ADDRESS,
delivered at the First Congregational
Washington, D.C. Memorial Service
to Dr. J. F. Rankin, Dec. 1904.

No. 30, Volume 9.

Subject:
Dear Brother.

There is a singular feeling in my heart, a mingling of pain and pleasure to meet this church and the members of the Howard University all together.

The retirement of my beloved friend, Rev. J.E. Rankin, L.L.D. from the Howard University, in 1864, was a surprise to me. I had met him nearly every year, more or less frequently, from my first acquaintance with him in 1869 until his retirement. Since then I have only heard of him occasionally through his friends and through his delightful publications, which were kept up as long as he was able, in his weak, physical condition, to control his mind.

It was always understood between us that his personal friend and intimate, Oliver Otis Howard, should die first, and that J. James Rankin, who knew as much about the subject as anybody outside the family, should write the biography and keep the statistics of our connection and relationship in the church, in the Y.M.C.A., in the University and in the great society of our polity; and I think he understood what a biographer should understand, some of the prominent faults of his subject. I am not sure but that our relation was such that he became familiar with those sins, which some souls then, surely, far more Catholic souls, delivered over to the keeping of a Father Confessor.

But on the other hand, he made no confessions to me, and I did not put down any faults or sin against him, even if he had any. My recollection is therefore not statistical and not very specific. I do remember when in 1869, I first heard him preach. His dignity of manner in the pulpit, his strong, kindly voice, sonorous and yet gentle, first took my attention and riveted it. The pictorial manner in which he put the whole discourse before me, in the framework of poetry, fixed what he said in my memory. There was doubtless, in one of his sermons, more than mental or aesthetic quality. There was an evident spirit of inspiration, over and beyond the influence of his own large yet chastened soul. Other listeners in Washington, saw and felt as I did. Let me pause here just to say that we had a
controversy in our small Washington Church from the beginning. It arose from two causes: 1st, the decided difference between Eastern and Western church polity. The Eastern held firmly to what we call the double system. The Western gravitated strongly toward a simpler system. Then, there was a subject of how the negroes should come in to participate with us in the privilege of a free gospel. These two subjects of controversy with a slight intermingling of a third, namely: that there was danger of individualism, like a fractious and unruly young horse running away with the bit of control.

These things divided our church into parties pro and con, and you know that the hotest of all contentions comes into a church no matter what divides it, whether it be the choir, the deacon, the teachers or the pastor and his friends, which enter into the controversy. Ours resulted into a permanent division and separation. The pastor and his friends went out and joined a neighboring Presbyteryian Church. Those who remained, were at first comparatively few, but they were resolute and hopeful of success. Our new edifice which would hold a thousand people was now completed and we in our hands. We sought for a minister among the ministers of our persuasion, far and near. I was sent to Brooklyn to see if I could get an acceptable clergyman. Mr. R.P. Burke, a deacon in Dr. Storrs Church and my lifelong friend, recommended to me a young minister, who was just starting a large mission church in Brooklyn. Mr. Burke and I visited him and told him the situation. He did not seem to me to be more than twenty years old and a beardless youth at that. He told Deacon Burke that if he would give him $100 for his mission enterprise, that he would go with me to Washington on the morrow, Saturday, and preach for us Sunday. He and I were companions on the train, as Mr. Burke had given him the coveted $100. It seemed to me that I had never met an educated man who had so little of what we call circular knowledge, and every time he showed me this
sort of ignorance in common affairs, I fairly trembled, and when
I took my seat with my family at church the next morning, I was
nearer being afraid of some catastrophe in my life; but after an
awkward presentation of the opening services, he opened the Bible
and read a text, then to my astonishment he gave a discourse which
in manner and substance, Dr. Sorrna would have approved and Henry
Ward Beecher hardly have excelled. The congregation was taken
by storm and the reaction in my heart was a mixture of pride and
gladness. Everybody wanted this young man, to
be called as a pastor, but he was fixed in his determination to
devote his Brooklyn enterprise and would not come.

That same year we heard Dr. Rankin, who seemed not only to
have all the pulpit eloquence that we required, but also every
other grace, especially the well trained knowledge of procuring
friends inside and outside of the Church of Christ. I was sent
as a delegate to Charlestown, Mass. where Dr. Rankin was preach-
ing to a congregation of people who appreciated his character and
love his ministry. The result of this mission of mine, whatever
be the influence have brought to bear — surely it was not a money
offer, nor a promise of ease and rest, but rather a promise of

perplexity, difficulty and opportunity — was that Rev. J. Hames
Rankin D.D. and L.L.D., soon came to our pulpit. He met in and
out before us for Fifteen years. He filled the house with hearers
and by God's help, he replenished the church with new members at
every communion. Senators and representatives and officers of
rank from every department of government, sat in the pews, and no
hand can measure the length and breadth and depth and far reach-
ing consequences of his superb ministry.

See note of end of this address.
I do not know how to express my feelings. I thought I could do it, and
I do not want to fail. I am afraid of the consequences of my actions, and
I want to avoid any trouble. I hope to overcome my fear and
continue with my plans.

The situation is not easy, but I believe I can handle it. I have
some experience in this area, and I am confident in my abilities.

I am aware of the risks involved, but I am determined to
continue with my plans. I believe that the results will be
worth the effort.

I hope that you will understand my position, and that you
will support me in my efforts.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
We forgot our troubles, Eastern and Western theorists were united; straying members came back, colored people, adults and children were heartily welcomed by him; and he brought the product of individualism into the humblest positions of service. The whole series of consequences all working together in loving fellowship with the pastor, result, in what has been over since to the older members, an Ideal Church, reaching as high a grade of loving-kindness as any other with which I have been acquainted. (It always appeared to me that nothing would have delighted Dr. Rankin more than to have given himself absolutely to a literary career, that is, if he could have afforded the expenses and had had enough means to properly support his family; for in a monetary way, books of poems or of history have never yet been very profitable to the authors.

Some of his sweet hymns are sung today in all the churches, for example: "God be with you till we meet again"; "God and home Why and happy land"; "Keep your colors flying"; "Art thou silent O Bethlehem"? These hymns catch the eye of the singer and when once sung remain fast in the memory of the people. Many of his poems are well appreciated, particularly by all readers who love the Scotch Dialect and the Scotch Humor. A quaint and beautiful story told under the title of "Scotch Kith and Kin" showing as it does in charming measure, how the mother, in spite of absence and years of separation, never forgets the little things which made her son to differ from other sons. Even the curious twirling of a fork at table becomes the key of recognition.
You know, I don't think you really understand the situation. Every time you use me as a weapon, it just makes things worse. I need you to stop using me this way.

I've been trying to help, but you keep pushing me away. It's like you don't even care. You just want to use me and then discard me when I'm not useful anymore.

We need to talk about this. It's not just about me anymore. It's about what's best for you. You have to understand that you can't keep doing this.

You need to change your approach. You can't just keep pushing me away. You need to listen to what I have to say. It's not just about me. It's about what's best for both of us.

I'm not going to keep doing this. You need to change your ways or I'll stop helping you altogether.

You need to listen to me. You need to understand that you can't keep doing this. You need to change your ways or I'll just walk away.

You need to stop using me like this. It's not fair to me. It's not fair to you. You need to change your ways or I'll just walk away.

You need to listen to me. You need to understand that you can't keep doing this. You need to change your ways or I'll just walk away.

You need to stop using me like this. It's not fair to me. It's not fair to you. You need to change your ways or I'll just walk away.

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Dr. Rankin was very fond of Robert Burns. Many of his poems make him akin to Burns in expression, in tenderness and humanity. His great grandfather James R.Palley, was born in Scotland, came in 1776 to Salem, Mass., and afterward moved to New Hampshire, residing at Thornton, where Dr. Rankin himself was born in 1828.

This grandfather appears to have exercised a great influence over his mind and heart, and doubtless by the peculiarity of his speech caused him to love the accent and tone of the Scotch people. He cast many of his best productions in the Scotch Dialect, and I hope that somebody will gather together all his poems into one book and have传播 distributed to every library in the land. Perhaps some noble and generous millionaire like Andrew Carnegie, who seems to love Skibo Scotland and Scotch people, quite as well as he does their American cousins, would be willing to multiply the works of genius of this gifted Scotchman's grandchild, J. James Rankin. Dr. Rankin's productions in prose were numerous. Some in the form of sermons, enlarged and published, on such subjects as; "Sub-dueing Kingdoms"; "Hotel of God"; "Atheism of the Heart"; "Christ, His own interpreter". Those sermons, when preached or read, were never wordy; were never dull, heavy and theological, but spoken with brevity and aptly illustrated. It was always delightful to catch him upon an unexpected occasion and get him to speak off-hand, then you would get at the humor, joyousness and conceptions of the man. I have noticed him when so doing suddenly and change his tone as if his conscience was smiting him for too much joy, bordering as he would say, on frivolity. He would then change his discourse into a manner not quite as good. In his writings, he excelled in everything pertaining to history.
For some reason in his family life, Dr. Rankin differed from most other men. His attentiveness to all the smaller needs of the house-hold, in spite of the absorption in literature and in his exacting public work, was remarkable. His wife, James, Walter, Mary and Edith seemed at all times to be before his vision and in his heart. As his friend, I noticed the consideration and tenderness that he showed in a hundred ways in his own home. Now those of his immediate family must not miss his gentle, loving ministration.

His brother-in-law, F. H. Smith, who is present, gave me an incident which shows a bit of sunshine after the dark clouds had begun to gather about him. He went through the ceremony of Baptising two of his grandchildren, only a short time before his departure, and he gave each of them a choice little poem just then composed, to be a sweet remembrance and blessing to them as long as they live.
For some reason in the family the first day of school was a disaster. The reason was that the students were not prepared for the day. In the morning, the students were too tired to do anything. They were not ready to learn. In the afternoon, the students were better prepared. They were more ready to learn. The next day, the students were even more prepared. They were ready to learn. The next day, the students were even more prepared. They were ready to learn. The next day, the students were even more prepared. They were ready to learn.

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and biography. A man often tires of the dryness and baldness of the style of great Historians. It would be a comfort to read a history written as Dr. Rankin was wont to write. The characters he represented to the people in the "Independent" and the "Pilgrim Press" had such life in them that one felt when reading that he was viewing the best picture presented in the best manner on the public stage. I believe that Modern Critics call such writing dramatic. I am accustomed to designate it as pictorial and picturesque.

Dr. Rankin retired from the press in Washington to take a little needed rest and to travel abroad. I shall never forget my meeting with him and a companion in London. The two men seemed to me like youngsters just out from College, so free and happy were they. With these two gentlemen there was no possible dissipation. They had just purchased some peanuts and candy and we sat down in the first stage corner where there were benches to enjoy the feast together. "Why did you retire?" I asked my friend. He answered, "Oh, I need rest and recreation and am having it." He hardly ever met me that he did not put his hand on my shoulder, draw me out on some unexpected revelation and before we parted, he opened his own heart to me. I said to myself, "He must be expecting to return to his church in Washington" but he did not. He had read between four and five years in that charming place, Orange, N.J.

There never was a more complete situation — the church, the people, the streets, the houses, the trees, the gardens and the flowers. In summer time it is as near to Earthly Paradise as Eden ever was. It appeared to his friends to be an ideal situation. But Dr. Rankin
appreciated earthly duties, beauties and glories and paradisial environments, was not content, there, he wanted to be in conjunction with human beings, who had pronounced human needs. He wanted to enter into the perplexities and trials and conflicts and attributes of life, that he might bear his part in solving important problems, in lifting up the lowly, in removing unchristian prejudice and in laying foundations which should last forever. That was the aspiration of his great soul; so that it is not strange that he received and accepted the call to be President of Howard University, after the retirement of the Rev. Dr. Patton, who rested from his long and useful work as President of the University for a short time before he passed on to his great reward. Dr. Rankin being two years older than I, I felt that it was too hard a place for him to fill at 62 years of age, and I warned him of the heavy burdens that he would have to bear, heavy enough and wearisome enough for younger shoulders, but he smiled at my thoughts and rather regarded them as in the land of opposition. I was only expressing the feelings of a real friend. I knew that the students would find in him every quality which a man ought to have to be President of Howard University. His example would be uplifting; and the help from many friends that he would bring, the loving heart that could encounter and overcome the friction and prejudice, and courage that would enable him to stand out and cut unreservedly for the manhood of the black man. These qualities he brought and used for the accomplishment of his task. For ten years my friend held the throne in that remarkable kingdom, which required all the resources and a manly man to make all necessary provisions to govern professors, teachers and students, and to live to the moral and spiritual uplifting of young men and young women committed to our
charge. He accomplished this duty as he had previously performed all the duties of a faithful trustee and all the work of a Professor in addition to his pastoral work in the city. He did it with fidelity and acknowledged success, and only retired from it when his health was breaking and the infirmities of age were creeping in upon him.

Wherever I went, and I have traveled through every state in the Union, I met his students, sometimes under graduates and sometimes graduates of the Howard University. There have been several thousands of them strewn up and down the world and I will say to you distinctly that I have never met but one who was not evidently self-respecting and acting worthily of the Institute, to which he was then attached, in which he had once belonged. I met graduates in Florida years ago who were leading their people in education and in a preservation of law and order. I encountered students on the steamers on Long Island Sound. The officers told me that they were much liked, because they were not only well behaved but polite and attentive to their proper duties. I have met them on Pullman cars, driven to that work through a scarcity of other opportunities, and these were industrious and self-dependent.

It is the work of such men as Gen. Armstrong, Dr. Potter, Dr. Rankin, and Dr. Gordon, Pres. of Howard University, who have made possible that a Booker Washington, who is leading his people out into numerous channels of independence, industry and self-support.

What more can I say? I am glad to find that Rev. J. Hanes Rankin, my beloved and true friend, is already registered on the pages of several American Cyclopedia of Biography. True it is only a sketch; a skeleton, a brief mention, with small appreciation of another
to the center of a rotating planet on the moon. This is a

statement. To determine the exact position of the moon, I

must take into account the gravitational forces acting on the
centers of the earth and moon. This involves using

Newton's laws of motion and the law of

gravitation. The moon's orbit is

approximately circular, but due to

the Earth's gravitational pull, it

slowly tilts and changes shape

over time. This is known as

libration, and it affects how

we observe the moon from

Earth.
of phenomenal life, but you knew him and you loved him, the
colored man knew him and loved him, because like his Master and
Lord, he first loved them. The true monuments will be found in their
hearts. Their sincere, fearless and devoted friends of the black
man has been made to suffer misrepresentation and often contumely
and vituperation, but in the end or in the course of time which sifts
out the chaff of things like Abraham Lincoln, such men, including
our deceased friend, will find their place like Abraham Lincoln
high up on the plain of universal appreciation. In her low estate,
Mary said, “All nations will call me blessed”, and they have done
so, so all thinking men, now recognize and proclaim the greatness
and especially the loving kindness of Abraham Lincoln. In a lesser
sphere, friend of action, Dr. Pankin displayed a similar greatness of action,
loving kindness and courage, and shall we not recognize them who
have growing appreciation of the genius, of the labor of love, and
of his superb manliness. We will remember the bottom principle of his
action, which Mrs. Browning has condensed into one phrase, “Man is
most man, who with tenderest humanity, man-releiveth human woe
like God in Nazareth”.

Dr. Pankin, (it is his highest praise) was a most faithful and
untiring follower of this Lord and Master.

Behold, from henceforth, all generations shall
call me blessed.
The following, among others, were attendants at the First Congregational Church of Washington during the pastorate of Dr. Johnson:

- Patterson of A. H. Bell of N.Y.
- Romany, Harvie, Seaton of N.E.
- Readmore, Min., Bantam, Ct.
- Wilson, Sam, Davis, Sassen
- Newby, Cen., Burlington, Conn.
- Platt, Cen., Blasie, Mennie
- Burleigh, Mennie, First, Mennie
- Mengley, Mennie, Portland, Ct.
- Henderson, Ct. - f. H. Frutile, Sassy
- 3d. Auditor Chris Bernardy
- 5. - Alexander
- 6. - Mr. A. G. Jones, Cen. D. L. Eakin

Port Master Sam. Jewell, J. W. Aland

Hawaiian Mission, Leiteran, and

At least 12. Ex Congregational Minites, Ex Command

Dear General,

I send you the above names,

Thinking that possibly you might like to add a paragraph to your tribute to Dr. Garvin.

I do not think there ever was a Church in America that had in its Congregations such a galaxy of noted men. Those who others that modestly forbade one to mention. 

Sincerely,

CM Bellardi

Brig. Genl of Volunteers

Address Admiral

Mos SC (1st Townsend)

Jan 8, 1905

[Signature]

[Signature]