Roots stands in my heart today. The last time we had dinner together I said, "You know, Logan, you are a prophet." He said, with that twinkle in his eye, "You know it wasn't always like that."

A missionary Bishop is forced to face facts. Either he is winning the war, or the enemy is winning the war. He can have no pleasant truce with materialism such as slowly destroys the soul of the so-called Christian nations. He is on the front line. For him it is to capture the souls of men for God; or himself he captured for the revolution of materialism. Many a man thinks these thoughts in the quiet of his heart, but it takes a prophet to say them aloud to the world, and it takes a statesman to give them practical expression.

Logan became both prophet and statesman. He saw the forces of materialism. He saw its great challenging spearhead, Communism, dividing his beloved China. He looked for an answering challenge from the side of the Church. Like his great friend, the late Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, Canon Streeter; like his friend the Metropolitan of India; like many another, he found it in the Oxford Group.

"The two live options," he said in Oxford in 1934, "as to a philosophy and way of life before mankind today are nothing short of those formulated by the Communists on the one hand and the Oxford Group on the other. Nothing can meet the militant atheism of the Communists but such unreserved, intelligent, resourceful, and joyous fellowship in Christ as is actually at work in the Oxford Group."

And having said this he fought for it with the strategy of a General in God's army. Logan fought to bring the force of God's Holy Spirit to bear on the leaders of China, and through diem to speak to their nation and rhe world. Today a Christian with a Christian wife stands at the head of that great nation. They fight the same battle for their nation against misrepresentation and subversion that Logan fought and that all revolutionary Christian forces fight.

When a man draws a moral battleline for a nation he becomes a prophet. When he fights the moral war for his nation and with his nation, he becomes a statesman. God give us leaders who will do this. God give us Bishops who will do this. God give us Presidents and Prime Ministers who will do this. For without it the tyranny of materialism will descend on all mankind and the lights go out all over the world.

A new type of man. A new type of Bishop. A new type of national leader. Those were the great patterns for which Logan gave his life. May we be faithful to his vision.

*Here is no place for sorrow, no regret
As God's eternal army takes the road
And treads the timeless pathway of His will.*

"Mark the perfect man and behold die upright; for the end of that nun is peace."

TIME OF QUIET FOR THANKSGIVING AND REMEMBRANCE

Two of Bishop Roots' friends from the village came to visit him yesterday, and as they turned to go one said to us, "You know there was a saying among the Indians that whom God loves He gives a home at Mackinac."

MORRIS MARTIN THEN READ HIS POEM, *Home at Mackinac*.

(Pronounced "Mackinaw") THIS COMPLETE POEM WAS

LATER CARVCD INTO THE GRANITE SLAB LYING AT THE FOOT

OF THE MEMORIAL CROSS, MARKING THB BISHOP'S GRANTS.

HOME AT MACKINAC

*Heart of the mighty waters, blue like the naming sky,
Cradled, caressed by the winds;
Heart of the mighty nations, whose flags were proud to fly
Where the rock fortress stands:
Blessed with a sun-rept glory, like tire step to heaven's door —
"Whom God loves, He gives a home at Mackinac."*

*Here where the nations grasping the hem of a world made new,
Touch the truth of a dream.
Drawn from the ruin man makes to the perfect view
Beyond things as they seem;
Here is the secret strength from God's eternal store —
Nations who love their God find a home at Mackinac.*

*Quietly resting high o'er the rock, the land and lire lake
At the end of the path you trod;
Greatheart and fighter, your sword and your woundmarks you take
Back to the hands of God;
Home where you fight on in heaven, and home where you rest on this shore.
"Whom God loves, He gives a home at Mackinac."*

Morris H. Martin

Hymn: *For All the Saintf. Who from Their Labors Rest*

Chorus and Violin: *Alleluiah, Amen*

Especially composed for the Bishop by George Fraser and John Corigliano

Conducted by Dr. Rodiinski

Garrett Stearly:

Shall we join in saying together the fighters' affirmation of faith throughout the ages?

THE LORD'S PRAYER — THE APOSTLES* CRBBD

THE MACKINAC SONG

*Where the Great Lakes mingle
By the wind-kissed shingle.
There lies an island paradise.
There's an old fort standing
Just above the landing,
That's where Old Glory proudly flies.
Island breezes skim the waters;
And from lake and land I hear the watchful bell.
But how men united so that wrongs were righted
Stories of Mackinac will tell.*

*Over Arch Rock's beauty
Rings the call to duty,
War fronts to man at home, abroad;
And her sons replying,
Fight, nor heed the dying.
Holding this freedom under God.
Isle of Crossing, Our decision,
Now must make us fight with passion pure and free.
LyCt the Power and Glory
Write through us the story.
Shaping the world we long to see.*

Frank Buchman then stepped to the head of the coffin and, looking down at the Bishop's smiling face, gave the Benediction; the coffin lid was gently closed and the pall-hearers fell inco line - Capt. Alexander Drysdale and Lieut. James Me* Laughry of the American Army, Aide Seamen Bob Lowery and Dick Stollery of the Royal Canadian Navy, Bremer Hofmeyr of South Africa, Paul Campbell of Canada, Loudon Hamilton of Scotland, and Scoville Wishard. Some drove in carriages and others walked through the autumn colors of die woods to the little cemetery high among the evergreens at the heart of die Island, near where American and British soldiers - former opponents - rest together.

A WARRIOR'S TESTAMENT

Bishop Roots was at work on a book to be entitled "Battle for Civilization." Though only begun, the extracts printed below, together with those from addresses before the Royal Central Asian Society, London, and the World Assembly at Mackinac Island, Michigan, give something of his personal faith and the vision of a new world which possessed him.

"Battle for Civilization"

From Chapter I, "The Battle"

I have lived seventy-three years — forty-two in the oldest of nations, thirty-one in the youngest. My conclusion is that their problems are essentially the same. Likewise the answers are the same. Every man and every nation faces hourly battle. That battle is the theme of this book.

In my first year at college, Theodore Roosevelt spoke to a group of us Freshmen.

"Some people say that life is a fight," he said, "and then ask, 'Is the fight worth fighting?'" Then he paused a moment and stood before us with his arm in motion, his fist clenched, his lower jaw working back and forth characteristically and his eyes flashing as he shouted:

"To ask that question is like asking a soldier in the midst of the battle — 'Is the fight worth fighting?' *Of course* it's worth fighting!" He then repeated, with conviction that required no argument to convince, "*Of course* it's worth fighting!"

That was in the drawing room of William Lawrence, later Bishop of Massachusetts, and I was seventeen.

When I was a sophomore at Harvard, Phillips Brooks, the prophet-statesman, was then at his prime. He was the great inspiration of my student days — a glorious man just to look at as he poured out his soul to the great congregation in Boston's Trinity Church, or the packed College Chapel, or as he spoke to a small group of students in the St. Paul's Sodety.

"If Christianity is false," he said, "fight it. If it is true, give everything you've got to make it prevail. Neutrality in these great matters is impossible. Life is a tactic from beginning to end and we must be soldiers of the Truth."

It has always been hard for me to believe that any man willingly does what he knows to be wrong, or wants to see the great experiment of democracy in America

fail. I have usually thought of the ideals of democracy as being so manifestly right and good that they need only to be understood to elicit conviction and support. There were men like Benedict Arnold, of course, and other traitors in American history, but they were exceptions. The heart of America was sound. The world was "a great family of nations." Society to be sure, usually contained the inevitable vice rackets and criminals, but they were beyond the orbit of the average man. Certainly there was no organized force for evil, plotting to disrupt homes, corrupt the youth, divide the country and produce confusion and chaos.

Only slowly have I come to see the facts. There are forces deliberately using all the advancements of learning and skill to weaken and tear down the whole fabric of human civilization. Those who direct this organized evil find ways of enlisting even well-intentioned people against the "prophets," persuading them that evil is good and good, evil. I have myself seen at first hand such things taking place all over the world.

When I first went to China at tire age of twenty-six, I soon began to see something of the clash of arms and also of the clash of ideas. From the first I was in contact with fighting men. Fighting ideas also clamored for attention. Today as I look back over the years, I find this battle of arms and of ideas the clue which gives unity and significance to my story.

"BATTLE FOR CIVILIZATION"

From Chapter VI, "General in the Battle of Ideas"

In the heart of China, rising abruptly from the Yangtze River plain, stand the historic Lushan mountains, venerated and beloved in history and legend. There in Kuling, on a rainy summer day in 1916, I met Frank Buclunan for the first time.

I had heard much of this man and was one among many who were eager to meet him. I remember still how naturally he seemed to fit into the setting of the mountain and the clean freshness of the early summer rain. But especially I was struck by the unconventional simplicity and incisive power of the man. He talked with refreshing directness of matters usually obscured by the hesitant language of professional reformers. To him men were important and instinctively he sensed their needs. I could see that he liked the Chinese people and felt their potential strength. His concern was to develop men of character and have them placed at the service of the nation.

My next meeting with Frank Buchman was in Hartford, Connecticut, the following autumn. I had been attending the Triennial General Convention of the Church in St. Louis in October and had settled my wife and family in Hartford for our six-months' furlough. Dr. Buchman had heard me speak at the Hartford Theological Seminary where he was delivering a series of Extension Lectures, and asked me to have a meal with him.

We talked of many things and again I was struck by his alertness and keen interest in everything, especially people. "His humorous eye took in each phase of

full, rich life. . . but there was no confusion. Here was a man who seemed constantly aware of a directing force in his life. To him the guidance of God was as natural as breathing and as essential as food or friends.

The summer of 1918 marked a turning point in the work of Frank Buchman which had far-reaching consequences for us both. The "First Assembly" was held in Kuling, near my summer home, Frank having returned to central China after a year of extensive travel throughout the Far East. The background was Europe agonizing in the last battles of the War, and an East apprehensive, chaotic and confused. Japan had already initiated her determined aggression upon China, and national feeling was beginning to boil. The young Republic was in a perilous state and, under the heel of the "War Lords," millions suffered.

Into this darkness and despair, Frank Buchman's message came like a shaft of light. Without beating around the bush he focused attention on the fundamental needs of the nation. China was a country that understood moral standards. Therefore, they understood Frank Buchman.

Only recently I discovered among my papers some notes I had made from that memorable summer. They were very simple:

August, 1918 — F. N. D. B.

1. Absolute honesty
2. Absolute purity
3. Absolute unselfishness
4. Absolute love

That was all. With masterful simplicity he had re-affirmed the ancient moral standards that everyone could accept but which most had ignored or forgotten.

The last few years had been increasingly strenuous for Frank and his health had suffered. No one, however, anticipated such a serious attack as came upon him near the end of November, 1942. All three of the physicians attending him agreed that, humanly speaking, there was no hope.

The story of those days has since spread around the world. As Frank's life hung in the balance night after night, those attending him were conscious of supernatural forces battling for his life. Millions were praying, and their messages of faith and affection and hope came pouring in from all corners of the earth.

I was one of those who, divided from him by a continent, fought for him on my knees. Rarely have I loved any one as I found that I loved him then. Rarely have I had such faith that God could heal, and would honor our faith if we persisted and patiently held up our friends before the throne of His mercy. It was prayer and hope that this great servant of the living God might be spared for the yet greater work we thought God had for him to do in this world.

I thought often, sometimes in the blaze of sunshine and sometimes at midnight, of Christ's words about prayer, and His example — how sometimes He continued all night in prayer to God. I thought of what Streeter wrote years ago about how, in prayer for the sick, we may be right to think of ourselves as just bearing our friend on our hands before God, our heads bowed as we ask our Father to see our distress and do what He knows is best for our friend and for us.

One of those closest to Frank at the time, Morris Martin, captured in verse some of the breathless experience we felt during those days and nights.

*Gently, O ship, sail over the bar,
The harbor waits on the farther side,
The storms and gales have borne you far
To the mouth of the port on the turn of the tide;
The last white breakers wait.
And the folks on the shore who have wailed long
Are standing to greet you; gently glide
Out of the storm and the rip-tide strong
With a fighting heart and a 'Actor's pride
Through the harbor's narrow gate.*

*There, on the edge of the bar she turned
And headed again for the open sea;
Harbor quiet and shore she spumed
Waiting friend on the farther lea,
Back through the hard-fought gale;
But the wild winds' fury blew no more
And the sea grew wondrous bright,
As over the foam from the distant shore
A great voice called through the growing light,
"Sail, my Great heart, sail!"*

*From Lecture given before the Royal Central Asian Society, London,
on December 1, 1938, entitled "The Leaders of China"*

I am not here to present the cause of either China or Japan. But I am concerned with the fundamental desire of both countries — for happiness and abundant living, and for a worthy place in the family of nations. Because I know that the sufferings or mistakes of one will always mean the tragedy of the other, I must face both realistically and honestly. The facts are — they have been placed as neighbors on the map, and whether they want to or not (and at heart they do want to) they must live together. To face East Asia realistically, and to face the responsibility of the West honestly, we must deal with the fundamental rather than the superficial needs of West and East.

China's task of recovery and change, and Japan's urge to grow and expand, made on the leaders of these nations demands for wisdom and moral equipment which were beyond their experience. During those years of which I have spoken earlier, these leaders badly needed the guidance and disinterested help which we in the West might have given. They were looking for direction, as some of them have frankly admitted to me, but they were not given it. As a direct result of the mistakes and misunderstandings which sprang from immaturity of leadership, the worst disasters of war have engulfed millions. National temperaments, widely divergent, but which might have proved complementary, have met in bitter conflict.

I need scarcely remind you of the particular failings which have marred on our side, the relations between West and East. These failings are themselves only symptomatic of the short-sighted preoccupation with our own affairs which has too often characterized our national feeling and international policy. It has been through omission rather than commission that we have failed to give the leadership which the East at one time expected from the West. As far as my own country, America, is concerned, it has been the poverty of our thought and caring for the problems facing the Chinese and Japanese leaders, even more than the policy of exclusion and discrimination and sharp bargaining, which has caused us to forfeit the confidence of these leaders.

This brings me to my last point. The East will no longer listen to mere preaching and good advice. Both China and Japan look to see whether we take the medicine we prescribe, and whether it is effective in bringing a cure for the diseases which we have in common with them. At the same time, the war has generated such high feeling and raised such seemingly insurmountable barriers of pride that we in the West cannot but ask ourselves whether a final settlement in East Asia does not involve us ourselves.

What form could effective intervention take, and what have we to offer? Intervention has been going on in China and Japan for years, and is going on right now. It is inevitable, through the West's mere possession of enormous investments and interests, and the personal contacts of diplomats, merchants and service and professional men with those of the East. What we need today is a totally new conception of intervention. Suppose that these everyday channels of communication were to become the means of constructive intervention, acceptable to all parties? Suppose they were to generate a spirit and a mode of living which would make understanding and the settlement of conflicts the normal thing?

In this connection, the convictions which both Chinese and Japanese leaders have expressed privately to me have led me quite naturally to deep interest in the cause of moral and spiritual rearmament which is being put forward by national leaders in this country. The response to this call, I have noticed, has been immediate and remarkable in certain quarters both in China and Japan.

The basis for constructive intervention in the East must be the moral rearmament of the West.

I believe that the measure of the response to some such call in England and in America will determine in the course of the next months the relations between the West and China and Japan — perhaps for years to come. There are signs of a

responsiveness and willingness for sacrifice among leaders in East Asia, which we in the West must fit ourselves to meet. A new moral leadership in Britain and America, backed by enlightened men and women in all walks of life, alone can hope to command the respect of China and Japan. Through such leadership might come that new day when the West can perhaps be the channel for new life in the East.

From an address given on his 73rd birthday, July 27, 1943, at the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament, Mackinac Island, Michigan

I am thinking tonight of Mencius, the Chinese philosopher, as the Chinese forerunner of those who throughout history have thought of the Cross as the key to life. I will quote what he said: "When Heaven is about to confer a great responsibility upon a man it first exercises his mind with suffering, his bones and sinews with toil, it exposes his body to hunger, subjects him to extreme poverty, confounds his undertakings and by all these methods stimulates his mind, hardens his nature and makes good his incompetences."

I believe this group is standing for the same thing in the long story of mankind which Francis of Assisi stood for, which Ignatius Loyola stood for and which John Wesley stood for. I choose these three men simply because I believe they are typical. The vision of the Cross, the power of the Cross in their lives and in the lives of their followers, their experience of the Cross is essentially the same as that which we read in the story of Or. Buchman. I believe that today we are here in that succession, but that Frank and his team are away out beyond anything in history that men have ever thought and planned and worked for hitherto.

There is a new frontier, a new thoroughness and completeness of which we are thinking and planning here, carrying the message and the power and the love and the suffering of the Cross not only into every individual heart and life but into every family, into every community, into every nation, into every business, into every international relationship and into every problem that confronts the new world. When we see those things we are tempted often to stay in the position of one who sees a demonstration on a screen. Actually we are thinking in terms which involve our own action and suffering and toil.

Anyone who takes seriously such thoughts is bound to incur opposition. The measure and the test of our Christian life is the kind of opposition we arouse. If there's no opposition, there's not much life there. If it is real Christianity it stirs up the enmity of the materialistic forces against the claim that life should be ruled by the Spirit, not by self or selfish interests.

We are in a fight. We know it. We are planning for it. I rejoice to have a part in this fight, and I pray the good Lord to let me stay in the fight to the end.

A WARRIOR'S COMPANY

These messages, of the hundreds received from all over the world, were chosen with a view to showing the diversity as well as the depth of his many friendships. Some are quoted in full, some in part, others appear or are mentioned elsewhere. All identifications are as of September, 1945.

FROM CHINA AND AMERICA

THE SAD NEWS CAME AS A SHOCK TO ME AND ALL HIS FRIENDS IN CHINA. IT IS A GREAT CONSOLATION TO LEARN THAT HIS LAST THOUGHTS WERE FOR CHINA AND HIS CHINESE FRIENDS. I CONSIDER HIS DEATH NOT ONLY A PERSONAL LOSS BUT A REAL LOSS TO CHINA.

Dr. Wang Ch'ung-hui
President International Court of Justice, The Hague

CHINA HAS LOST A GREAT FRIEND. WE KNOW HIS WORK WILL LIVE FOREVER AFTER HIM.

Lin Yutang, *Author*
Dr. Hu Shih
Former Ambassador to the United States

HIS COUNTENANCE IS LIKE THAT OF THE HAPPY BUDDHA. BISHOP'S NOBLE LIFE NOW BEGINS IN HEAVEN.

Carson Chang, *Leader, Social Democratic Party*

THE LOSS OF HIS GREAT SPIRIT WILL BE MOURNED BY HIS COUNTLESS FRIENDS IN CHINA.

Dr. Wellington Koo, *Ambassador to Great Britain;*
Nosy Ambassador to the United States

WE TREASURE HIS LAST THOUGHT OF US AND OUR COUNTRY. IT MUST BE GREAT COMFORT TO HIM TO KNOW VICTORY AT LAST CAME TO THE CHINESE PEOPLE.

Dr. C. L. Hsu
Director, Chinese Information Service, New York

BISHOP ROOTS WAS AN EFFICIENT AND SYMPATHETIC BENEFactor OF CHINA. HE WAS ALSO A MOST HONORABLE FRIEND OF MINE. I SINCERELY PRAY GOD TO TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION HIS NOBLE ASPIRATIONS AND GRACIOUSLY GRANT HIM PEACE EVERLASTING.

His Excellency Paul Yu-pin
Archbishop of Nanking

CONTRIBUTION TO MY COUNTRY AND PEOPLE WILL BE LONG REMEMBERED BY HIS COUNTLESS CHINESE FRIENDS.

Dr. Yu Tsunc-chi, *Consul-General in New York;*
Now Ambassador to Italy

GREATLY IMPRESSED BY THE SPIRITUAL QUALITY OF THE MAN FOR IT LIGHTED HIS
COUNTENANCE AND MADE ITSELF FELT BY ALL THOSE WHO CAME IN CONTACT WITH
HIM.

The Hon. Harlan F. Stone
Chief Justice of the United States

IT MUST BE AN INSPIRATION TO REALIZE HOW MANY PEOPLE KNEW AND LOVED HIM.

Lc. General and Mrs. Albert C. Wedemeyer
Commanding China Theatre

BISHOP ROOTS WAS A FINE MAN WHO LOVED THE WORLD.

Randall Gould
Editor, "The Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury"

THE UNIVERSITY MOURNS THE LOSS OF A GIFTED SON WHO HAS ENRICHED ITS
SPIRITUAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

Dr. James B. Conant
President of Harvard University

A MAGNIFICENT MAN.

The Hon. William C. Bullitt
Former Ambassador to Russia and France

HIS GREAT WORK IN CHINA WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.

The Hon. Joseph C. Grew
Former Ambassador to Japan

DEEPEST SYMPATHY ON THE PASSING OF YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER.

Major General and Mrs. George V. Strong
*Former Chief of Military Intelligence,
War Department*

HIS LIFE HAS BEEN AN INSPIRATION TO ALL WHO KNEW HIM.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hemingway
Former President, American Bankers Association

YOUR FATHER'S LIFE WAS A BENEDICTION AND MANY WILL RISE TO CALL HIM
BLESSED.

Emily Vanderbilt Hammond

WILL BE THINKING OF YOUR FATHER'S GREAT LOVE FOR THAT COUNTRY (CHINA).

Henry R. Luce, *Editor of "Time" and "Life"*

THROUGH LOGAN'S GLORIOUS TRIUMPHANT DEATH MANY WILL BE REBORN, AND AS
HE PASSES INTO THE GREATER LIGHT, SHADOWS WILL BE LIFTED FROM MANY HEARTS
IN MANY NATIONS.

Dr. DuBois S. Morris

FROM INDUSTRY AND THE CHURCH

YOU HAVE A BLESSED MEMORY AND EXAMPLE TO LIVE UP TO.

Thomas W. Lamont, *Classmate, Harvard'91*

HE LIVED A WONDERFUL LIFE AND RENDERED A GREAT SERVICE TO HIS FOLLOWERS.
WE ARE SURE HIS REWARD IS ETERNAL.

David J. McDonald
Sec. Treat., United Steelworkers of America

A LIVING MONUMENT TO YOUR FATHER IS IN THE GREAT WORK HE DID IN CHINA THE
EFFECT OF WHICH WILL CONTINUE FOR ALL TIME.

Birchard Taylor
Vice-President, Cramp Shipbuilding Co., Philadelphia

BE ASSURED I HELD HIM IN HIGH REGARD AND ESTEEM.

William Green
President, American Federation of Labor

SINCERE SYMPATHY ON THE LOSS OF YOUR BELOVED FATHER.

Philip Murray
President, Congress of Industrial Organizations

IT WAS WITH A FEELING OF PERSONAL LOSS THAT I READ OF THE DEATH OF YOUR
REMARKABLE FATHER. I HAD GAINED DEEP RESPECT FOR HIS HIGH IDEALS AND A
REALIZATION OF THE GREAT INFLUENCE HE EXERTED THROUGHOUT HIS LIFE FOR
THE SPIRITUAL UPLIFTING OF LEADERS OF THOUGHT IN CHINA AND AMERICA.

Howard Coonley
*Former President, National Ass'n. of Manufacturers;
War-time Chief, War Production Board, Chungking*

THE INSPIRATION OF HIS MEMORY WILL EVER BE WITH US.

Helen and Elmer Hubbard, *Traveling Representative,
Western States, American Federation of Musicians*

DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE SUNSET
WHERE THE LOVELINESS NEVER DIES
HE LIVES IN THE LAND OF GLORY
IN THE GOLDEN BLUE OF THE SKIES.

WE WHO HAVE KNOWN AND LOVED HIM
WHOSE PASSING HAS BROUGHT MANY TEARS
WILL TREASURE HIS MEMORY ALWAYS
TO BRIGHTEN THE CHANGING YEARS.

A Detroit Labor Leader's Family

HIS NUMBERLESS FRIENDS REMEMBER TODAY HIS POWER TO WIN AND HOLD FRIEND-
SHIP, HIS BEAUTIFUL SIMPLICITY, HIS IMPULSIVE WARMTH, HIS CONTAGIOUS EN-
THUSIASM, AND THE ARDOR OF HIS DEEP CONSECRATION TO CHRIST.

Dr. J. Thayer Addison
*Vice-President, National Council of the Protestant
Episcopal Church*

BISHOP ROOTS WARRIOR SAINT.

The Rt. Rev. George A. West, *Bishop of Rangoon*

MIS PASSING WILL BE MOURNED BY ALL WHO KNEW OP HIS GREAT SERVICE TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

Rc. Rev. H. St. George Tucker
Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church

WE IN CALIFORNIA ARB PROUD TO CLAIM HIM. HJS DEATH IS A CORONATION.

The Rt. Rev. Karl Morgan Block
Bishop of California

ALL NORWEGIAN FRIENDS DEEPLY APPRECIATE THE CONSECRATED IJFe OF THE LATE BISHOP.

The Rt. Rev. Eivind Berggrav, *Primate of Nor tray*

HIS LOVING PERSONALITY FIGHTING CHRISTIAN SPIRIT AND SERVICE TO MANY COUNTRIES.

The Rt. Rev. H. Fuglsang Damgaard
Primate of Denmark.

I THANK GOD FOR LOGAN ROOTS, FOR HIS LIFE'S WORK AND FOR THOSE WHO LIKE HIM GIVE THEIR ALL TO GOD.

The Rt. Rev. Arvid Runes tarn
Bishop of Karlstad, Sweden

YOUR DEAR FATHER WAS ONE OP MY MOST LOYAL AND DEEPLY HELPFUL FRIENDS ACROSS THE MANY YEARS ... HE ACCOMPLISHED A WORK WHICH WILL FOREVER ENDURE.

Dr. John R. Mott

A GREAT MAN HAS PASSED AWAY.

The Most Rev. J. A. F. Gregg
Primate of All Ireland

JOIN IN THANKPUL REMEMBRANCE OP NOBLE CHRISTIAN LEADER AND DEVOTED FAITH.

The Rt. Rev. G. K. A. Bell, *Bisfrop of Chichester*

I REVERE YOUR FATHER'S MEMORY. HIS LABOURS WERE TRULY APOSTOLIC

The Most Rev. Derwyn T. Owen
Primate of Canada

DEEP SYMPATHY AND AFFECTION FROM US ALL AT THB THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

Dr. diaries L. Taylor, Jr.
Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge

MY HUSBAND (THE LATB BISHOP ST EARLY) ADMIRED BISHOP ROOTS GREATLY . . . THOSE TWO STOOD SHOULDER TO SHOULDER IN THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS SEEING EYE TO EYE IN ALL MATTERS OF FREEDOM AND LONG VISION IN THE CHURCH.

Mrs. Wilson R. Stearly

I WAS EXTREMELY EDIFIBO TO HEAR THAT THE FINAL SERVICE HONORING THE MFM-ORY OF YOUR FATHER WAS THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THB MASS. IN MY MORNING MASSES I SHALL HAVE A SPECIAL REMEMBRANCE FOR THE SOUL OF YOUR FATHER.

Pere Emile Bouvier, S.J.
*Director Industrial Relations,
University of Montreal*

FROM BRITAIN, THE EMPIRE AND EUROPE

TO HIS FRIENDS IN ENGLAND BISHOP ROOTS* LIFE WAS AN INSPIRATION. UP TO THE END HE WORKED FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT, FOR IT WAS HIS CONTINUAL AIM THAT OUR TWO GREAT DEMOCRACIES, BRITAIN AND AMERICA, SHOULD WORK TOGETHER FOR THE BUILDING OF A BETTER WORLD ON THE FIRM FOUNDATIONS OF A CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Louisa, Countess of Antrim
Lady-in- Waiting to Queen Victoria

I SHALL ALWAYS REGARD IT AS A REAL PRIVILEGE TO HAVE KNOWN HIM.

The Earl of Halifax
Ambassador to tire United States

WE FIGHT THE MORE AND IN CLOSE FORMATION.

Wing Commander Edward Howell, R.A.R
David Howell, R.A.F.

A WORLD STATESMAN HE GAVE RICHLY TO BRITAIN, HIS FAMILY, HIS FAITH, HIS FIGHTING HEART.

Irene Prestwich and Family at Tirley, Cheshire

I SHALL ALWAYS GRATEFULLY REMEMBER YOUR DISTINGUISHED FATHER'S INSPIRING FRIENDSHIP.

Sir Lynden Macassey, K. C.
Former Leader of the Parliamentary Bar

NATIONS WALKED THROUGH HIS GREAT HEART AND WERE UNITED AND ILLUMINATED THERE. SOLDIER, PROPHET, STATESMAN, HE LIVES.

Arthur H. Baker
Chief Parliamentary Staff "The Timei"
Peter Howard, *Author and Columnist, London*

GRATEFUL TO HAVE KNOWN HIM AND TO BE INCLUDED WITH THOSE WHO LOVED HIM SO WELL.

The Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia
and Mrs. Kendall

OUR HEARTS GO OUT TO YOU ALL IN THE PASSING OF YOUR REVERED FATHER.

Colonel J. J. Kruger
And South African Trade Mission to the U. S.

TRUST THAT TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY WILL BE PERMANENT BY CARRYING ON THE WORK HE LOVED.

The Rt. Hon. Walter Nash
Deputy Prime Minister of S'err Zealand

YOUR FATHER'S DEAR MEMORY WILL ALWAYS BE CHERISHED IN NORWAY.

The Hon. Carl J. Hambro
*Former President of the Norwegian Parliament
and The League of Nations Assembly*

WITH SORROW WE REGRET THAT WE CANNOT COMFORT HIS WARM AND NOBLE HEART
WHICH HAS COMPORTED US SO OFTEN IN DENMARK,

Danish Parliamentary and Civic Delegation to the United States

LOGAN SOLID ROCK. VALIANT SMILING SUNRISE OF ALPS EVER THE PATTERN HIS
LIFECHANGING STATESMANSHIP.

Prof. Theophil Spoerri
President Zurich University and Snriss friends

WOULD THAT ALL OF US LIVE HALF AS FRUITFUL AND TRIUMPHANT LIVES . . .

Charles and Eva Malik
Lebanese Minister to the United States

LOGAN WAS GENERAL IN THE CREATEST FIGHT OP ALL... . WS WILL FXGHT THE
HARDER.

A Group of U.S. Army Officers
Wiesbaden, Germany

As these pages go to press, the Far East is a critical storm center in the world clash of ideologies. The following letter, dated January 27, 1949, received by the Roots family from Mayor K. C. Wu of Shanghai, goes to the heart of the problem. It is printed here in tribute to him and other gallant Chinese patriots, and to their American friend who gave his life that China, under God, might find a new birth of freedom.

"It is a far cry from Caux to Shanghai — from unrivalled scenic beauty to a teeming and seething city on a muddy lowland. Yet your letter seems to have come from Hankow of our old days, as you are reminding me of Bishop Roots' deep faith in, and your incessant efforts for, the restoration of the spiritual foundations of democracy.

"We are living in the midst of a major clash of ideas, and in China it has already developed into formidable proportions. In these circumstances I increasingly realize the timely significance of the message of Moral Re-Armament to the world. All men of moral fibre in the Government should take leadership in consolidating the spiritual strength of democracy. Confucian ethics is not enough. It must be intensified and strengthened by the Christian ideal.

"In this dark hour we need, as Bishop Roots stressed, the guidance of God, and I trust He will make us strong and of good courage in the battle we are called upon to fight. God bless you — and Shanghai."

BENEDICTION IN THE WOODS

By GENK ALLAN

The following story was handed to a friend on the Island by a woman who was a complete stranger to the Roots family. She had been walking in the woods, knowing nothing of the events taking place. She calls her story, "Benediction in the Woods."

Today being my last day on the Island, I decided that I must have one last walk through the woods. About midafeemoon I climbed to the top of Fort Hill. As I looked down on Mackinac Island and out over the waters of the lakes, I could understand why the Indians had not wanted the white man to invade this earthly heaven. I myself have not seen a great deal of this world, yet those who have travelled widely eagerly admit that the beauty of this Island and its surrounding waters are comparable to none.

There was just a litde nip in the air, so I buttoned my jacket and turned to the right. I wanted to walk a new lane through this glorious forest.

About half a mile from the fort, I heard voices ahead of me and wondered if some group of late vacationers were having a picnic. As I reached a fork in the road, a sign on one of the trees told me that I was nearing a cemetery. My curiosity was aroused then, and I followed the voices.

They came from the cemetery all right. Up on a small knoll were a few Indians and a man they called Chapman. He stood beside a newly dug grave, studying his work. I suppose there is really nothing beautiful about any fresh grave, but Chapman could be proud of this job. The entire hole and about six feet on all four sides bordering it was covered with fresh pine boughs. At one side was a small mound made by the soil dug from the earth and this was also covered with pine.

Soon a dray came rattling along with a young minister and a lady sitting up front. The entire back of the wagon was filled with flowers. The minister seemed to be in a hurry and I guessed that the funeral was not far behind.

Quickly die dray was unloaded. The lady began covering the knoll with fresh flowers, while the minister directed her work. Two more drays arrived, each loaded with tokens of esteem for the dead. When the last wreath was laid in its most becoming position, this ill-tended and apparently forgotten spot took on a new beauty. I wondered how these few square feet of the woods had suddenly burst

forth with all the colors of autumn. Although some of the trees were beginning to change color, you could hardly say the forest had reached its autumn glory.

And then I knew. Most of the sprays were home made. Hand made by mourners who had scouted the woods for the red leaves of the maple. Some had stripped their gardens of zinnias and dahlias, roses, and sweet williams, and woven them into lovely pictures. The shape of a lute had been cut from cardboard, then covered with tiny golden flowers. It was complete with gold strings. A large square piece of thin wood served as a background for another masterpiece of patience. The finished product was a flag. This was achieved by making a small field of blue flowers in the upper left corner and dotting it with tiny white chrysanthemums. The stripes were made from autumn leaves of various colors. There was a green cross from cedar boughs, with small red dahlias running through it. A green wreath from pine needles, with clusters of highbush cranberries at the bottom was particularly touching.

"Whoever this person is that shall be buried today, certainly held a high place in the regard of his friends," I thought to myself.

The last minute preparations at the grave were hastily completed as a carriage, bringing six white-robed ministers, came to a stop at the cemetery gates. These men alighted and stood respectfully silent as the gray hearse was freed of its burden. Then, forming a procession, they proceeded to the bank of flowers.

Men in uniform helped to place the casket in its final resting place. They wore uniforms of the British Navy and the United States Army. When the casket had been placed on the pine boughs, the six men straightened their cuffs and stepped back among the mourners. Then, as if from Heaven, a choir began to sing, softly and in perfect harmony. The birds, unaccustomed to such rivalry from humans, were silent at the outset, then gradually joined in for a glorious amen.

"Jesus Christ, who by Your death took the sting from all death----- Earth to earth, ashes to ashes," the minister's voice trailed on, as the falling of the soil on the casket resounded like the beating of a drum through the woods.

The minister was finished now. A lady dressed in black selected her flowers from those at the head of the grave, and bending over, slowly dropped them down on the casket. She was followed in this procedure by other members of the family. Presently a gray-haired man, in an officer's uniform, whose heart could not hold the sound of finality the flowers made as they bumped against the casket, dropped down on his knees and reaching over as far as he dared, lovingly laid his offering, in silence, on the bier.

All through the service, three young men had stood side by side at the edge of the grave. There was a strong resemblance between these three and I wondered if they were brothers. The one at the head of the casket was deep in thought at all times. On several occasions the man in die center was near to tears. But the one at the foot was the one who claimed my attention. His handsome head was held high. It was evident that he was very proud to be there, and that he had great pride in the one for whom the services were being held. While the minister was talking about the Resurrection and of meeting the departed soul again, diis man flung back bis head and looked straight up to Heaven. There was an unearthly look about him, as if he were already communicating with the one gone on before him. The abundance of courage and undying faith that shone in his eyes were a tonic to me. He had no doubts as to the whereabouts of this departed soul for which he prayed. He knew that soul was right up there, up in the Heavens where he looked as Ire sang.

Now the family had said their last good-byes to die earthly remains of their dear one and silently walked down the hill. Then friends came in turn to look down and whisper a last prayer. Meanwhile, the horses and rigs came slowly to the gates to bear the mourners back to their homes. In a short time, the cemetery was empty again. The one spot, green and fresh with flowers, was the only remaining evidence that the peace and tranquility of the forest had been interrupted.

From behind a tree came a negro, the caretaker. Timidly I asked whose funeral this had been. Wide-eyed at my ignorance, be informed me that a great man had been laid to rest this day, a very great man.

"A Bishop, Ma'am. Bishop Roots."

Then I neared the grave and said the Our Father for a man who had been a father to thousands of men. Ac a distance, the colored caretaker stood with bared head bowed, and prayed, nervously twirling bis cap between bis fingers.

Now that the rigs were some distance off, the birds came back to challenge each other for beauty of tone. Up, up, rose their unrehearsed song, gaining volume and becoming more lovely as it went. High above the trees, the notes were gathered together and blended as if by the invisible baton of die Almighty. Then gently this hand seemed to drop them back to earth. As they descended, the sun came out, as if to add its blessing. Down from the Heavens, through the trees, to the flower-covered knoll, bringing God's benediction, the crescendo of the birds filled the forest.

Requiescat in Pace filled the grave.

SHELTERED HE LIES

*Sheltered he lies. The warm September sun
Glints through the leaves, enflamed with Fall's first frost.
He shelter scorned when deeds were to be done
And led the van when bridges need be crossed.
Now two tall oaks stand sentinel. He rests
From labors through the years that, rich in giving,
Riches in others' lives, brought rich harvests,
A heritage and challenge to the living.*

*Amid the woods of Mackinac he lies
With tributes to his greatness all around him.
A flowered flag of China o'er him flies.
Adopted country, which a true friend found him;
A golden lyre, a purple cross, and leaves
Of every shade and shape, by fingers woven
Express with love and gratitude. None grieves,
Beholding life eternal so clear proven.*

*Happy the man who, with his work well done,
Loves God, is loved, and peacefully goes home.
He smiled as though some secret he had won
And knew what we, his family, could become.
And God smiled — in the day and in each move
To underline what in his life we saw;
And, taking home His servant, in His love
Gave him, for us, a home on Mackinac.*

JOHN M. MOHBISON

