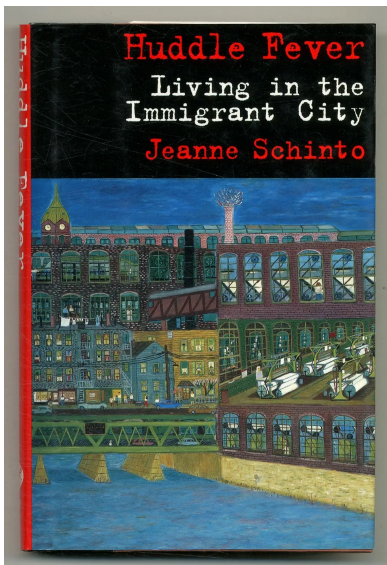


Author's Note

When the novelist and travel writer Paul Theroux reviewed my book *Huddle Fever* for the *New York Times* in 1995, he ended it with this curmudgeonly, Therouxesque suggestion: “Perhaps Ms. Schinto will write a similar book about smug little Andover.”¹ *Huddle Fever* is a memoir about the ten years I lived in Lawrence, Massachusetts, the once-booming, long-since-floundering, former textile-mill city. In the book’s final chapter I revealed that I had moved to the well-appointed, colonial-era, prep-school town next door. That my husband, Bob Frishman, and I had left the so-called Immigrant City in, as Mr. Theroux phrased it, “disappointment, confusion, [and] alarm” was truer than I liked to admit. I was more than happy to flee the noise of police sirens, fire engines, and car burglar-alarms, and rather liked the quiet peace of my new hometown. And over the next two decades, except for a single essay² about the pond across the street from our house here on Poor Street (named for an old Andover family, not a financial situation), I turned my writing attentions elsewhere, and experienced no regrets about failing to be inspired by my reviewer’s offhanded remark.

A few years ago, however, I found myself typing out more thoughts about this place where I have now lived longer than I have lived anywhere else. Eat local? Suddenly it made sense for me to “write” local. And so, in between freelance assignments, mostly for an antiques-trade newspaper that published my articles about auction prices and trends, museum exhibitions, the psychology of collectors, and related aspects of American material culture, I began researching primary sources and reading what others had written about Andover’s history. Then, in March of 2020, when the pandemic forced us all to restrict our travels, it seemed both sensible and practical for me to concentrate on a subject close at hand.



I certainly had been locally focussed when I wrote about Lawrence. Mr. Theroux had characterized my book correctly as the result of a “closely observed residence,” except, he’d opined, that previously “such personal accounts . . . would be concerned with distant cities: ‘Rangoon Jottings,’ ‘Ten Years in Khartoum,’ ‘A Decade in Bangkok.’” He had been making the point that Lawrence resembled “just that sort of city—a remote, bereft, rotting and blighted place that was once prosperous and proud” with, he added, a social structure as complex as the formerly colonized or occupied cities he had named. He had also noticed that the stance I had taken towards Lawrence was not unlike that of writers who intended their stays to be temporary. I wouldn’t have said so when I’d arrived there in 1984, but I realize now that my time in Lawrence had, like any traveler’s, always been fated to end. Long before I’d written my book’s final pages, I had known that I would leave.

Readers of *Huddle Fever* occasionally asked if I planned a sequel, but I had neither the interest nor a rationale for such an undertaking. I had written the book because I’d kept asking myself questions I needed to answer for my own benefit: “What the hell happened here? How did Lawrence get this way? Was there ever a *more* dysfunctional entity?” The only other places I

had lived were a New York City suburb (Greenwich, Connecticut), a major city (Washington, D.C.), and, for a single year, a one-square mile hamlet just over the D.C. line (Takoma Park, Maryland). The ways of a working-class society living in the ruin of an industrial landscape were a mystery to me. Hence, my bewilderment and urge to understand it, not the least because I myself had come from a working-class family: my father had been a carpenter, then town building inspector; my mother, a secretary. In any case, with those questions about Lawrence answered, at least to my own satisfaction, a sequel wasn't on my mind. Besides, in order to write such a thing, I needed the primary access, by way of daily living there, that I had forfeited by moving to Andover.

And yet, in an important way, this project does follow the other. At its most basic, *Huddle Fever* was a history of what Lawrence once produced: cloth. *The Missionary Factory* is a history of what Lawrence's nearest neighbor once produced: men of the cloth, specifically at the Andover Theological Seminary, which trained clergy for exactly hundred years, from 1808 to 1908, on the campus of Phillips Academy, founded twenty-five years earlier. After the turn of the nineteenth century, an orthodox, Calvinistic institution likely would have been established somewhere in New England—a counterbalance to the Unitarians of Harvard, who were in the ascendancy and starting to threaten the Congregational status quo. Why it was founded in Andover; how it developed into an international, ecclesiastical powerhouse that initiated the American Protestant mass missionary movement; how its graduates and their supporters fit into the broader cultural, economic, and political context beyond their theological concerns and conflicts; and what precipitated the Seminary's downfall, which was actually a long, slow, inevitable slide rather than a quick, preventable toppling—that is the story *The Missionary Factory* tells.

I was born in 1951, the year the American philosopher Eric Hoffer published his study of mass movements and their adherents, *The True Believer*; which, in my view, has aged well, seeming both prescient and timely, the gist of it being that, in Hoffer's words, "Mass movements can rise and spread without belief in a God, but never without belief in a devil."³ As an infant I was baptized a Roman Catholic. As a parochial-school student, a stint that extended from nursery school through ninth grade, I remember asking new, childhood acquaintances if they were

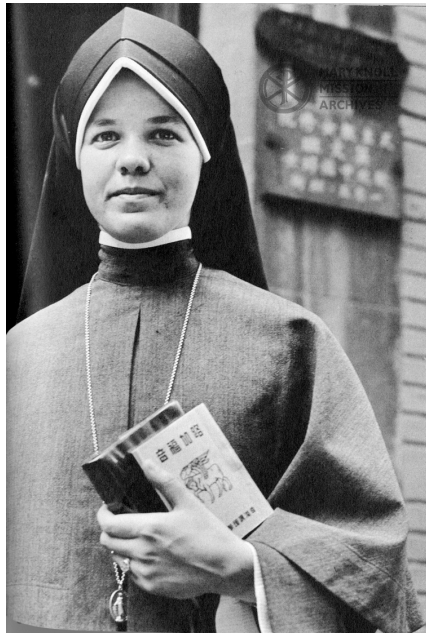
"Catholic or public." To me that was the great divide. We weren't intent on converting the "non-Catholics" in our midst, however. They were best avoided. At the same time, however, we were schooled in the faraway mass missionary endeavors of our denomination. We were forever praying for the conversion of "pagans," who lived in "pagan lands," which, in the 1950s, generally meant "Red" China. We were given a magazine to read called *Annals of the Holy Childhood*, and encouraged to give money to support the cause. We collected coins in our own personal, folded-cardboard



Dennis Cusick, 1822, collection box. Peabody Essex Museum.

mite boxes for this purpose. Eventually, beginning slightly before puberty arrived and lasting until slightly after its onset, I wanted to become a missionary myself. It seemed the logical choice if I were truly to follow the edicts of my Catholic-school education.

During that phase of my life, I corresponded with the director of vocations for the Maryknoll Sisters; I visited the nuns' motherhouse in Maryknoll, New York; and most important, I read the many books written by the order's director of publicity, Sister Maria del Rey. Recently I re-read her *In and Out the Andes*, published as a trade book—that is, for general readers—by Charles Scribner's Sons, in 1955. An account of visits she made to Maryknoll missions from Nicaragua to the Yucatán and points in between, the book is partly an engaging travelogue written by a woman who, before entering the convent, earned a college degree in journalism and worked as a reporter and columnist for a Pittsburgh newspaper. It shows. Adept at employing the well-chosen anecdote, the telling detail, and her wry sense of humor, she reminded me a little of Mr. Theroux—albeit in a sunnier mood. Soon enough, though, I was not only no longer interested in the missionary life; I was no longer attending Mass: I was lapsed. Clearly, my faith had been a kiddy kind of faith—no wonder it didn't survive my young adulthood—and for a



From Sister Maria del Rey, *Bernie Becomes a Nun* (1956). Photo by George Barris. Maryknoll Mission Archives.

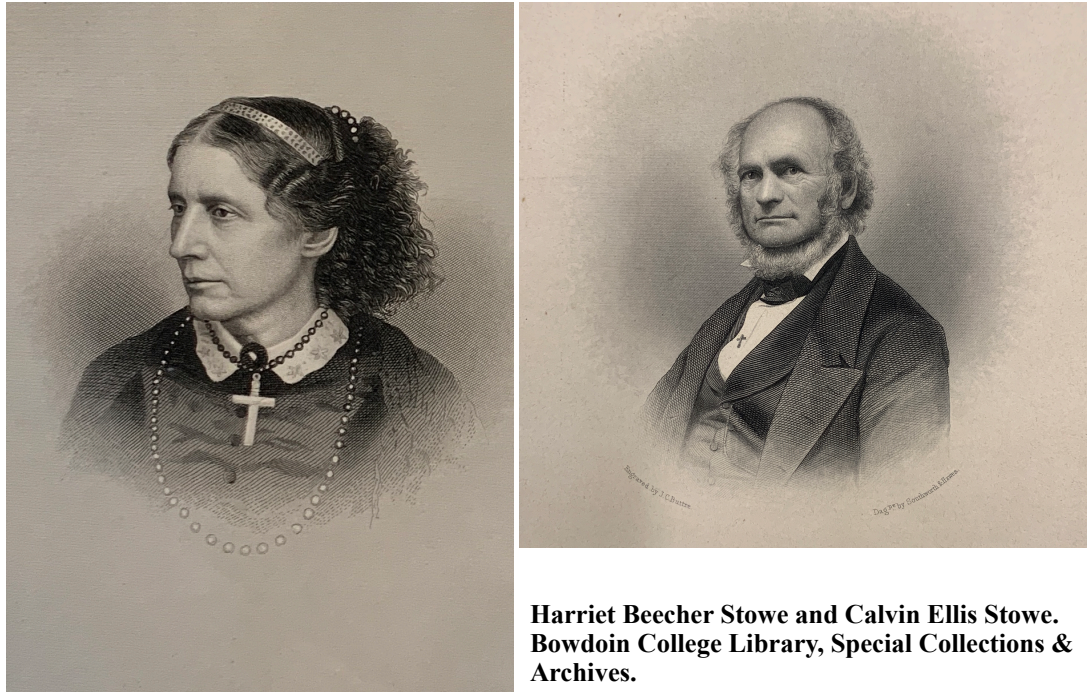
variety of reasons, no other kind of religious faith has since replaced it.⁴ And yet, I consider that early religious aspiration of mine a primary reason why, of all the other aspects of Andover history I could have written about, I gravitated to this subject and why it has suited me.

Until the Seminary invented its new way of educating clergy—in large groups, in an academic setting—young men usually prepared for the ministry by studying privately under the guidance of a local pastor. Andover's curriculum, designed for graduates of liberal-arts colleges, bucked that long-standing trend and started another, in advanced-degree religious education. The first post-graduate school of any kind in the United States, the first to require a three-year curriculum of graded study that led to a professional degree for clergy, Andover became the standard model for orthodox theological education in every denomination across the country.⁵ And for many years, it was *the* place to be accepted at and graduated from.

At the peak of its fame and influence in the mid-nineteenth century, just before the Civil War, the sheer number of clergy being turned out by Andover was cause for critical comment in some quarters. John Dalton Flagg, who followed his father, Timothy Flagg, into the local printing business, once wrote that he recalled having seen a cartoon showing Seminary faculty members putting pumpkins into a giant hopper while an associate turned its crank—“and at the bottom Theological students were crawling out.”⁶ The image of hayseeds being transformed into holy men can be read as a commentary on the phenomenon, new in the nineteenth century, of rural-born young men becoming ministers rather than following their farmer fathers into the fields. It also unwittingly represents the economic shift away from

agriculture and towards industry that was drawing both young men and women from the countryside to manufacturing centers, like Lawrence.

Up until then, ministers had traditionally come to their calling with smooth, uncalloused hands, from the ranks of a community's elite. Harriet Beecher Stowe's Theophilus Sewell, a character from her 1861 novel *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, was of the old type: he "preserved the



Harriet Beecher Stowe and Calvin Ellis Stowe.
Bowdoin College Library, Special Collections & Archives.

costume of a former generation, with something of that imposing dignity with which, in earlier times, the habits of the clergy were invested." The pastor of a congregation on a fictional island in Maine, where some of the antiquated ways had more easily been preserved in isolation, the Rev. Sewell "was tall and majestic in stature, and carried to advantage the powdered wig and three-cornered hat, the broad-skirted coat, knee-breeches, high shoes, and plated buckles of the ancient costumes." It was the very attire worn by Mrs. Stowe's own father, Lyman Beecher.

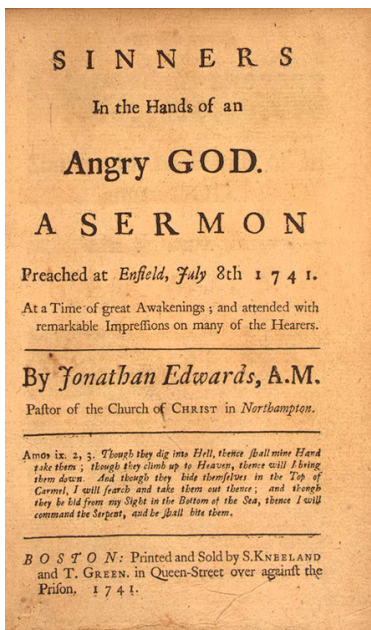
One of the rhymed verses of a broadside disapproving of Andover made a related point: that no matter who was being turned out by the Seminary, there were just so damn many of them: "Like the locusts of Egypt, they fill all the land; Not a green herb before them, uneaten can stand."⁷ Both the cartoon and the broadside can also be read as a commentary on the rote way men of the cloth were being created at the Seminary, like factory-made clocks or any other merchandise being produced in unprecedentedly large, identical numbers by an increasingly industrialized New England. A "ministerial factory"⁸ is what Mrs. Stowe once called it, and she knew of where she spoke: her husband, Calvin Ellis Stowe, who graduated from the Seminary with the class of 1828, taught there from 1852 to 1864, and she, along with her children, lived with him on campus.⁹ *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had just been published. Besides *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, she wrote seven other books at her desk in the faculty housing they were provided, a couple of them boldly critical of the Rev. Stowe's employers and colleagues and their efforts to convert the world's "heathen" to Christianity. She was especially condemnatory of their failure to

rid themselves of their most obvious sin: doing little or nothing to end slavery while using their interpretations of Bible passages to justify it.

Within three years of its founding, the Seminary had become a *missionary* factory, too. For decades, Andover-trained proselytizers were supported by a formidable organization, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—known simply as the American Board for short or by its initials. On the Phillips Academy campus there is what is known as the Missionary Boulder. Dedicated in 1910, it is a granite rock weighing several tons imbedded with a bronze tablet memorializing the seven Seminarians whose promptings led to the American Board’s formation. Until then, the United States had had no formal body for sending missionaries abroad. By the time the boulder was set in place, on the American Board’s one-hundredth birthday, the Congregationalist-Presbyterian collaboration had become what has been characterized as “the country’s first multinational corporation” by virtue of its having tasked itself “with creating, staffing, and supervising a transoceanic structure.”¹⁰

Once I learned about the American Board, my idea of writing “local” obviously needed to be revised. Followers of Christian nationalism foment the belief that the United States was meant to be a Christian nation. The missionaries of the American Board believed in Christian *globalism*, the domination of the *world* for Christ. The birth of the *secular* factory system in the nineteenth century, in concert with developments in mass transportation and mass communication systems, facilitated the idea. New roads and rail systems being built around the world enabled proselytizers to travel overland on the same networks that were moving raw materials and new products to and fro. When steamships replaced sailing vessels, they could

much more readily travel the seas. And after steam printing presses were sufficiently developed, religious printers could produce not hundreds or thousands but millions of pages of tracts, sermons, and translations of the Holy Word. (And, as you will see, these religious printers included several enterprises that succeeded the house established by Timothy Flagg and his partner, Abraham J. Gould, in Andover.)



It is true that technology had been used to good effect by proselytizers in the past. In the eighteenth century Jonathan Edwards delivered much more powerful sermons than what became known as *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God*, but that is the one we know best because it got printed and disseminated.¹¹ Some two hundred years after Edwards’s death, the term *televangelist* was coined by a writer for *Time* magazine, whose cover story on April 14, 1952, referred to the Roman Catholic Bishop Fulton J. Sheen as the “first ‘televangelist.’” Today, the internet is the technology that most effectively, and often frighteningly, makes converts to causes of

all kinds. But until the nineteenth century, no missionaries of any denomination had ever before used technology on a gigantic scale.

Wealthy people gave large amounts of money to the Seminary upon its founding and to the associated missionary movement via the American Board. Money also came in from

individual donors of a few dollars here, a few cents (literally) there. Between September 1, 1819 and August 31, 1820, for example, Andover's Female Charitable Society gave \$60 ("of which half for Am. In."); a "charity box" kept by Emily Jane Adams, the seven-year-old daughter of Phillips Academy headmaster John Adams, yielded \$4; and Betsey Cleveland, the Adams's "family maid" donated \$1, the equivalent of two-week's wages.¹² The following year, "A little boy" who lived in the town of Andover gave \$1.06 "for educating heathen children." The town's hoi polloi also engaged in such mundane though essential labors as growing the food the Seminarians ate and, in the years before dormitories were built, running the boarding houses where they slept.



SPINNERS OF WORSTED YARNS.

OF ALL
QUALITIES AND NUMBERS
 FOR
 WORSTED COATINGS,
 DRESS GOODS and
 KNIT WEAR,

Yarns Spun on both the Bradford and French Systems.

SPECIALTY:
 UNIFORMITY OF COLOR.

Also Woolen and Merino Yarns, and Coarse Yarns for Backing.

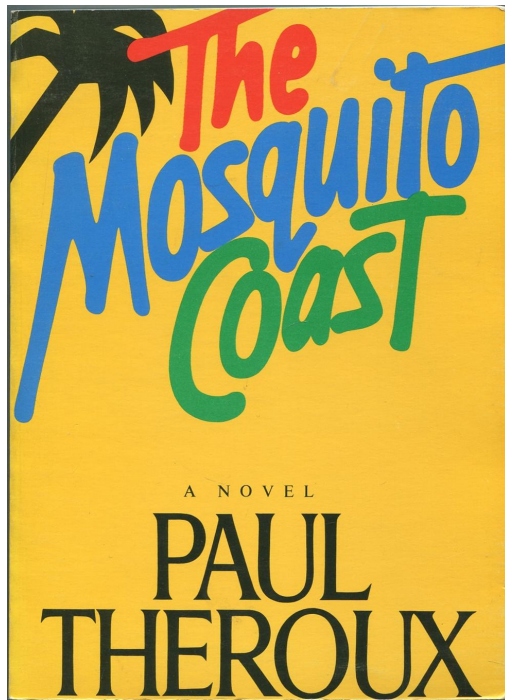
WASHINGTON MILLS COMPANY, LAWRENCE, MASS.

One does have to wonder what the average Andoverite thought of the Seminarians' well publicized goal of saving the entire world for Christ—and by a deadline no less, the millennium. Religion was the foundational organizing principle of their lives, but most of them may have been too busy to give the feasibility of the mass movement's success much of their precious, contemplation time. On the other hand, I can easily imagine that at least some of the citizenry developed a bigger-than-local perspective as they witnessed the burgeoning of the international textile empire next door, in the lineup of massive, red-brick mills along the Merrimack River in Lawrence, a rib having been taken out of Andover's acreage to create the mill city in the first place. The spectacle might well have helped them believe that the Seminary's plan to conquer the globe was a plausible undertaking. After all, if a textile empire could rise up from former farmland, why couldn't a religious revolution be carried out by former farm boys?

An example of someone inspired by the explosive success of American manufacturing to think big thoughts was the Rev. Orville Dewey, who graduated from the Seminary with the class of 1819 (then switched to Unitarianism, in 1823). "No reform is now deemed impossible, no

enterprise for human betterment unpractical,” he proclaimed in an 1844 magazine article, “On the Signs and Prospects of the Age.”¹³ At least initially, Ralph Waldo Emerson likewise thought that technical progress would lead to human progress: “Extremes meet . . . Machinery & Transcendentalism agree well,” he wrote in his journal at his desk in Concord, Massachusetts, on May 18, 1843.¹⁴ By then, textile manufacturing was already underway in Lowell, Massachusetts, while land for the even more ambitious Lawrence enterprise was being bought up by a group of investors who called themselves the Boston Associates. But even as industrialization facilitated the missionaries’ work, it complicated it, too. Immigrants, scores and scores of them, were needed to do the work in those mills, and very few of them were other than Roman Catholic or Jewish. Neither the leadership of the Seminarians, who were being trained fifteen miles north of Lowell and just five miles south of Lawrence, nor the American Board, headquartered in Boston, knew quite what to do about them. And while many home missionaries were being assigned to convert indigenous people as well as wayward white settlers in the South and West, both the Seminary and the American Board had their principal sights set on the “heathen” beyond the borders of the United States.

Quite appropriately, since his suggestion that I write about Andover led me to the subject of missionaries, Mr. Theroux’s most famous novel and his own acknowledged personal favorite is overtly missionary-themed. Published in the United States in 1982,¹⁵ it is *The Mosquito Coast*, whose protagonist, Allie Fox, relocates his family from the fictional Hatfield, Massachusetts, to a



remote part of Honduras, where he wants them to live free of American popular culture and pollution, hypocrisy and hedonism, and where he’ll be able to indulge his desire to bring his ice-making invention to the jungle. At both the beginning and end of the Fox family’s ordeal, they fatefully encounter the Rev. Gurney Spellgood, a classic charlatan, who has a drive-in church in Baltimore as well as a Central American outpost in a place called Guampu, where he appears on a television screen when he isn’t present to preach. Allie loathes him; yet he is himself often mistaken for a missionary and, inarguably, he is one, preaching a kind of secular theology. What is more, his children naturally call him “Father,” but so does Mr. Haddy, a Honduran who works for the Foxes and in due course acts as their savior, although he pronounces the word “Fadder.” (“Farter” is what Allie’s younger son, Jerry, who grows to hate him and wishes him dead, calls him towards the novel’s conclusion.) When Allie maniacally sets fire to Spellgood’s church building,

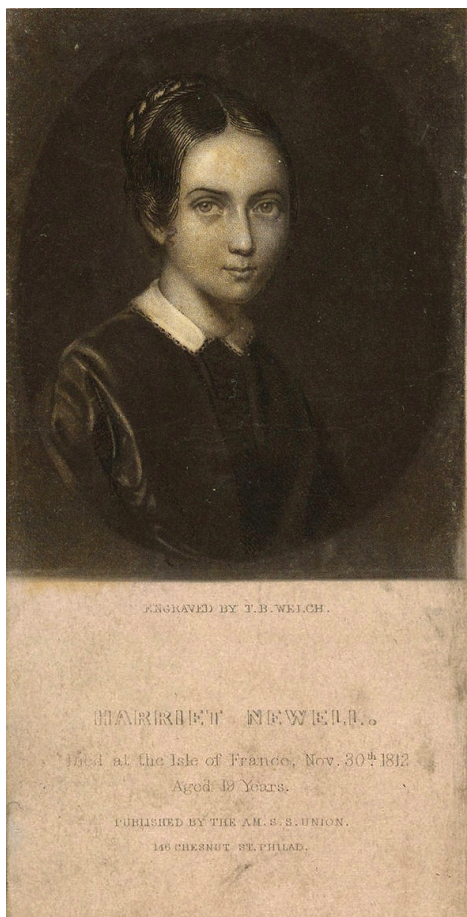
after which Spellgood mortally shoots him, he actually is labeled a missionary, a martyred one no less, in news stories published in the Caribbean press.

Missionaries are, of course, not a thing of the past. Like the poor they are always with us. Usually, though, they don’t get much of the secular world’s attention until something dramatic

happens. In the international news in 2018, there was, for example, John Allen Chau, the twenty-seven-year-old American member of All Nations¹⁶ who was killed while trying to approach the residents of India's North Sentinel Island, home of the indigenous Sentinelese, who will violently defend their preference and their right to live in isolation from the rest of us.

Exactly two hundred years earlier, the American Board published *The Conversion of the World. Or, the Claims of Six Hundred Millions and the Ability and Duty of the Churches Respecting Them* by two Andover Seminarians, Samuel Newell and Gordon Hall. The book was printed by Andover's Flag and Gould,¹⁷ widely distributed in America and England, and reprinted many times for distribution elsewhere. The Revs. Newell and Hall had considered publishing it anonymously. In the end, they identified themselves so that the book would be "received with a livelier interest, and to produce a greater and more extended effect."¹⁸ They

were, in other words, missionary celebrities; in fact, they were two of the seven whose names would be chiseled into that boulder now sitting in a shady wood on the grounds of Phillips Academy. The Rev. Newell was especially renowned, because his wife, Harriet Atwood Newell, died within months of her arrival in the Newells' intended outpost in South Asia, at age nineteen. Dead, too, was her five-day-old newborn. And when her memoirs were published, she, without having spent one moment trying to convert anyone, was nonetheless celebrated and promoted as the first American missionary "martyr." In the Christian press the same word was used to describe John Allen Chau.¹⁹



Harriet Atwood Newell. Courtesy of the Trustees of the Haverhill (MA) Public Library, Special Collections Department.

The Missionary Factory features other instances of great personal sacrifice by ... Martyrs? Saints? Sacrificial lambs? Or just plain fools? From my perspective, fools is the right word to describe the group of American evangelicals* who found their way to the Ukraine a couple of months after Russia invaded it. As reported by foreign correspondent Tom Stevenson in *The London Review of Books*, they were "getting on buses and shouting about God. 'We came all the way from America to tell you Jesus loves you,' one teenage girl said as her friend translated into Russian." This was a distraction that exactly nobody needed just then. As Stevenson pointedly stated: "There were thousands of people in the station building, but only one train, and the few station workers and volunteers were overwhelmed."²⁰

So we choose our characterization, depending on our personal perspective, values, life experiences. And then what? Maybe the best we can do is seek a kind of understanding of those who seem to be living in a reality different from our own—or seem to have done so in our historical past. That and strive to live and let live. Maybe it's just

as simple, and as difficult, as that. Although unsympathetic, to say the least, to the missionary cause (“the labor of imposing a single religion upon the terrestrial globe”²¹), E.M. Forster expressed precisely that idea in *A Passage to India*, published in 1924. At one point, there is a conversation about the concept of just such a universal religion as the Andover missionaries proposed, called *Din-i-Ilahi* or Divine Faith, founded by the Mughal emperor Abu'l-Fath Jalal-ud-din Muhammad Akbar in 1582. “But wasn’t Akbar’s new religion very fine?” Forster’s troubled British tourist, Miss Quested, asks Dr. Aziz, the local government-hospital physician, who is a Muslim. “It was to embrace the whole of India.” “Miss Quested, fine but foolish,” he replies. “You keep your religion, I mine. That is the best.” Ronny Heaslop, Miss Quested’s fiancé, who is the magistrate of Chandrapore, speaks a comparable line: “... every fellow has to



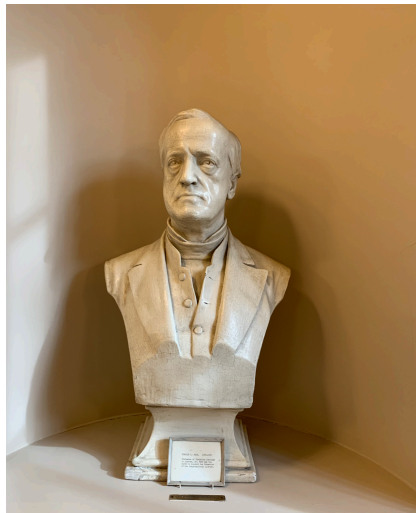
E.M. Forster.

work out his own religion.” Over the course of the novel, which takes place in the 1920s as the push for colonial Indian independence from Great Britain grows, Heaslop is revealed to be a blustery, bigoted, small-hearted fellow. But he says those words about religion being a personal matter “in respectful yet decided tones,” and as Forster’s omniscient narrator observes, “any fellow who heard him muttered, ‘Hear!’”

* While waiting for the doors of Boston’s Congregational Library & Archives (hereafter CLA) to open one day, I walked down Beacon Hill past the Congregationalists’ Park Street Church. Signage says it is an “evangelical” place of worship. Andover Seminarians often described themselves as evangelical, and once I got inside the library, established in 1853, I noted that the label on the bust of a Seminary faculty member, Edwards A. Park (1808-1900), at the far end of the reading room, gives him credit for the idea of establishing the library in the first place.

I began thinking about the term *evangelical*, as well as one often associated with it: *fundamentalist*. I hope readers will agree there is a basic confusion about what each of those words truly means in contemporary parlance. Matthew Avery Sutton, in *American Apocalypse*, his history of modern-day evangelism, writes that after the John T. Scopes trial of 1925, the word *fundamentalist* began being used generally, and pejoratively, to refer to “all socially conservative, anti-modernist, anti-science, anti-education Christians, whether they had any relationship to the fundamentalist movement or not.”²² But as Mr. Sutton and others like to remind us, *fundamentalist* has a very specific meaning, as does *evangelical*, and they should not be used interchangeably—although they are, especially by our country’s most disreputable fundamentalist preachers.

In Sutton’s phrasing, *evangelical* is the word that means those who emphasize “the centrality of the Bible, the death and resurrection of Jesus, the necessity of individual conversion, and spreading the faith through missions.”²³ From within that community emerged a subset of fundamentalists—a contingent of white, Anglo-Americans who in the 1910s established an interdenominational apocalyptic movement. William Jennings Bryan, the prosecuting attorney in



Edwards A. Park.

the Scopes trial, is an infamous exemplar. Pithily, George Marsden, who, like Mr. Sutton, is a historian of American religious movements, defines *fundamentalist* in his own book as “an evangelical who is angry about something.”²⁴ In Mr. Sutton’s timeline, fundamentalism, after its early twentieth-century peak, disappeared from mainstream culture and life until post World War II, when its followers began increasing in numbers again and calling themselves evangelicals.

Frances Fitzgerald, in her book *The Evangelicals: The Struggle to Shape America*, published in 2017, gives some background: “Many equate evangelicals with fundamentalists or the Christian right when only a minority belong to either group.”²⁵ Billy Graham, she points out, began calling himself an evangelical after a fallout with the fundamentalists in the early 1950s. The confusion has persisted ever since. As for what is officially known as the New Christian Right, the

distinctly and unambiguously political coalition formed in the 1970s under the leadership of Jerry Falwell Sr. and others who afterwards fell into the arms of the Republican party, encouraging its tight and mutually beneficial embrace. The 2022 film documentary *God Forbid* presents a gloss of that history in the course of telling the story of Jerry Falwell Jr., his wife, Becki Falwell, and their sordid ménage à trois with a duped, young protégé. The arrangement, it is implied, secured Falwell Jr.’s endorsement of Donald Trump for the U.S. presidency in 2016, because Trump’s former attorney Michael Cohen was threatening to make the affair public.

Whether the documentary presented the entire truth or not, Falwell Jr. subsequently resigned his own presidency, from Liberty University, whose “doctrinal statement” concludes: “We affirm that the return of Christ for all believers is imminent. It will be followed by seven years of great tribulation, and then the coming of Christ to establish His earthly kingdom for a thousand years. The unsaved will then be raised and judged according to their works and

separated forever from God in hell. The saved, having been raised, will live forever in heaven in fellowship with God.” Fundamentalist? The word is nowhere to be found on its website. Instead its “mission statement” says is a “Christian academic community in the tradition of evangelical institutions of higher education.”²⁶

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- ¹ Paul Theroux, "Terminal City," *New York Times Book Review*, September 24, 1995, 11.
- ² Jeanne Schinto, "Hussey's Pond," *DoubleTake*, Vol. 8, No. 1 (Winter 2002), 38-39.
- ³ Eric Hoffer, *The True Believer: Thoughts on the Nature of Mass Movements* (New York: Harper & Bros., 1951), 91.
- ⁴ For more on this topic, see my short personal essay, "The Trouble with Church Art," *Mars Hill Review*, No. 19, 2002, 21-23.
- ⁵ The expanding network of seminaries established after Andover's include Princeton Theological Seminary (1812), Harvard Divinity School (1816), Yale Divinity School (1822), Virginia Theological Seminary in Alexandria (1823), Columbia Theological Seminary in Atlanta (1828), Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati (1829) and Union Theological Seminary in New York (1836). Even the fictional Mizpah Theological Seminary, attended by Sinclair Lewis's Elmer Gantry, had, like Andover's, a three-year curriculum. See Sinclair Lewis, *Arrowsmith, Elmer Gantry, Dodsworth* (New York: The Library of America, 2002), 542.
- ⁶ Phillips Academy Archives and Special Collections (hereafter PAA), Warren Fales Draper "Vertical File," letter to Draper from Flagg, September 16, 1903.
- ⁷ Titled "Andover Mill, or Minister's Factory," the poem was written by an anonymous, self-described "truly pious man."
- ⁸ Harriet Beecher Stowe, "Letter from Andover," *Andover Advertiser*, October 21, 1854 (reprinted from the *New York Independent*).
- ⁹ *General Catalogue of the Theological Seminary, Andover, Massachusetts, 1808-1908* (Boston: Thomas Todd, Printer, 1908), 100.
- ¹⁰ James A. Field Jr., "Near East Notes and Far East Queries," John K. Fairbank, ed., *The Missionary Enterprise in China and America* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1974), 39. See also Clifton Jackson Phillips, *Protestant America and the Pagan World: The First Half Century of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1810-1860* (Cambridge: Harvard University, East Asian Research Center, 1969), 240-242.
- ¹¹ He preached it first in Stockbridge's neighboring town, Northampton (his home base), then in Enfield, Connecticut, after which it was printed in Boston.
- ¹² *First Ten Annual Reports of the American Board of Commissions for Foreign Missions* (Boston: Crocker and Brewster, 1834), "Donations from Sept. 1, 1819 to Aug. 31, 1820." For domestic workers' pay, see United States, Bureau of Labor, and Charles Patrick Neill, *Report On Condition of Woman And Child Wage-earners In the United States: In 19 Vols.* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1910-1913). For domestic workers' pay in 1815, see *Report*, Chapter IV, 179.

¹³ Reprinted in *The Symbol, and Odd Fellow's Magazine*, Vol. III, No. 1 (March 1844), 12. Earlier, in the January 1841 issue of Hunt's *Merchants' Magazine*, J. Blunt, in "The Coal Business of the United States," actually credited our industrial progress to our "civilized" society's achievement of "superiority over savage life."

¹⁴ *The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, edited by William H. Gilman, et al., 16 vols. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1960-1982), Vol. 8, 397. He expands upon this germ of an idea in his 1844 lecture "The Young American" while denouncing cities, then changes his mind about factories after a trip to industrialized Great Britain in 1847.

¹⁵ It was published one year earlier in Great Britain.

¹⁶ See <https://allnations.international>.

¹⁷ The partnership never used an ampersand, although writing about it would be a lot easier if it had, since it takes an extra bit of care to show when I am referring to the two men who made up the partnership as opposed to the partnership itself.

¹⁸ Gordon Hall and Samuel Newell, *The Conversion of the World. Or, the Claims of Six Hundred Millions and the Ability and Duty of the Churches Respecting Them* (Andover, MA: Printed for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions by Flagg and Gould, 1818), 3.

¹⁹ The definition of martyrs in the *Dictionary of Mission Theology Evangelical Foundations* (Westmont, IL: IVP Academic, 2007), edited by John Corrie, is "believers in Christ who have lost their lives prematurely, in situations of witness, as a result of human hostility." It excludes illnesses. I conclude that John Allen Chau was a martyr, and so were the four missionaries—three of them nuns (two Maryknoll sisters and an Ursuline), one a lay worker—who on December 2, 1980, in El Salvador were abducted, raped, and shot execution style, at close range in the head, by members of the U.S.-backed military regime. The women had been in the country administering humanitarian aid. Their "crime" was that they felt they couldn't do that without also addressing social justice issues. For that reason, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Ronald Reagan's foreign-policy advisor during his presidential campaign and later his ambassador to the United Nations, labeled them "political activists on behalf of the Frente"—the leftist political coalition formed by El Salvadorian guerrilla groups, while Alexander Haig, Reagan's Secretary of State, suggested to the House Foreign Affairs Committee that they suffered their horrific fate because they may have tried to run a roadblock "and there'd been an exchange of fire"—gun-toting nuns being a reasonable scenario in his imagining of these murders.

²⁰ Tom Stevenson, "Things Fall from the Sky," *The London Review of Books*, April 7, 2022, 3.

²¹ E.M.F. [E.M. Forster], "Missionaries," *The Nation and The Athenaeum*, October 22, 1920, 545-7.

²² Matthew Avery Sutton, *American Apocalypse: A History of Modern Evangelicalism* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2014), 176.

²³ Ibid., x.

²⁴ The phrase appears in George Marsden, *Fundamentalism and American Culture* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1980). I first read it in Sutton, xii. It has been quoted widely in other sources, too. Some readers may erroneously think it originated with Jerry Falwell Sr., but the phrase was “borrowed” by him, according to publicity materials for Marsden’s book’s second edition, issued in 2006.

²⁵ Frances Fitzgerald, *The Evangelicals: The Struggle to Shape America* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2017), 2.

²⁶ See www.liberty.edu.