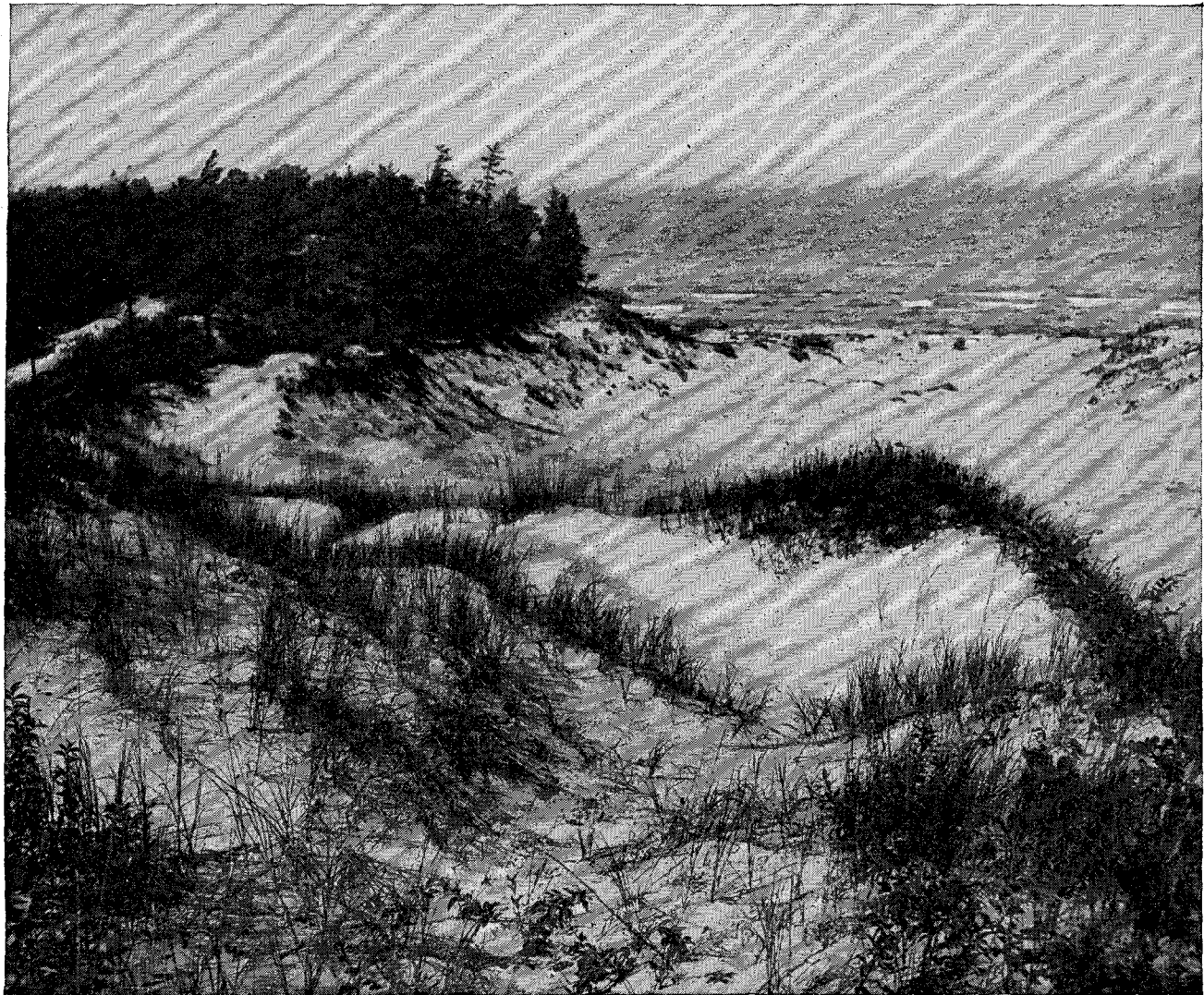


# THE INDIANA



Photographs by A. E. Anderson

**I**N the heart of one of the most important industrial centers of the United States lies a wild and unspoiled region which deserves preservation as a National or State park. It is the dune country of Indiana.

The Indiana sand dunes lie along the shore of Lake Michigan. They are accessible to five million people who live within a radius of one hundred miles. The two photographs presented here give some idea of the fantastic and wind-swept beauty of this land where drifting sand and the armies of the plant world wage an eternal war.

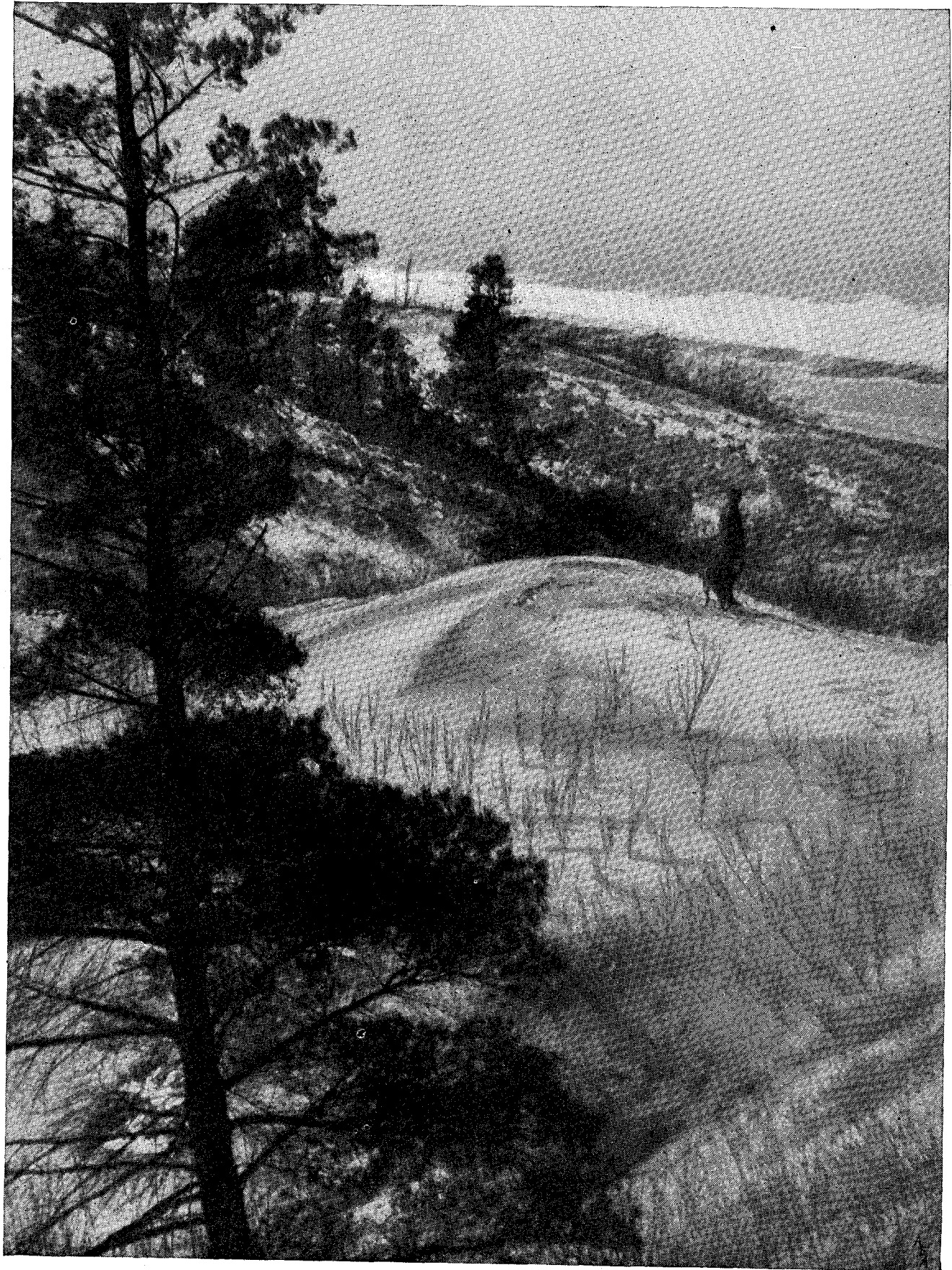
Through this territory ran the old trail from Detroit to Chicago, a trail still well defined. It was over this route that the first military forces marched from Detroit to Fort Dearborn, established on the present site of Chicago, in 1804.

The Indiana Conservation Department has planned a State park in the heart of this dune-land, with an eight-mile frontage on the Lake and a depth of from one to two miles. Governor Warren T. McCray, of Indiana, has agreed to ask his State for \$1,000,000—to be appropriated in ten equal annual installments over a period of ten years—provided that citizens interested in saving the dunes match dollar for dollar the money appropriated by the State.

Surely there exists in this project a chance to give to many city dwellers of the Middle West the same opportunity for recreation which the citizens of New York and New Jersey have found in the great Inter-State Palisades Park upon the Hudson River. We cannot believe that the people of Indiana and Illinois will let this opportunity slip from their grasp.



# SAND DUNES

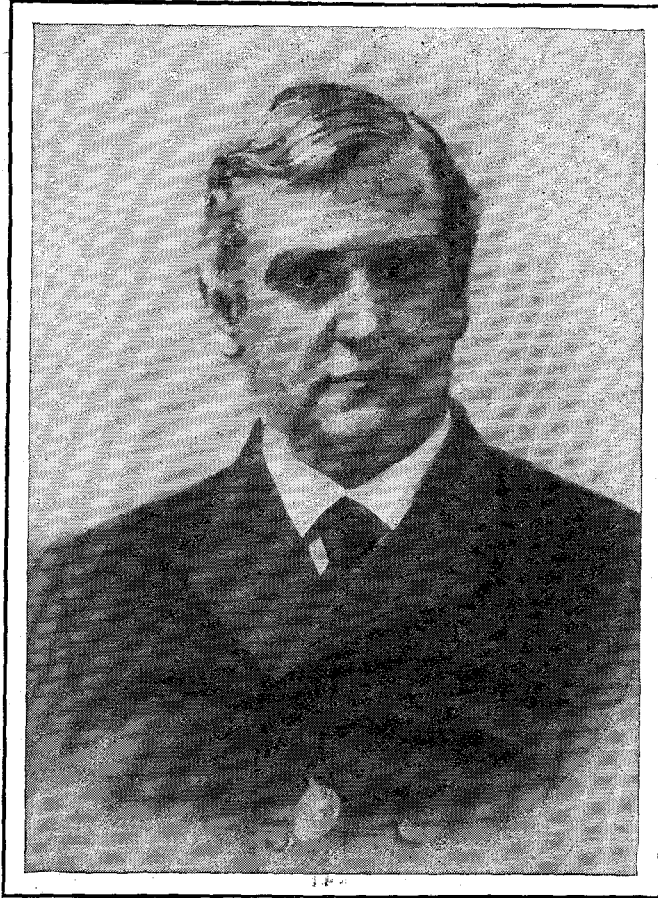




# SNAP-SHOTS OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

## PHILLIPS BROOKS, PROPHET OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE



PHILLIPS BROOKS

**I**N the spring of 1889 I received the following letter from Phillips Brooks:

233 Clarendon Street  
Boston

May 30, 1889

*My dear Dr. Abbott:*

Professor Peabody tells me that there is some sign of a prospect that you may join our Company of Preachers at Harvard College.

I cannot help saying how thoroughly delightful I should think it if such a thing should come to pass. It is the most interesting work that I have ever had to do. I am sure that, done as you could do it, it would be full of new value and satisfaction.

This being the case—and you having nothing on Earth to do at present—I dare to hope that what the Professor suggests may really come. God grant it!

Ever sincerely yours

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott.

The "Company of Preachers" to which Phillips Brooks alludes was a group of six, one of whom was a University professor who had oversight of the religious life of the University; the other five were non-residents invited for the current year. Each minister usually preached for four Sundays, conducted morning prayers for four weeks, and after prayers held morning conferences

with such students as wished to call upon him. The call to share in this delighted me. But, engaged then in both ministerial and editorial work, I hesitated to take on a new responsibility. Phillips Brooks's letter decided me. From that time until the day of his death in 1893 I was in different years a co-worker with Phillips Brooks in the Harvard "Company of Preachers."

I have known greater orators than Phillips Brooks. Henry Ward Beecher had more stops in his organ; Daniel Webster was more massive, his sentences were more heavily weighted; Abraham Lincoln was more persuasive—no utterance of Phillips Brooks's had the effect on the Nation of Abraham Lincoln's Cooper Union address or the immortality of his Gettysburg address. But no orator I ever heard was more inspirational. A friend of Phillips Brooks, who knew him well, admired him greatly, and possessed rare psychological insight, indicated in the one word "abundance" his distinguishing characteristic. "You will find," said he, "the word abundant in almost every sermon: abundant life, abundant light, abundant grace, abundant goodness." The trees of the Lord, said the Psalmist, are full. Phillips Brooks was one of the trees of the Lord.

Physically he was an impressive speci-

men of manhood—stood, I am sure, something over six feet in his stockings and could not have weighed less than two hundred and fifty pounds. But he was not corpulent; had not the appearance of carrying an ounce of superfluous flesh. He enjoyed marvelous health. Two years before his death he told me that he had never known what it was to be tired. More's the pity! If he had rested more, he might have lived longer. He never apparently spared himself; rarely, if ever, declined to render a service to the public or to a friend if acceptance was possible; did not, I think, use a shorthand writer in his correspondence until after his election as bishop; all his letters to me were written with his own hand, and with what care is shown by the reproduction of one of them in this article. His beautiful library was on the ground floor of his bachelor home on Marlboro Street in Boston, and visitors were apparently always welcome. When and where and how he read and studied I do not know, but that he was both a careful student and a wide reader is abundantly indicated by his sermons. I asked him once when he did his reading. His reply was characteristic of a man who never talked about himself. "I have," he replied, "a cottage at Andover where I go in the summer. And every year I take up a book and read it there; and—well—the next year I take up another book."

His body was a fit tabernacle for a large mind. He had a wide horizon, intellectually lived in the open country, was interested in large themes. But no themes seemed to him large unless they concerned human life. His intellect always acted under the spur of his emotions; his emotions were always under the control of his intellect. He was never an indifferentist and never an enthusiast.

He was a loyal, consistent, and conscientious Churchman. But ecclesiastical questions did not interest him. In the House of Bishops the newly elected bishops sit in the rear of the church, the older ones in front. In the first meeting after Phillips Brooks's election, toward the close of the session Bishop Henry C. Potter was passing out. Bishop Brooks stopped him with this whispered question: "Henry, is it always as dull as this?"

Mr. Beecher once said in my hearing: "Scholars talk about *essential* truths. Essential to what? Essential to a perfect system, or essential to a perfect life?" The only truths that Phillips Brooks regarded as essential were the truths that contributed something to life. I do not know what Phillips Brooks thought about evolution as a biological theory or whether he thought about it at all, nor what sociological theory of industrial and political development he held, or whether he had