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# The **P**ALIMPSEST

AUGUST 1930

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT IOWA CITY BY  
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER JULY 28 1920 AT THE POST OFFICE AT IOWA CITY IOWA  
UNDER THE ACT OF AUGUST 24 1912



### THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE PALIMPSEST, issued monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the dissemination of Iowa History. Supplementing the other publications of this Society, it aims to present the materials of Iowa History in a form that is attractive and a style that is popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH

*Superintendent*

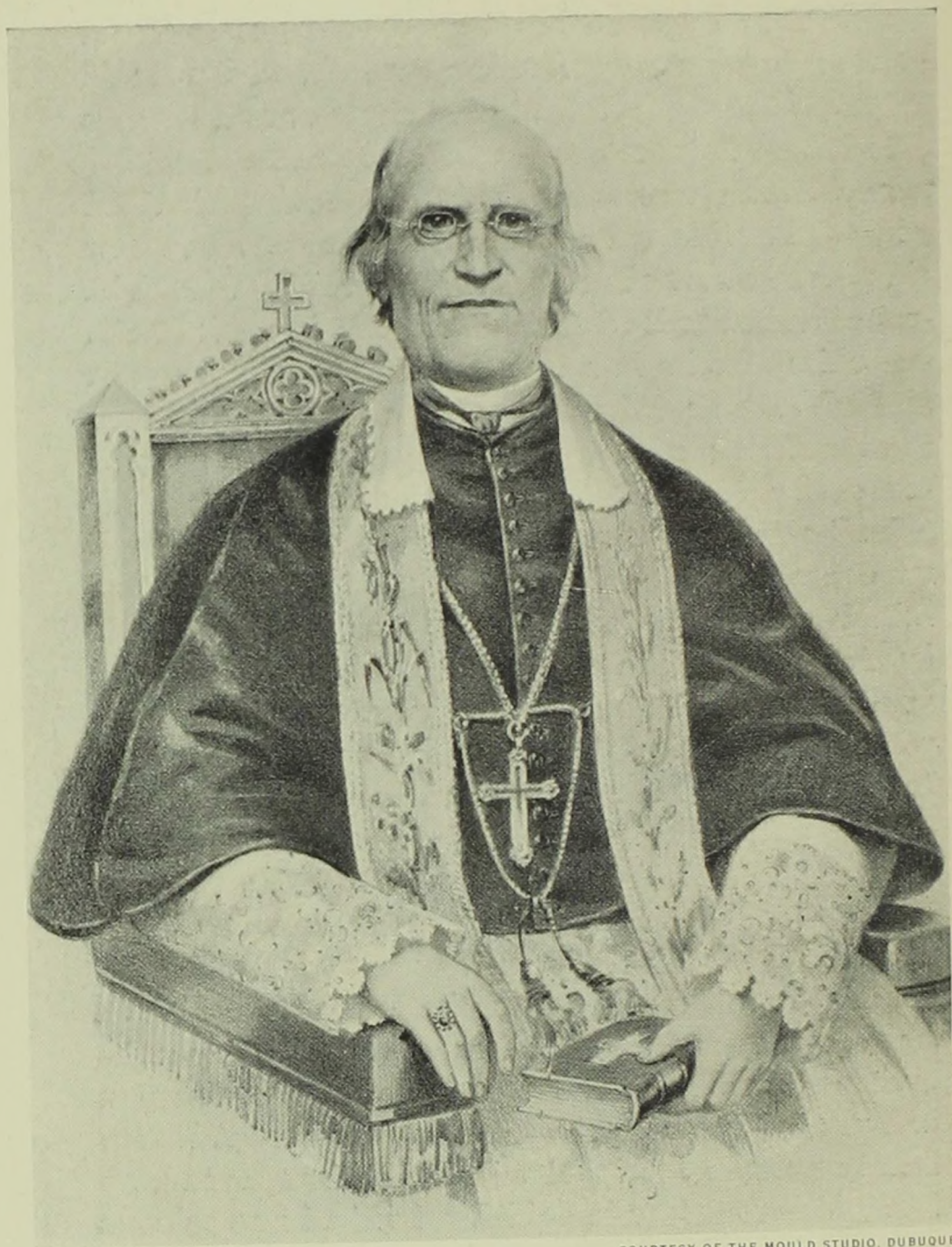
### THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the records of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

PRICE—10c per copy: \$1 per year: free to members of Society  
ADDRESS—The State Historical Society      Iowa City Iowa





COURTESY OF THE MOULD STUDIO, DUBUQUE

MATHIAS LORAS



# THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN ELY BRIGGS

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VOL. XI

ISSUED IN AUGUST 1930

NO. 8

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## The First Bishop of Iowa

The year 1839 saw the arrival of two great religious leaders in the upper Mississippi Valley. The one was Mathias Loras, Catholic Bishop of the vast region now comprising the States of Iowa, Minnesota, portions of the two Dakotas, and, for a few years, parts of Wisconsin and northern Illinois. He came to Dubuque. The other was Joseph Smith, head of the newly founded Mormon sect, who established himself on the other side of the river, at Nauvoo, Illinois, although some of his followers settled on the Iowa shore. The efforts of the former soon began to blossom in the wilderness he faced; the work of the other was shortly uprooted from the rich soil of the valley and transplanted to the sandy deserts of Utah. But at one point the two creeds came into direct contact. In February of 1843, one of Loras's priests, the daring and intrepid Dominican, Samuel Mazzuchelli, crossed the ice from Fort



Madison to Nauvoo and visited the leader of the Mormons in his own sanctuary in an endeavor to convert him to Catholicity.

The new See of Dubuque was created on July 28, 1837. The first bishop, Pierre Jean Mathias Loras, was consecrated on December 10, 1837, in Mobile, Alabama. He it was who gave the trend during his life to the ecclesiastical events in that immense territory under his jurisdiction and who left his impress on them for years after his death. In this respect allusion may be made to a peculiar fact: the Catholic Church of the Northwest whose national descent is so preponderantly Teuto-Gaelic, had its foundations laid hardly a century ago by Italo-French pioneers. Joseph Rosati, the distinguished Neapolitan, later bishop of St. Louis, Samuel Charles Mazzuchelli, gentle born Milanese, Mathias Loras, aristocrat of Lyons, and Joseph Cretin, later first bishop of St. Paul, son of a bourgeois baker of Montluel — these are the names carved on the respective sides of the cornerstone of the Church of the Northwest.

Under the striking title of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, Willa Cather has told the story of the son of an old, aristocratic and Catholic family of France, a gentleman of culture, refinement, and learning, cut off from civilization, laboring among Indians and semi-savage whites in New Mexico, enduring mental agonies and bodily hardships almost incredible, and finally slipping out of this mundane vale, an exile. It



is but the story of Mathias Loras with another setting and a slightly later date — a story dusty with age and dingy in outward aspect to the glance of the casual student, which needs but the romantic pen of another Willa Cather to reveal to the world in a colorful light the epic deeds of a saint of our forests and prairies, whose life melted painfully away under the crude labors and dangerous tasks of his day.

Born at Lyons just as the Revolution in France was rushing to its climax, Mathias Loras was but an infant in his mother's arms when she pleaded with the tyrant Couthon for the life of her husband, a wealthy aristocrat and councillor of Lyons. But Loras *père* was in the very first group to be guillotined in the Square des Terreaux, and a few days later the same fate overtook two of his sisters and two brothers, one of the latter being Mayor of St. Cyr. In all, seventeen persons of the Loras family lost their lives for their political and religious convictions. And it is only after understanding this background of Loras that we can appreciate his viewpoint of things American as well as his heroic work in the forests and on the prairies of his far-flung diocese.

Young Mathias Loras received his early education at the hands of priests who sought the hospitality of his mother's home during the turbulent times of the French Revolution. In an old Carthusian house near-by he commenced his priestly studies and had as his classmate Jean Baptiste Vianney,



later the famous Curé d' Ars, subsequently canonized by the Catholic Church. As a lad, Loras had visited the exiled and imprisoned Pope Pius VI at Valence. In 1807 he entered the seminary of L'Argentière and was ordained a priest in the Cathedral of Lyons by the Cardinal-Archbishop in 1817.

It is a tribute to his ability that he was immediately appointed president of the Petit Seminaire of Meximieux, and that in 1824 he was promoted to the important office of the Superior of the Seminary of L'Argentière. Having resigned in 1827 to act as pastoral missionary in the Lyons archdiocese, he met Bishop Portier of Mobile, Alabama, and decided in 1829 to accompany him to America. For seven years he labored in Alabama as vicar-general of the young southern diocese, as pastor of the Cathedral of Mobile, and as president of the newly founded Spring Hill College — a college which celebrated its centennial this very year of 1930.

Although consecrated a bishop in Mobile in 1837, he did not arrive in his tiny see-city of Dubuque until April 19, 1839, having spent the intervening months in France seeking priests and funds for the American missions. How little he knew of his new and immense diocese may be gleaned from the questionnaire which he sent to Bishop Rosati at St. Louis just before his consecration:

1. What are the limits of the diocese?
2. Approximately what is the number of inhabitants?



3. What are its people, Irish, American, French, savage?
4. Is there any other town besides Dubuque?
5. What is the quality of the soil?
6. Is the climate because of the latitude very cold?
7. Are there any Catholic Indians?
8. At what distance is Dubuque from the Mississippi?  
How does one reach there?
9. How many priests ought to be brought from Europe?
10. Would a German priest be necessary?
11. Would 3 nuns from St. Charles be useful?
12. Is Dubuque the best situated town for the see-city?
13. Has the country been visited often by missionaries?

P. S. Permit me, Monseigneur, to conjure you to send to this mission a good priest. This would indeed be a great consolation for me and I believe the necessary thing. I would always be sincerely grateful for this.

Some of these questions which he addressed to the Bishop of St. Louis indicate a lack of information or else a naïveté which is almost startling. And yet it is highly probable that Bishop Rosati himself could not give an exact answer to a single one of these questions. This new territory was a hitherto unknown and neglected wilderness. Fortunately for Bishop Loras, he had, while still at Mobile, befriended a distinguished fellow Frenchman who was later able to enlighten him concerning the conditions of his new diocese.

In the late winter and early spring of 1839, Bishop Loras on his return from Europe was compelled to wait at St. Louis for a favorable opportunity to take a steamboat up the Mississippi to Dubuque. There



at St. Louis he encountered the man to whom he had shown hospitality at Mobile. The gentleman was Jean Nicholas Nicollet, known to American posterity as an illustrious explorer and geologist as well as an astronomer. Engaged by the United States government, he began in 1836 a great exploration trip to the headwaters of the Mississippi. And now on his return, he proved to be a veritable mine of information for the anxious bishop; he was an authority on the ethnological data of the Indians, and on the topography and natural history of the Northwest; and it was with keen delight that the bishop listened to the learned opinions of the explorer on the magnificent areas of his new diocese which as yet he had never seen.

When he arrived at Dubuque with two priests and four seminarists from France, he found one lone sentinel of the Faith in his vast province — the Dominican, Samuel Charles Mazzuchelli. A little stone cathedral, erected by the miners under the direction of the Italian missionary, was still in an unfinished state. There was no house for the new bishop.

“I find myself too rich indeed,” he wrote ironically to Bishop Rosati in a moment of apparent discouragement a short time after his labors had begun, “for all Iowa hasn’t another congregation besides Dubuque and Davenport, and the latter has only four Catholic families. Mr. Mazzuchelli is leaving for Burlington, where, I am told, there are none at all.



Blessed be God. — This Diocese will have to be closed in the course of time. In the meantime we are going to strive not to die of starvation. This winter flour costs already \$10, and other things in proportion. It isn't a small affair to keep up a house like ours. God will provide."

Besides the Iowa towns, Prairie du Chien in Wisconsin and Galena in Illinois took up much of the time and the care of the Bishop. Shortly after his arrival in Dubuque, he made an historic and a memorable missionary excursion to the upper Mississippi. Going by steamboat from Dubuque on June 23rd, he disembarked at Fort Snelling where the St. Pierre River (now the Minnesota) flows into the Mississippi, and ministered to the Indians and Canadians who gathered at the settlement then known as St. Pierre. "No pen can describe the joy which this apparently lost flock of the Church manifested, when its members saw the bishop in their midst, since up to this time no priest, much less a bishop, had gone up to them," said a writer in *Der Wahrheitsfreund* of Cincinnati that year. Loras was accompanied by the Abbé Pelamourgues whom he had brought with him from France.

What a picturesque tableau must have struck the eyes of the "Bishop of Du Buque" on this occasion! There in that open cathedral, whose pillars were the tall trees of the forest primeval, whose vaulted ceiling was the azure sky peeping through the interlacings of the fragrant branches, stood Mathias



Loras, in whose veins flowed the blood of the old French aristocracy. Round about him he saw trappers from the far-away West and *bois-brulés* from the Red River dressed in deer skins trimmed with other furs, traders from Prairie du Chien, soldiers from the army post, and women attired in animal skins and homespuns.

Deeper back in the checkered shadow and sunlight of the forest, peered the Indians. On the first two days of baptism, the Sioux and Chippewa, who had met for a peace parley at Fort Snelling, may have been present; later in all probability the Sioux alone were there, exhibiting the bleeding scalps of many Chippewa, with whom in the interval they had quarreled and fought. With curiosity they gazed at the "China-sapas" — the black gowns; the middle-aged bishop and the youthful *abbé*, in surplice and stole, the one with crucifix and ritual in his hands, and the other with the water and oils of baptism. And perhaps from afar came the barely distinguishable musical rumble of Minnehaha's waters.

One of those baptized on this occasion, Baptiste Campbell, a Sioux-Scotch half-breed, was twenty-three years later a leader in the bloody Sioux insurrection in Minnesota and was hanged at Mankato on Christmas day, 1862. . . . It was the visit of Bishop Loras in 1839 that resulted in Father Galtier's arrival the next spring; that resulted in the erection of the chapel of St. Paul, the nucleus of the



future city; and that thus resulted in the naming of the capital of Minnesota.

A discouraging responsibility did he find this task of acting as spiritual shepherd of such a gigantic diocese at first. Half-breeds and traders, miners and land-seekers composed his widely scattered flock. No labor among them was too menial, no difficulty insuperable. He travelled in Minnesota and Wisconsin, in Illinois and especially in Iowa: on foot, on steamboat, in oxcart, and in canoe. The most distant Indian, and he had over thirty thousand in his diocese, he hoped some day to convert. A trip of hundreds of miles even in the severest winter weather never dismayed him; the tepees of the savages and the huts of the hard-drinking frontiersmen were his home.

His unyielding perseverance ultimately brought success; under his magnetic influence parishes were formed and churches and chapels sprang up in various parts of Iowa. An interesting example of this is shown in the following translation of a letter of his to France early in 1841 dealing with the beginnings of the parish in Iowa City.

“You will find enclosed a plan of the City of Iowa which will give you an idea of the rapidity with which foreign population spread over these countries. Only eighteen months ago this locality was a desert sixty miles from the great river. The Government chose this place as its capital. There are over a hundred squares of ground separated in the middle



by an alley of twenty feet. The streets are eighty feet wide. More than 600 people have established themselves in them, and a great many houses are built or under construction. The capitol, you can see in the sketch, will ornament a beautiful public place, to which comes a street of one hundred and fifty feet in width. Already 150,000 francs have been employed on the construction and it will not be completed for two years. Near there will be the park with a building for public schools and two churches on each side, viz. Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and Methodist. The ground for our church will be one hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and sixty feet, and has been given us on condition that we build a church of 5000 francs in thirty months time. The offer was accepted and it has been promised to us that, should we build it big enough the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate will hold their sessions there during the two years until the capitol is completed. This arrangement is nearly concluded. We will leave on this lot a sufficient place to build later on a beautiful church, and this year we will build only a brick house of fifty by twenty-five feet of two stories, which will cost us 11,100 francs and will serve as a provisional church and then as a Catholic school and college. During the next two years it is not we who will preach justice in the house, but justice will be exercised and laws made in our house. For anyone who knows the country, it is an advantageous thing, because of the



influence that it gives to establish the kingdom of God in this country."

The far-seeing mind of Bishop Loras visioned his great diocese peopled with the Catholic immigrants flocking to America in the forties and fifties. He wished to draw them from the crowded slums of the eastern cities where they were hewers of wood and drawers of water, and make them self-reliant and independent farmers of the generous Northwest where lands were cheap and natural resources unlimited. But, alas! The narrow-visioned prelates of the Atlantic seaboard frowned on his efforts among their peoples, and the fair promise of the colonization plan was blighted. Fortunately, however, not altogether did his vision fail of due fruit; some of his labors resulted in the founding of Catholic settlements in Iowa, southern Minnesota, and eastern Nebraska; and the last statistical statement from his pen just four months before his death showed that the number of Catholics had increased from 3100, when his diocese included Minnesota and the Dakotas, to 54,000 when it consisted of Iowa alone.

His connections and influence in Europe had enabled him to secure much financial help from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith of Lyons, France, from the Leopoldine Society of Vienna, Austria, and from the Foreign Mission Society of Munich, Bavaria. In 1846 he discovered to his surprise and joy about one hundred German Catholic



immigrants in the forest lands about thirty miles west of Dubuque, and he induced them to name their community New Vienna, in honor of the capital of Austria and home of his benefactor.

Elsewhere in Iowa, with the strategic eye of a consummate general, he picked church sites in new villages even before the arrival of Catholics; he organized schools; he brought in teaching and nursing sisterhoods; he induced a Trappist order of monks to erect a monastery near Dubuque; and he founded a college, Mt. St. Bernard's, of which Columbia College of Dubuque is the lineal descendant.

Loras, an ardent lover of American institutions, participated actively in many public and civic movements. A firm total abstainer, he appealed to the Catholics to uphold temperance by voting for the first Iowa prohibition law. In May, 1846, he called on James Buchanan, then Secretary of State, and succeeded in having President Polk appoint chaplains to serve the Catholic soldiers during the Mexican War.

Offered an archbishopric in France by influential relatives if he would return to that country, he refused it emphatically. And roused by remarks of some French bishops he wrote: "We have no martyrs of blood in the U. S. but many of charity. We impose on ourselves private privations of which our worthy bishops of France have no idea, viz., in Dubuque I have no horse, no carriage; I visit the sick by foot one or two miles from the city; my table is



as frugal as was that of St. Augustine and other holy prelates and sometimes more so. I have just been ill four months with a trembling fever, during which I had to travel 200 leagues to plant the faith on the borders of the Missouri River, as otherwise heresy would have taken hold forever of these countries."

Small wonder then that at his death, which occurred in 1858, one of his priests wrote: "Everyone here venerates him as a saint and many are disputing over pieces of his cassock and of his hair; moreover parents are proud to give to their children the name of Loras".

M. M. HOFFMANN



## Wilson Seeley Lewis

Bishop Lewis's success as an educator is suggested by an early experience while he was teaching in a country school in his native State of New York. One of the diversions of the school to which he went at the age of sixteen was to carry the teacher out and dump him into a snowbank, after which it was expected that he would leave. A vacation was then enjoyed until another candidate could be induced to face the situation by the attraction of "five dollars a week and board around". Young Lewis never left the schoolhouse "except under his own motive power, and he took his baths in the time-honored wash-tub by the kitchen stove after the rest of the family had gone to bed".

Wilson Seeley Lewis was born in Russell, St. Lawrence County, New York, on July 17, 1857, and died in Sioux City, Iowa, on August 21, 1921. His father was vigorous, industrious, and determined, but was given to unpractical plans for doing things in a large way, which always failed. There were eight children in the family, six older and one younger than Wilson. The strictest economy was necessary, although the assistance of the older children made conditions somewhat easier for the two younger boys. The large family, together with an unusually strong family affection, was probably



helpful to the development of useful social qualities. Parents, brothers, and sister all agreed that Wilson should have an education, and all coöperated to the best of their limited abilities.

When he was about ten years old, he went to live with his brother John, who had married and rented a farm. John's wife was one of the great influences in his life. She had had only a common school education, but she carried to old age a thirst for learning. Throughout his struggle for an education, John and Ann provided Wilson with a home, John lent him money, and Ann made, washed, and mended his clothes. He was graduated from St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York, in 1880.

That same year he came to Iowa and served as superintendent of schools at Centerpoint and Belle Plaine. Four years later he entered the ministry and served as pastor of the Methodist churches at Blairstown and Traer. At Blairstown his annual salary was \$600. He had been offered \$1700 to remain at Belle Plaine. His choice was characteristic of the man. Throughout his life he never allowed material advantage to interfere with his devotion to what he regarded as his duty and opportunity.

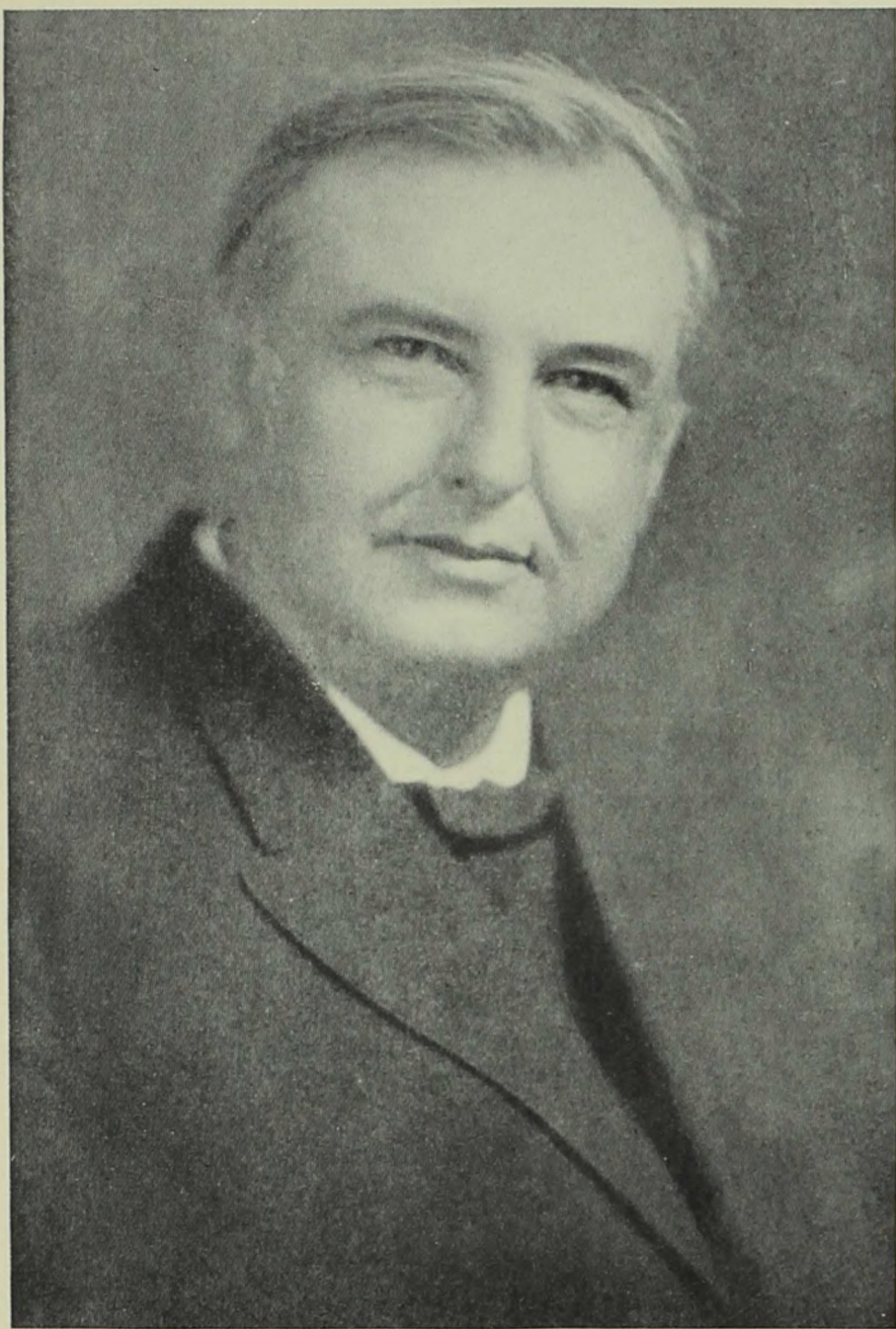
In 1892 he was appointed principal of Epworth Seminary where he remained until he was elected president of Morningside College at Sioux City. Before the modern high school, such institutions provided the only means of preparation for a higher education for many people. Epworth was badly in



need of help. The three small buildings were out of repair and the campus had grown to weeds. Dr. Lewis built the main building and a dormitory, improved its financial status, and gave it scholastic standing.

In the late eighties a group of men in Sioux City determined to establish a university. They selected a hilltop at Morningside, a suburb of the city, as the site. The original campus covered sixteen and one-half acres of land. A stone building, costing thirty-five thousand dollars, was erected and a second larger building was begun, the foundation costing thirty thousand dollars. The institution was organized with fourteen colleges. Only a few students came and it was soon realized that the undertaking needed more support. The chancellor was a Methodist minister and the Methodist church was strong in that part of the State. In 1890 the University of the Northwest sought the recognition and support of the local conference of the Methodist Church. Before anything could be done in aid of the new institution, however, the panic of 1893 swept over the country, and the campus was placed in the hands of the sheriff. In 1894 the conference decided to form a new organization to be known as Morningside College to replace the defunct University of the Northwest. By June, 1896, the conclusion was reached to secure a young man with experience in educational work for the office of president. Dr. Lewis was suggested. Three out of the five Methodist col-





WILSON SEELEY LEWIS



leges in Iowa had approached him with offers. In September, 1897, he met the trustees and agreed to accept the presidency on condition that he was given time to finish his work at Epworth and to visit Europe. When President Lewis took up his work at Morningside, the institution was in debt, the enrollment was small, and there was no endowment.

During his administration of eleven years, the campus was enlarged, the main hall was completed, money raised to pay the old indebtedness, and also to cover the cost of the new building. Two endowment campaigns were carried through successfully. In the first drive for \$200,000, the college was to receive \$50,000 from the Carnegie Foundation on condition that \$150,000 was raised in the local territory. In the second campaign the General Education Board promised to contribute \$50,000 provided that not less than \$150,000 was secured from other sources. The result was that when President Lewis retired to become bishop in 1908, the college had an endowment of \$400,000, every dollar of which had been procured during his period of service. This capital sum was in addition to the amounts necessary to clear up indebtedness and pay for the erection of main hall and the enlargement of the campus. During the same period the enrollment increased from a hundred and eighty-seven to five hundred students and a strong faculty was developed. Morningside also came to be recognized as one of the established colleges of the State.



Less tangible, but more enduring, was President Lewis's work and influence upon the minds of the students and the faculty. Nothing short of a real college was his ambition, and he inspired all those with whom he came in contact with his own vision of what an educational institution should be. The business men of Sioux City also came within the range of his energy and enthusiasm and they rallied round him. One by one he showed them what a college would mean to the city. A typical instance was of a prominent man, who, if he could be won, would bring others with him. He had declared to his intimates that he would never give a penny to President Lewis and his college. He did not believe in colleges. They spoiled most young men. Sioux City was too poor. One college had failed. Why try again?

Some time later he described his experience with Dr. Lewis. His terse and emphatic comment was: "I had determined not to give him anything. What happened was that I made a contribution to the college and *told him to come again.*"

In 1908 Dr. Lewis was elected bishop, and assigned to the supervision of the southern half of China with headquarters at Foochow. At a farewell mass meeting at the college just before his departure Bishop Lewis said:

"Now I am not going to make a farewell speech. I am just going to say that I have dreamed of this college by night, and it has gone with me by day for eleven years. Personally, I had hoped to give my



whole life as far as it would be of service to this college, and let my ashes rest upon its campus. In my judgment, God has decreed otherwise and my field of service will be elsewhere. While I may labor for a people whom I have never seen, yet my heart is here. I shall meet Morningside College in Asia. Seven graduates will come down to Foochow to meet me when I arrive there."

Bishop Lewis served twelve years in South China. In May, 1920, owing to the death of Bishop J. W. Bashford, he became the senior bishop in China, and was assigned to northern China with headquarters at Peking. From 1909 to 1921 he travelled through China from east to west and from north to south. No mission station was too remote or inaccessible for him to visit. He journeyed hundreds of miles in sedan chairs carried by coolies. Because of the fact that it required more than the usual number to carry his chair, he was known as "Bishop Big Man" among the Chinese. He made no careful record of his travels, but sometimes jotted down notes by the way. His experiences were varied in character, involving hardship and privation, but always he bore them with a serenity founded upon his deep Christian faith. He could not speak the language, but he preached the gospel by his acts. To the coolie, it was a lighter load, an extra dime. To the chair-bearers it was a command to stop at the foot of the high hills, so that he could climb the steep and leave them the empty chair to carry.



One of his last journeys was from Chungking to Shanghai in the midst of robber dangers. Every effort was made to conciliate the officials along the river. Four days passed without incident. On the morning of the fifth day, word came that the bandit chief wished to become acquainted with the Bishop. It was also indicated that a fee of five dollars was expected. At the appointed place, the boats landed and the Bishop served tea to the chief on his boat. After a time he handed the chief a five-dollar bill, but he refused to accept it. Some time was passed in conversation. Skillfully the Bishop passed the bill to his servant, who then passed it to the servant of the chief, and he in turn handed it to the chief, who pocketed it without giving any indication of the act, and without interruption of the conversation. A little later the chief departed. The journey was continued without further interference. The next party was robbed of all their valuables, even to a woman's wedding ring. Bishop Lewis's diplomacy in managing this bandit chief is an illustration of his ability to understand and deal with all kinds of people. His success in his various undertakings was largely due to his sympathetic insight into human nature in all its different forms.

Because of his work at Morningside College, Bishop Lewis was able to interest the Rockefeller Foundation in educational work in China. He travelled throughout the entire country with representatives of the board, and as a result the foundation



decided to establish four great educational centers in China. Bishop Lewis showed the Rockefeller representatives that universities could not be maintained without schools as feeders to the higher institutions. Consequently a great system of secondary schools was established by the Rockefeller Foundation in addition to its liberal gifts to medical schools and hospitals. Bishop Lewis was also instrumental in the development of a college for women at Foochow. He planned to have students from the colleges of China sent to the United States to complete their education.

Bishop Lewis was very popular with the Chinese. In the larger cities he was welcomed cordially, and he was often consulted by the leaders of the Chinese Republic.

When the great Centenary Movement of the Methodist Church began in 1918, Bishop Lewis was recalled from China to assist in the work. He spent eighteen months travelling and speaking, and is said to have done more than any other man in Methodism to carry through the campaign.

For forty years Bishop Lewis was engaged in religious and educational work. Epworth Seminary, Morningside College, and Chinese education represent his most important undertakings. He was an educational statesman in the best sense of these words. His ideal of education was of the highest type. To him education and religion were one and inseparable. His ambition at Epworth, at Morn-



ingside, and in China, was the same — to build educational institutions of the finest quality as a foundation for an intelligent, tolerant, and sincere religion. He had no sympathy for and little patience with narrowness and insincerity. His rare criticisms of associates were based upon their manifestation of such characteristics. His intellectual attitude is illustrated by these comments made during his journeys in China: "I have just finished re-reading Eucken's *Problem of Human Life*. I am starting to-day to re-read Bergson's *Creative Evolution*." Later he added: "I finished to-day the re-reading of Bergson, a truly wonderful and epoch-making book in the realm of philosophy."

An editorial in the *Sioux City Journal*, written at the time of his death, estimated his life and work as follows: "Ceaseless energy, devotion to the tasks he set himself, sympathy for and understanding of mankind's needs, natural ability for uplift which he developed in his work, and a benevolent attitude that marked the devout and sincere Christian — these were used by Bishop Lewis in the accomplishment of his work. He gave all that he had of physical and mental strength and of ambition and inspiration to the work he set out to do. His own people at home valued his service; the Chinese found in him a loyal and devoted friend. His life was divided between America and China. In each he built schools, educational systems that will live long after him."

F. E. HAYNES



## Billy Sunday

The Detroit Tigers and the Chicago White Sox were playing neck and neck for the championship of the National League. Mike Kelly was catching and John G. Clarkson was pitching for the White Sox. Two men were out and two were on bases when Charley Bennett, catcher for the Tigers, came to bat. Clarkson threw three balls and two strikes. Then came the crucial moment of the game. All eyes were fixed on the White Sox pitcher. He swung to throw an upward curve, which he hoped would be a third strike. His foot slipped. The ball went low instead of high. Bennett swung. A terrific blow sent the ball out, out far beyond the limits of the diamond.

The right fielder turned and ran to the rear. He called for the crowd to disperse, then hurdled a bench, looked at the ball, and ran again. In a supreme effort to win the game, he made a final leap and shoved out his left hand. The ball hit his glove and stuck, but the fielder plunged headlong. Over and over he turned, then sprang to his feet still holding the ball. The crowd, wild with enthusiasm, cheered to an echo. Billy Sunday, the world's champion base runner and right fielder, had saved the day for the White Sox.

William Ashley Sunday was the son of a soldier and a patriot. Through the exigencies of war he



was denied the privilege of ever looking upon the face of his father. He was born in a log cabin near Ames, on November 19, 1862, three months after his father — William Sunday, aged 34 — had enlisted as a private in Company E, Twenty-third Iowa Volunteer Infantry. A month after the boy's birth his father died in camp at Patterson, Missouri. The mother, a devout Christian, was called upon to take up the heaviest of all burdens of patriotism — the rearing of an orphan family in a home of dire poverty and want.

For a time Mrs. Sunday, aided by her father, Squire Corey, was able to keep her little family together under the roof of the two-roomed log cabin which they called home. The time came, however, when this task became too burdensome, and the three Sunday boys, Roy, Edward, and William, became unwitting participants in another aspect of war. When Billy was twelve years old he and Edward were sent to the Soldiers' Orphanage at Glenwood. Later they were transferred to the Davenport Orphanage. Thus for two years Billy Sunday was an orphan among orphans, a recipient of State aid, yet not for a moment a public charge. For the Commonwealth of Iowa was, in a small measure, but tendering to him the consolation which may be found in the gratitude of the Republic for the preservation of which his father had died.

Sunday, commenting upon his early life in Iowa, once said: "I was bred and born (not in old Ken-



tucky, although my grandfather was a Kentuckian), but in old Iowa. I am a rube of the rubes. I am a hayseed of the hayseeds, and the malodors of the barnyard are on me yet, and it beats Pinaud and Colgate, too. I have greased my hair with goose grease and blacked my boots with stove blacking. I have wiped my old proboscis with a gunny-sack towel; I have drunk coffee out of my saucer and I have eaten with my knife; I have said 'done it', when I should have said 'did it', and I 'have saw' when I should 'have seen', and I expect to go to Heaven just the same. I have crept and crawled out from the university of poverty and hard knocks, and have taken post graduate courses."

Billy Sunday was a champion sprinter. Even as a boy he won a prize of three dollars in a foot race at a Fourth of July celebration at Ames. A few years later he could run a hundred yards from a standing start in ten seconds flat. And his speed counted on the baseball diamond. He was the first man to circle the bases in fourteen seconds.

When he left the Davenport Orphanage he was apprenticed to Senator John Scott of Nevada, Iowa, with whom he lived and did chores for his board. He attended the Nevada high school, graduating in the class of 1881. There he soon came to be a local baseball celebrity, noted for his agility and dexterity on the diamond. In 1883 in a game at Marshalltown his phenomenal base-running was observed by "Pop" Anson, famous leader of the Chicago White



Sox. A bargain was struck between Sunday and Anson, and Billy went directly to Chicago where for five years he played with the White Sox. Later he played with the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia teams. He is remembered to this day by baseball fans as one of the fastest players that the greatest of all American sports ever produced.

During the decades which have passed since Sunday left Nevada and Marshalltown he has never ceased to be the center of public interest. The story of his transformation from a baseball celebrity to the greatest evangelist of modern times is a tale of human interest. He preaches now as he played then, with all the enthusiasm and agility of an accomplished athlete.

As he hurdled a bench in the game with Detroit, so he hurdles a chair on the platform, or bounds to a table to emphasize his declaration that sin is a curse, and that "you can't shine for God on Sunday, and then be a London fog on Monday". As in the heyday of his baseball career he circled the bases in fourteen seconds, so in later years he covers the four corners of his platform with almost equal celerity. "At one moment he is at one end of his long platform and before you become used to seeing him there he is at the other, and then quicker than thought he bounds back to the center."

Mr. Sunday's entrance into the work of an evangelist was not the culmination of a definite plan on his part. It was rather the result of a happy com-



bination of circumstances. One who knew him as an athlete in the early eighties would not have suspected his becoming an evangelist a decade later. Indeed, if such a career had been suggested, he himself would have been the most surprised of all.

Social life in Chicago during the eighties was not without its pitfalls, and professional athletes were not immune from the influences of the saloon and the cabaret. Billy Sunday was no exception to the rule. Famous throughout the baseball world for his skill and sportsmanship on the diamond, he was entertained and lionized socially. He was not averse to taking a social drink, and had acquired an appetite for alcoholic beverages.

In the fall of 1887, however, Sunday had an experience which made him forever unalterably opposed to the use of alcohol, and an arch-enemy of the liquor traffic. It was Sunday afternoon. Billy and five of his illustrious baseball companions had visited a saloon on Van Buren Street and imbibed freely. Toward evening they strayed from the saloon and sat for a time on the curbstone. Strains of music were heard in the distance. A company of men and women from the Pacific Garden Rescue Mission were playing and singing gospel hymns. Sunday was impressed with the music. It brought to his mind the scenes of childhood. He recalled those trying reconstruction days when he lived in a two-room log cabin out in Iowa. His mother, "he needs must think of her once more", and of the



songs she used to sing. Then they sang one of her favorites:

When peace like a river attendeth my way  
When sorrows like sea billows roll,  
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say  
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Sunday arose from his seat on the curbstone, left his companions, followed the retreating strains of music to the Pacific Garden Mission, and resolved to lead a new life. To use a phrase made familiar by him in later years, he "hit the sawdust trail".

After Sunday was converted he continued to play professional baseball, but always with the thought that he should be devoting his time to some phase of religious work. This situation continued until the spring of 1891, when he rejected an offer of five hundred dollars a month in a baseball contract to accept less than one-sixth that amount, \$83.33 per month, as assistant secretary in the Chicago Y. M. C. A.

After three years of Y. M. C. A. work, Sunday entered professional evangelistic work in association with Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, a well-known Presbyterian evangelist. Sunday's work was not that of a preacher or a public speaker. Instead, he was advance agent and "general roustabout for the evangelist". He arranged for meetings, organized choirs, and helped local committees provide advertising. He sold song books, helped take up the col-



lection, and occasionally when necessity demanded he assumed the rôle of speaker.

Suddenly during the holidays in 1895 Sunday received a telegram from Chapman saying that he had decided to return to his pastorate at the Bethany Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and that he would discontinue his evangelistic work. Sunday was thus thrown out of a job. He had a wife and two children to support. He could not go back into baseball. He had given up his job in the Y. M. C. A. It was difficult to know what was best to do.

Even in the face of these exigencies, however, Sunday was not without hope. He believed that there was a Divinity shaping his course, and that the Lord would provide ways and means. His faith in this regard was well founded, for he soon found himself playing the rôle of an independent, full-fledged evangelist.

In referring to this incident later in life, he spoke of having lost his job, and then said. "I laid it before the Lord, and in a short while there came a telegram from a little town named Garner, out in Iowa, asking me to come out and conduct some meetings. I didn't know anybody out there, and I don't know yet why they ever asked me to hold meetings. But I went."

As a native son of Iowa, who had experienced the hardships and privations of pioneer days, as an inmate of two Iowa Soldiers' Orphanages, and as a local baseball celebrity at Nevada and Marshall-



town, Sunday cherished fond memories of the Hawkeye State. It is significant that his career as an independent evangelist, likewise, had its beginning, and indeed considerable development in Iowa.

When Billy Sunday went to Garner in 1896 he had no special aids, and had only eight sermons prepared. His equipment consisted chiefly of his personality and his zeal and enthusiasm for the work at hand. So well did he acquit himself, however, that he did not need to seek other appointments. Neighboring communities, hearing of his success, made attractive bids for his services, and his problem of unemployment was solved. During the decade which followed, he experienced a wonderful growth and development. He prepared and delivered hundreds of sermons, organized a group of workers, developed a unique and dramatic method of presentation, and won for himself an enviable reputation as a speaker and evangelist.

No city could induce him to hold meetings unless an invitation were presented, signed by the ministers of all the evangelical churches and accompanied by an agreement to coöperate in making the meetings successful. Moreover, an evangelistic association was usually formed to erect a large tabernacle in which to hold the meetings. Sunday specifically refused to guarantee that the collections would be sufficient to repay the money advanced for this purpose, but there was usually no difficulty in that.

During these early years of his evangelistic ca-



reer, Sunday visited scores of cities and towns throughout the Middle West, winning thousands of converts. In 1907 he held a series of meetings at Fairfield. His corps of helpers at that time consisted of Francis E. Miller, bible-class teacher; Fred R. Seibert, general utility man, Rev. T. E. Honeywell, associate evangelist; Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Fischer, musicians; and, most important of all, "Ma" Sunday — as Mrs. Sunday is familiarly known — financial secretary and business manager for the group. In addition to these special helpers, committees of members of all the churches were organized to act as ushers, as individual workers, and as members of the choir.

When Sunday arrived at Fairfield he visited the stores and business houses to meet the townsfolk, and made a very favorable impression on those he met. At the first meeting, however, the congregation "hardly filled the hall". But Sunday was soon able to stimulate interest by his characteristic acrobatic tactics. "Becoming over-warm, he ripped off his coat then his waistcoat and then his tie and collar." Night after night for weeks dramatic methods were used and direct appeals made for sinners to repent.

On the last night of the series Sunday chose for his text "but you say tomorrow", and made a strong appeal against procrastination. "To-night", he said, "when the last song is sung, the last prayer said and we have all passed out into the night and Fred has switched off the lights and the place is dark



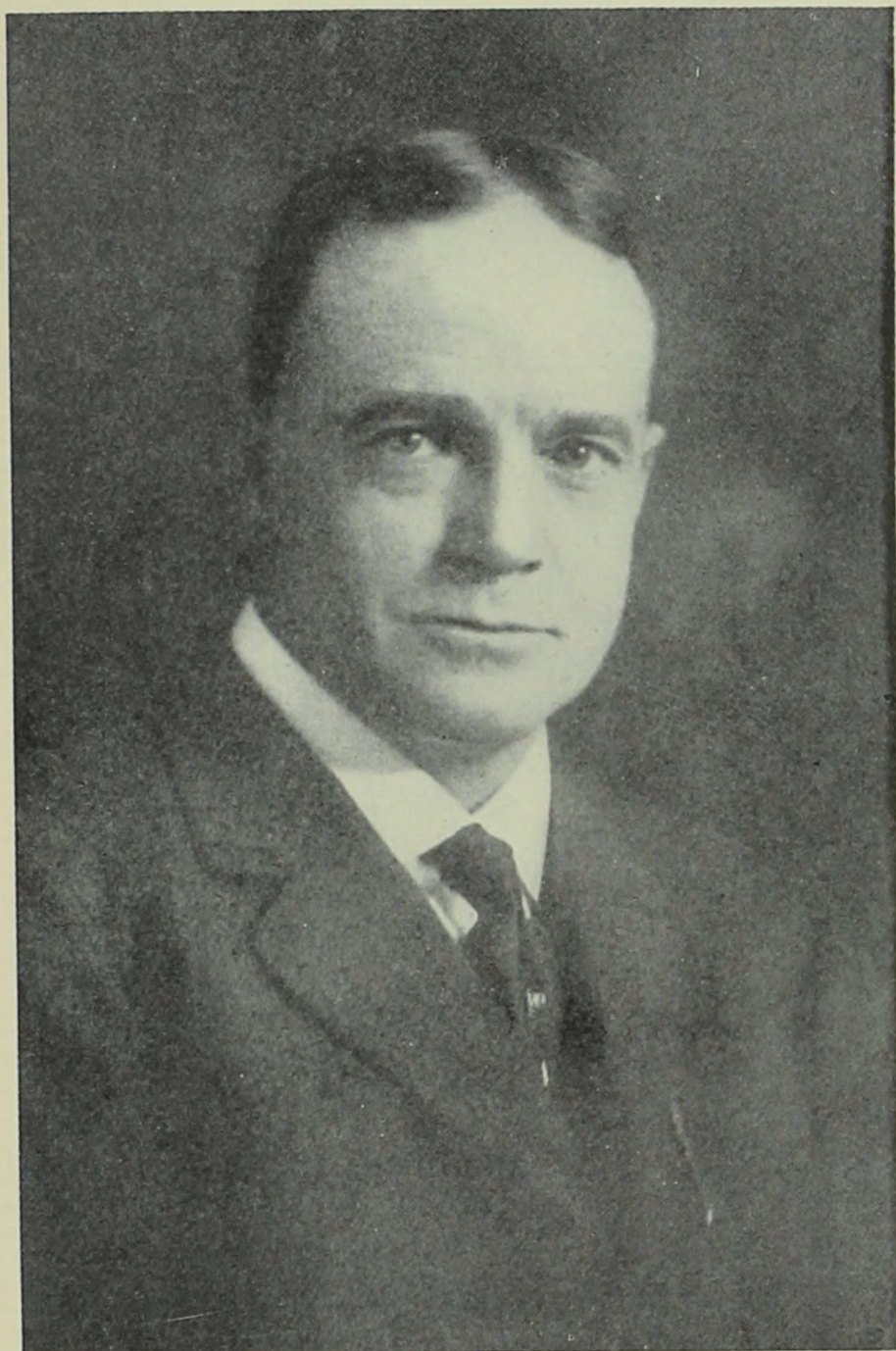
—your chance sinner will be gone. . . . My God, my friend, if the Lord would only draw back the veil which is between you and your coffin, you would leap back in horror to find it so near that you could reach out and touch it. But you say to-morrow.”

When Sunday left Fairfield he reported eleven hundred and eighteen converts. The tabernacle which he had built at a cost of thirty-two hundred dollars was paid for, and he was given an offering of more than thirty-six hundred dollars.

In 1914 he held a series of meetings in Des Moines which resulted in securing more than ten thousand converts. His success as an evangelist was at that time recognized everywhere. His meetings, however, had centered in the middle western States, and it was commonly believed that he would be less successful in conservative New England and the eastern States.

In 1915, however, he went to Philadelphia, where for seventy-eight days he preached two sermons a day to fifteen thousand people. The result was phenomenal — surpassing all former records — with more than forty-one thousand converts. In point of numbers, however, as well as in many other respects, Billy Sunday's most notable campaign was held in Boston during the winter of 1916. There the “trail-hitters” numbered 63,716, over twenty thousand more than the number of converts at Philadelphia. In eighteen eastern cities, including Pittsburgh, Columbus, and Toledo, he won a total of more than one





WILLIAM ASHLEY SUNDAY



hundred and sixty-seven thousand converts, while he and his helpers received personal contributions in excess of \$267,000.

From the time of his conversion to the present, Sunday has been a bitter foe of intemperance. Next to his interest in preaching the gospel, and, indeed, closely associated with it has been his attack on the liquor traffic, which he declares he will continue to fight "till hell freezes over". During the years prior to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment he was a most aggressive enemy of the open saloon. In Muscatine, Ottumwa, Marshalltown, Linwood, Centerville, and other Iowa towns the saloons were voted out largely as a result of his activities. In Illinois the saloons were voted out of thirteen out fifteen towns which he visited, and in West Virginia the temperance forces utilized his services in a State-wide whirlwind campaign against the saloon.

The saloon, he declares, was a coward, a robber, and a thief. "It hides itself behind stained-glass doors and opaque windows, and sneaks its customers in at a blind door, and it keeps a sentinel to guard the door from the officers of the law, and it marks its ware with false bills-of-lading, and offers to ship green goods to you and marks them with the name of some wholesome articles of food so people won't know what is being sent to you. . . . It fights under cover of darkness and assassinates the characters that it cannot damn, and it lies about you. It attacks defenseless womanhood and childhood. The



saloon is a coward. It is a thief; it is not an ordinary court offender that steals your money, but it robs you of manhood and leaves you in rags and takes away your friends, and it robs your family. It impoverishes your children and it brings insanity and suicide. It will take the shirt off your back and it will steal the coffin from a dead child and yank the last crust of bread out of the hand of the starving child; it will take the last bucket of coal out of your cellar, and the last cent out of your pocket, and will send you home bleary-eyed and staggering to your wife and children. . . . It is the dirtiest, most low-down, damnable business that ever crawled out of the pit of hell. It is a sneak, and a thief and a coward."

Unique, interesting, dramatic, Billy Sunday is recognized as a most remarkable speaker and evangelist. Enthusiastic and impressive, he wins men by the sheer force of his personality. There are, indeed, those who criticize his antics and condemn his methods, but there are few who deny that he gets results. He preaches as if he were at bat in the last inning of a championship game with the bases full and two men out. He is sometimes criticized for his grandstand plays, but in evangelistic work as in his baseball career he has always demonstrated his ability to win.

J. A. SWISHER



## The Iowa Band

Tuesday evenings were prayer meeting time for a little group of students at the Andover Theological Seminary in the spring of 1843. They had decided to meet in the library. To be sure the rules forbade lights in this building — a fire prevention measure — but no matter, “we can pray in the dark”, said one of the young men. So there in the dim room, smelling faintly of leather and dust, the little group prayed for guidance. They had heard the command, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel”, but where were they to begin?

Already the minds of some had turned to the West. Should they go to States like Ohio and Illinois, already comparatively well settled, to some slave State like Missouri, or out beyond? Finally, after a day of fasting and prayer, one of the group — Daniel Lane by name — said to a friend: “Well, I am going to Iowa: whether any one else goes or not, I am going.” One by one others of the group came to the same decision. Thus the “Iowa Band” was formed. It contained a dozen names — all college trained men, soon to complete the course at the theological seminary. Most of them were natives of New England and only one, Edwin B. Turner, of Monticello, Illinois, had lived in the West.

At this time the Territory of Iowa was not quite



five years old. It had a population of between sixty and seventy thousand, a ragged, ever-widening fringe west of the Mississippi River. Its people were vigorous, ambitious, often turbulent, adrift from their spiritual moorings. Abner Kneeland was attempting to found a colony of infidels near Farmington. Mormonism threatened to sweep across the Mississippi River. It was the season for planting.

Those already in the field were calling for assistance. Best known of these pioneers, perhaps, was Asa Turner, a Congregational home missionary, who had preached the first Congregational sermon in Iowa at Fort Madison in 1836. When he heard of the prospective recruits, Reverend Turner was skeptical. "I had so often heard", he wrote afterwards, "of ministers, boxed and marked 'for Iowa' lost on the road, that I had lost pretty much all faith in spiritual transportation companies."

But the members of the Iowa Band were in earnest. They asked all sorts of questions about Iowa — its climate, the ague, the food, the clothing, and life there in general. The change of climate from New England to Iowa, Turner said, was "about as great as going from Andover to Lowell." As to clothing, he wrote to one of the prospective ministers: "Get clothes, firm, durable, something that will go through the hazel brush without tearing. Don't be afraid of a good, hard hand, or of a tanned face." But he added at the end of one of his letters, "it's no use to answer any more questions, for



I never expect to see one of you west of the Mississippi river as long as I live."

Evidently some of the young theologians had another problem; they asked Reverend Turner about bringing a wife to Iowa, and he replied: "Get wives of the old Puritan stamp, such as honored the distaff and the loom, those who can pail a cow and churn the butter and be proud of a jean dress or a checked apron."

The Band agreed to meet at the Delavan House, Albany, New York, on the third of October, 1843. When the time came eight of the twelve were on hand — Daniel Lane, Alden B. Robbins, Harvey Adams, William Salter, Edwin B. Turner, Benjamin A. Spaulding, Ebenezer Alden, Jr., and Ephraim Adams. Two of these — Daniel Lane and Alden B. Robbins — brought their brides with them. Horace Hutchinson was delayed for a day but soon overtook the company. Erastus Ripley, who remained behind to assist at the seminary, and James J. Hill, who was detained by home duties, reached Iowa the following spring. Only W. B. Hammond failed to join the Band in Iowa, and he was prevented because of ill health.

The trip was made by rail, by lake steamer, and then by stage or covered wagon across the prairies of Illinois to the Mississippi. Early in November the Band assembled at Denmark, Iowa Territory. There were many things to decide, many things to do. Two members of the Band had been ordained in



New England. On the fifth of November, 1843, seven were ordained by the Denmark Congregational Association, organized only two days earlier. The services were held in the long, plain meeting house at Denmark. The sermon was by J. A. Reed, the ordaining prayer by Asa Turner, the charge by C. Burnham, and the right hand of fellowship by Reuben Gaylord.

A day or two before the ordination service, the Iowa Band had met in Reverend Turner's study to decide where each was to locate. After a prayer, Asa Turner and Reuben Gaylord displayed a map of Iowa, described the needs of the various places, and left the younger men to decide. This was apparently not a difficult problem. It was agreed that the two married men should have the more settled locations. Daniel Lane went to Keosauqua and A. B. Robbins to Bloomington — now Muscatine — then a "smart town" of some four hundred inhabitants. Horace Hutchinson preferred Burlington, and Harvey Adams decided upon Farmington. Benjamin A. Spaulding saw possibilities in the New Purchase, although the living was rough there. William Salter and Edwin B. Turner chose Jackson and Jones counties, Salter locating at Maquoketa and Turner at Cascade.

Two important places and two men remained. Neither having a preference, they agreed to let Reverend Turner decide. He assigned Ebenezer Alden to Solon and Ephraim Adams to Mount



Pleasant. And so on Monday, November 6, 1843, nine members of the Iowa Band scattered to their posts. Never again did all these men meet together at one place. (In the spring of 1844, James J. Hill took up his work at Garnavillo in Clayton County and Erastus Ripley located at Bentonsport, the third in Van Buren County.

One of the first problems to be decided was the question — should the newly organized churches be Congregational or Presbyterian? The men had been sent out under the auspices of the American Home Missionary Society, supported largely by the Congregational and New School Presbyterian churches in the East. They were free to establish churches of either denomination. It happened, however, that in the course of a few months all the members of the Band were preaching in churches organized under the Congregational polity.

A picture of the early experiences of these home missionaries may be painted by culling excerpts from a diary kept by Ephraim Adams while on a tour in the summer of 1844. It begins at Keosauqua. "*July 16, 1844.* — Here are Brother Lane and wife in their little home with two rooms. They have a chair or two now, and a table; but they say they set up housekeeping without either, using, instead, old boxes. They have a church of a few members, a village of promise, and the people are kind. . . . The church is organized as Presbyterian; but its members are not all of that way of thinking.



Brother Lane is coming to be very decided that Congregationalism is the true Bible way; is really quite conscientious about it. A majority are with him in opinion. How things will turn out, I can't tell."

In the diary for July twenty-third he wrote: "This day's ride on my faithful pony, for I've forgotten to say that I now own one — price forty-five dollars — has brought me to Tipton, county-seat of Cedar County. Here found Brother Alden. He has a study, a little ground room right on the street, in a 'lean-to' of a store, over which lives the family. Horses stand around, these hot days, kicking the flies; and when he is out the pigs run in, unless he is careful to shut the door. Poor place, I should think, for writing sermons. Partition so thin that all the store talk, especially when the doors are open, is plainly heard.

"It being Tuesday evening, we of course wished to remember the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting, but wanted a more private place for it: so went out in search of one. Came to a two-story log building, used for jail which happened to be empty, with the doors open. Went up by an outside stairway to the upper room, and there, with the moon sailing over the prairies, had our meeting; prayed for each other, for the brethren, for Iowa, for home. Not exactly like the old Andover meetings in the library, but something like them."

Four days later he was at Dubuque, of which he made the following record: "Am up now as far as



Dubuque. Here is where really the first white man crossed the river to dwell. . . . The place takes his name; and the whole region is honeycombed with miner's diggings. . . . Some say that if all the labor expended in digging for lead had been expended on the surface of the ground, about six inches deep, the people generally would be better off. . . . Brother Holbrook preaches here, and has, I am told, great influence. He is away now at the East to get funds towards repairing the church. It needs it; for it is a stone building with bare, unplastered walls inside. Yet it is the only house of worship built expressly for this object that we have in the Territory."

To tell the story of each of these eleven men and their work during the years which followed would fill many pages. A few glimpses must suffice. Horace Hutchinson died of tuberculosis at Burlington, his first pastorate, in the spring of 1846, at the age of twenty-nine. His place was taken by William Salter, who died there on August 15, 1910 — the last surviving member of the Band.

During the years between, the members of the Band labored, preached, and died. B. A. Spaulding was another victim of tuberculosis, dying at Ottumwa in 1867 at the age of fifty-two. Ephraim Adams preached a year at Mount Pleasant, spent twelve years at Davenport, another fifteen years at Decorah, six more at Eldora, and then retired, dying at Waterloo in 1907 at the age of eighty-nine — the



oldest of the Band. He was one of the founders of Iowa College and a life long member of its board of trustees. James J. Hill is said to have founded seven churches. He died at Fayette in 1870.

Alden B. Robbins went to Muscatine when he came to Iowa in 1843 and remained there until his death on December 27, 1896, although he resigned his pastorate in 1891. Robbins, a graduate of Amherst College, was described as having clear blue eyes, a Roman nose, and wavy hair which turned white at forty. His compensation from the church varied from \$150 a year in 1845 and \$500 in 1849 to \$1200 in 1857 and \$1800 in 1868, the highest salary he received. Like the other members of the Band, Robbins was a staunch supporter of temperance and a pronounced anti-slavery leader. Indeed, his church was known as the "Uncle Tom's Cabin Church".

All sorts of problems came before these frontier churches — some trivial, others of national importance. In 1856, for example, the Muscatine church tried one of its members who was charged with running a ferry on the Sabbath. Due to his confession and repentance he was let off with "suspension from the privileges of church fellowship for one week." How great was this punishment is not clear, but settlers waiting to cross into Iowa probably regretted the congregation's action.

In addition to his regular pastoral work, William Salter, one of the best loved and most influential



members of the Band, found time to write a number of books and articles, and many of his sermons were printed. Among the best known of his more than forty publications are his *Life of James W. Grimes*; *Sixty Years and Other Discourses*; and *Iowa, the First Free State in the Louisiana Purchase*.

It was not without significance, perhaps, that the prayer meetings which led to the coming of the Iowa Band were held in a library. To all these men religion and education went hand in hand. "If each one of us can only plant one good permanent church, and all together build a college, what a work that would be!" said a member of the Band as they planned their work in the West. When they reached Iowa they found that their second goal was already being discussed. The first meeting of those interested was held at Denmark, on March 12, 1844. It was agreed that a committee should be appointed to select a site, where a suitable tract of land could be secured. Later the surplus was to be sold to add to the endowment of the institution. At the second meeting, held a month later, the Iowa College Association was formed and Reverend Asa Turner was sent east to secure funds. The delegates, all poor men, pledged their own scanty funds for his expenses. But the eastern philanthropists were not willing to put their money into a "paper college", and the agent returned empty-handed.

In spite of this disappointment, the Iowa College Association went ahead. By 1846 they had agreed



that the college should be located at Davenport. At one of the meetings of the Association about this time, James J. Hill laid a silver dollar on the table and said, "I give one dollar for the founding of a Christian College in Iowa. Appoint your trustees to care for that dollar." Other members of the Association added their contributions. Soon afterward Iowa College was incorporated and a board of trustees selected. One-third of this board of fifteen members were from the Iowa Band — Daniel Lane, Harvey Adams, A. B. Robbins, Ebenezer Alden, and Ephraim Adams.

The Association planned to "erect a building, which shall be a permanent college building in good taste, and which, when enclosed, shall not exceed in cost the sum of two thousand dollars." As might be expected — considering this reservation — the first building was small, only thirty-six by fifty-five feet.

In November, 1848, Iowa College opened its doors. Reverend Erastus Ripley was professor of languages, at a salary of five hundred dollars a year. The first ten years were lean and full of tribulations. The first site was broken up by the projection of one of the city streets and a second site suffered the same fate. One of the officials proved unfaithful. It was felt that the atmosphere of the river towns was not favorable for a Christian college. Moreover, the population was moving westward. The trustees considered all these factors and decided to



move the college inland if a more suitable location could be found.

West of Davenport was the town of Grinnell, like old Denmark a center of New England ideals. It was the seat of Grinnell University, another struggling little college with high purpose and limited resources. Consolidation was not unknown even then, and in 1859 the trustees agreed to combine the two institutions at Grinnell. The fruit of this consolidation is Grinnell College.

The story of the Iowa Band would be incomplete without some tribute to the wives, cultured and devout women, upon whom the burden of this pioneer preaching fell fully as heavily as on the men. It was for them to make a home, where the amenities of life were preserved, in a one or two-room cabin, the furniture made chiefly of rough boxes; to rear families of their own; to gather the roaming children into the Sunday school; to encourage church attendance; to comfort those in sorrow; to help the sick and needy.

It was one of the wives who, in preparation for the meeting of the Association in her town, borrowed a farm wagon, drove out into the country to find straw to fill the ticks which were placed in bedroom, parlor, and entry to accommodate guests from away. It was this same young woman — she died at the age of twenty-eight — who said in connection with her gift to Iowa College, "Somebody must be built into these foundations."



It is in part due to these deeply religious, educated, cultured, courageous men and women that the Iowa of to-day belongs in the "Bible belt" and is at the same time the Commonwealth with the lowest per cent of illiteracy in the United States. "Where there is no vision, the people perish". The Iowa Band had vision.

RUTH A. GALLAHER



## Comment by the Editor

### THE FAITH AND THE LIGHT

The first step in transforming the cluster of settlers into a community was Father Blew's invitation to "meeting" at his cabin on Sunday. Many came and got better acquainted. During the summer the invitation was often repeated and always accepted. So the custom was established. Not that Father Blew was a minister ordained, but the charm of his personality won the friendship of the people and the sincerity, tolerance, and simple faith of his sermons expressed the spirit and aspiration of the pioneers. Any fine Sunday afternoon would bring the neighbors across the prairie on horseback and in wagons until the house and yard were filled to overflowing.

At one such gathering early in the autumn, Father Blew observed that the children of the settlement were as numerous as "prairie chickens in a buckwheat patch", and almost as wild. They were growing up in ignorance. A school should be started at once. In that opinion every man in the community acquiesced and the enterprise was planned. By sunset on the following Saturday, a spacious log schoolhouse adorned the most convenient hilltop.

Thus closely were religion and the means of education associated on the frontier when the settlers



were community conscious and the highways between cabins were hoof-beaten paths over the prairie, hard-surfaced with sod. To lonely homestead and isolated settlement came the Catholic priest and the itinerant preacher, the Methodist circuit rider and the band of cultured theologians. They all brought spiritual comfort and all were zealous in the cause of salvation. Ever with their religious teaching they encouraged education. First, neighborly meetings for communion with God were held, and next was the passion for knowledge appeased. Church and school came hand in hand, jubilantly.

J. E. B.



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