

differing convictions held by others. The depth of his own missionary commitment came out again for me in our last conversation two days before he died, but his personal philosophy of faith in action was most clearly put into words in a letter written earlier.

“I think there are only two *valid* reasons for a mission board to support a missionary as a teacher in a school:

- 1) to assist the school in carrying out its Christian program—and I mean a conscious, intentional, active Christian program;
- 2) to give a missionary a base from which to conduct his own conscious, intentional, active Christian program as an individual.”

Thanks be to God that The American Board, at first, and then the United Church Board for World Ministries, which it later became, *did* support Robert as a missionary teacher; and thanks be to God that The Doshisha provided him a missionary base. God grant that his efforts may continue, through their positive influence, to assist The Doshisha in its Christian program in the years to come.

In Memorium : Robert H. Grant

Esther L. Hibbard

In many respects Robert Grant reminded me of the poet Browning, not only because of his literary calling but also because of his exuberance. When I first met him in 1947 he was in his prime—hand-

some, dashing, brilliantly witty. We had never had a missionary quite like him, and it must be confessed that there was a lurking doubt in our minds as to whether he would be able to fulfil the role. But he very soon outdid the rest of us in imaginative enterprises for helping the needy. For example, through his skill in photography and public relations, he established a relationship with his supporting churches and a *buraku* where trachoma was rampant, that resulted in the founding of a clinic. Who knows how many children today owe their sight to him!

His innate kindness and concern for others is also shown by his adoption of two Japanese-American sisters as foster children. Although the Mission did not provide any allowance for their living expenses or education, he and Mrs. Grant put the girls through high school in Japan and college and finishing school in the U. S.

When the gardener who had cared for the yard for many years became paralyzed by a stroke, Robert visited him regularly at his humble home, joking with him even though he knew the man could not respond. Robert had a gift for easy rapport with "all sorts and conditions" of men. He would as soon rally the Chancellor of the university on a new necktie as he would tease the maid in a Japanese restaurant. His wit was always trenchant and all the more laughable for being delivered in his inimitable accent, a blend of "way down East" and Elizabethan English. A potential actor was lost to the stage when he became a missionary, for he could mimic characters to perfection.

As a raconteur he was unexcelled. For instance there was his story about the time a lady missionary who lived in the apartment

above his was called in the wee small hours of the morning to visit a dying girl. By some mischance she found herself standing outside the locked door in her nightgown. At first repeated bell-ringing failed to rouse Mr. Grant, and so when he finally opened the door his neighbor was thoroughly chilled. Pretending to be shocked, he asked why her friend had abandoned her in such a plight and demanded that she tell him his name. The lady hardly knew whether to be angry or to laugh.

In spite of his comic sense, Robert Grant had a strain of deep mysticism in him. He preferred a liturgical service to an informal one and above all he disliked the introduction of irrelevant matters such as announcements into the order of worship. I recall his saying that a worship service could be "holy" whether the preacher was eloquent and learned or not.

He was fastidious to a fault in the decoration of his home. He designed a special bookcase divider to house his large library and installed a special stereophonic record player in his study. The objets d'art that he collected were disposed with impeccable good taste. This care extended even to the garden, where he refused to let the laundry be hung out to dry because it spoiled the view.

But above all else Robert Grant was a scholar. His lectures were models of clarity and interest. He held his students up to a standard of excellence which eliminated the laggards but stimulated the able, and the fruit of which is the number of distinguished graduates of the English Department who have been under his tutelage.

His intellectual ardor was not limited to his special field of American literature but embraced the whole scope of liberal arts. When

Doshisha Women's College was planning its four-year course, he volunteered to give a course of lectures on the principles of liberal arts education to the faculty, which had a profound influence on shaping the curriculum. For example, it was at his suggestion that a required course in Human Relations was included in the freshman year with a view to helping students adjust to social life.

Although his premature loss is irreparable, I am sure that the ideals he has instilled into many generations of students will continue to influence both the Doshisha and society.

For Robert Grant

Philip Williams

Cheers for you now, who never curried favor
 Held well aloof / involved, yet all the while
 You never turned away from common labor.

Your brusque / authentic style
 Has often put me off, I must confess, Sir.
 But now I see that I will always savor
 That special taste you shared with us, that flavor :
 A great / good guy in whom there was no guile.