

1817

1917

THE INDIGENT WIDOWS' AND SINGLE WOMEN'S
SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA

THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE IS REQUESTED ON
WEDNESDAY, MAY SIXTEENTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

THREE P. M.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

AT THE

ASYLUM, 3615 CHESTNUT STREET

ADDRESSES BY

REV. FLOYD W. TOMKINS, D. D.

RUFUS M. JONES, LITT. D.

REV. JOHN ALLAN BLAIR, D. D.

greater things to come.
There are so many things that flow into my mind
as I stand before you. I hardly know which one to give us--
the first idea which has been in my mind, and
always is in my mind. I believe I would rather be an old lady than almost anything
INDIGENT WIDOWS' AND SINGLE WOMEN'S SOCIETY
OF PHILADELPHIA.

HELD AT 3615 CHESTNUT STREET, MAY 16th, 1917, at 3 P. M.
here. One of the managers she would be glad to give me

her room if I should like. The greatest
ADDRESS BY REV. FLOYD W. TOMKINS, D. D.
est compliments I ever received. But one of the greater

things is to think of the years before you, as well as of
today. We go back not only in memory but, as we have listened
to that wonderful report, I think we felt related to that day
when those estimable ladies came together at
MEMORIAL CHURCH, to begin this work, and sowed the seed that
has borne this beautiful fruit for so many years.

A man is as old as his arteries. My wife's mother
said a man was as old as his teeth, or, not quite as old as
his teeth-- a little older than his tongue. We look on the
bright side of life only with trying to love others. A man
looks on the dark side of life when considering only himself,
but he looks on the bright side of life when he plans how he
can help others on life's journey; that is what makes today--
can we not say-- a gala day, when we look so happy and lift
up our hearts to God, and the day when we look forward to
greater things-- we should never stand with/ back to the
future, but should stretch out our hands for better and

her remaining years. I used to love that aunt-- when I was greater things to come.

six years old I told her I was going to marry her; and then

There are so many things that flow into my mind she told me that a great thing for a man who is going to be as I stand before you, I hardly know which one to give utterance to. The first idea which has been in my mind, and little chair in which I sat still and earned my penny. But always is in my mind, is the joy of being a dear old lady. I remember that dear old lady and her beautiful life, and I believe I would rather be an old lady than almost anything her old-fashioned clothes; and I used to go to her room and else. The last time I was here I said I would like to stay sing the old songs out of the old hymn-book. When she returned here. One of the managers said she would be glad to give me and her memory was good, and she still was fond of singing. her room if I stayed here. I thought that one of the greatest compliments I ever received. But one of the greater

So, as we rejoice in all God has given us, and all things is to think of the years before you, as well as of the ones that are past; and to look back with that gracious memory on the bountiful years, years with the blessing of they are alive. I wonder whether the physicians who are all the things of God; and then to the life drawing nearer-- finding all sorts of hypodermic injections cannot give in-- that has no ending, which is so filled with all the glories which are beyond our human comprehension; and I think that and look forward with foreboding. The real joy of life, I old ladies, much more than old men, are capable of accepting the beauties of such a situation. Men, as they grow certain purpose while we are here; and we have a glorious older, are apt to be a little grumpy and cross, and apt to be a little glum because they cannot leap about as they once did; but old ladies are always sweet and gentle, always full of smiles and greetings, and that is what makes their lives beautiful to others as well as themselves.

There was a dear old lady who died in our house a little while ago. She was my beloved aunt, and used to consider life, the thought that comes to us as we consider live in our house before she was married; and a few years ago her husband died and she came back to our house to spend

her remaining years. I used to love that aunt-- when I was six years old I told her I was going to marry her; and then she told me that a great thing for a man who is going to be married is to know how to sit still, and I remember now the little chair in which I sat still and earned my penny. But I remember that dear old lady and her beautiful life, and her old-fashioned clothes; and I used to go to her room and sing the old songs out of the old hymn-book. When she returned her memory was good, and she still was fond of singing. It was a symbol of the life to come.

So, as we rejoice in all God has given us, and all he is going to give us, we rejoice in life itself. I have very little patience with those people who cannot thank God they are alive. I wonder whether the physicians who are finding all sorts of hypodermic injections cannot give injections to those people who always think life is gloomy, and look forward with foreboding. The real joy of life, I think, is when we realize God gives it to us and we have a certain purpose while we are here; and we have a glorious ending, or, rather, a glorious beginning, a commencement when God calls us back to himself. The answer of John Stewart Mills to the interrogatory, "What am I? Whence came I? Where am I going?" is one of the best I ever heard: "From God, to God and for God".

That is the thought that must come to us as we consider life, the thought that comes to us as we consider the glorious and the blessed work in this home, for a cen-

one confined to the house and the other engaged in such pur-
tury, for those who enter its portals, in these days of dif-
ficulty and perplexity, when the world is going through a
great crisis, from which she is going to come out purified.
No matter whether one dies in childhood, or passes, as those
whose names we have heard read, perhaps past the half century
mark, merits the same glorious truth: God has given us life,
and we have something to do with that life, because day by
day we are going to enter into a larger and fuller sphere of
that life.

I heard someone say, "What can such an one do,
who is old and confined to a home, to fulfill the purposes
of God?" My friends, we can pray,-- and prayer is one of
the greatest powers in the world. I would rather have the
prayer of a friend than all the money of all the combined
capitalists in the world. You remember that story which
Moody used to tell, I think, in his biography: One time when
he went abroad to rest, and as soon as he approached the
shores of London, the London preachers begged him to preach
on the following Sunday. He could never refuse an appeal,
and he went to church the following Sunday morning to preach,
but did not seem to have his usual force. He thought, "Per-
haps God does not want me to preach any more. I don't seem
to rouse the people to the glories of God". As the day wore
on he felt better and better, and preached a wonderful ser-
mon that night, by means of which many came to God. He never
knew the history of that strange change until years after.
The history is this: There were two old ladies in London,

one confined to the house and the other engaged in such pursuits she could go to the church only on Sunday morning; and the invalid sister asked her who preached. She said, "Moody, of America". The invalid sister said, "I would like so much to hear him. Is he going to preach tonight?" The other sister said "Yes". The invalid sister then said, "Then, you go out, and shut the door; I am going to pray all this afternoon that God will bless his message." There is the power that made his sermon so great, by which so many were converted.

I had a parishioner who, before she died, said that for many years, before I went up to the pulpit she always prayed for a blessing on my message. We all can pray, and, my dear friends, those who are members of this beautiful home, never forget that, never think that your lives are idle or useless, so long as you can lift up your hearts, and, perchance, your voices to God-- for maybe you know, or maybe you have heard, that service which we render to him is always thrice blessed. When we render services of kindness it is a blessing to those who receive. It is also a blessing to those who have served, to those who have been able to give up their time and strength and money in order, for instance, that this home might be made possible. What a glorious list of those who have laid up treasures in Heaven and have now gone to receive it. What a glorious list of those who, having given of their hearts' interest and zeal and affection to their sisters, for a little while, in body, have now entered into the presence of Him who says, "Ye did

it unto me". And what more glorious service could be rendered unto any woman than just such service as this ? I fairly envy the joys which those who are now on the Board have, and the joy which will be theirs in the future as they look back upon this work which they have had the privilege to do. Their service is doubly blessed-- to those who receive, and to the giver.

Another thing to be said on the hundredth anniversary: "A thousand years with God is as one day". We grow so impatient, in a few years, because we want things to grow rapidly. God is never in a hurry. He bids us sometimes to make haste, because the time is short; but God is never in a hurry. When we look at this beautiful building and realize how long it was before it came from the little meeting in the First Presbyterian Church, we realize that God knew just when it was the right time for it to come. Let us remember that in connection with the history of the work, what a splendid thing it is to realize that God is working all through the services, he is working his purposes out, and if we put ourselves in his hands and let him use us just as he will, then we will have the joy at last of entering into the fullness and largeness of that purpose, realizing how our little effort is blessed if God is behind us.

And then, one thought more, and that is, the spirit in which we work, not for time, but for eternity, not for this world, but for a larger vision still as we leap from tradition and catch a larger vision beyond, and we our-

ADDRESS OF RUFUS M. JONES, Litt. D.
selves gain a new light and a new courage. The man who works
for himself alone, for the day and hour and year, and for
the prosperity of his own life, has little encouragement or
satisfaction; but the man who works for others' sake, in or-
der that they may enjoy, the man who works for the good he
knows must come is, it seems to me, the man who really lives,
lives in the present, as Longfellow says, "Heart within and
God o'erhead".

So, I bid you Godspeed. Greater things are still
in store, for the world and for you. The old world is going.
Out of this terrible conflict a new world will come, purified,
sanctified, and also of a great and glorious spirit. And
so, as you look forward to a greater work, take heart of
hope as you gather up the fragrant memories of the past,
and let them be but symbols of the richer flowers which are
to be in the future; and, taking heart of God in courage,
give your most blessed help, in ministering to those who
must rely upon us others who are stronger than themselves.

that there are nine distinct varieties of angels. They
range them in three groups of three angels, and up near the
top of the various kinds they put the Seraphim and the Cher-
ubim. The Cherubim are always represented as blue. They
are always painted blue. The Seraphim are always painted
red, fire color. The Cherubim are angelic beings that know
they have gained knowledge. The Seraphim are angelic beings
that burn with adoration and love and do service for God.
The symbol of the Cherubim is the interrogation mark, the

ADDRESS OF RUFUS M. JONES, Litt. D.

MR. JONES: I remember hearing about a little girl who heard the story of Lot and his wife read, and the unexpected transformation that took place in Lot's wife, and after hearing the account read, the little girl said, "Mother, is salt always made of ladies?" (Laughter).

As I heard that wonderful list read this afternoon I reflected that salt generally is made of ladies. And it seems very fitting that our friend John B. Garrett should have read to us this afternoon, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Those of us who can remember far enough back to remember "David Harum"-- I don't know whether anybody here can remember "David Harum"-- will remember that there was one character in "David Harum" who was called a forty-horsepower angel. Now, we are all aware, of course, that there are a great many kinds of angels, different candlepower angels, different horsepower angels, different dynamic quality angels. The experts in angelology say that there are nine distinct varieties of angels. They range them in three groups of three angels, and up near the top of the various kinds they put the Seraphim and the Cherubim. The Cherubim are always represented as blue. They are always painted blue. The Seraphim are always painted red, fire color. The Cherubim are angelic beings that know they have gained knowledge. The Seraphim are angelic beings that burn with adoration and love and do service for God. The symbol of the Cherubim is the interrogation mark, the

MR. JONES: I remember meeting upon a stage

ADDRESS OF BARBARA W. JONES, 1944, D.

question mark. They write that all over the world. They ask questions about everything in the world. The symbolic figure of the Seraphim is the exclamation mark. What the English call the point of admiration. They are filled with wonder, surprise and worship. Now, it has always been, throughout all the ages a great unanswered problem as to which is higher, Cherubim or Seraphim; and it is that question I want to discuss this afternoon. One of them, the Cherubim or Seraphim are clear up to the top. We live in an age when almost everybody clarified knowledge. The Cherubim are being that know, and there is a feeling abroad that all the problems of the world will be settled by science. There is coming a time when we will know more and we will understand the world better, and there won't be any poverty. Economics will take care of poverty. Just let it have its chance, let it work scientifically, and it will banish poverty out of the world, and there won't be any. And they tell us it will banish sin, too, that we will have the parks for the children to play in, beautiful amusements for them to go to; we will understand how to put beautiful pictures around the children and it will banish sin. There won't be any defectives born when science has accomplished its work; and darkness will go and the world will be all right. I wish I could believe it. I somehow cannot help feeling something will be left out for the Seraphim to do, the beings that love and serve because they love-- then, after all, I can't help thinking that anywhere in the world love often discovers something that knowledge never finds out. You never quite

get at the heart of things after the manner of the Cherubim, by just asking individual questions about them. Nobody knows very much about the real life even of a black beetle, by mere knowledge operations. You don't get right up into the meaning of life by the process of knowledge. The botanist will take a flower and take it all to pieces and tell you all about it, scientifically, and give you a whole list of great Latin words about it; but I always think that there is something left that that botanical scientific method twain misses in the flower. A great poet once said that the meanest flower that grows can give thoughts that do lie too deep for tears; but with the scientific way you never need to use a handkerchief at all, your eyes are dry. After all the advance of science and knowledge, I can't help thinking that a scientific account of motherhood will be a very poor substitute for a real mother, and that these forty-horsepower angels that have been ruling, through the centuries, humanity by love and devotion, and doing their task of service in the spirit of adoration and worship, and live in the future, get nearer the heart of reality than even the scientific method ever can.

I should like to say just two or three words about these Seraphim, as the sublime figure in our Bible for the being that loves and serves. You will remember, perhaps, in the greatest description that, indeed, has ever been given of this divine piece of service the Seraphim rendered, he is represented, the being is represented ^{as} a being with six wings. "With twain he covered his face; with twain he did

cover his feet; and with twain he did fly." I heard Phillips Brooks preach his great sermon once, the greatest event of the kind in my life. I heard him preach his great sermon on the "Wings of the Seraphim"-- "With twain he did cover his face--" because you cannot do great service in the world if you are not reverent, if you do not feel adoration, if you are not overcome with the sense of the greatness of the one you serve; so that you cover your face with the very activities you have to serve with your wings. "And with twain he did cover his feet"-- himself out of sight, in complete humility. "But with twain he did fly". He went about the tasks; and nobody can go about these great tasks of life and service who has not reverence, adoration and humility linked up with intense desire to serve, and to minister; and you will remember that in ~~the~~ ^{another} description of the Seraphim, these words are used: "I saw the hands of a man, under the wings". No great things get done in the world until you get the human linked with the divine, until you get the inspiration into the life, into the human self, that comes from contact with the divine; and it seems to me one of the great things about your service here has been that you have had the hands of a man (only in this case, it was the hands of a woman) under the wings. You had the human and the divine linked together in a service of love.

And, finally, still another great description of the Seraphim, the passage reads, "And they were full of eyes without and within". "They were full of eyes without and within". And here again you have a most beautiful symbol

of one who would serve. Full of eyes without so that wherever you look, you see something to do. Just full of eyes, as you walk your world to see what is in it; but it is never enough to be full of eyes without. They are full of eyes without and within. And if you want somebody to do a piece of spiritual work in the world or a piece of constructive service anywhere in the world, you want somebody who is full of eyes within, the eyes of the heart, the eyes that have sympathetic penetration, the eyes that appreciate. Few things are harder to bear than cold steel, cold service, treatment that is just hard justice. We none of us would like to live in a family that was run on the basis of justice. It would be the most appalling thing, to live with people who just did their duty by you. You want the eyes of the heart. You want that feeling attitude that understands your needs and that can speak to it in love and tenderness and sympathy. We always-- at least I do, for myself-- wish we had attained to a further degree of approach to the Seraphim, that we may get these qualities of service and love and wonder and admiration in our nature and in our work. But, as I close, let me tell you a story that I think will represent the feeling of us all who are here this afternoon. It is a story of some knights who were riding through a country across which none of them ever had travelled before, a country full of mystery and wonder; and as they rode in the dark, down across an old dry river bed, in the middle of the night, they heard a voice that said to them, "Take, each of you, a handful of the pebbles; and you will be both

glad and sorry". In the dark each knight reached down his hand and took up his handful of pebbles from the river bed and put them in his pocket and rode on, until sunrise in the morning; and then every knight felt in his pocket and pulled out his handful of pebbles and discovered that they were diamonds and rubies and sapphires and opals; and then he was both glad and sorry; glad he took so many, and sorry he did not take more. (Laughter). And it seemed that was the way we feel this afternoon, when we think of the great things of the past and the exhibition of love and the spirit of service, we think that way about ourselves and our work-- we are glad and sorry, glad we have so much of the Seraphim in our hearts, sorry we have not more, and resolved, I hope, to be more like the Seraphim.

we celebrate is a century of wonder and development, I am sure, because at its heart is not selfishness, is not greed, but is loving kindness. If I may use a figure which is not at all suggested by what I have said, I think of you, my friends, as I think of a beautiful old tree, fruit-bearing, that through the years has had its downward thrust, the roots going deeper and gripping more firmly, and through the years has had its upward thrust of the limbs that have borne its beautiful and wondrous fruitage, ever more abundantly.

It has been observed, and it seems to me with acute knowledge of life, that the works of this world and the institutions in it, are all more or less extended

ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN ALLAN BLAIR, D.D.

man may say to his friends on the street, is that man, and

whether it is a very great pleasure and a very great privilege to bring to your greetings on this remarkable occasion.

It seems to me, to one who has recently come to the city, one of the greatest marks-- perhaps of deepest import-- is the great expression of service, of friendliness, throughout the city. I think, indeed, of no other city throughout the country where there is such loving expression of people who meet friends as I find in Philadelphia. A century of this friendliness is what we are practicing today. There is a book that we read some time ago, by Helen Hunt Jackson, called "A century of Design," the story of a nation's hard and cruel treatment of its wards. At the heart of the century of design was selfishness and greed. The century that we celebrate is a century of wonder and development, I am sure, because at its heart is not selfishness, is not greed, but is loving kindness. If I may use a figure which is not at all suggested by what I have said, I think of you, my friends, as I think of a beautiful old tree, fruit-bearing, that through the years has had its downward thrust, the roots going deeper and gripping more firmly, and through the years has had its upward thrust of the limbs that have borne its beautiful and wondrous fruitage, ever more abundantly.

It has been observed, and it seems to me with acute knowledge of life, that the works of this world and the institutions in it, are all more or less extended

going on from that into 14 sense of the common life, realiz-

personality. A factory, for instance, regardless of what a man may say to his friends on the street, is that man, and whether within its walls there be graciousness and interest and friendly human influence, or the opposite, that man is expressing himself, that man has extended himself to make what he calls or what we call a factory.

I am not quite sure that Dr. Jones will approve of my saying it is wonderfully true of a college. They told us when I was a lad in college that Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a boy on the other end, made a college. It is still true. It is not buildings at all. The force of a faculty is not a matter of degrees, it is a matter of personality. The power of a teacher is a matter of personality. A college is extended personality; so is a church; and so is an institution like this one; and I am sure there has been here and there is now, the expression of something that is more than figures-- more than even the most interesting, beautifully written history can tell; something has been working here of love that is beyond our grasp, we can neither analyze nor hold it fast, as there is something of the flower described here today. It is beyond all botanical analyses. And it seems to me, as I think about it, that we may, perhaps, analyze that extended personality that is this institution, and beginning with that divine compassion that saw need and awakening personal interest, went out as direct devotion and direct service-- awakening, I say, into that personal interest as personality emerged from the need, and going on from that into the sense of the common life, realiz-

ing that we are all one family of God; those, whose needs are ours, they are just the people that God has put here that we may meet, and through them we may know Him. And when we have reached our capacity, have gathered into our thinking all the people that we know and they have become individuals to us, I believe we are then quite ready for the expression of the spirit, the extension of our own personality out into the world, which will take its final aspect in some great fulfillment, some great work of faith and duty, a condition, if you please, like this. Love, in other words, has been given his field. Love has been given, it has ceased to fear; and love has taken with gladness that challenge which has come from human need, with the gracious guidance of God, and love has found its own appreciation in so doing. St. John, you will remember it is a city without walls. I was greatly struck by what Dr. Tomkins said of what can be done here by those who feel they are in some calm eddy of life; they can pray. I think you can do something beside that, too. You can furnish, as you are now furnishing, and have been, an outlet and opportunity for other people to love you. You know that while we are loved we are never useless, for we give the chance for some other heart just to blossom and express itself. But what, after all, is that to furnish for those who love us the opportunity that one day comes to its fruition with all men and all women, which will be coming into the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. I know we all dream of those mansions that are

above. It is well that we do dream of them. There is no stimulus like that-- at home with God; but I should feel it is a sad and sorry mistake that our attention should be fixed on that while we miss His presence here, for, if there be no God in the love that has touched you, and if duty was all, I don't see how I could find Him in that place where our names are written in the Book. If we cannot see His face and hear His voice and touch Him here, I don't know how to see Him; I would not know Him if I saw Him, nor recognize His voice and the touch of His hand in another world. In other words, then, to me that which we are doing, as believers on His Son, we are doing as if He were here, He is part of it, in our midst.

In that wonderful picture that is given in the Revelation of St. John, you will remember it is a city without a church-- a city without a church. For I think that that church of our Lord, the church of God to which we all belong, all His people-- I think that that church is merely a medium of expression-- merely a medium of service, which bye and bye will be no longer needed, when all of us come into relationship with Him, and there shall be builded here things clear and beautiful, which will give us opportunity for expression.

One of Jesus's most beautiful figures is that he gave shortly before his death, when he said of the seed, "Except it fall into the ground and die and abide alone, it shall bear no fruit". I know you are with me in your

Christian faith and Christian expectation, when I say to you, the life that has come, the life of the church, or what Christ has poured out, is the only life God can use. Except you and I, by service and sacrifice, by loving and giving ourselves in this expression, abide alone, we can have no place in the love of God.

The work here would not be possible, it seems to me, except we say-- and this I want to say as I close-- it is not of human planning, it is not of human energy, from which these results proceed. This extended personality, a form of which we see and realize, is not human personality, it is the extended personality of God himself-- of Him who revealed that, the one who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. I think of this institution, and others like it, as I think of that which might be thrown, in some gigantic, marvelous beauty, upon a screen, too fair and too far for our eyes or hands to plan or think about, a light behind the dedicated, devoted soul, shining through, projecting on God's future, the picture of Christ himself, the faith of him who came that we might learn to know God, when some day we shall see him face to face.

