

Twenty-fifth Anniversary
of Dr. A. L. Frisbie's Pastorate over
Plymouth Church.

October 2nd, 1896, Twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate of Dr. A. L. Frisbie over Plymouth Church, Des Moines, Iowa.

Col. G. L. Godfrey, Chairman:

We will be led in prayer by the Rev. J. M. Chamberlain.

Rev. J. M. Chamberlain:

Oh, God of our Fathers, and Our Father who art in heaven, we hallow thy name at this time. We wait on Thee with thanksgiving and with praise for Thou hast said when Thy people build a house to Thy praise and when they dedicate it to Thee, and when they turn their faces toward Thee, and toward Thy House, Thou wilt see and hear graciously. So we come to verify and testify concerning Thy promises in this church dedicated to Thee; we come as those who have consecrated themselves to Thy service, to wait on Thee in expectation, in hope and in assurance. We come to bear testimony that we have proved Thee, and Thou hast shown Thyself gracious and ever ready to answer. And so Thou hast comforted Thy children in this place, in this church. The little handful that years ago---many years ago---banded together to lift up their hearts unitedly unto Thee, that Thou wouldst plant a vine here and water it with Thy refreshing grace until it should fill a large place, Thou hast verified their expectations. We thank Thee for the labors that were bestowed in the early days on

thy servant, because it was his privilege in former days, in the days of small things to contribute his life and services for a term of years to the building of this, Thy vine. We thank Thee that others have builded, and others have laid upon the foundations that were already laid. We thank Thee that they have laid so well, so firmly, so beautifully, so that there is such a glorious fruitage to-day. We give Thee thanks that Thy servant has been permitted, lo these many years, to minister in this place and to pour out his soul before Thee and in the public assembly in supplication, in entreaty and in comfort to those who are in his ministry, that many would be gathered in that would covenant to do Thy will and walk in sympathy with Thy divine purposes. We thank Thee that Thou didst send him to this far off church from his far off home and that he has found it so delightful among this people. We thank Thee that Thou didst make it so delightful among this people to be under his ministry and to take his counsel into their hearts and that so many this day, this evening in this sanctuary bear testimony that he has led them into this chief corner stone Christ Jesus our Lord. We thank Thee for the comfort of his own heart in these things and now wait for Thy blessing. Lord Thou hast not done enough for this vine; we do ask Thee to prune and enrich it with the dews of Thy grace more and more abundantly and those who

have borne testimony and united with it, Lord they are incomplete before Thee. They are not Thy finished work. From the oldest to the youngest they are yet learners. Teach them Thy will. We know in these latter days how much there is in the gospel of the Christ of God; how much there is in that gospel that every soul needs. We pray O Lord that Thou wilt grant Thy gracious spirit to be upon this pastor and upon this people still more richly. Bless this service in which we are engaged this evening. May it all be to Thy honor; may it all have Thy blessing and grace, and whether we sing or pray or speak, O Lord, be with us and bless us. Forgive us our sins and our inefficiency in the use of Thy gifts and above all things we pray that Thou wilt baptize us by Thy spirit here and now, for Christ's sake, Amen.

Mr. Chairman:

We have a short programme and several speeches but I have been notified by the committee that each speaker will be limited to ten minutes. The first speaker on the programme was not consulted by the committee in fixing a limit.

Four years ago I was out on the Pacific road riding along when I noticed a fellow passenger reading a book which he read until towards

night. When he got through with the book he laid it down and wiped his eyes. I picked the book up and looked at it, and found it was by a railroad man from Iowa, and I told him that I knew that man, and he replied, "It is a beautifully written book, but evidently the man who wrote it did not know anything about railroading". We will now hear from the man who wrote the book, Mr. George H. Lewis.

George H. Lewis:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow members of Plymouth Church and friends from other churches:

It is an honor and privilege which I greatly prize, to be permitted to express the feeling of Plymouth Church to our loved and honored pastor. I could wish the duty were entrusted to one more fit to voice in eloquent words, the tenderness and depth of the affection which we as a church and as individuals, feel toward him who has been our spiritual leader and our personal friend for twenty-five years.

It has been my privilege to be connected with Plymouth Church for some months longer than has Dr. Frisbie, although he was called to the church before I came. All the older members will recall the eager anticipations with which the coming of our pastor-elect was awaited. The church had been without a pastor for more than a year, and some unfortunate differences had arisen to mar its harmony. The

coming of the new pastor was looked for with hope. Hope, that by the blessing of God and the exercise of tact and discretion, harmony in the church would be promoted, and new strength and inspiration given to its work. But would he be able to meet the exigency? What if he should fail? The hearts of all who loved Plymouth Church, were filled with mingled hope and anxiety for its future.

At the appointed time Mr. Frisbie came, a comparatively young man bringing a charming wife with him. His cordial and friendly ways, and uniform courtesy soon won all hearts, while his pulpit ministrations, most acceptable in manner, and helpful in upbuilding christian character, manifested the greatest tact and discretion.

Soon the hearts of all true lovers of the Church swelled with joy and hope, as old differences, one by one, were dropped, and the union of the church in christian fellowship visibly increased. If nothing else had been accomplished by our pastor, than welding together the discordant elements, and directing them into effective channels of christian service, he would have deserved well of the church. But for twenty-five years he has gone in and out before us and the community, ever holding forth the word of life, and like the preacher of whom Goldsmith wrote, he has "allured to brighter worlds and led the way".

Summary
Soon after Dr. Frisbie settled among us, he was called to pass through the deep waters of affliction. He suffered the greatest loss and sorrow which can befall a man, in the death of his dearly loved and cherished wife---a grief which those only can understand, who have experienced it. The hearts of all the church were drawn to our pastor in sympathy and affection, in his great grief, and it was felt ever after, that he could enter more truly into the sorrows and griefs of his people, because of the bitter cup which had been pressed to his own lips.

In his pulpit ministrations Dr. Frisbie has endeared himself to all, by his earnestness, sincerity, and honesty. Eschewing all sensationalism, and religious pyrotechnics and all mere theological metaphysics, he has preached the gospel of the living Christ and a present salvation from evil and sin, instead of the dead dogmas and an escape from punishment after life has ended. His ministry has not been characterized by tremendous moral upheavals, followed, as is generally the case, by seasons of spiritual depression and barrenness, but has been like the falling of the early and the latter rain, with its blessed promise of fruitfulness.

As a result, there has been all these years, a strong and steady Christian life in the church, strengthening and blessing those al-

ready members, and attracting constant and numerous accessions of those who were drawn to the better life. While increase of the membership of a church is only one of many tests of the usefulness of a pastor, it is an important criterion. But measured by this test, our pastor will have no cause for regret. Let me very briefly recall some of the results of Dr. Frisbie's ministry from this point of view.

I wonder if anyone here can tell how many active members Plymouth Church had enrolled on its list, when Dr. Frisbie became its pastor. So far as I am able to learn after a careful examination of the church records, only one hundred and sixty-nine persons were then active members. There were many others who were members of the society and were warmly interested in the prosperity of the church, but the church members did not exceed one hundred and sixty-nine. Beginning with this small nucleus, in the twenty-five years of Mr. Frisbie's ministry, the additions to the church, number in all eleven hundred and six persons. Of these, four hundred and fifty-four have pledged their lives to the service of their dear Lord and Master in a public confession of their faith.

Think what this means, my friends. Four hundred and fifty-four souls turned from evil to good, from the service of Satan to be co-

workers with Christ. In the hearts of nearly five hundred persons eternal life has begun here below, to cease only when the eternity of God himself shall end. Surely the blessing of God has rested on our pastor and our church, to give to his ministry so rich a reward and such abundant fruitage.

But Dr. Frisbie's pulpit service has been only a small part of his labors for the church. He has been active in every good cause, for the advancement of religion or the benefit of the community. He has rejoiced with us in our joys, and sympathized deeply and tenderly in our sorrows. He has invoked the blessing of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost upon our children in the rite of baptism. He has received them to the fellowship of the church with warm words of encouragement and hope. He has united our young men and maidens in the sacred bond of marriage, and has besought the Divine favor to rest on the new relations thus assumed. And above all he has comforted our hearts when torn with grief by the loss of dear ones, and he has in tenderest tones of sympathy and affection, read of the Resurrection and the Life and the blessed hopes of the hereafter. How much of this most helpful work of consolation for the sorrowing, Dr. Frisbie has performed, cannot be told, nor would mere numbers adequately express the worth of this service. Permit me to give a single illus-

tration, of the original one hundred and sixty-nine members of Plymouth church, only forty-four are now living and only thirty-seven are still connected with the church. One hundred and twenty-five have bidden farewell to all things temporal, and their bodies have been laid to rest in their eternal sleep. "But their souls, their bodies' tenants, have hence ascended, whither neither Time, Nor Hope, but only Love can climb".

Over the lifeless forms of far the larger number of these, Dr. Frisbie has performed the last sad rites, adding to the comforting words of scripture, most fit and tender words of appreciation for the dead, and hope for the living. But members of our church have been only a small part of those for whom he has been called upon thus to officiate. It is the province of others to speak of his earnest labors for the cause of Home Missions in the State for our sister churches and for the community, which has been untiring and most useful.

For more than twenty-three years a noble and gracious woman has been his companion and helper, rounding out his masculine labors with feminine grace and charm, and giving to his work a completion which no man unaided by the winsomeness of womanly character could attain.

I remember as a young man, hearing a striking sermon by the old

pastor of a New England church, in which he explained the adoration paid to the virgin Mary, called by that church the "Mother of God", on the ground of the reverence and devotion which exists in every right mind and heart toward womanhood, and especially motherhood, and this consequent yearning for its representation in Divinity. Then with remarkable power he argued that the error of that church was in not understanding that our Lord Jesus Christ united in himself the dual mental and spiritual natures of man and woman, the strength and power which we call masculine and the gentleness and tenderness which are more distinctively feminine, so becoming the one complete and perfect human being.

Whether this idea is rather fanciful than sound, I know not, but sure it is, that Christlikeness is better exemplified by the twain, who by the mystic tie of marriage, are made one in our pastorate, than would be possible for one alone. This is a time for mutual congratulation and felicitation. We, the members of Plymouth Church congratulate ourselves that our loved church is so strong in numbers and in spiritual life. We congratulate you, our dear pastor upon the completion of twenty-five years of faithful service for the church and its members and congratulate you that you have been enabled to accomplish so much for the church and for the cause of Christ in this

community and in the state.

Dear Dr. Frisbie, we love you for what you are in character and life. We love you because of tenderest memories of your services for the living and the dead.

We love you for what you have done for Plymouth Church and the cause of Christ and we love you for the glorious hopes of immortality which you have awakened in so many and strengthened in all.

And I am sure every member of Plymouth Church will unite with me in the firmest wish that you may long be spared to us and that the blessing of God may rest on you and yours forever.

Col. Godfrey:

The next speaker of the programme under consideration has for his subject "Congregational Des Moines and Plymouth's Pastor". The pastor of the little church up here in North Des Moines said to the committee, "I suppose you think Plymouth is about all there is of the Congregational church in Des Moines. Just let me get a lick at them and I will tell you what I think about them". I said, "Go on".
Rev. St. John.

Rev. B. St. John:

Mr. Chairman,---One might imagine from the large stories you are telling to-night in introducing the speakers, Colonel,

you are a constant reader of the "Ever truthful".

I am commissioned to bring the greetings of Congregational Des Moines to Plymouth's pastor, and I am sure that no more delightful task could be laid upon anyone than that. When I speak of the pastor naturally you think of the pasture and when you think of the pasture you think of the flock that feeds in the pasture, and then by the association of ideas your mind may come to the real meaning of congregationalism. You know it comes from "congregate"---or the gathering together of the flock---so that we feel very sure we are standing on scriptural ground when we speak of ourselves as Congregationalists. We are simply those who are gathered by flocks under the care of the undershepherd, and all of us under the care of the Great Shepherd of the sheep. We think naturally of the "Shepherd song", and of him who "Led Israel like a flock", and of the "Great Shepherd of the sheep", who goes in and out before us all to bring us into the richest pasturage, and to keep us safely in the fold.

But I suspect, Dr. Frisbie, that twenty-five years ago, when you came to Des Moines, then a thriving town, as you looked over the hills and walked through the valleys, possibly it may have seemed to you that a good deal of the ground now appropriated by the city was better fitted for the pasturage of sheep than for the pasturage of men, and

that your shepherding would be somewhat difficult under such circumstances. And yet you gave yourself to the task of shepherding men, and you have since then seen the town grow into the great city and the one flock grow into many more than one. And yet it was seven years, I believe, that you labored here as a shepherd of a little flock of one hundred and sixty-nine members---seven years before, over yonder on the hills of Sevastopol, a little company of Welshmen who had brought their independence and thrift and love of religious liberty with them, banded themselves together as a Congregational church. And I suspect that you could tell us a great deal more than I can about what a time you have had all these years over that little flock. Then five years or more of shepherding passed by, and some of your members, I suppose, strayed over beyond the river to live, and by and by they began to think of a little flock over there, and those who had the Pilgrim faith called themselves by the name of "Pilgrim", and another flock was formed which went wandering about a good many years without a permanent fold or permanent shepherd, but is now established on the hills of East Des Moines, and we know something of the help and encouragement you have extended towards this fold.

Then a few years afterwards your thoughts began to turn toward the North hills of the city and as you saw the "lambs" of the flocks,

and possibly the "kids" of the goats skipping about on the hills, it occurred to you that there ought to be a fold there and so with the help of Plymouth Church you set about building a fold and gathering in the "lambs" and the "kids" of the goats, first in a Sunday School, then in a church, until they chose a pastor of their own, struggled on to self support, and have gone on their way rejoicing, for lo, these twelve years. For I congratulate myself, sir, that within three months time I have been half as long the pastor of North Park church as you have of Plymouth.

Then other years of pasturing and shepherding followed before the building of a fold among our German brethren over on the East Side and they were gathered into a little flock under the pastoral watch and care of Brother Henn, and those of us who have known him best, know how faithfully he has "scratched" for his flock. He has been true to his name. And though he has so "fowl" a name, he has been all these years a faithful pastor over the little flock, not of chickens but of sheep. Then three years more went by, and out yonder on the South-west hills another little flock was brought together, and it was called "Park Avenue Church". We are not saying much about it just now, but it is out there, and one of these days we expect you will hear of the flock there being folded and shepherded. And finally

out here in Valley Junction a part of it in the City of Des Moines, and a part outside, was gathered last year another which promises to grow one day into a strong and vigorous church flock. And so we are congratulating ourselves, and you, Dr. Frisbie, that in these twenty-five years you have lived to see one flock of one hundred and sixty-nine grow into seven flocks. Some of them not very great, but two of them at least, greater than the one over which you began your shepherd's care, twenty-five years ago. It is an achievement not often attained in these days, and in this Western land that one man should have the watchful care over the progress of the Kingdom in one place, to see one fold grow into seven, and one little flock of one hundred and sixty-nine expand into seven flocks of over eleven hundred sheep.

This is true in a double sense, for we have been told this evening that over eleven hundred members have been connected with Plymouth Church during these twenty-five years, while to-day the united membership of the seven churches is a little more than eleven hundred.

And so I bring to you our congratulations. We believe that in all these years you have been a faithful chief undershepherd, and you have not only brought to this flock and to this fold, food in abundance and led them out into the "green pastures" and by the side

of the "still waters", but you have led us all under the direction and care of the Great Shepherd, to where we have found rest, refreshment, and food, and therefor we have all had growth. May God bless you and add yet many years to your labors, and many sheep to your fold.

Col. Godfrey:

The next on the programme is the greeting from "Plymouth Sisters", had by Mrs. H. C. Windsor.

Mrs. H. C. Windsor:

It has been said that "Friends are the sunshine of life", and it seems to-night that your life must be all aglow with sunshine.

We are also told that "A friend is the gift of God", then, dear pastor, in this vast audience behold God's gift to you.

Eloquence will flow from the lips of many of the gentlemen present in a vain endeavor to measure the respect, the honor, the esteem which is here represented. But it is only a part of this audience for which I have the honor to speak.

We have heard that

"When Eve brought woe to all mankind

Old Adam called her wo-man;

But when she wooed with love so kind,

He then pronounced her woo-man.

But now, with folly and with pride,

Their husband's pockets trimming,

The women are so full of whims

That men pronounce them wimmen.

It is for this part of Plymouth Congregational Church that I stand here as a representative to-night. WE are the sisterhood. Twenty-five years this noble, devoted, self sacrificing sisterhood has stood beside Dr. Frisbie to stay his hands, to cheer his heart, to lighten his labors, and to aid him in the work of our Master. His memory passes down through this long list of sisters in the membership of this church in the past and present, and recalls without word of mine many incidents of joy or sorrow with which their names are interwoven.

Some have come from the Sabbath School and brought their fresh young lives into this service with his blessings upon their heads; some have come from the Junior or Senior Endeavor societies and brought their bright hopes, and others have come in their mature years or old age with their best energies and thoughts. In the Master's name he has received them.

The fears, anxieties and dissappointments which our lives have

been to him as "shepherd of the flock" are not recorded here, and many we trust, are dimmed in his memory by the lustre of the better things which stand beside them.

He has baptized our children, solemnized the marriage vows of our sons and daughters, stood beside us in the darkness deeper than night while we laid our loved ones to rest, and pointed us to the land where day is eternal and sorrows never come.

He will recall many noble women of varied ages, whose names were on this long list of membership, whose spirits have entered into the living peace, and whose names also are enshrined in the hearts of many before us to-night.

Some of this sisterhood can recall his sorrows, and we know that he too has been comforted because "Jesus wept", and looked into his desolate heart and home with compassion.

Twenty-five years. How much of labor, of love, of care, of sorrow and we trust of pleasure and reward also, this period covers, both to him and to us.

A flood of pleasant memories and kindly teachings sweeps over us. We know, for he has taught us, that we should live more nearly as we pray, that we should strive to do nobler work, to make the little circle in which we live better and happier, and let our influence go

out into the whole world, that we should bring our highest motives to the smallest duties, help to lift others' burdens, conquer self, choose well the things of life, attempt great things for God, do good deeds toward our fellowmen, improve our opportunities, and prepare for the future, and that all this will make our service seem divine, and brighten our lives with a hope eternal. God grant that we shall heed his counsels.

We rejoice in many pleasant memories with which this quarter century is filled. There was the day of beginnings, of smaller things, when our city, our church, our homes had more of a primitive character than now, and then followed the scheming, planning, and toiling to build up the larger things, even that which we behold and enjoy to-day.

Surely in this the sisters of Plymouth Church took a large part, for if women can not scheme and plan, who can? They could not lay the bricks, or drive the nails which this structure contains, but they could toil and economize and sacrifice in the home, and enable the husband, father, and son to give in greater proportion, and when these materials had assumed the shape and form of a church edifice they could bring order out of chaos inside, and with some tears and many sighs, and much hard work, many headaches and backaches, the usual accompaniments of socials, bazaars, sewing circles and the like, they

did provide its organ, its carpets and furnishings, later caused new balconies to be added, that it might accomodate the ever increasing membership and congregation, and still later the soiled walls of its parlors to be cleaned, the entire house to be recarpeted and all that which had become old to be made new. They have furnished feasts "for the inner man", and added the charm of music, recitation, and literary efforts for the "feast of reason". They have lent their presence in the prayer meetings, and joined in the worship there, not only in song, but in prayer and testimony, and have rendered valuable assistance in the Sabbath School, Endeavor Societies and other church work.

We, the sisterhood, rejoice in the children from your home, dear pastor, whose bright lives and enobling influences have intermingled with those of our own homes. We rejoice, beyond all that we can convey here, in the companion of your heart and home, dear Mrs. Frisbie, for is she not our Mrs. Frisbie too? Surely she has shared our cares, our labors, our joys and sorrows, toiled side by side with us with heart and hand and brain to help make Plymouth Church what it is to-day. She, like yourself, has done much to build up the intellectual and spiritual life of Des Moines.

Then, in conclusion, in behalf of the sisters of Plymouth Church let me lay this tribute at the threshold of your home for you all, and

express our hearts best sentiment by the little poem from Daniel Webster's pen, entitled

The Memory of the Heart.

"If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts, what'er we knowledge call,
There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write.
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still".

Col. Godfrey:

For the next number on the programme, one of our young men was selected, because next to our assistant pastor he is

said to be the best foot ball player in the church,---Mr. Chas. Lynde.

Mr. Chas. Lynde:

I hope that what Col. Godfrey has said will not prove to be a mistake to-morrow, for I have an effort to make in that line and am not so sure but that it will be more agreeable than the task set before me now.

Your committee debated quite a while after they had assigned me a place on this programme as to what should be my subject, but they have finally asked me to represent the younger element of the church and to bring the greetings of the young people to him who has been pastor of this church for a greater number of years than have been those in the lives of the most of the bright boys and girls, young men and women, for when I speak to-night, I accept this duty the more cheerfully because of my own connection with Plymouth Church. Entering its circle when a boy of eight or ten as a member of a Sunday School class taught by a dear woman whom I have always loved for the lessons she impressed upon me then, I passed naturally into the Christian Endeavor and then into church fellowship and I am glad to bear testimony to-night to the helpful influence of Plymouth Church and Dr. Frisbie in my own life.

Again I rejoice to be the bearer of this message because I know

how heartily any greeting I may bring will be echoed by the young people. Not one but many have spoken to me of their love for our pastor. No face is more familiar and no voice is more welcome in our Christian Endeavor meetings than his. Some who have felt while here that they might perhaps like some other church and some other minister better, have found out when away from home that Plymouth Church and its pastor were as good as the best.

There is, in Iowa College, a professor whose hair is snowy white, yet whose step is elastic and eye bright. No young person can come in contact with this man without feeling that he has found in him a friend whose years are no bar to youthful sympathy. A few years ago, when the Junior class published an annual, as is their custom, they expressed their love and respect for Prof. L. F. Parker by dedicating their volume to him as, "The youngest old man on the faculty". Something of this same spirit in our pastor has caused us to love him as a friend as well as to value him as a counselor and guide.

The children of the church are more numerous to-day and more thoroughly organized than they were, I suspect, twenty-five years ago. Thus, I suppose, I may represent five separate organizations, the Sunday School, including within its membership, most of those in the other four, and many more besides, the Senior Society of Christian

Endeavor with one hundred and thirty members, the Juniors eighty strong and always active, the Plymouth Rock Missionary Society, and the Plymouth Circle of King's Daughters. In behalf of all these, and all of the other young people of the church, I extend to you, Dr. Frisbie, our hearty congratulations on this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your pastorate of Plymouth Church and voice the prayer that God may spare your life and strength to continue with us for many years more as you have in the past, pastor and friend of the young people, in Plymouth Church.

Col. Godfrey:

T. O. Douglass, Secretary of the Home Missionary Society will now address us.

Mr. T. O. Douglass:

My theme, according to the program, is "Congregational Iowa to Plymouth's pastor". But I don't know how in the world I can put in ten minutes on so small a subject, so I take the larger theme, sent me by the committee, viz:

Congregational Iowa.

Congregational Iowa now numbers three hundred and twenty-nine churches and thirty-three thousand members.

Since Dr. Frisbie came to Iowa the number of the churches has nearly doubled and the membership has increased nearly three fold. I do not know just how much Dr. Frisbie's residence in the state has had to do with this remarkable increase, but I am sure we all wish he had come to the state earlier than he did.

Plymouth is our strongest church; Grinnell is larger, but by virtue of its position, wealth, benevolence, and the ability of its pastor, undoubtedly Plymouth stands first.

Now as an antidote to this taffy, which is not taffy at all but simple fact, I am disposed to remind you that, in some ways, Plymouth is Congregational Iowa's debtor. Not all of Plymouth was manufactured on the ground. Some of the forces here gathered were not generated here. Again and again I hear the complaint, "We have lost some of our best members; gone down to Des Moines".

But I am here to-night, as in some sense a representative of Congregational Iowa, especially to acknowledge our indebtedness to Plymouth. Plymouth comes into sympathetic and helpful touch with the other churches of the state in various ways, of course, but chiefly through the Iowa Congregational Home Missionary Society. The headquarters of this society is in Plymouth study. The Executive Committees have met here nearly every first Monday of the month for four-

teen and a half years. Our treasury is here. Our treasurer, and his assistant, the best there is or can be are your members. The treasurer and associational secretary of our W. H. M. V. are Plymouth women. Beside the pecuniary aid you have given directly to North Park, Pilgrim, Moriah, Berwick, Baxter, Bondurant, Runnells, Valley Junction, etc., etc., you have put into the treasury of the I. C. H. M. S. for the benefit of the weaker churches of the state \$11629.50. These are suggestions of our indebtedness to Plymouth which we are glad to acknowledge.

But I am here to-night still more particularly to acknowledge our indebtedness to Plymouth's pastor. Extravagant statements would be offensive and impardonable here, because so needless. All of our pastors of course, are bishops, but by virtue of his position, standing, character and ability, Dr. Frisbie, by common consent, heads the list. His influence in the state is unquestionably beyond that of any other minister of our denomination or any denomination as for that matter. We all look up to him and lean upon him. He is rather a slight man to stand the pressure of all our leaning but as "Mind's the measure of the man", and will force, which in this case is somewhat continental, and sympathies, which in this case are deep and broad and tender as a little child's, this is not a slight man but a

tower of strength against which we can lean. The humbler brother soon feels at home with him. With the charity which thinketh no evil, and is kind, and never faileth, he covers everypastor and every church. Some of us think that once in a while his charity makes him a wee bit blind. If Dr. Frisbie had his way he would give every minister a \$1000. salary and a one hundred acre farm to boot.

He has been on our Executive Committee from the beginning. Several times he has tried to step out but we could not spare him. He has plead his duty to Plymouth but still we could not let him go. In the Committee, as in councils, and associational gatherings, local and state, his opinions always have great weight, and a statement of them has often ended all debates.

The term "Congregational Iowa", representing our Congregational interests and forces in the state, and the name given to our state paper, originated with Dr. Frisbie, and Congregational Iowa stands next to Plymouth in his affections. Every interest of our churches he takes into his heart and so far as he is able to do, upon his shoulders. It is with great pleasure that in the name of Congregational Iowa I acknowledge our indebtedness to Dr. Frisbie, and here give thanks and greeting, and a hearty God speed to Plymouth Church and pastor.

Col. Godfrey:

Next on the programme was Dr. Gates of Grinnell who was compelled to go elsewhere, and is not with us to-night but we have a letter which the assistant, Mr. Metcalf, will read.

Mr. Metcalf:

Grinnell, Iowa, September 29, 1896.

Mr. J. E. Clarey,

My Dear Sir,---I very much regret that another engagement prevents my accepting your invitation to say a few words on the occasion of Dr. Frisbie's quarter centennial of ministry in Des Moines. The theme suggested by your committee is exactly to my liking: "The Pastor and the College". Dr. Frisbie has been an officer of Iowa College longer than I. He is probably more heavily laden with the responsibility of my being here than any other man.

Plymouth church has had and still has many close relations with Iowa College. Three members of the church beside its pastor are now on our board of trustees: Messrs. J. and S. Merrill and I. K. Wilson. It is a pleasure to make mention of the fact that this church gave one who was practically its first pastor, Rev. J. M. Chamberlain, to be the Treasurer of Iowa College which office he held for seventeen years. He had during all this time large even a controlling influence

in the administration of the funds, buildings, and property of the growing college. This work he did with great wisdom and efficiency. From 1888 to 1896 Mr. Chamberlain has been our Librarian which work he this summer resigned. The college has not had a more faithful servant, a more generous donor in proportion to his means, a wiser counsellor on its board of trust.

Another pastor of Plymouth Church, Dr. DeForest, obtained for his wife a graduate of Iowa College who was also a daughter of one of the original board of trustees, Dr. A. B. Robbins of Muscatine. The present pastor, beside being on its board of trustees, has a son and daughter among the graduates of the college, two other daughters have been students there, and one son is now a member of the Freshman class.

The college recognizes with gratitude the gifts which have come to it from this church. These gifts are doing their perpetual work and will do it while the college stands.

As the years go on and the personal of the church and college inevitably changes, may their mutually helpful relations abide and increase.

The history of academic education in America is a department of the church history of America. Almost without exception all the older eastern colleges were of such foundation; Harvard, Yale, Princeton,

Dartmouth, Bowdoin, Brown, Amherst, Williams and others are all children of the churches. They sometimes have grown a little wayward, nevertheless they were born of the ecclesiastical household. Doubtless the work of many of these institutions has grown better as their mission has taken on wider visions and the hold of the maternal apron-string has been somewhat loosened. The rise in western states of universities is a new factor in American collegiate and university development. It is probably well so. But there remains yet a distinctive work for the typical American college to do. In that work the pastors of churches denominationally at one with the colleges have a large responsibility. It is a serious business for colleges to train the young men and women whom members of the churches send up to them. In this work the colleges need the help of the pastors and appreciate the pastor of Plymouth Church.

Greetings to him and congratulations on the rounding out of such a period of work as a quarter of a century marks. May all the rich blessings that accompany vigor of mind and body be continued to him yet these many years, that church and college may enjoy his counsel and leadership.

Sincerely yours,

George A. Gates.

Col. Godfrey:

Thus far we have been talking about ourselves, and I suspect the strangers think we are a very good church and people, and possibly some of you are repeating the couplet of Burns,

"O wad some power the giftie gie us

To see ourselves as ithers see us".

And certainly, to hear others tell it, we are pretty nice, and all right. We are now, however, going to hear of outside the church. The gentleman who has been selected to respond to the nice sentiment "fellowship, local and fraternal". However, he was not selected by the committee, and we are not responsible for him in any way or shape whatever. I have heard something of how he was selected. It was thought best to let the ministerial association make the selection. They knew the Doctor pretty well,---were pretty intimate with him for many years and so when the proposition was made---This,---I did not hear myself---When it was proposed in the ministerial association---but the moment that was proposed Doctors Breeden and Tilden were both on their feet, and hands up. They wanted to volunteer. Both said they would like to get a lick at Dr. Frisbie, as they thought that no man could go down into the little state of Maine, bear hunting in the summer and tell stories to them when they had been in Colorado and

knew what a bear was. I do not know how it was decided. I believe they drew cuts and the lot fell on Dr. Breeden to respond to the sentiment, "Dr. Frisbie's contribution to the religious life of Des Moines."

Dr. H. O. Breeden:

I feel somewhat embarrassed this evening by the presence of him in whose honor this celebration is held. Not that I would have him absent, but I have it in my heart to say some things which I fear, owing to his excessive modesty, may embarrass him. The first essential of a first class funeral is a "corpse." And as I understand it this is in a very real sense, Dr. Frisbie's "funeral." At least we are permitted to say some things now which we usually postpone for post mortem display. But why should we wait until one whom we love is dead to break our alabaster boxes over him? I believe firmly in the motto that "an ounce of taffy is better than a pound of epitaphy".

I have a deep and abiding conviction that Des Moines owes more to Dr. Frisbie for the strength of its morality and the quality of its religious life than to any other man. A pastorate of a quarter of a century with such a minister could not result otherwise. Permit me to mention some of the things which I verily believe have entered largely into the success of this long pastorate. To do this I must enumerate some of the qualities of mind and heart possessed by the

Pastor of Plymouth Church.

First among these I must name an immense common sense, that manifests itself in every detail of his life and work. With this homely quality is coupled an instinctive, self rectifying judgment. It has been observed of him again and again that Dr. Frisbie is one of the few ministers who does not at some time in his career "slop over", or go to extremes, or veer of on a tangent. It seems rather to be in him to preserve a marvellous equipoise even in trying circumstances and to do always the right thing, as well as the politic thing, at the right time.

I should put next to this his quick and deep sympathetic nature, responsive alike to suffering and to joy. He knows the stress and strain of life, understands the woes and wounds of the heart, is pained by the sins and sorrows of the soul and is quick to administer the only remedy---the saving health of the gospel.

Then I would put a culture, chaste, charitable and symmetrical, which culminates in a broad catholicity of spirit.

Dr. Frisbie has been eminently a Congregationalist. The nearer circles of his circumscribing have been the invisible lines of Plymouth Church parish, but he has been in all these years pre-eminently a Christian and anything and everything that meant a stronger hold of

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the Christ on the city's life or the promotion of righteousness in any one of the circle of churches in Des Moines has had not only his approval, his influence, but his outspoken commendation and his earnest heart prayers.

I put with these the possession of a character which no breath of slander has ever touched, no taint of gossip ever stained, no barb of envy ever pierced. Emerson says: "The authority of the name of Schiller is too great for his books, somewhat resided in the man. The largest part of his power was latent. This is that which we call character, which acts directly by presence and without means." This it is that makes the man whose achievements we recount to-night the force he is and has been in all these years.

Next and greatest of these elements of success I must name Mrs. Frisbie. the superb, truehearted christian woman whose influence in Plymouth Church and the city is scarcely less than that of her husband, in the charm of whose trained and discriminating mind all of us have been held in willing thrall: the aroma of whose consecrated life is like some gracious perfume wafted from the garden of the Lord.

I am speaking for the Ministerial Association, of which the host of honor has been for twenty-five years a faithful member and for nearly a decade an honored president. Every member of this asso-

ciation to-day and, likewise, every individual of that migratory fraternity who, having sojourned in this city for a brief period in pastoral service, has moved on to other fields, will never forget the genial face, the frank, open cordiality, the sympathetic, kindly consideration always extended by Dr. Frisbie. Others they may forget--- have forgotten: not so him whose ready wit, suave demeanor, naive simplicity and stalwart character, redolent with the grace and genius of goodness and sweet with the perfume of purity, we would embalm in perennial memory. Young ministers, especially, have found in him a ready counsellor, whose sage advice has been fraught with profit and inspiration.

If a word of reminiscence may be pardoned, let me say that out of more than seventy preachers residing in Des Moines to-day the only two of the number were here when I came, eleven years ago, and they are pastors of Congregational churches, and both of them are on this platform to-night.

At that time the sedate and scholarly Dr. Emory Miller was leading the First M. E. people into green pastures and beside still waters. Dr. Stewart, brilliant and beloved, both in and out of his own community, was making the Central Presbyterian pulpit a center of learning and eloquence. The genial and gentle Geo. C. Henry, whose

refined sensibilities and great dignity and sweetness in the pulpit would have made him conspicuous in any city, was breaking the bread of life to the Lutherans. A brilliant circle of ministers they were--- I cannot name them all but in this pulpit stood one careful in thought temperate and strong in expression, largely read in the best literature, with a certain profound poetic element in him---the Nestor of western Congregationalists, and the mentor of the city. And here he stands to-day, stronger than ever in those high qualities that have given him success and made him universally beloved, of whom the whole city is proud, and in whose presence we all rejoice.

But if I have seen changes in a little more than a decade, Dr. Frisbie in these twenty-five years has seen more and greater changes still in the churches and the religious life of this community. Preachers, brilliant and otherwise, have come and gone, leaving sometimes a fitful trail of efflorescent light like a meteor's gleam along their way, but like a fixed sentinel star he holds on his way undisturbed, moving in his wide orbit undismayed, shedding upon the city's life the glow and lustre of his unfading light.

Dr. Frisbie has not always taken sides with me in matters of discussion or debate. He has sometimes had a side of his own. Even in theological matters we have been compelled to "agree to disagree."

I have never been able to bring the good Doctor to my view on the Baptismal controversy. He looks upon us Christians and Baptists as good Congregationalists only "a little shrunk in the wetting", while we have had from time to time the supreme satisfaction of loaning him our baptistery to immerse some good Congregationalist who believed in the good old primitive, catholic way. He persists in his obstinacy on that mooted issue, which to me seems quite remarkable. But I can only say that, in my mature judgment, whenever he and I have been on opposite sides, either in matters of policy, politics or theology, he has always been in the wrong.

When I came to this city, Dr. Frisbie was even then next to Dr. Nash, of blessed memory, the patriarch of the city. Fourteen years of his ministry had floated by on wings of light, but these had been long enough to elevate him to the very pinnacle of favor and power. No man then enjoyed or has since achieved such widespread confidence or such universal esteem. These swift fleeting years have cemented the friendships of that earlier day and augmented his power for good, while the chastening winds of experience have mellowed his character to sweeter, stronger sympathy with men and ripened the rich fruit of his life. And he sits to-day in the city of his labor and his love, crowned with the grace and glory of twenty-five fruitful years, in a

serenity of mind and a satisfaction of heart that a king might envy.

And so I am here to-night to perform a pleasant service and to say to you, Dr. Frisbie, as Dr. Storrs said to the immortal Beecher upon a similar occasion---the completion of twenty-five years of service in another Plymouth Church---"I am here to give you the right hand of congratulation on the closing of this twenty-fifth year of your ministry with Plymouth Church and to say: God be praised for all the work you have done here. God be praised for the generous gifts which he has showered upon you and the generous use which you have made of them, here and elsewhere in the land. God give you many happy and glorious years of work and joy still to come in your ministry on earth. May your soul, as the years go on, be whitened more and more in the radiance of God's light and in the sunshine of His love. And when the end comes, as it will, may the gates of pearl swing inward for your entrance before the hands of those who have gone up before you and who now wait to welcome you thither, and then may there open to you that vast and bright eternity---all vivid with God's love---in which an instant vision shall be perfect joy and an immortal labor shall be to you immortal rest."

Col. Godfrey:

It is very easy to believe that Dr. Breeden was brought

up a Congregationalist, or else that he is trying to break into our church for some reason or other.

The committee was not content to hear simply from the pastors from the outside, but they wanted to know what his neighbors and friends thought of him, and so they selected one of the neighbors, and I said, "Now, in order to know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth you must select a lawyer to tell it, consequently, with a unanimous vote Judge Phillips was selected to tell what the neighbors thought of Dr. Frisbie.

Judge William Phillips:

My Dear Dr. Frisbie,---I see by this programme that I am to salute you, sir, as a long time neighbor. It is with great pleasure, that I salute you, as well as Mrs. Frisbie, and when I do, I do it feeling that with this salutation I have the heartfelt response of everyone in this audience. I have been thinking, Dr. Frisbie, while the last speaker was talking, what a wonderful expansion we might, in areligious view, give to that word "neighbor". We might narrow its meaning to a very small compass, but when we take it, sir, on an occasion like this, in a religious view, it is quite extended in its application. I was gratified to hear from the last speaker such utterances when speaking of others. I greet you as my long time

neighbor. Glad to know that there is so much in your life to commend you to neighborly fellowship, as well as to this congregation, so that our meeting here is one that will long be remembered. I have had the pleasure of knowing you a good many years---ever since you became the pastor of this church. I have felt always a very deep interest in you. Our relations as neighbors and friends have certainly been very cordial. I have felt however since I sat here to-night, a little concerned---I know that good neighborship in itself is the very foundation of civil society, and it finds its recognition in christian social fellowship also. But I was exercised, my dear sir, somewhat in your behalf. I remember reading somewhere when I was younger than I am now, something of this character, in the way of a malediction. "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you." And as I have always prized my neighbors, sir, and none higher than you, you can imagine how that "woe" depressed me, wondering as I sat here, whether or not you should be subject to that malediction. I feared for you sir, and as I pondered over this matter I sought to work out some way of escape to see if I could solve its meaning in such way as to reconcile all these things spoken here to-night to my full satisfaction without involving you, sir, in any future grief or future serious calamity. I wished for you, as I always have, the utmost pleasure

in life, and I tried to recall in the days that have gone by, something that had been said that was not exactly in harmony with to-night's utterances that we might relieve you, more properly speaking, from that terrible malediction. And I supposed that if someone had spoken derogatively of you that then this malediction would not apply. I taxed memory to its utmost to find even in its inmost chambers something that might relieve you, sir, but not being able to bring up anything which might be adequate in relief I sought another channel of escape and I began to think, sir, that there was a way out of this dilemma, and that it might be found in this; that those who have spoken here to-night are not "all men". And so, sir, I have been relieved, and you will please accept from me, my assurance that I feel now very different from what I did a few moments ago. I want to say to you that very few men enjoy what you ought to enjoy, and doubtless do enjoy to-night, the assurance that your friendship, sir, in this city, and your neighborship has been such as to commend you to the entire community. I do not include in this statement the mere fellowship of the church, for that may be accepted as true without a moment's question. I know, sir, as a member of the Methodist Church, we look to you, and always have looked to you, in the change of our pastors here, as one of our steadfast friends. When you have visited us,

and we have been permitted to sit under the drippings of the sanctuary when you ministered, we always felt blessed, and we are glad to come to you to-night rejoicing, and pray that yours may be a long life, and that God may bless you and all this people. I am sure that there are in this audience not only members of the various churches in this city, but that there are here to-night many---very many who scarcely enter the doors of a church once a year, and yet they are here to extend to you by their presence and their silence, their assurance that they remember you, sir, as a long time neighbor, and a worthy neighbor, and I think I represent them as well as the rest of the audience, and am enabled to give you the assurance, sir, that outside of church organization and church fellowship, you have in this city most universal respect, and the heart felt greetings of your neighbors and friends who esteem you as a Christian minister to the entire people of this city. But I would remind you, sir, that criticism does not always come from religious bodies to the pastor, or touch the pastor, in this enlightened age of the world when people both inside and out are constantly watching his utterances---but even of such criticisms there is nothing found here.

You are the beloved pastor of this church, and one of the beloved pastors of this city. What more can I say? I could not if I

were to talk an hour, say more than to say to you that the people of this city regard you with great favor, love, and esteem, as a long time neighbor and friend, and in behalf of those assembled here I wish to extend to you the hand of fellowship, from those in and out of your own church, saint and sinner, and trust, sir, to use one of the common phrases of the day, "That your shadow may never grow less."

Col. Godfrey:

There seems to be a little hitch in the programme just now. We have upon our committee one gentleman appointed by the general committee who said that he would not like to serve. We knew that he was competent and abundantly able to do alone all of the work of the committee, but yet he said that he did not want to go upon it. He said, "Of course, they are going to have speaking there, and as they will want me to talk I do not want to be in a position where I will have to appoint myself." He is a very modest man as you know. I am sorry to have to make this explanation but have promised that if he would stay on the committee he should have a place to talk, and nobody would know that anything was said about it. He has made an arrangement to have some people in the back part of the audience call him out, but as they do not seem to do so I will have to, in order to satisfy him, announce him myself. I will call on Mr. Clarey.

Mr. J. E. Clarey:

(To Mrs. Frisbie) Mrs. Frisbie, allow me to present you with a picture of a gentleman about whom you have heard some things of interest said to-night.

(To Dr. Frisbie) Doctor, I wish to present to you the portrait of a lady who is sometimes accused of writing some of your best sermons.

I have known ever since Col. Godfrey appointed himself as the chairman of this meeting that he had made a great mistake. Now you all know it. I wish to say in beginning my little talk to-night, that I am not on this programme subject to the restrictions of the regular schedule. I am, as it were, a train running wild, and am going to speak just as long as I please. If Col. Godfrey undertakes to call me down, never you mind him; mind me. I know, of course, that Dr. Frisbie is expected to say something yet this evening, and I have some consideration for him, but you must bear in mind that you can hear Dr. Frisbie every Sunday of the year, while you do not have the opportunity of hearing me oftener than once a year, and sometimes not that often.

I was very sorry, on entering the room to-night, to find that the ladies had introduced politics into this quarter-centennial celebration. I infer from the decorations of the room that the ladies

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are free silver women, and are not even content to be free silver-ites on a basis of sixteen to one. Their decorations in fact would indicate that they were for one silver to one gold. Since they have displayed a partisanship on behalf of the white metal, I purpose evening up by introducing a little sentiment in behalf of gold up here. This is my color. (Yellow rose)

Much has been said about Dr. Frisbie to-night, and most of it has been very complementary in character. I am not on the platform for the purpose of adding to these compliments, but rather to admonish the doctor, and say a thing or two that may keep him from being spoiled. (Turning to Dr. Frisbie)

Doctor, do you remember the day, several years ago, that we played horse on Fifth St., in front of your residence---the time that Messrs. H. B. Hedge, W. H. and T. N. Langan, J. G. Olmstead, Hardy Harris, the late Geo. C. Baker, and a number of others were horses and I was the driver? Do you remember that at that time, Doctor, I told you about my wife's grandfather. I am very proud of my wife's relations as a rule, but this particular relative had one fault. Although he lived to be almost a century old, he never could realize the fact that he was getting on in years, and whenever he had occasion to ride, he would persist in employing the fastest horse that could be

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found in the town. Doctor, I am afraid you are somewhat addicted to this same fault. You are getting on in years, but are not willing to admit it. You when we gave you that rig we intended by it to convey the idea that your time for reckless driving was about gone by. Well, we are here again to-night to once more admonish you that you are growing old. There is a little verse of poetry, that with the kind permission of the audience, I will recite:

"Speak kindly to that poor old man
Pick up his fallen cane
And place it gently in his hand
That he may walk again."

)Picking up a gold-headed cane) Doctor, this is yours. This is the bit of gold sentiment that I wish to introduce to-night on behalf of your friends. It is not intended as a reminder that you have yet arrived at the age where you need to use it, but of the fact that you are approaching that age. I think sometime in the future, say twenty-five years hence, that you will have use for it.

As I have already remarked, some very complimentary things have been said to you, Dr. Frisbie, to-night. It has been said that you have buried our dead, baptized our children, and married our young people. By the way, Doctor, there is a personal explanation that I have

for some time wanted to make to you. I wanted to apologize to you because I did not let you marry me. I would have done so but for an arrangement that was made down east before I came west, that could not very well be readjusted, as the lady then would not willingly have come this far away from home to have the marriage ceremony performed, but had she known you, as I did, she doubtless would have consented.

I believe now, that I am about done with my little speech. (To the chairman---Col. Godfrey, I suppose you have no objection to my quitting if I want to) No, by the way, I am not quite through. I have been delegated to again say to you Dr. Frisbie, that with all your faults we love you still, and I am delegated to give you evidence of a slightly substantial character to this effect. Will Mr. Olmstead and Mr. Harris kindly bring to the platform that other reminder of the fact that our pastor is growing old? We do not want him to forget it, that is, not entirely.

A voice: Mr. Clarey did Dr. Frisbie write that poem that you recited a moment ago?

Mr. Clarey: No, the Doctor has written some pretty poor poetry, but he did not write that. Neither did he write that sentiment which is on the souvenir portrait of his wife and which says "But the woman is the glory of the man." St. Paul was the author of that sentiment.

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(Here a leather upholstered chair is stood on the platform).

As already remarked, Dr. Frisbie, this is a reminder that with all your faults we love you still. We want, as already intimated, to remind you that you are growing old, but please do not become too thoroughly impressed with the fact. A tendency when one thinks he is growing old is to take his ease. This chair is for your comfort, but is not to tempt you to too much occupancy of it.

And now, Dr. Frisbie, let me say in closing that for twenty years of my life I have been sitting under the drippings of this sancturay, but if I should attempt to speak of these twenty years as I feel, my voice would fail me worse than did that of Brother St. John a little while ago. I simply wish to you, Dr. and Mrs. Frisbie, at least twenty five more years of useful and happy life among the friends who have gathered to express their love for you, and to do you honor this evening.

Mrs. J. C. Cummins:

Our dear Mrs. Frisbie: It is my pleasant duty on behalf of the ladies of this congregation to present to you these cases of silver. We know you are not in favor of silver but we could not afford gold nor even gold and silver combined. We would be glad if each knife, fork and spoon in these cases would carry with it into

your home the message of our love and appreciation for your many words and deeds of encouragement, counsel, and comfort which we have come to feel it is hard to live without.

Mrs. Frisbie:

Dear brothers and sisters of Plymouth Church, and friends,---this is not on the programme. This is not my twenty-fifth anniversary. I have been sitting and listening to all the things that have been said of your pastor and my pastor, and have felt as if I were one of you---one of the people. I shall have to say that although I am not a politician, and although I have not made much of a study of the financial question, I do, to-night, believe in silver---especially free silver. I knew as soon as I saw the shining silver in that open case that it was for me, because I knew that such a gift as that must be meant for the "woman of the house." I will let Mr. Frisbie use as many of the knives and forks and spoons as he wants, but I shall treasure them as my own especial property. These are not the first proofs of your love that we have received. You have been very kind and generous to us. I could not enumerate the many delightful testimonials we have received from you. We have them treasured in our hearts and many of them in our home. I want to thank you for

all that you have done in connection with this anniversary. I want to thank you for all the fitting and beautiful arrangements for this evening. It seemed very strange for me to sit quietly in my home and not to know what the plans were, nor how the rooms going to be decorated---and we didn't know where we were to stand, nor what we were to do, except just as you told us, but it has all been ideal. It is an occasion that we shall always remember with great delight.

Perhaps you will be interested to know, that although this is not the twenty-fifth anniversary of my coming among you I have known your pastor longer than you have known him. For seven years before he came to Des Moines he was my pastor in the East. It is not necessary for me to tell you what I think of him. Others have been expressing their opinions of him all this evening. I expressed mine twenty-three years ago when I came with him, but I want to tell you to-night that I have listened carefully to all you have said about him, and I think it is all true. I cannot tell you how delightful it has been to me to hear these expressions of love and appreciation for him. I remember very well as we were on our journey west---Mr. Frisbie had been here before and knew you and knew the city,---I very well remember that once in a while he would say, "I do not know how you will like Des Moines," and sometimes he would say, "I am afraid

you will not like Des Moines," but he always added, "I know that you will like the people." And ever since I cast my life and lot with you it has been one constant joy and constant gratitude. I have never found that it was a hard thing to be a minister's wife. You have helped me in all I have tried to do and have cordially responded to every appeal or suggestion that I have made. I thank you for all your beautiful life with us, for all your loving and kindly thoughts toward us. May the good Lord bless you as you have blessed us.

Col. Godfrey:

Dr. A. L. Frisbie will now talk back.

Dr. A. L. Frisbie:

I am the man they have been talking about. I am sure you would not know it if I did not tell you, and I would hardly realize it myself if I did not remember some certain relations that have been existing for so many years. I rather think they must have meant me, but you know there are some lights through which objects may be viewed which exaggerate them too much, and I am a little afraid that some of you have had that light turned on me which has exaggerated whatever exertions I may have made. I have only to say, friends, that if you entertain such sentiments as have been expressed in regard to

myself and have been plentiful to-night; if those are your honest convictions, I am not going to do anything to dispossess you of those convictions if I can help it. You may live and die entertaining such sentiments with my full permission. I have sometimes remarked to Mrs. Frisbie, when I felt pretty genial and compassionate toward her, that she thinks she has married a very good man indeed, and if I can keep her thinking so, it will be my good luck. I am going to try my very best to keep her thinking that way, because I know all the time what kind of a poor earthen vessel I am better than any of you---better than she does, even. I sometimes console myself with this passage, "We are all poor critters." And I am one of the poorest of them, I know. Kind things have been said here to-night, many of them. Kind gifts have been presented to us; I did not know that I was going to raise cane, but it seems that I was. I do not understand it. I want to thank you. There will be days when I shall be tired, and that chair will not be too large, as I take up a great deal of room when I am tired. As for the cane; I will try to commit my declining years to the support of that cane, when I need it, but just now I am the youngest man in this town. You might not think so, but indeed, I entertain this notion of myself, and sometimes get my notion really shocked. I remember in 1887, when I made a trip across the country, spending one

Sunday in the center of the Rocky Mountain region in one of the reservations, or preservations, in that part of the Dominion of Canada. I remember that getting out of a sleeping car at three o'clock Saturday morning, I took a seat in a rattle-ty-bang carryall with loose curtains through which the Rocky Mountain wind was blowing, a cold wind, and before I reached the hotel my ear was aching and I felt quite bad and uncomfortable. When we reached the hotel the mercury was at forty and there was a fire in the office and I sat down at the stove and inclined my ear to the genial warmth. There came in two men with me who had been in the carryall, who stormed at the clerk who was presiding, saying that they expected rooms, and he said that he did not know about that. They said that they had telegraphed for rooms, and he said, "I have not any rooms," and said, "I have nothing that I could give you excepting a comfortable tent;" they finally consented upon his giving them his assurance that he could make them comfortable in the tent. By and by he came back; I had said nothing, but as he came in I asked what he was going to do with me; he said, "You come up stairs," "I never like to put an elderly gentleman out in a tent." That was in 1887, when I was quite a boy. Well, a thing happened at the State Fair one time that rather tended to impress me with the idea of age--- I went into one of the dining tents to take dinner, presided over by

a woman whom I took to be older than myself,--I think she was older. After I had finished my dinner she said, "Well, Uncle, have you had a good dinner?" So I again got the impression that people were thinking about me as an elderly man. I want you to understand that this is altogether a false impression, and that I am still a young man with my forces unbroken, and my eye undimmed, except that I put on spectacles on certain occasions. I want to say another word, which I know you will allow me, although the hour is late. You are a good many, and the chairman has given me permission to talk back. Now if I were to talk back to all that was said, I would have to talk a good while, but I want to say a word about this pastorate that was begun twenty-five years ago. It has begun to be a long pastorate. I look into the faces of my ministerial friends who have not served so long---I look over my ministerial acquaintances, of whom I have so many, but very few have staid in their places with their people for twenty-five years. It is not very remarkable but somewhat unusual for pastoral relations to continue for such a time. I want to stand here to-night and bear this testimony to the Plymouth people. You have said good things about me. Now it is my turn and I want to say---I want to say it before my God---with the fullest honesty, that the Plymouth people have been a constant joy and blessing to their pastor. Believe it,

for it is true. I could not let this evening pass without bearing this heart felt testimony to the Plymouth people. I will say a word-- and I am glad to say a word in recognition of the friendly---the exceedingly friendly relations which have existed between myself and the pastors of this city and the christian brethren. I have been here, as Brother Breeden said, as a Congregationalist. I believe in the Congregational associations. I like them; they somehow suit me. I think I was born with them. I like the grand freedom of the Congregational pulpit, and the grand freedom of the Congregational church and its administration. I believe in my Congregational ancestry; but I am not here to boast of Congregationalism. There are so many good things in the world that are not congregationalism, so called, and I want to be as quick as any man to see a good thing, or rather to know a good thing whenever I see it. And I trust it has been given me in some degree, at least, to recognize the good in my friends. We are very much alike after all,---very much alike. One man calls himself a Christian, and another calls himself a christian too, and a congregationalist. Another christian calls himself an episcopalian. Well, I do not believe in Bishops five cents worth, but I believe in a man who is true to an order which he believes to be best and divinely appointed. My notion about it is not to reg-

ulate him. He holds a view which I cannot wholly accept. He believes it, and I respect him for it. So we are all going on together, and we are given to know and to appreciate the good things in each other and thank God for them, and not go around looking for something that shall tone down our notion of our brethren.

This pastorate has seemed long---. I do not know how much longer it is going to be. Probably not very much longer, but we will start in for another twenty-five years, and if at the end of it we have a celebration like this, I will make you just as good a speech as I can at the end of that time.

I don't know whether a long pastorate is the best, but somehow there has never been a place where I wished to go away.. Perhaps I should have seen it in five years, or ten years. I could have gone to many other places if I had been desirous of going, or accepted the propositions to go. Somehow it did not seem that the time had come when I could say that it was the best to turn my back on the Plymouth Church and seek new relations somewhere else. I have been here until the babies, into whose faces I looked years ago, and of whom I told their mothers, in all soberness, that I thought they ought to try to raise those babies until they had grown to manhood and womanhood, and I have been marrying them. I have been here when you have been

full of joy in your homes. I have been here when sorrows were very thick and very dark; and I have been called to minister to you all along this entire gamut of human emotions. I have not done it very well---I would it had been better; that I had known how to do it better, but believe me, I have meant to serve you well. I have meant to know all that I ought to know, and say all that I ought to say. I have meant to say it fearlessly and honestly. I have spoken sharply---spoken severely and critically of many, many circumstances and relations that have been in existence. I have spoken strongly. I tried to speak truthfully. I tried to speak temperately. How much I have missed, doubtless you know or think you know, but you do not know half as much of it as I do.

So friends, we thank you for your kindness. We thank you for your good words. We thank you for the hopes you have expressed. We thank you out of the fullness of our hearts for your manifest confidence and help. It is a great thing if one may retain in a public position, the confidence, respect, and affection. You have done something to-night to make me believe that you retain for me, confidence, respect, and affection. My children have lived and played with yours. My joys have been yours. Your joys have been mine. It is not a light thing that all these memories came about me to-night---these memories

of the sacred past---of a past so sacred in the memories and hearts of so many of you. God grant to us that if we go on together for a little while longer we may still have peace, harmony, confidence---mutual confidence---mutual affection and multiplying, magnifying as the years go on until the Lord grant that the last days may be the best days and the joy of the Lord crown all.

Dr. Frisbie's address was followed by the hymn, "Blessed be the tie that binds."

Benediction.