

THE PACIFIC GARDEN MISSION

A Doorway to Heaven

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CHAPTER NINE

THE GREAT TRIUMVIRATE

Towering above those lesser lights in the early years of the twentieth century, however, were three men in particular: Harry Monroe, Mel Trotter and Billy Sunday. More than any others of that generation, they held aloft the story of the cross as living examples of the ministry of Pacific Garden Mission. They served God individually with mighty power and, when their paths came together in service, formed a great triumvirate.

Harry Monroe, as almost everybody knows, had a part in bringing Trotter and Sunday to Christ. But too often his outreach has been measured by those conversions only. Monroe was the secret confidante of the hoodlums of State Street as well. Twenty-four hours before some crimes were committed he could have informed the police of pending events. Often he pleaded with men for hours not to carry through their plans, but rather to surrender to Christ. Small-time gangsters came to the old mission to hear some of their former associates testify, would struggle with Christ only to spurn Him again, and when Harry Monroe invited them to come to Jesus, would say something like, "Sorry, Harry, but we've got a job to do on the west side tonight."

Harry held their respect, and, hoodlums though they were, they wanted to shoot straight with him. They were the group that made the mission work doubly difficult, however, because word sometimes spread that the place was a shelter for criminals. But it wasn't. Harry Monroe preached his heart out against crime and sin of every sort. When gangsters were present, he presented his star witnesses for testimony, and glad they were to tell how Christ had changed their twisted lives. They led lawbreakers to the very brink of hell and to the very brink of heaven, then gave them their choice. Monroe poured his heart into the invitation and when men came through to Christ, they truly came from the depths of sin to the heights of victory.

The old timers still remember Harry as "the dean of the mission."

Nothing ever went wrong but that he was master of the meeting; he could always direct it around to an effective invitation for souls. If there was a disturbance, he would stop everything, raise his hands and say: "Quiet, quiet. Gentlemen, are you forgetting?"

He was never ruffled. The tramps and hoboos chuckled at the way he called them gentlemen and seemed to mean it. He never used force except when necessary; nevertheless, he always carried a reserve supply of it.

When Harry led the meeting, folks expected from one to fifty converts at the altar. He was a mighty power for God. When he sang, his “tenor” shook the mission walls. As some of the mission workers put it, he could get converts to Christ even though “there was no Gospel in the music number.” Monroe packed it into the appeal. He looked like a big lemon on two toothpicks, but no man ever entered the mission when Harry was there without realizing that God had in him a choice vessel of grace.

Harry Monroe used to say that he would rather be superintendent of Pacific Garden Mission than president of the United States. He made the word “peace” sound sweeter to hard-hearted men than the devil could paint vice. His story was told up and down Chicago. The hoboes on Bum Boulevard never staged a mass parade to the mission, but one by one they made up their minds to see for themselves.

That was the way E. E. Staninger came. Seated in his hotel room one night, anxious to find something to lighten the burden of his distraught soul, he recalled the hotel gossip about Monroe and the mission. Kicked out of saloons, drunks were welcome at the rescue house; vagabonds and thieves went there, he heard, to get away from the police, and sometimes they got away for life. Staninger wanted to scrutinize that crowd. It was a warm meeting in 1903, and Monroe had his star witnesses ready that night. When they finished, Staninger trembled from head to foot. He ran out to his hotel room, fell on his knees and asked God to give him what those men had found in the mission. That was the silent yearning of more than one outcast who never found courage to enter the mission. The whole levee was aware that Harry Monroe had something—a religion of power—and they, too, could find it at Pacific Garden Mission.

For those thirty years, from 1892 to 1912, when Monroe served Pacific Garden Mission as its first superintendent in the steps of Colonel Clarke, he sent its testimony abroad through the whole middle west. Before the turn of the century Billy Sunday and Mel Trotter were telling their stories in all parts of the country, and men in out-of-the-way villages heard for the first time of the Chicago lighthouse in the slums. The triumvirate met at least once a year at Winona Lake, Indiana, on the occasion of the rescue mission conference. People often were saved there, despite the fact that the session was a retreat for mission workers. On that day “Ma” Sunday would cook a country dinner—chicken, mashed potatoes, corn, big Indiana tomatoes, and all the fixings—and Harry and Mel habitually invited themselves back for the following year before grace was said. Those were great days of reunion, when Billy and Mel, all agog, would listen to Harry’s reports of changed lives at the old mission where they, too, had found Christ.

Monroe never was a great preacher; he knew little of the Bible, although he had a keen sense for doctrinal conformity. His Gospel was always simple. One afternoon during a conference when he saw that G. Campbell Morgan was listed as speaker, Harry deliberately stayed in his hotel room to sleep, because he couldn’t follow the great expositor, anyway. On another occasion he was invited with Mel Trotter to address the students of Moody Bible Institute. At the appointed time he arose and whispered to Mel: “I’ll tell them my testimony, and you take everything after the first five minutes and preach them a sermon.” It was Monroe’s testimony that was everything, and Billy Sunday often sent for him as a living witness to God’s grace.

After 1912 Harry Monroe was taken gradually from the evangelistic front, after one of those mysterious providences which sometimes cast a shadow over the greatest of Christian lives. On the brink of a nervous breakdown, he walked one night off a moving train and suffered injuries from the effects of which he recovered only at times.

In the years following this accident Harry seldom appeared at the mission. Mother Clarke, too, had been hurt in an accident. During those years in which Harry Monroe and Mother Clarke were taken from the mission firing line, the trustees asked Mel Trotter to become general superintendent. Aware of the fact that he could not leave his Grand Rapids work, they yet felt that his suggestions would be most helpful, especially since Mother Clarke always thought God would someday use Mel at the mission. For six months in 1912 Mel took over the mission entirely, then entrusted it to assistant superintendents, nevertheless remaining in general charge for six years.

It was in December, 1915, when Harry Monroe was on a nationwide tour with Mel Trotter that he broke down completely and was taken to the Hinsdale sanitarium, the Presbyterian hospital, and then to Wisconsin. In July, 1916, he was taken to his Morgan Park home where, two weeks later, on the last day of the month he died at the age of sixty-three.

It was a deep time of sorrow at the old mission when Thomas J. Marx, a converted Catholic Pullman company employee, and acting mission superintendent, made the announcement. Monroe's wish had been that Paul Rader, noted Christian and Missionary Alliance evangelist, should preach the funeral sermon, but Rader was prevented from complying because of large meetings he was holding on the west coast. When Monroe's body was laid to rest in Mount Greenwood Cemetery, where Colonel Clarke had gone to his grave before him, they did not realize that in addition to his zealous record of service, Monroe in his will left the mission one thousand dollars to be charged against his real estate. Monroe was too busy winning souls to acquire what he had hoped, however. At a meeting of the mission trustees in 1919, Mel Trotter offered a motion, unanimously accepted, that:

WHEREAS, it appears that upon the death of Harry Monroe his estate was not possessed of any real estate, and was possessed of but comparatively little personal property, and it further appearing that such personal property would hardly suffice for the comfortable support of his widow,

Now, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that Pacific Garden Mission shall release and waive, and it does hereby release and waive, any and all claims which they said Pacific Garden Mission might or could have against the estate of Harry Monroe, deceased, resulting from, pertaining to, or growing out of the terms of the will of the said Harry Monroe, deceased.

With the death of Harry Monroe, the acting superintendency fell to Bob Ingersoll, who served for two years until 1918, that fateful year in which Mother Clarke died, the year which destined to bring to the mission a superintendent who would stay at the State Street haven for eighteen years, a man that Mel Trotter felt would make a worthy successor to Harry Monroe. He was right.

Mel Trotter's service propelled him all over the country. His love of the Bible and his passion for men endowed him with two unbeatable qualities for an evangelist.

He had begun his family altar with a portion of the New Testament that cost three cents. "I didn't know where to begin," he said, "so I started to read in Matthew and the names got me up a tree before I finished the second verse. In the next chapter it got better. Then I got down on my knees and prayed the best I knew how. Presently I began reading the New Testament on the street car. You couldn't ride a car seven miles from town and read a Testament and let a lot of women stand while you sat down. Standing or seated, I memorized verses, and the first year I had three hundred and sixty-five verses in my head, and what is better, in my heart."

He didn't read a newspaper for two years after his conversion. (His favorite Scripture verse was II Corinthians 5:17).

Trotter made \$4.20 the first week after he was saved. Out of that, his wife gave him sixty cents for carfare and took a dollar a week for rent. Nor did she complain. "I'd rather live in one room and have Mel sober," she said, "than live in a palace with a drunkard." Before Mel finished, he had paid back \$1,800 of indebtedness.

During those early days Mel went to work in the barber shop run by his brother, Bill, who had been converted several years before and who played the old organ for Mother Clarke. Bill put Mel on customers he knew wouldn't kick if he cut them slightly. Mel's hand shook so much from drink that he thought he could never shave anybody.

Mel spent every night in Pacific Garden Mission, where he strummed the guitar a bit and sang Gospel songs. He often sang with Harry Monroe, and together they went out to Chicago area churches as a Gospel team.

In January, 1900, at the invitation of businessmen in Grand Rapids, Monroe took some mission converts to that city to tell them the value of rescue mission work. In that party was Mel Trotter, never dreaming that he would spend most of forty years in that city. Eleven hundred dollars was raised to start a Grand Rapids work. A month later the effort was begun, in an unoccupied store. To the surprise of everyone, Trotter was chosen the new superintendent, though he had never led a mission meeting in his life. He was "scared stiff," he said, when on the first night he found more women present than men, especially since he had the questionable gift of excessive slang.

That very night, however, three young women were saved. One became a missionary, one married a preacher, and the other worked faithfully in the mission for years. Mel Trotter knew God's hand of approval had rested on what was destined to become the largest rescue mission in the world. Mel told his story in a gripping autobiography, *These Forty Years*.

During Billy Sunday's earlier years of preaching, when he was practicing his sermons with good success on Iowa and Illinois congregations, he often sent for Mel for the last night of a campaign. Mel's testimony thrilled multitudes.

When Sunday went ahead to the next campaign, Mel stayed behind to care for the converted men and to help them start small missions. In this way, rescue work was organized in many small cities in Illinois and Iowa, among them Jacksonville, Decatur, Springfield, Kankakee, Galva, Galesburg and Bloomington.

When Billy took sick in Memphis and was faced with two or three weeks of meetings, he called Mel to take over for him. The folks liked Mel as much as his predecessor. Fat and pudgy, Mel was a kindly soul, with a real modesty. He never talked about the success of his meeting or the number of souls that were saved. He quoted Scripture at length, and whenever friends saw him after a period of absence, they knew that Mel was constantly growing spiritually.

In a setting similar to Pacific Garden Mission environment, the Mel Trotter Rescue Mission was snuggled among saloons, several red light districts, flophouses, a burlesque theater where liquor was served to patrons during the performance, and other notorious enterprises. The hoodlums were certain they could frighten Trotter away, but they discovered he had a muscular Christianity, too. But more than once his victims returned to the mission for the other kind.

It was Mel who introduced the gospel wagon to Grand Rapids, driving it to various street corners and parks for outdoor meetings, as Harry Monroe had done for Pacific Garden Mission. Jail visitation also became a prominent feature of the Michigan mission.

Besides his own mission, with its 1,500 seating capacity, Mel founded sixty-six other Gospel lighthouses in such cities as Milwaukee, South Bend, Muskegon, Kalamazoo, St. Paul, Pittsburgh and Los Angeles. His two brothers, who with Mel had been drunkards and once tended bar for their own father, dedicated their lives to Christ also. One, George, opened a mission in Saginaw, Michigan, and the other, Will, in Los Angeles. Mel traveled all over the country, training local men, some of them former derelicts, to superintend these establishments. He was “Everlastingly at It,” as the motto of his mission set forth.

His evangelistic work carried him around the world. He made respectable contacts of every sort and used them to further the work. He held membership in Chicago’s Union League Club, Rotary International, and the Tuna Club of Avalon, California.

He returned to Pacific Garden Mission as often as he could, considering his tremendous travel and his duties at Grand Rapids. “The Pacific Garden Mission means everything to me,” Mel said. “I consider it the brightest spot in all Chicago. Every time I go to Chicago the first place I start for is the old mission, and find the spot on the altar where Jesus spoke peace to my soul.” He was seldom without converts on his visits to the mission.

One night Mel’s testimony won another barber, Edward Coulson, for the Lord. Given to drink, he lost his job and family, and was desperate when he wandered into the mission that memorable night.

As Coulson himself related: “When Mel Trotter got up to give his testimony I was all attention and remember him saying, ‘here stands two hundred pounds of salvation’ and that he had been a barber. He told his story to the glory of God and the salvation of my soul.

“While I did not surrender my life to God that night, I was the first man to lift my hand for prayer the next night which was September 16, 1902, at nine o’clock.”

After his conversion Coulson went back to his former employer who promised him a gold watch if Coulson stayed sober for six months Coulson got the watch. Later he opened shops of his own in Chicago and California, using every opportunity to witness to the saving grace of God.

On another night, in October, 1919, Mel spoke at the mission on John 6:37. That night Casey Jones, the baggage smasher, was won to Christ. Jones was born in Greenup, Kentucky, but ran away at an early age to see the world. His first drink of whiskey, in Cuba, made him a drunkard.

He spent three years in the army, but left it only a boozehound and gambler. He married, tried to reform by joining a church, but again fell a victim to drink. His various jobs with railroad companies were of short duration, lasting only until the next debauch.

Then one day, a conductor on the Chesapeake and Ohio pleaded with Casey to take Christ as Saviour, and even took him to meetings where Jones went forward. Several days later, however, drink had again become the master.

The night Casey walked into Pacific Garden Mission he heard “Mel preach my life right at me. I grew angry and had picked out a spot on my friend’s chin to smack as I was sure he had tipped Trotter off about me.”

For the invitation Mel said, “If there’s a man here who has tried to handle his own life and defeat is staring him in the face, but he really wants to be a man, will he raise his hand for prayer?”

Casey did. He went forward and left the mission sure of conversion. Casey began paying old debts, emptied his grip of liquor bottles, cards and dice, and gave his testimony to Christ’s saving power far and wide. He was promoted to conductor, and in his witness across the miles spoke to thousands about the Saviour in Y. M. C. A. meetings, churches and on trains.

In 1937 Mel Trotter sailed to England with Dr. Harry A. Ironside for the Dwight L. Moody centenary celebration. They shared the same cabin on the Aquitania.

Before the great multitudes in Westminster’s Central Hall, the nightly program listed an outstanding British speaker, followed by Dr. Ironside and Mel Trotter on alternate nights. Aware of the culture of many English audiences, Mel was troubled about his diction, a situation that was helped not at all when a well-meaning Englishman warned him that American colloquialism is not nearly as acceptable on the isles as it is at home.

When Mel first took the platform he was mechanical and stilted and hardly himself. Finally, realizing that he was progressing quite unnaturally and quite unsuccessfully, he stopped nervously for a moment, then remarked that he had been cautioned about his diction. “I lost three-quarters of my vocabulary the night I was converted,” he said, “and I have to do the best I can with what I have left.”

Then he drove into his message, slang or no slang. “**Remember Lot’s wife,**” he said; “she rubbered and was seasoned forever.”

The auditors gasped and gaped.

“That’s all right,” reacted Mel, “you’ll get it by freight—later!”

Back in the crowd Mel’s old friend, G. Campbell Morgan thought he could help breach the gap. He laughed at the top of his voice; the crowd recognized his laugh and joined in the merriment. From that moment onward Mel was in stride. He plunged into the throng and pleaded for souls. Nouns, verbs, adjectives—in Americanisms or no Americanisms—flowed forth calling men and women to Christ. When the invitation was given, forty-souls responded to the call.

On his spiritual birthday, Mel always arranged a great annual mission meeting for testimony by converts, at which time he also made it a practice to tell the story of his own conversion. In January, 1940, however, he was not at all well, and it was feared that he would be unable to observe his forty-third spiritual anniversary in the customary manner. Since becoming ill on the tour to the British Isles and spending some time in a hospital, he had suffered physically in a number of ways. He managed, however, to attend the mission service and to speak a few words to the large audience. It was his last public appearance at the mission.

Mel died Wednesday, September 11, 1940, at his home at Macatawa Park, near Grand Rapids.

The previous April, he was stricken while doing mission work in North Carolina and never recovered. It seemed for a time as if he might regain his health. Even under the added strain he faithfully attended to all mission correspondence, although his assistant superintendent, John Shy, arranged the meetings.

The day before death, Mel was able to go for an automobile ride. The next morning, as was his custom during the last months, he breakfasted in bed and remarked that he felt better. An hour later, when the mission secretary came with the mail, she found him dead. Seventy years of age, he had risen from the depths of sin to the superintendency of Pacific Garden Mission and to a post on its board of trustees, which he held for many years; he had founded sixty-seven rescue missions, among them the world’s largest at Grand Rapids which he directed; he had achieved international reputation as an evangelist. He left no great stone building other than his mission, but he left a trail of converts to Christ that stretched around the world, and that weeded “Hell’s Half Acres” out of scores of cities.

When the funeral services were held in the Mel Trotter Rescue Mission in Grand Rapids Homer A. Hammontree, director of music at Moody Bible Institute and for many years an associate with Trotter in evangelistic campaigns throughout the states, presided. Dr. Ironside delivered the message. Among the other speakers was Arthur Blackmore, formerly a Grand Rapids barber and one of Mel’s early converts, who went into Christian service and now was superintendent of the City Mission in Erie, Pennsylvania.

He represented the International Union of Gospel Missions, an international organization of mission workers, scores of whom traced their spiritual birthdays to the ministry of Mel Trotter. More than a dozen such superintendents were present.

Billy Sunday brought something additional to Pacific Garden Mission prestige. Monroe had lent the mission a thirty-year superintendency with a great personal testimony to God's ability to save from the depths. Trotter demonstrated that same ability in his own life, and helped to make rescue missions almost omnipresent. Billy Sunday made the Pacific Garden Mission a byword in the backwoods of America. He was not limited to a single city, as was Trotter despite his far-flung evangelistic outreach, but rather went up and down the land preaching the Gospel and telling the story of his own conversion.

For thirty-nine years Sunday labored as a nationally-known evangelist, yet he never forgot his spiritual birthplace. "Ma" Sunday as a young Christian knew him as a ball player. When he told her the story of his conversion, she could talk intelligently about the mighty power of God. They were married in 1888.

During those early years, Billy was a familiar figure at the mission. He went there at every opportunity and learned to give his testimony. Although he was a poor speaker, his baseball halo gave him a weighty background for his words. He stammered and fumbled for words at the Sunday school, Y. M. C. A., and Christian Endeavor meetings where he spoke, just as he did in the mission meetings, but still he was in demand.

The heart of his message was the story of his conversion—how he sat on the curbstone, heard the street meeting, came inside the mission, heard Harry Monroe, and later found Christ as Saviour. He could think of little else to say and, anyway, that was what the people wanted to hear.

But Billy did not stop there, whether in the mission or elsewhere. He could always add: "Now, how about you? Jesus did it for me; He can do it for you. Will you give Him the chance?"

He knew how to do personal work. When he took Helen Thompson, later "Ma" Sunday, to Pacific Garden Mission with him, his mind was on other things than his love for her. He was tremendously concerned about God's love for men. He gave his testimony faithfully and listened eagerly to those of others. Then with an eagle-eye Sunday watched Harry Monroe throw his pitches as he closed in to retire the opponents. Those lessons in drawing the net, and in individual soul-winning as he stayed after the invitation was given Sunday never forgot.

It was Billy's aptness in dealing with men that prompted the Chicago Y. M. C. A. to offer him an assistant secretaryship. "Ma" Sunday's counsel supported Billy in his decision not to accept a physical director's post, but rather to go into the more spiritual aspect of the work. Much of his work was routine, but he was not diverted from a recognition that the basic need was the winning of individuals to Christ.

Sunday's next task, after three years with the Y work, was as advance agent and promotion man for Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's evangelistic thrust.

Thus he learned every phase of local and nationwide evangelism before Chapman stepped out of revivalism in 1896 into a big Philadelphia pulpit. By that time Sunday had enough gleanings for eight sermons, though he could give his testimony on another night, if he were called for a campaign that long.

For six days after he parted with Chapman, Billy was in the dark; he had no meetings, no plans.

Then, all unexpectedly, came an invitation for a union meeting in Garner, Iowa, where the Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists had merged and rented an opera house. Billy stayed eight days, preached all the sermons he knew, and won two hundred sixty-eight souls. From that time he never lacked an invitation to speak. Even when his homiletic ability was fully developed, he never got beyond the simple Gospel message he heard in Pacific Garden Mission.

One needs only to read *Billy Sunday: The Man and His Message* to realize how he shook the very fiber of great American cities for Christ. Every time his train carried him to Chicago and he had an open night in that city, he made his way to the mission to tell his story, though he never gave the message as such without invitation. Harry Monroe and Mel Trotter almost always urged him to the pulpit. Sunday continued the visits whenever possible. His last visit was in later years when Walter J. Taylor was superintendent.

What Billy Sunday saw and heard in the testimonies at Pacific Garden Mission influenced him no little in his hatred for booze. He was one of the most successful foes of the liquor evil in America, and was able to turn community after community dry. Second only to his antagonism to sin was his antagonism for rum.

If when in Chicago he had only a moment or two to do a transient bit of personal work with some drunkard or moral wreck, he gave a one-minute testimony, preached a one-minute sermon, and then urged the candidate for salvation to visit the Pacific Garden Mission.

An example in point were the few words spoken to a down-and-outer during the Chicago World's Fair that set in motion a chain of circumstances spelling new life for George P. Arthur.

Sent from New York after mistreating the bank that had employed him for twenty years, Arthur arrived in Chicago in 1893 without a job. He was dismissed by the Pullman Palace Car Company, of which he had become assistant cashier, for drunkenness. For years he had smoked twenty-five cigars a day. Nor could he quite forget the \$30,000 he absconded from the New York bank, the first \$1,000 of it as a lad of sixteen during his first year's employment.

Billy Sunday saw him and urged him to visit the Pacific Garden Mission. On November 19, 1893, Arthur walked into the rescue mission, met Mother Clarke and Harry Monroe, and was one of seventy-five to go to the altar in response to the appeal. He became financial man for the Evansville Rescue Mission, in Evansville, Indiana.

Among Sunday's friends was a brilliant reporter who covered the Chino-Japanese war for the New York Tribune. When he returned to the United States after a shipwreck, the Tribune wired him to journey across the arid western states and report irrigation prospects.

He was a great writer, but also a great drinker.

Coming to Chicago he went to work for the Times, but lost that job for drinking. Nobody would conscientiously recommend him anymore. One winter night he addressed his personal possessions to his father with the attached note: "I've made a miserable failure of this life. I've disgraced you and sent mother to a premature grave. If you care to look for me, you'll find my body in the Chicago River."

The parcel dropped in the snow as he leaped to the rail of the bridge, where an alert policeman seized him. The newspaperman begged for release, and told his miserable story. The police man answered, "I'm not much on religion, but you can still make a big thing out of life. I'll show you to a place that helps people every night, the Pacific Garden Mission, at 100 East Van Buren Street."

The reporter followed directions, entered the mission, and sat down next to a bum. After the testimonies, he went forward and accepted Christ. Sunday met him some time later in a Chicago elevator, and the talked together of the spiritual birthplace dear to their hearts, and of their common Saviour.

"He was secretary in the firm of Morgan and Wright, at \$175 a month," Sunday said. "New York paper offered him an associate editorship, but told him to stay where he was and tell the old, old story. It was a marvelous power for God."

Billy Sunday always had a hearty handshake for a fellow convert of the old mission; he was as sure that the converts there had the real thing as he was sure of his own fold. More than any other man he told around the country what went on in the Chicago refuge. In his great campaigns in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Chicago and Cincinnati, multitudes heard for the first time of the little mission outpost in Chicago.

But the publicity Sunday gave the mission was not the only evidence of his appreciation. He and "Ma" Sunday came back home whenever it was convenient; sometimes with only a half-hour stopover on the way to their train out of Chicago, Billy seized the opportunity for a testimony. It was never necessary to prod for a word from him.

But more than this, Billy Sunday gave the mission a cash love offering of \$42,000 to further the work. That was his largest, but not his only gift. It represented the net income, after expenses were paid, from Sunday's ten-week Chicago campaign.

The pledges ran \$70,000, but they were not paid in full. Just as in New York the great evangelist gave the net offering of his campaign to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., so in Chicago he said, "I can't do less here, and I want the offerings to go to Pacific Garden Mission."

The idea was his own. That fund paid two-thirds of the cost of moving the mission headquarters to a far more promising field, its present address.

Mother Clarke's bequest to the mission, left in her will after her death in 1918, paid the other third. Before the shift to the new address, the mission had paid a high yearly rental; at 650 South State Street it has already saved twenty years of rent at \$5,000 a year, more than double the Billy Sunday gift. And there were other gifts, for at the mission's anniversary meetings, Billy came more than once as special speaker, thus helping to raise several thousand dollars for the annual budget at meetings in big churches. Only once did the evangelist turn in an expense account. Once, at Moody Church, Billy raised \$4,400 for the mission, while "Ma" Sunday talked to two overflow crowds and raised an additional \$280. After Billy went to glory, "Ma" Sunday came along occasionally for the annual meeting to help stimulate financial interest in the mission.

Like Mel Trotter, Billy Sunday served for years on the mission's board of trustees, though unlike Mel, he never felt the call to rescue mission work. His tremendous interest in it, however, is evidenced by the frequent calls he made for Harry Monroe and Mel Trotter to give their testimonies and to organize converts for mission work, as well as by his own affection for Pacific Garden Mission. Because of his far-flung evangelistic efforts, he seldom attended board meetings, and in 1922 requested that he be dropped as a trustee.

President A. M. Johnson, acting for the board, sought to persuade him to continue, but Billy felt he was only a figurehead with his necessary absence, so the board accepted his resignation "with reluctance, appreciating all his life, service and spirit has meant to the mission."

The same inability to attend board meetings prompted Homer A. Rodeheaver to resign as trustee the following year. In 1924, when Sunday was taken ill, the mission trustees showed that they still considered him one of their number by writing Billy and "Ma" Sunday, extending to them their love and wishes for a speedy recovery, and inviting Sunday to visit and speak at the mission if possible on his next call to Chicago.

One of the mission's proudest mementoes of Billy Sunday is the grand piano that traveled with him for part of his barnstorming revivalism. A huge Baldwin concert model, it was used mainly in the Chicago meetings in 1918, and then donated to the mission along with the cash receipts. (The Baldwin company furnished pianos free for Sunday for years).

It still sees service at the mission every night, and its notes make the walls throb with spiritual dynamic and electric memories. The music rack on the piano is broken, an additional reminder of the Chicago campaign, when a dope-crazed man, under the influence of drink, tried to tackle Billy Sunday in the tabernacle near the lake. In the scuffle that followed, a chair was thrown and the rack broken.

The noted evangelist of the sawdust trail—which he carried from the Northwoods lumber camps to the heart of America's key cities—died at seventy-two on November 6, 1935. He had been in poor health for six months, but his death was unexpected. It was hastened, his friends thought, by the religious unresponsiveness which came upon America in the wake of World War I, and by the repeal of prohibition. These factors did not dishearten Billy, for he had little faith in human nature but an abundant trust in God. He kept his fire right to the end, and the Lord's Day before his death saw more than thirty converts at an Indiana service.

From the day that Billy Sunday walked out of Pacific Garden Mission, a new man in Christ, more than one million men and women had shaken his hand, professing that they had received Christ as personal Saviour under his preaching, or had been restored to the fold from which they were prodigals. He preached to more than eighty million persons.

On the walls of Pacific Garden Mission are pictures, with accompanying bronze tablets, of Harry Monroe, Mel Trotter and Billy Sunday. Heart failure took Mel Trotter to heaven, and it carried Billy Sunday to glory also. They were a great triumvirate, but they were only three among the thousands who went from the old Van Buren Street mission to tell what God had done when they answered His call.

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