

The Living Church.

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News and Notes.

ABROAD.

SUCCESS continues to attend the operations of the Anglo-Indian army in Afghanistan. The grave apprehensions of disaster which were entertained a week ago, have been dispelled. On the very day of the opening of Parliament, the news of victory reached London; and while the Queen's speech was being read, the people were rejoicing over the very substantial advantage gained by Gen. Roberts, at Peiwar. What has come to be considered the sensational luck of Lord Beaconsfield, has not deserted him. Nothing could have been more opportune than the arrival of the dispatch announcing this victory. Following this, comes the intelligence that the Ameer has sent an amicable reply to the Anglo-Indian ultimatum. It gives as a reason for his refusal to receive a British embassy, his apprehension that closer relations with the Anglo-Indian government might lead to the subversion of his independence—a conclusion which is not unreasonable when the history of English conquests in Asia is considered. The Ameer goes on to disclaim hostility to the British power, and announces himself as ready to receive a temporary mission. This reply is dated the 18th of November. The bearer of it explains its late delivery by declaring that he was detained by pending hostilities on his route, and compelled to return to Cabul, whence he was again dispatched by the Ameer, who was greatly displeased at the delay. The fact, doubtless, is that the dispatch in its present form, at least, was written after the capture of Fort Ali Musjid, and that it represents the Ameer's mind after his forces began to be beaten. It is also held to indicate that Russia is not supporting the Afghan ruler as he expected. Russia, doubtless, prefers for the present, at any rate, to wage a mere diplomatic conflict with England, and will find her account in doing so. Even if she had entertained a more belligerent purpose, the promptness with which the Anglo-Indian army delivered battle must have disconcerted her. It will take time for her to concentrate a sufficient force in Central Asia to meet even such an army as the British are pushing forward. Still more time will be required to establish communications with Lower Armenia and to seriously threaten the Euphrates valley.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy is sustained by a large majority in Parliament, and that the

apparently brilliant success which has hitherto characterized his administration continues to attend him, there is a strong and persistent opposition which no number of defeats seems able to disintegrate or demoralize. The reason of this is to be found in the fact that the Liberal opposition is sustained and held together by a moral idea. It is impossible for any one who studies current English literature, to escape the conviction, that the policy of Lord Beaconsfield from the first until now has been a policy of expediency, having no higher end than the security and aggrandizement of English political power. On the other hand, the opposition have all along professed to be actuated by the higher principles of humanity and justice. The horrors of Turkish atrocity and misgovernment were denounced, and the righteousness of the cause espoused by Russia was recognized. Now the same opposition denounce the gross injustice of the Afghan war, insisting that England is bound to respect the independence and the rights of small and great alike; and that she ought not, for any cause short of immediate self-defense, to violate them. The entire sincerity of those who hold these views cannot be seriously questioned. Englishmen of the broadest sympathies and the largest humanity have espoused them. Statesmen like Mr. Gladstone, and ecclesiastics like Canon Liddon, advocate them. They are urged by the large and conscientious class of men who do England's best thinking to-day. Such men vindicate the right of their country to the first place among the nations, and to rule over many peoples; for they exemplify and urge the sovereignty of world-wide sympathies, and of principles of equal rights for all, which alone can maintain England's vast empire. The result, then, must be the eventual and not very distant triumph of English Liberalism, or else the British empire must be dismembered and fall away. All that is necessary to secure the former result is for the Liberals to maintain the high ground that they have assumed. The party of moral ideas will always prevail over the party of expediency.

THE recent pastoral of the Bishop of Rochester has called forth various opinions and excited much interest, as it well deserves to have done. It is, in some respects, the most notable utterance that has emanated from any prelate of the English Church for more than a decade. THE LIVING CHURCH proposes soon to consider it at length. For the present, attention is directed to what his Lordship announces as the policy which he intends to pursue in his own Diocese, and which he terms the

"Policy of Isolation." After referring to the notorious failure of almost all ecclesiastical proceedings against clerical offenders under the Public Worship Act, and acknowledging that the Bishop is practically powerless to enforce obedience by such means to the law of the Church and of the land, he announces that his own policy will be to withdraw the functions of his office from those refusing to submit to the law. Those, he says, who "feel conscientiously that they are unable either to obey the courts of the realm, or to accept the private monition of the Bishop," have chosen to place themselves outside the law; and "where he finds them, he leaves them." He announces his purpose neither to confirm, nor to preach, nor to perform any other official act in Churches adopting an illegal ritual. He regrets that this course will inflict upon several congregations "the loss, such as it is, of the aid and sympathy of their chief pastor;" but he points out that "they have it in their own power, whenever they think proper, to summon their Bishop to their side." Of the efficacy of such a method there are various opinions. One important London journal points out that such a course will be rather agreeable than otherwise to the average Ritualist. "The Bishop," it says, "is, ordinarily, the last person whom a Ritualist incumbent wishes to see in his church. The mere presence of those wonderful garments which make a Bishop look, when viewed from behind, as though he were hung out to dry on a clothes-line, is disturbing to the ceremonial completeness of the function; and when he reflects that the being arranged in these wonderful garments has some undefined authority over him, and can, at all events, bark at him as long and as loudly as he likes, even if he be unable to do much in the way of biting, it is not strange that, for the most part, the Ritualist prefers the Bishop's room to his company. So long as he keeps away, the Ritualist can magnify the episcopal function as much as is necessary, for the edification of the faithful and for the refutation of Dissenters. The Successors of the Apostles are very useful people in sermons, and quite indispensable for the purpose of refuting Roman attacks upon the validity of Anglican Orders. But to have a successor of the Apostles himself in the pulpit or at the altar is to expose your congregation and yourself to needless annoyance." The London Times, however, while it commends the proposed method as likely to be eminently successful, and to "recommend itself in many other Dioceses," goes on to say that it is a virtual abdication, not only

of all Episcopal authority in such cases, but it is also an abandonment of the whole administration and worship of such a parish to the exclusive control of the incumbent. No matter how justly aggrieved the laity may be, the Bishop to whom they have a right to look to protect them against sacerdotal eccentricity and caprice as well as against sacerdotal tyranny, will simply abandon them, under circumstances most requiring his care. The case of a clergyman who holds "advanced" or other special "views," conducting worship and administering his cure without any sort of regard to the wishes of his people, and thus imposing a very grievous tyranny upon them, is, unhappily, no uncommon spectacle either in England or in this country; and in both countries alike the failure of Bishops to protect the "flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made them overseers" is not unknown. But Bishop Therold is certainly the first Bishop who announces such non-interference as his deliberate policy. The *Times* adds: "Be it so; but the ninety-eighth Bishop of Rochester must be prepared to find that in the new policy of isolation many persons will discover an argument for a yet more logical system of Voluntaryism."

THE recent "scene" in the French Chamber at Versailles, during the debate on M. de Fourtou's election, discloses some rather remarkable peculiarities of French political ethics. M. de Fourtou, late Minister of the Interior, was accused of having corruptly used the authority and advantage which his office gave him, to secure his re-election; and for this cause the validity of his election was impeached. The peculiar thing is that the ex-Minister, so far from denying the charge, frankly admitted that he did bribe and intimidate the voters, and gloried in it, declaring that if he had done his "whole duty" in that direction he would have "controlled" the votes of the entire nation, and the Republicans would not have been seated on the official benches. He made no attempt to disguise or even to palliate the most flagrant interference with the freedom of the ballot, and only regretted that he had not gone further. Such avowals appear to have been applauded by his own party. They indicate very plainly that a large minority, at least, of the French people are still unprepared for anything like a popular government. Any device which may defeat the popular will in the interests of an aristocratic government, is applauded, and the rule of the people is denounced as anarchy. Fortunately, the Republicans are sufficiently strong to discredit all such methods and to expel those who employ them from the National Legislature. But it is easy to see that the mere avowal of bribery and corruption by a distinguished man who yet hopes to return to power, is in

itself an indication that public opinion in France is far from sound. The first task of French Republicans will be to make Frenchmen worthy of a republic. Unless they succeed, by their moderation and wisdom, in accomplishing this, any day may witness another *coup d'etat*, re-establishing either the Commune or the Empire.

IN a charge which the Bishop of Peterborough issued recently, he spoke of the unexampled generosity of the laity of the English Church during the present century, and called upon them to rise to the discharge of the higher functions which Christ has intrusted to them. In the line of what THE LIVING CHURCH has already said concerning the co-operation of clergy and laity in Church work, attention is called to the following words of Bishop Magee: "The life and the work of the clergymen are the best defense of the Church; but these are not the only defense. The clergy are not the Church. The laity are to be commended for the great work they have accomplished in the past generation, in the way of giving money for Church extension. In one generation they have given £30,000,000 to church-building and restoration, and £15,000,000 for schools. But something more than this is needed. The clergy need from the laity the moral support of a good example. When the laity of the Church shall cheerfully give themselves to whatever aggressive work they are fitted for, and the whole Church—clergy and laity—shall band together for the battle with the enemy, then the Church "will go forth as an army with banners."

It is said that in Dr. Busch another Boswell has been found, who has worthily perpetuated the fame of his Scotch prototype. His life of Prince Bismarck is undoubtedly very clever of its kind, and the world now has an authentic and life-like portrait of the great German Chancellor. It may be generally doubted, however, whether the result will be favorable to Prince Bismarck's reputation. In the first place, it is recognized as in excessively bad taste to so bepraise a living man. Aside from the prudential reason contained in the old injunction, "Praise no man till he is dead," any adulation paid to a living functionary is sure to make him to whom it is offered, ridiculous. But, in the next place, Dr. Busch has drawn a picture of his hero that will go far to disenchant his admirers. In a very acute criticism, the *Spectator* says, that his biography describes him, evidently with his own consent, as a huge rather than great individual, full of thirst for beer; strong-headed to bear any amount of liquor; a great eater, especially of fish; hard to cruelty with a hardness of which he is proud; superstitious as a Neapolitan peasant or an old Pagan, a believer in *sortes Biblicanæ*, sure of his faith, but with-

out an atom of Christianity about him; an utter contemner of all men but himself, rivals, enemies and subordinates alike; and perfectly choked with prejudices, principally directed against entire nations. He is proud of having beaten three toppers in a drinking-bout, and of having drunk one day so deeply at the palace that the King commanded him not to drink any more. He describes Count von der Goltz, his own Ambassador to France, as a verbose fribble, really governed by an imaginary passion for the Empress Eugénie; Count Harry von Arnim as utterly untrustworthy; and the ladies of the Imperial House, as women who were always interfering on the wrong side—that is, the side of mercy. He abuses all Russians as venal slaves; despises Italy, because it has become so Italian as to be weak; and detests Frenchmen, as people who are vainglorious weaklings, scarcely deserving to live. "You may," he says, "lay twenty-five lashes on a Frenchman's back with impunity, if you only deliver, meanwhile, a speech on the liberty and dignity of mankind. The imaginative victim will scarcely realize that you are flogging him." Certainly such sketching will hardly help the German statesman in the not too easy work that still lies before him.

BEFORE the time when the ships of Tharshish brought gold, peacocks and ivory from the East for King Solomon, cotton cloth was one of the staple products of India. Up to the time of the World's Fair in London, the Indian muslins were the finest made. From about that time, English spinners and weavers succeeded in manufacturing a fabric of equal quality, and at once the goods of English manufacture began to compete successfully with the cotton cloths of Hindostan. Now, however, the English cottons are being driven out of the Indian market, not by the superior fineness of the native goods, but by their superior genuineness. A Mr. Mellor, M. P., charged the other day, that the reason was the rascality of some English exporters, who adulterate European cloth with large quantities of China-clay. He went on to say that it is "such rascality which undermines the influence of the missionaries in India. The Hindoos do not believe in the religion of a people whose traders try to cheat them by such fraudulent bargains." No doubt the poor benighted Hindoos are very illogical in this. They have not learned, as so many of our people have, that "religion is religion, and business is business." Being only heathen, they probably think that if the religion of the Europeans is better than theirs, European honesty ought also to be better. And it may be well to fall into their way of thinking. Otherwise, as Mr. Mellor, M. P., points out, European cotton cloth will continue to be "beaten out of the Indian market;" so also will European Missionaries.

AT HOME.

Two events which we note for future comment are the very able speech made by the Rector of Trinity Church, New York, at the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Collegiate Dutch Reformed Church in that city; and the meeting of the Joint Committee on the Provincial System, which took place in Chicago, on the 2d inst. The resolutions adopted by that Committee, together with the plan of a Federate Council proposed by a subcommittee of the same, were given in full in our last issue. At the proper time, we propose to give our views in regard to this most important matter. We shall also have something to say in our next issue concerning the new departure which was distinctly inaugurated by Dr. Dix in his speech at the anniversary celebration referred to above. One fact which was stated by Dr. Vermilye in his opening address as President deserves attention. Referring to the custom, which was long adhered to, of bringing out ministers from Holland, the Reverend Doctor said that on a visit which he recently made to the University of Leyden, whence such ministerial supply was formerly derived, there were not more than about eighty theological students, out of more than six hundred students, in attendance, and that the "theologues" were the most radical rationalists of the whole number. However successful, therefore, the Dutch Church may have been in the New World, it is not keeping the faith in the country whence it came, with any distinguished success.

WHILE American Churchmen of a certain type are anxious to discredit the ecclesiastical polity under which we live and are seeking, by various devices, to set aside the authority of General and Diocesan Conventions, or to minimize their influence, it is instructive to note how two, at least, of the great bodies of Catholic Christendom are trying to adopt a somewhat similar organization. Attention has already been directed to the Diocesan Conferences of the English Church, modeled upon our own conventional system. A movement is now on foot to organize a General Synod or Conference in the English Church, composed of clerical and lay representatives, to correspond to our General Convention. This project is receiving the hearty support of thoughtful Churchmen of all shades of opinion, and is earnestly advocated by several Church newspapers, including the *Guardian*. Last of all, the Roman Catholic Church in this country is shaping her polity in the same direction. The Roman hierarchy in the United States are to exercise their functions hereafter in accordance with the provisions of the Canon law, being advanced from the conditions of a purely Missionary Church; and under this law, steps are being taken in the various Dioceses to summon Diocesan Synods, whose

function it shall be to limit the hitherto almost irresponsible power of their Bishops. The movement is in the direction of emancipation, and will have the effect of bringing their polity much more nearly into correspondence with our own. But while England modernizes and Rome emancipates, we have those who would go back to mediæval methods and widen the chasm that already separates us from the sympathies of so many of the people to whom we are sent.

THE *New York Independent* has just celebrated its thirtieth anniversary. The number of December the 5th comes to us handsomely bound in tinted paper, having a photographic reproduction of the first page of the first edition on the cover. From the salutary which is thus reproduced, we read, among other reasons assigned for the enterprise, that it was designed to furnish an organ of the principles of "Congregational Independence" such as other religious bodies already had. It says, "the Methodists, the Baptists, the Dutch Reformed, the Protestant Episcopalians, and the Episcopalians of the Oxford school, have their several religious newspapers adapted professedly to their various wants." The distinction which is thus drawn between "Protestant Episcopalians" and "Episcopalians of the Oxford School" is odd. Among other letters of congratulation sent to the *Independent* from all parts of the country, we notice one from the Bishop of Western New York. He says: "*The Independent* is to me for the press what our Church Congresses are for internal affairs of our own communion. All who value free speech are sure to like both, in so far as they afford opportunities for gaining and giving ideas. I have lived long enough to know the exceeding importance of consulting those with whom one differs, and of doing justice to their conscientious opinions. Thus one corrects himself where he is wrong, and strengthens himself where he is right. I subscribe for *The Independent*, and read it, not because I find it a mirror of my own mind, but precisely for the opposite reason. Narcissus was one of a truly 'feeble folk,' and I would not live nor die with them."

It is gratifying to note that the secular press are beginning to take up the police question and to discuss the notorious inefficiency of our detective system. It is quite certain that we have the most inefficient police in the world, so far as the detection of criminals is concerned. The reasons are not far to seek. Lack of capacity is not more conspicuous among our police officials, both public and private, than the lack of moral principle. The system of offering rewards for the recovery of stolen goods has utterly demoralized the force. The result is well set forth by the *New York Times*. The police become, it says, "intent upon gaining rewards rather than upon performing their duty as public officers, and where a com-

promise is offered, they devote themselves to securing remuneration, possibly from both sides to the transaction. Their acquaintance with thieves becomes a source of profit to themselves which their character seldom prevents them from using to the utmost. They become brokers between criminals and their victims, and their self-interest stands in the way of a prompt and vigorous pursuit for the satisfaction of the demands of justice. Their efforts will naturally be directed to the opening of negotiations for the purpose of personal profit, a condition of which will generally be the ultimate escape of the offenders. Delay and apparent difficulty will promote their designs, and whatever skill they have is likely to be directed to not accomplishing what is supposed to be their first duty—the prompt apprehension of the guilty."

SOME one has founded and endowed a new professorship in the Andover Theological Seminary, to consider and teach the "Relation between Christianity and Science." It is a step in the right direction, and it is greatly to be hoped that our own seminaries may be enabled to afford the same kind of instruction. In the prelude to his Monday lecture, at Boston, on the 2d inst., the Rev. Joseph Cook speaks thus of the new chair at Andover: "The munificence of one woman has founded the Andover Professorship of Christianity and Science. Through its usefulness her days will be long in the land. When serious men, looking into the future, place thousands of dollars at stake in the founding of a professorship like this new one, the pioneer work of the discussion of the relations of religion and science has passed beyond the stage at which it can be injured by irresponsible, anonymous sneers. The religious scholarship of the United States is resolved to know as much as its duties require. There is now to be given to professional students of theology, special training in both observing and interpreting all facts of strategic value on the whole blazing line of contest, or of agreement, as you please, between religion and science. Some of the Andover phraseology is peculiarly happy. The new professorship has been called a chair, founded to discuss the relations between religious and other science, or between theology and the other sciences. It is not admitted, for a moment, that in the chair of theology proper the scientific method is applied less strictly to the discussion of religious truth than it is to be in this new department. It is the relation of science to science that we discuss when we take up the topic of religion and science and their connection in modern times. Such being the field the professorship has the superb courage to enter, its founding means that Andover is not afraid of investigation. Religious science proposes to look north, south, east and west, and never to be

wall-eyed. Do skeptics and rationalists propose to do the same thing? American religious scholarship is not afraid of investigation, but finds lectureships and professorships to meet you half way; and what do you found? Where are your colleges? Where are your lectureships? Where are your endowments? Where are your libraries? Where are your books one hundred years old? I put that question to the four winds and obtain no answer."

The Church at Work.

ILLINOIS.

The Church in Chicago has sustained a real loss in the death of Mr. Marshall S. Kingsland, some time a member of the Vestry of Grace Church and Superintendent of the Sunday school. The following minute has been handed to THE LIVING CHURCH, by the Rector of the parish, for publication:

CHICAGO, December 8, 1878.

The Vestry of Grace Church, Chicago, duly convened, ordered the following resolution to be spread upon their records, and a copy of the same to be sent the family, to the daily city papers and the Church papers.

Resolved, That we have received with great sorrow the news of the death of Marshall S. Kingsland, our former associate in the Vestry, and for many years Superintendent of our Sunday school.

We remember his devotion to all the interests of Grace Church, his bright Christian example and his willingness to serve in any way the cause of the Church of which he was a faithful member.

We extend our sympathy to his family, and have offered up our prayers that the God of all consolation will be with them in this hour of their trial.

REV. CLINTON LOCKE, *Rector*.

SAMUEL POWELL, *Secretary*.

The following resolutions, adopted by the teachers of the Sunday school of which Mr. Kingsland was the Superintendent, have also been sent to us for publication:

The Sunday-school teachers of Grace Church, Chicago, having heard of the death of their late Superintendent, Marshall S. Kingsland, met and passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of Marshall S. Kingsland, our Sunday school has sustained a severe loss, and one which causes us all great sorrow. We gladly bear testimony to Mr. Kingsland's efficiency as a superintendent, his Christian patience, his unwearied diligence, his sacrifice of himself and his deep love for Sunday-school work. Knowing the depth of his Christian character, we are assured that he has exchanged a state of suffering and weariness for the blessed rest of paradise, and we thank God for his good example.

Resolved, That one of the classes of this Sunday school take the name of the M. S. Kingsland Class, and thus keep his memory fresh.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Mr. Kingsland, and also be printed in THE LIVING CHURCH.

JOHN H. S. QUICK, *Assistant Sup't.*

A. P. DOWNER, *Secretary*.

CHICAGO, ILL., December 8, 1878.

The parish of St. Andrews, Chicago, is entirely free from debt, with a considerable sum in its treasury. The old organization of the Church of the Atonement continues, and the members of that Church are paying off their debt. They will pay all they owe before they dissolve, and merge their old parish in the new.

The Sunday-School Association of the Diocese of Illinois is collecting statistics of all the schools of this Diocese. Superin-

tendents or those in charge of any Sunday schools, whether attached to a Church or Mission or not, are requested to communicate with the Secretary, R. J. O. Hunter, 38 Ashland Block, Chicago.

St. John's, Naperville.—To the kindness of the Rev. W. A. Fiske, we owe the following description of his beautiful church: "The enlarged St. John's Church, Naperville, is in the form of a perfect cross. From the central point of the transept to the end of either arm and to the end of the chancel, minus the apse, the distances are the same, twenty-four feet; and from the same point to the front of the church, minus the porch, the distance is twice that to the end of either arm, or forty-eight feet. The church is of wood and open roofed, the trusses showing below the ceiling and dividing it into bays of twelve feet. The side and gable walls and the ceiling are painted in polychrome; the chancel in very rich colors; the windows are stained glass and most of them memorial windows. The five lancet windows of the chancel represent: the central three of them the Lord's Supper, the Crucifixion and the Ascension; the one on the left side, with its anchor and passion flowers, commemorates the faith and devotion of the Rev. S. S. Allen, who zealously assisted the congregation in their first venture in church-building; the one on the right side, with its lily and passion flowers, is a grateful tribute to the memory of Miss Althea Gibbs, who was "Faith, Hope and Charity" to the congregation in their early struggles to establish themselves. The east transept window, a beautiful triplet, is a gift from Canon Knowles, of Chicago, and in memory of the Rt. Rev. Henry J. Whitehouse, the late Bishop of the Diocese. It is rich in appropriate emblems, with the Bishops coat of arms, and upon tablets in each window of the triplet the leading events in the Bishop's life are inscribed.

On the evening of the Second Sunday in Advent, being the anniversary of the consecration of the Bishop of the Diocese, a united service was celebrated at the Cathedral in Chicago, which was participated in by most of the clergy of the city. After evening prayer, the Rev. Dr. Locke made an address of congratulation in behalf of the clergy present which was feelingly responded to by the Bishop.

WISCONSIN.

The Register of Racine College for the current year makes the following gratifying exhibit of the condition of the College:

The Faculty now consists of 5 Professors, 10 masters and 1 tutor.

There are 44 students in the school of science and the school of letters, of whom 16 are in the Freshman Class. There are 87 students in the grammar school, and 38 in the mathematical school. The requirements for admission to the school of letters are now as high as at the best Eastern colleges. Four prizes are offered in this school for excellence in Greek, Latin, prose composition, English composition and elocution respectively. The estimated expenses for the college year are \$452, with a liberal reduction to the clergy. The College gives due prominence and encouragement to manly sports. There is a large gymnasium, a skating-rink and a hundred acres of land suitably arranged for cricket, base ball, and other athletic exer-

cises. Liberal prizes are offered to stimulate the cultivation of bodily activity.

The Collegiate Church of St. John has seven missions in the surrounding country under its control.

MINNESOTA.

The Bishop has visited the villages in the Southwestern portion of the State and finds much to cheer his heart. The immigration has been very large. They come to us from every portion of the East, and from beyond the sea. Since the dispersion of races, the world has never witnessed any such sight as the peopling of this West. Nations have conquered other nations; single kingdoms have expanded and absorbed other countries; but never before have the people of differing tribes and races emigrated to a new land, not to battle for the mastery, but to be fused into a new race. Not less marvelous is the fact that the race chosen to receive these men represents constitutional government and individual freedom, and that its Church, Catholic and Free, carries an open Bible and the old creed of Apostles. Is it a day-dream that this new race is to teach men brotherhood, and that this Church will, under God, heal the sad divisions of Christendom? Is there any other branch of Christ's Church so fitted to bear the olive-branch, to heal alienated hearts and draw Christians in closest bonds to each other and to Christ? It is sad that the schisms which have separated Christians are matters of opinion and not of faith. Christian unity is very dear to the Church in Minnesota. We do not believe in apologizing for error, or in compromising the truth; but we do find it far pleasanter to seek for Christ's image on His children than to be looking for the image of Satan. Many thoughtful laymen of other communions are asking about the unwisdom of these walls of separation; and some day they will help us to break down these hedges of man's building, that together we may cleanse the garden of the Lord, which is overgrown with weeds. The people care nothing about these religious quarrels which an English layman calls "church wrestling-matches." All around us there are men asking in doubt, uncertainty, and some of them in despair: Is there any revelation? Is there any guide? Is there a God? These are the questions which lie nigh the hearts of the people. They touch every want of sinning, suffering humanity. The man who comes to them in the spirit and power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ will always be the bringer of good tidings of great joy.

There never has been a time when work was so hopeful in Minnesota. In the Indian field, we hope that before this year of 1879 shall end, every wild heathen man will have heard the good news of a Saviour. Our clergy in the Indian field have arranged to go from wigwam to wigwam and plead personally with these lost souls to come to Christ.

Our white missionaries are all busy—perplexed as never before, but not cast down. They are trying to hold fast to Gideon's motto, "Faint but pursuing." On every hand there are indications of the deepening of spiritual life, and we believe that the clergy and people will work as they never have worked before for the souls for whom Christ died.

We are determined to put behind us all this wretched talk about unnecessary things.

We fall back on the decision of the first council at Jerusalem, which allowed no man's opinions to be made burdens which brethren could not bear. We believe that the spirit of God is stirring men's hearts and kindling deeper love, and teaching them how to do His will.

Minnesota is passing through a great trial. Our wheat harvest was a failure. Many of our farmers did not gather enough to pay the price of harvest. It adds heavy burdens which we hardly know how to bear. The blow must not fall on work for Christ and His Church. We shall be very grateful for any aid which friends may send to us. The Seabury Divinity School was never doing a better work, and never so needed help. Its Professors are men of ripe scholarship, and the students are such as will do honor to the Church. We are not rivals of others—we know of no rivalry save that loving rivalry which seeks to do Christ's work best. Of one thing all may be sure, that the school will train up her sons to preach Christ and work loyally in His Church.

The Bishop's appointments are: December 10, Sauk Center; December 11, Alexandria; December 12, Little Falls; December 13, St. Paul; December 15, Stillwater; December 16, Winona; December 17, St. Charles; December 18, Kasson; December 19, Waseca; December 20, Janesville; December 21, Elysian. At St. Charles, Waseca and Janesville, the churches will be consecrated.

The Bishop has been able to fulfill all appointments, but begins to feel the effects of cold weather, and will have to go South. Offerings for the Seabury Divinity School may be sent to Rev. George L. Chase, or to the Bishop.

MINNESOTA.

IOWA.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, December 4, '78.
TO THE LIVING CHURCH.

The inclosed is a fair record of an interesting work at Durant, in my Diocese. It is at your service if you can use it.

Fraternally yours,

WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY.

On the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, the Boardman Institute building, at Durant, Iowa, was formally opened. The exercises, consisting of music, addresses, declamations and a fine magic-lantern exhibition, were a complete success. The weather was most favorable, and the house was crowded with the friends and patrons of the institution. It will not be out of place here to give a brief history of the work.

At the time of the arrival of the present Rector, the Rev. Charles R. Stroh, in the spring of last year, the parish, which, ten years ago, was quite flourishing, was found to be in a very feeble condition, caused partly by an almost complete change of population, and partly by long continued vacancies of the rectorate. Finding that a school was desired in which students could pursue an advanced course of study, the Rector applied himself assiduously to the task of establishing such an institution. In this he was assisted by the kindness of Miss Cornelia Boardman and Mrs. W. W. Boardman, who had already given an endowment for the support of such a school. And now, after many months of hard labor, the work has proved quite successful, and the prospects for the future are very encouraging.

One of the principal causes which have incited the Rector to continued perseverance in this work is the desire to gain an influence and to obtain a hold upon the large German population by which he is surrounded, and which is largely infidel in its character. In this he has had the pleasure of seeing success crown his efforts.

Services are held at St. Paul's Church in both languages—English and German.

In Griswold College, there are three Schools; (1.) Theology; (2.) Arts and Sciences; (3.) Preparatory Department. The Bishop of Iowa is *ex officio* Head of the Theological School, and also Anthon Professor of Systematic Divinity. He is also *ex officio* President of the School of Arts and Sciences, and of the corporation. "The religious teaching and daily prayers, attendance on which is required of every student, are those of the Church." The College is centrally located in one of the handsomest and most accessible cities of the West, and in a very healthy climate. In the matter of expense we are happy to say that it is a model of economy, and we hold it up as an example to our Church institutions in general.—*Eclectic*.

MICHIGAN.

Bishop Gillespie's appointments: December 15, Third Sunday in Advent, Mt. Clemens and New Baltimore; December 16, Ovid; December 21, Saturday, St. Thomas, Ember Day; St. John, St. John's, 2 P. M.; December 22, Fourth Sunday in Advent, Owosso, St. John's, and Corunna; December 27, St. John the Evangelist, Cambridge; St. Mary and All Angels, evening; December 28, Holy Innocents, Brooklyn; A. M., All Saints'; December 29, First Sunday after Christmas, A. M., Detroit Junction; evening, Detroit, St. Mark's.

MISSOURI.

St. Louis, St. George's Church.—At a meeting held on the evening of November 14, at the rectory of this Church (the Rev. R. A. Holland, Rector), the sum of \$56,700 was finally raised for the payment of the entire debt of the Church.

KANSAS.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Vail is at present actively engaged in visiting the parishes in the western part of the Diocese.

CALIFORNIA.

The Reformed Episcopal Church does not appear to thrive in this climate. Mr. Newton, who joined it from the Methodists, after trying for several years to build up a "Reformed" congregation in San Francisco, has now returned to Methodism.—*Pacific Churchman*.

KENTUCKY.

The Rev. George Calvin Hall, until recently the esteemed Pastor of the Reformed congregation at Danville, Ky., has applied to the Bishop of the Diocese to be received as a candidate for holy orders.

Rev. George Rogers, lately a licentiate of the Methodist body in Kentucky, has applied for orders in the Church.

SOUTHERN OHIO.

At Cincinnati, on December 3, a meeting of sixty prominent citizens was held at the Grand Hotel, and a working committee of twenty appointed, who will endeavor to enforce the existing laws, and if additional legislation is needed, direct their efforts

toward securing it. The plan of working will be in its essential features similar to that pursued in New York.

The growing prevalence of Sunday amusements and various other methods of desecrating the Sabbath which have become notorious for some months past, has finally aroused public opinion.

OHIO.

In his sermon at the Church of the Holy Spirit, Gambier, on the first Sunday in Advent, Bishop Bedell noted a very singular coincidence between the meetings of the Lambeth Conference in 1867 and 1868, and two great prophetic events, namely, the fall of the temporal power of the Pope, and the drying-up of the Turkish power. He said:

"It is a singular coincidence that on the occasion of both these events, a Conference of the leaders of our Church was assembled at Lambeth. The events, both prophetically and historically, were critical. The Conferences were assembled without reference to them; and yet their doings had an immediate and direct relation to those events.

"Coincidences, although always providential, are not always prophetic. And he would be not only rash, but sadly unwise, who having experienced the uncertain turning of human affairs in this last most wonderful of all the centuries, should predict the issues which are pressing on us, or the part which our Church is to take in them. Yet neither coincidences, nor the ordinary course of events, ought to escape the reflections of a prayerful student of God's word.

"At the moment when the temporal power of the Papacy is destroyed, more than sixty Bishops of our Church—for the want of a better name, we call it the Anglican Communion—are assembled at Lambeth; Lambeth stands for England, where the pure Gospel of the Reformation uttered itself in a permanent testimony; sixty Bishops are gathered there to confer together on the interests of the Kingdom of God; and they take steps for the development and concentration of this true Christian power, which could not have been more wisely conceived had they known that the Roman Church was about to transfer itself from the reliance on States to reliance on herself. At the moment when the Mohammedan power begins to be dried up, and the second great obstacle to the universal proclamation of the Gospel is beginning to be taken away, again a Conference of Bishops of this Church is held at Lambeth. But now they assemble in greater numbers; for the interests at stake are greater. One hundred Bishops meet. And yet not one of them knows what an amazing event is to take place whilst they are meeting. The Church has wonderfully enlarged its bounds since the former Conference. These one hundred Bishops represent one hundred and eighty Dioceses, not one of them a mere nominal authority, but each having a distinct and territorial ecclesiastical government, within which the pure Gospel of Christ is preached to congregations of faithful people, and the Sacraments are duly administered according to Christ's ordinances in all things which of necessity are requisite to the same.

"And this Kingdom of God is now prepared to offer the blessings of the Kingdom in every land and to every people. Especially its measures inaugurated at the late

Lambeth Conference were as wisely fitted to take advantage of the decadence and dissolution of Mohammedanism, and the consequent restoration of the Churches of the East, as if it had been called together with foresight of that marvelous event.—*Standard of the Cross.*

Rev. J. W. Brown, D. D., preached the first of a series of sermons to the railroad men of Cleveland on Sunday evening. The attendance was large, many railroad employes being present with their families.

LOUISIANA.

The death of the lamented Bishop was as sudden as it is deplorable. He had just returned from a missionary tour in Northern and Western Louisiana, and was, seemingly, in perfect health. About 8 o'clock in the evening of the 2d inst., he was sitting in his room at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, conversing with the Rev. Isaac N. Marks, Jr., when he was stricken suddenly with apoplexy, and, within ten minutes, ceased to breathe. The Standing Committee of the Diocese was at once summoned, and assisted in preparing for the funeral, making all the necessary arrangements. The city was profoundly stirred by the sudden calamity, and the multitude who thronged Christ Church at the funeral services were visibly affected, all following the remains to the depot. The interment will be made at Baltimore, Rev. Messrs. Girault, Kramer, Waters, Upton and Percival accompanying the body thither. The Bishop leaves a wife and three children, now residing near Charlottesville, Virginia. He was born in Swedesborough, N. J., February 11, 1812; was ordained Deacon in St. Paul's, Alexandria, July 10, 1834, by Bishop Moore, and Priest, May, 1838, by the same. From his ordination as Deacon to 1838, he was Minister of St. Ann's Parish, Albemarle Co., Va.; then Chaplain of the University of Virginia, then Chaplain in the United States Navy. In 1843, he took charge of Hungar's Parish, Northumberland Co., Va.; after that, of St. Paul's, Goochland. In 1848, he was Rector of St. Mark's, Philadelphia, which he resigned soon after the beginning of the civil war, and removed to Virginia, where he remained till his consecration in 1866.

The following is the minute of the resolutions of the Standing Committee upon the grievous loss sustained by the Church.

DECEMBER 3, 1878.

"A prince and great man is fallen in Israel, and the Lord hath taken our master from our head to-day."

WHEREAS, In the mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, which has deprived us of our beloved Bishop, and leaves the widowed and stricken Diocese of Louisiana weeping over the coffin of the man we loved and honored, we bend in humble, prayerful submission to the blow, and try to say, "Thy will be done,"

Resolved, That we ask to mingle our tears with those near and dear; and in that sacred sorrow into which we cannot intrude, we assure them of our heartfelt sympathy and prayers.

Resolved, That, in the death of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Pere Bell Wilmer, we are assured the whole Church feels with the Diocese of Louisiana the loss of a bishop who was a bishop indeed—fatherly, loving, wise and strong, a leader confessed of all men, and a type of antique apostolic simplicity.

Resolved, That hereafter, when somewhat recovered from this blow which bends her in the dust, the Diocese of Louisiana will try to express in more worthy form her appreciation of her great and good Bishop, whose memory we will guard as a sacred trust, and his holy example as a living blessing.

Resolved, That these minutes be published and communicated to the family of our dear Father in God.

JOHN FRANCIS GIRAULT, *President.*

HENRY V. OGDEN, *Secretary.*

Bishops Burgess has very kindly sent us the minutes adopted by the Bishops gathered at Nashotah, upon the receiving the sad news of Bishop Wilmer's sudden death:

We, Bishops of the Church, by the providence of God assembled as Trustees of Nashotah House, hear with grief the tidings of the departure from this life of our Brother in the Episcopate, Joseph Pere Bell Wilmer, of Louisiana. We desire to express our sympathy with his near family and his afflicted Diocese. We recall, with gratitude to the Lord, the character and labors of our fellow-servant.

For almost thirty years in the Priesthood of the Church and more than twelve years in the office of Pastor of Pastors, he has been sustained in faithful, patient, useful and successful service. His uncommonly valuable and brilliant powers of mind, his endearing and lovely qualities of heart, his never-failing cheerfulness and hope, his quick appreciation of the needs of those over whom he was set and his ready supply of them, his self-forgetfulness and denial of his own taste and choice, have won for him the warm praises and love of his fellows in the ministry, and deep gratitude to himself and thanks to the Lord from all his people.

We recognize in the tidings of his sudden departure, the Advent Call of our Lord, "Be ye therefore ready also." We pray that the faithfulness, which characterized the life of our Brother, his carefulness in the oversight of his people, his constancy in defense of the faith, his close adhesion to the Membership of Christ, and his devout daily habits (all which forbade his death, though sudden, to be unprepared) by the grace of the Holy Ghost may be prominent in our life and character. So may we also enter the Rest remaining for the faithful of the Lord.

JOS. C. TALBOT, Bp. of Indiana.

EDWARD R. WELLS, Bp. of Wisconsin.

GEO. D. GILLESPIE, Bp. of W. Michigan.

W. E. McLAREN, Bp. of Illinois.

J. H. HOBART BROWN, Bp. of Fond du Lac.

ALEX. BURGESS, Bp. of Quincy.

GEO. F. SEYMOUR, Bp. of Springfield.

NASHOTAH HOUSE, Wednesday after Advent Sunday, 1878.

Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, D. D., having recovered from his illness, has returned to his charge in New Orleans. Though Dr. Thompson was unacclimated, he declined to leave the city, even when sick and ordered to do so by his physician, until he was assured there was no expectation or prospect of an epidemic. The Vestry of his Church met November 26 and passed a series of resolutions, which are published elsewhere.

NORTHERN TEXAS.

Bishop Garrett's report exhibits rapid growth. There are eleven churches in the jurisdiction and nine clergymen. Eighteen missions have been established. There are nearly one thousand communicants, and over \$14,000 were contributed inside the jurisdiction during the year. The report is a strong argument in support of the Bishop's appeal for means and men.

WESTERN TEXAS.

Texas was a Roman Catholic country, where no toleration was known until an Anglo-Saxon Republic proclaimed her free. To show how strong that body is in Western Texas to this day, and how it has been fostered by well-directed Roman Catholic emigration, I will state that in the city of San Antonio, which has a population of 17,000—Americans, Germans, Mexicans and Poles—while there is one Episcopal Church, and one church of each of the prominent denominations, there are five Romish places of worship. The Cathedral

of San Fernando is Spanish; there are also German, English and Polish Roman Catholic Churches, besides the chapel attached to the convent of the Ursulines. They have large schools, while there are no distinctively Protestant schools in Western Texas, save those which we have founded and are building and for which may it please God to raise up friends.

Still, we have the great advantage of being able to show people, not what Romanism is when chastened by an opposition which makes it respectable, but what it is where it has had two centuries of religious, financial and political monopoly, and has evolved Mexico. It was in the face of similar opposition that the Canadian Church, with her Bishop, six Clergymen and 400 communicants, rose to be the great exponent of primitive truth in the Dominion that she is to-day; and so, cherishing the same truths, may we, with God's blessing, hope to prosper, if, as in her case, there shall be found those who will give money and those who will give life.

You may ask, What have we to set in array against these hosts? And truly, if there was not in our hearts the consciousness of right; if the knowledge that we were fighting by God's grace, to maintain the eternal distinctions between right and wrong was not within us, we should be utterly disheartened when we come to number our little band. But the steadfastness of this communion to the old faith, the past and present grandeur of the English-speaking races, and their uniform regard for God's Day and God's Book, are working for us; Cranmer and Ridley and Latimer are working for us, as Torquemada and Loyola and Voltaire and Comte work against them. It may be, "therefore, that the Lord will work for us, for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few."—*Bishop Elliott.*

The Bishop's report shows 24 churches, 9 clergymen, 645 communicants and 409 Sunday-school scholars. The contributions inside the jurisdiction for the year were \$12,800.

VIRGINIA.

We note with interest the completion of the Church of St. Martin's at Hanover Junction. Much zeal has been manifested in connection with the work; and now that it is finished, we congratulate all parties concerned in the undertaking. The church is a gem of its kind—semi-Gothic in style. Its little tower and pinnacle set it off well. All the windows and arches about the building are lancet-shaped. It has a recess chancel, with organ-chamber on the right, and robing-room on the left. The proportions of the building are good, as the dimensions would indicate—the nave being 25x50 feet, and the chancel 12x15. In a word, if all the country churches in the Diocese were constructed after a model of this kind, they would be neat, simple, attractive, inexpensive, yet quite churchly. The Bishop of the Diocese has made an appointment to consecrate this church on the second Sunday in Advent, December 8, 1878, at 11 o'clock A. M.—*Echo.*

The Episcopalians resident at Chester, Chesterfield Co., are endeavoring to build a chapel in that flourishing community, and will no doubt succeed. Among those particularly interested in the movement are Dr. Samuel D. Drewry and wife, Mr.

John Blader and wife, Maj. Clay Drewry and wife, Mr. Appleby and wife, Mr. D. L. Pulliam, Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Blanche Drewry. Rev. Mr. Gibson and Rev. Mr. Spencer, of Petersburg, are also interesting themselves in this worthy enterprise. All who are willing to aid can communicate with either of the persons mentioned above. It is the intention of those having the matter in hand to erect an inexpensive, but at the same time, a beautiful building.—*The State*.

PENNSYLVANIA.

St. Mark's, Philadelphia, sends out its annual reports. It is a busy parish, as one can see who reads these statistics: Baptisms—(adult, 9; infant, 62), 71; confirmations, 52; communicants (died or removed, 53; added, 112), 942; marriages, 16; burials, 41; number of families, 515; number of individuals (about), 2,500; public services in the Church, 887; Holy Communion administered in Church, 197; Holy Communion administered in private, 33; number of communions made during the year, 9,035; pastoral visits by the clergy, 2,006; contributions, \$36,651.

That useful institution, the Bishop White Prayer-Book Society, held its forty-fifth anniversary at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. We learn from the *Register* that the Society distributed during the year, 9,327 prayer-books, and 8,318 hymnals in thirty-eight Dioceses and Missionary jurisdictions, at a cost of \$3,801.75. The contributions from churches, individuals and sale of books was \$1,770.02; total receipts, \$2,613.73. The total number of prayer-books distributed since the organization of the Society was 297,504; hymnals, 39,936. The Rector of St. Stephen's, Dr. Rudder, has formed an adult Bible class to study God's word during the coming winter.

NEW YORK.

A writer in the *Boston Transcript* makes Dr. Morgan Dix's sermons the text for an article on the future of the Episcopal Church. He thinks that Church stands for combined authority and freedom, and that it represents some of the best religious tendencies of our time. He thinks the sermon takes a more prominent place in the Episcopal service than formerly, and that Christian living is thought more highly of than doctrines and ritualistic conformity.—*Earnest Worker*.

The influence of the clergy of our Church upon national affairs has never been ostentatious; but the sermons of Thanksgiving Day indicate that it begins to assert itself somewhat more boldly and directly than formerly. It is doubtful whether any utterance of that day was wiser than, and at the same time so hopeful as, that of Dr. John Cotton Smith. The diffusion of education concerning the greatest questions by political campaigns was an important point made. The sermon might be printed in full to advantage.—*Standard of the Cross*.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The annual report for 1878 of the Massachusetts branch of the Woman's Auxiliary has been published in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages. It states that during the last year the association prepared seventy boxes, valued at \$6,017.87, which were distributed among the different Missions of the Church, at home and abroad. In addition to the boxes reported, the association received from February to September, 1878, \$4,549.70.

The President of the association is Mrs. Horatio Chickering, No. 54 Chestnut street, Boston; Secretary, Mrs. A. B. Underwood, Newton; Treasurer, Miss Abby R. Loring, No. 28 Dartmouth street, Boston.—*Churchman*.

The Standing Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts have voted that applications for recommendations to be received as candidates for holy orders, and applications for deacon's or priest's orders, shall lie over one month from the date of the meeting at which they are received, and that notice of all such applications shall be published in one of the Church journals.

The *Evangelist* thinks the sermons of Phillips Brooks show a wider range of sympathy and a greater command of resources than those of the Rev. Morgan Dix.

THE INDIANS.

The Chippewa Mission.—Under Bishop Whipple, the work among the Chippewas in Minnesota is year by year increasing. In July last, four young men of this tribe who had been very carefully prepared for the ministry under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan, our white Missionary to the Chippewas, were ordained by Bishop Whipple to the Diaconate. This increase of native clergy in Minnesota makes the present number seven. At three stations, mission work is now carried on among the Chippewas, and a fourth is soon to be established under the charge of two of the newly-ordained Deacons, on the farther side of Red Lake, eighty miles north of the White Earth Reservation. The Mission, which was started a year and a half ago by two other Indian Deacons, among a large band of Chippewas at the Red Lake Agency, is making steady progress, and is winning one after another of those for whose spiritual benefit it was undertaken. Twelve native communicants are already the fruit of this new Mission.

The Niobrara Mission, under Bishop Hare, which is by far the largest division of our Indian field, has now, including the Missionary Bishop, twelve clergy, of whom three are native Dakotas. Eight native candidates are preparing for the ministry; these, with seven others, native (making fifteen in all), are serving as catechist and teachers, and are proving, in various ways, effective members of the Mission corps. Here, too, are fifteen women helpers, teaching in the day and boarding schools, visiting and ministering to the sick and instructing the Indian women in their camps in both temporal and spiritual matters. It thus appears that the number of Mission workers in Niobrara is forty-two. The ministrations female members of the Mission are such as only Christian women can render, and the influence of their work goes beyond the circle of those in whose behalf they specially labor. Said a leading heathen chief on one occasion to Bishop Hare: "I don't know about you Missionary men; but I am sure," pointing to one of the ladies of the Mission, in the distance, on her round of duty, "I am sure that the little Missionary woman is good and true."

Seventeen stations are now occupied in this jurisdiction, which are centers of Mission activity among a majority of the bands which together constitute the Dakotas. Scattered over this portion of the field are seventeen houses of worship, in which gather increasing congregations of those who have

found and those who are yet to find the True Light.

Our Missions among the two largest bands of Dakotas (the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail), which were temporarily suspended during the recent removal of these bands to their new locations, are soon to be resumed. One brave Christian woman has already gone forth to the more remote of these two agencies to take up again the work in which for the past three years she has been diligently occupied.

The five boarding and twelve day schools in Niobrara have continued to carry on their special and important work, and have had a larger attendance of Indian children and youth than in previous years.

The Annual Convocation of this Missionary District, which was held at the Yankton Agency the latter part of June, brought together from far and near the white and native clergy of the jurisdiction, the native catechists, and native Christian delegates and others representing various bands of Dakotas. More than two hundred were present at the Convocation, the sessions of which continued for several days. A council, such as this, composed chiefly of Christian Indians, engaged in reviewing the work of the year, and in considering plans for extending that work among their heathen brethren, presents the most vivid illustration perhaps, that could be found of the blessing with which God has been accompanying the Missions of our Church among the Indians.—*Spirit of Missions*.

NEVADA.

"So far as results of labor can be set forth in statistics, the aggregate of the year's work does not fall below that of any preceding year. We have much more for which we should be thankful than of which we should complain. The Church in this district owes less money than it did a year ago; the value of its property has been increased over \$18,000; more have been confirmed, and there are more children receiving instruction in our Sunday schools than in any preceding year. These statistics are important and encouraging; but they show only the surface of Church life. I wish I could say, with the certainty of statistics, that we of the clergy are more spiritual-minded than we were a year ago; our communicants more devout; our congregations more eager to learn and to do God's will. I trust that in these most important things there has been no going back. But no one who has not lived in a country where there is no Sunday for the working-man, where the controlling desire of almost every man and woman is to get rich quickly, where few have any local attachments or think of making for themselves a permanent home, has any just conception of the difficulty in maintaining a high standard of Christian character in one's own life, or of leading others to strive to attain it."—*Bishop Whittaker's Report*.

There are 354 communicants in Nevada. The amount given for Church purposes during the past year, was \$38,500. The Church owns property to the value of \$120,250, being 10 churches and 9 rectories.

MONTANA.

Bishop Tuttle reports 220 communicants, 3 clergy, and Church property to the value of \$15,000. The Church grows vigorously with the growth of the Territory.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 14, 1878.

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ANOTHER FORGOTTEN RIGHT.

A week or two ago we called attention to a "Forgotten Right of the Laity," namely, the right to exercise their priestly character in the Church's work for souls; and we are glad to know that what we then said has received attentive consideration from many of our readers. The other forgotten right, of which we speak to-day, is not a right of the laity only; it is equally a right of the clergy; and yet, it sometimes seems to have been forgotten by both orders. We mean the right to a devout and quiet Sunday.

It is one of the miseries arising from the spirit of controversy with which our Church has been disturbed, that in the education of our candidates for holy orders, much more care is given to instruct them in details of controversial theology, than in the simpler but infinitely more important subjects which relate to the upbuilding of a holy Christian life. In most of our seminaries there is reason to believe that the chair of pastoral theology, to which all others ought to be subordinate, and which ought to be filled by the man of largest knowledge, richest culture and ripest experience in the whole Faculty, is either not filled at all, or filled in any make-shift way by somebody who does the duty with the least possible amount of trouble to himself and his class. Our friend and correspondent, Dr. Garrison, who has had large experience in examining candidates for orders, speaks of another grave fault. He testifies to their too general ignorance of the Bible itself. It seems as though bits of exegesis, or studies of individual books, or parts of books, relating chiefly to matters of controversy were allowed to take the place of thorough study of the Scriptures as a whole. "Dogmatic Theology," that is to say, controversial theology, is, for the most part, the grand central study of our candidates; and even the noble science of ecclesiastical history is too often taught in a controversial rather than in a scientific spirit. We by no means undervalue dogmatic theology. It ought to be, and sometimes it is actually made, the grandest of studies; but in the education of those who are to be the pastors of living men and women in this world of sin, and suffering, and life, and death, we hold that it should be always made subordinate to the pastoral purpose for the sake of which it is taught. If it is not, and if, instead of preparing them for the

real pastoral work of the ministry, it fills them with dry husks of controversy, it is likely rather to unfit them than to fit them for their office.

So, too often, it actually befalls. The young student—with little knowledge of men and less knowledge of women, with no experience of the world, and very little spiritual apprehension of the Book in which the deepest spiritual knowledge of mankind and of the world is to be learned—is thrust into the pastoral care of a congregation. What is he to preach to his people? He does not know what is in their minds and hearts; nor, if he did know, has he been at all prepared to edify them in their spiritual life. He does not know the processes of spiritual growth, nor does he know the nourishment required to foster it. If the Holy Scriptures had been so opened to him that he could open them to others, he would be much less at fault; for then he would be able to lead his people in green pastures, and beside the still waters of comfort. Then he would see, and be able to tell, the eternal ways in which God leads and disciplines His children; for, however men may change, in the Father of Lights there is no variableness. What He was to Abraham He still is to all the spiritual seed of Abraham. And there is less difference in individual men than is commonly supposed. The essential spiritual fiber is the same in all, however differently the texture may proportion or combine the warp and woof of our humanity. Hence it comes to pass that, as Solomon says, "As in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man."

If the young man had been taught the use of his Bible, he would be at no loss to edify his flock. The Old Testament would be full of the profoundest lessons of everyday life, and the New Testament would overflow with the eternal life which lies not in some far-off future, but is in us and around us every moment of "the life that now is." Our young friend has none, or very little of this sort of furniture. What, then, shall he preach about? Evidently he can preach only about the things he knows or thinks he knows; and, the staple of his preaching will be almost infallibly the controversial stuff he has been painfully accumulating for years past at the seminary. If he is "high," he will preach about "Christ and the Church;" that is, he will preach very little about Christ and a good deal about Apostolical Succession; he will say much about absolution and not much about repentance; he will defend the doctrine of the real Presence, and fail to tell how to approach It; he will grow warm in defense of baptismal regeneration, and say very little about the work of sanctification. If he is "evangelical," he will vindicate his evangelicalism by taking almost all his texts from the Epistles, and hardly any from the Gospels; he will make an elaborate argument

on the philosophy of the atonement, and fancy he is preaching "Christ crucified;" he will denounce the forms of Ritualists and never dream that he himself is in the chains of a cold and heartless formalism. Thus, whatever be his "views" our young priest is almost of necessity compelled—condemned, we might have said—to give a controversial turn to the brief hours of public worship on the day of rest. By and by, the habit is too likely to grow on him; and if it does, the misspent Sunday has a sure revenge. The day which should have brought repose and rest to priest and people has been one of overstimulus to him and one of spiritual dearth to them. He goes home to pass a feverish Sunday night and wake up to the dull depression of "Blue Monday;" they go on their way unfed, unstrengthened and vaguely dissatisfied. Neither knows what is the matter, but both feel that there is a lack somewhere; and each is apt to think that the fault lies in the other. The minister blames his congregation; the people blame the priest; there is a time of reciprocal coldness, deep discouragement to the pastor, hopeless apathy in the flock, and then the heartbreak of a heartless rupture of the pastoral tie. Both are made to suffer deeply, miserably, from a perversion of the holy ordinance of the Lord's Day. In many a parish where this state of things exists the whole face of affairs would change if the minister would but remember his own forgotten right of rest, and peace, and joy in the Lord's Day; and the forgotten right of the people to enjoy it with him. It is surely worth a trial.

The week has full enough of work, and worry, and struggle, and battle. Priest and people equally require a day of rest, and peace, and holy joy. Let the Lord's Day be given to these. Let the minister, who speaks in Christ's name, speak like Christ. Let him speak words of blessing such as He spoke on the Mount of Blessings. Let him give his people thoughts of trust and comfortable hope in the Father "Who careth for them." Let him imitate the Master who did "not strive nor cry." And let him banish controversy from the house of God. Let there be peace within the walls of Zion, and there will be spiritual plenteousness, too. From God's holy temple let a voice of joy be sent into the dwellings of the righteous. Teach them to look to Sunday as the good day of the week. Let priest and people say: "This is the day that the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it!" Then they will also say: "I was glad when they said unto me, 'We will go into the House of the Lord.'" With holy George Herbert they will sing:

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's strings,
Are bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal King of Kings!

Have not priests and people an equal right

to such a Sunday, and an equal need of it? Is it not a right which we have all too much forgotten? Would not a glad remembrance of it make both priests and people happier and holier, nearer to God, dearer to men?

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MOBILE, Dec. 3, 1878.

A rapid trip over the Iron Mountain Railroad and the Mobile & Ohio Railroad brings our party to the Gulf City, to which many old ties of loving memory bind us with bands that cannot be broken. Unhappily, the Bishop is from home, so that we are likely to miss the great pleasure and profit of meeting him. But the impress of his head and heart are felt and seen everywhere. The Church Home, in particular, shows his wise management of charitable works. In a city which has suffered more than any other from the troubles of late years, this institution, which is under the Bishop's sole direction, has gone on and prospered. An orphanage for girls which began in two rooms, has grown till it has now over fifty orphan girls, and has begun a new branch in which there are several orphan boys. All these children are under the charge of a sisterhood consisting of five experienced sisters, two postulants, and one lay associate. The operations of the Home are not only under the control of the Bishop, but are in perfect harmony with the authorities of the parishes by whose benefactions it is supported. It has no debt. All things considered, it is very evident that Bishop Wilmer has done more than any other one man to solve the sisterhood problem in our Church; and naturally so; for he began with no ideal plans on paper, but has taken things as they were, and has worked out his problem in the light of facts. That under such adverse circumstances he should have achieved so solid a success may not surprise the editors of THE LIVING CHURCH who know him so nearly and so dearly. But to those who do not know him and his work, the assertion which I confidently make may reasonably cause surprise. It is this: that there is not one charity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States which has done so much and at so small a money cost as Bishop Wilmer's Church Home in Mobile. Another statement may surprise some people. The Church is relatively stronger in Mobile than in any other city of the land. The population is not greater than 40,000. I heard a banker and a clergyman to-day agree in putting it at 30,000. Now the Church has 1,350 communicants in Mobile; and putting the number of persons, young and old, who are more or less closely connected with the Church, at five for each communicant (which is the usual calculation), we have here 6,750 out of a population of 30,000 to 40,000; that is, from 17 to 22 per cent of the population. If there is any city of

equal size in which the Church stands relatively as well as in Mobile, I should be glad to know it.

I had the pleasure yesterday of attending the Monday morning meeting of the clergy. It was a very edifying meeting. The senior, of course, is Dr. Massey; who, for some thirty years, through many a trial and through many a yellow-fever epidemic, has served the Church in this place, most of the time as Rector of Trinity Church. The Rev. Mr. Drysdale is the eloquent, esteemed and successful Rector of Christ Church, the mother Church of Alabama, in which some of the hardest, many more of the happiest, days of my pastoral service were spent.

The Rev. Mr. Beard is Rector of St. John's, a free church of 595 communicants, supported by the envelope system. It is an evidence of the confidence and esteem of his people that the entire financial administration of St. John's parish is practically left to the Rector. To me, however, it seems that this is all wrong. Instead of the Vestry of *any* Church leaving their proper work to the Rector, it seems to me that they ought not only to attend to the temporalities, but ought likewise to assist him in the spiritual work of the parish. A parish of 595 communicants cannot possibly be attended to by any one man; even if he be as faithful and devoted as Mr. Beard. Who will come to the front and tell us how to bring our lay power into action?

To-morrow I go to New Orleans, and I shall send you a line from the Crescent City.

F.

P. S.—Just as I conclude comes the startling announcement of the sudden death of Bishop J. P. B. Wilmer, of Louisiana. It is terribly sudden, and it must be a great shock to his Diocese, as it is to thousands of personal friends and admirers.

NEW ORLEANS, December 7, 1878.

It is a tedious ride of eight hours from Mobile to New Orleans, and the monotony is hardly broken by the frequent passage of the train over vast expanses of water on bridges which bear witness to the skill of the engineer who planned them. At every station, negroes, young and old, rush up to the cars with oranges for sale at prices which are, certainly, not too high. I saw one bunch of twelve or thirteen luscious-looking oranges offered for 15 cents. Bunches of beautiful grasses are also offered for sale, but these being fancy articles, are sold at fancy prices.

I arrived in New Orleans at 9 o'clock last night, and to-day I have seen as many old friends as the business which brought me here would permit. All of them are deeply afflicted by the shock of the Bishop's death. They are quiet, of course; but this impassion seems to be one of bewilderment as well as of grief. I doubt whether the

people of New Orleans ever before realized how large a place the Bishop filled in every way. By common consent he was recognized as the representative of all Protestants on public occasions which required such a representation. At the same time he was beloved and esteemed by the Roman Catholics, almost or quite as much as by Protestants, so that in this community he may be said to have been the one man to whom all looked as the representative of Christianity. It was a grand position, and he filled it grandly. It will be difficult, indeed, to fill his place. It is said that the Standing Committee have resolved to call a special Convention at the earliest possible day, to elect a Bishop for the Diocese. This is a very wise resolution, but the task of selecting a man for the place will not be an easy one. I have heard but three persons named: Bishop Adams, who is now residing in Mississippi, Bishop Garret, of Northern Texas, who seems to have made a fine impression here on some occasions, and Dr. Thompson. These names, however, are merely mentioned. There are no "candidates."

The mention of Dr. Thompson's name recalls a very shameful assault which was recently made by a Presbyterian paper upon him and Bishop Wilmer. It happened that several of the clergy of New Orleans were providentially compelled to be absent from the city during the late epidemic, and the paper in question, passing over the others, made the unequivocal statement that the Bishop and the Rector of Trinity Church had run away from the plague. It was equally false in both cases. The Bishop had sufficiently proved his courage long ago, when he stood at his post in the port of Havana, ministering to the sick and burying the dead, while the *vomito* was carrying off scores of victims daily. Dr. Thompson was suffering from malarial fever, of a typhoid character, just before the epidemic broke out, and was required by his physician to go away. This, however, he refused to do until Dr. Choppin assured him that there was no serious danger of an epidemic. When the plague eventually struck the city, though he was still sick, he wrote to his Vestry offering to return, but the Vestry peremptorily forbade it. In Trinity Parish, no defense of the Rector was needed but, in view of the assault made upon him in a religious (?) newspaper, the Vestry have thought fit to publish the following resolutions, which they desire to have reprinted by THE LIVING CHURCH:

VESTRY ROOM, TRINITY CHURCH, }
NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 26, 1878. }

At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, held this evening, the following resolutions were passed, spread upon the minutes and ordered published.

Resolved, That the return, in his usual strength and vigor, of our beloved Rector, Hugh Miller Thompson, D. D., who left us,

in bad health, in July last, at the request of this Vestry, and by the order of his attendant physician, fills our hearts with gratitude to our Divine Master.

Resolved, That we are impelled to express our appreciation of the prompt offer of Dr. Thompson to return to his congregation in the time of pestilence and distress, as explained (while yet unrecovered from malarial fever) in his several letters to the Wardens and Vestry, at the breaking-out of the epidemic, who, however, took the responsibility of urgently advising him to remain away, hoping thereby that his health and strength would be fully restored, and that the congregation of Trinity Church might enjoy the happy privilege of his learned and faithful ministrations, whereby we may be led to the wisdom which leadeth unto everlasting life.

Resolved, also, That the sincere thanks of this congregation are due and hereby tendered to the Rev. Caleb Dow, for his faithful services as Assistant Presbyterian in charge of Trinity Church during the absence of the Rector.

WM. FLASH,

Senior Warden and Vice President.

Extract from the minutes.

Attest: THOMAS F. WALKER,
Secretary, V. T. C.

It is a long step from the Gulf to the Lakes; but within a few days the step must be made. To-morrow I shall leave the Crescent City and return to Mobile to spend Sunday with my old parish and its admirable Rector, Mr. Drysdale, after which, I shall push homeward rapidly to the Cream City of the Lakes, Milwaukee. Once at home, I shall have some general observations to make on the South, in general, and the Southern Churches in particular. F.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7, 1878.

TO THE LIVING CHURCH:

Instead of a news letter, we propose to give you a speculation or two concerning the past and present of the Church in this section of the country. One who can look back two-score years, must, we think, be struck with the drift and types of Churchmanship now to be found here. Some years ago, one of our most brilliant writers published a pamphlet, entitled "The Decline and Fall of the Low-Church Party." Since that day the power of association has lost its grip, and we are presented with the spectacle of the decline and fall of all parties. Schools of opinion that were famous in their day seem to be disintegrating; and, if test questions arise, the men, who once fought each other, now stand side by side. Loyalty to faith and principle, reverence for law, belief in the Church as a divine institution, and the bold assertion of her claims, the straightforward manliness of the fathers, united to a retiring modesty, are disappearing, and in their place we have a self-seeking individualism, indifference to truth, to call it by no worse name, noisy self-assertion, craving for sensationalism, namby-pamby sentimentalism and lawlessness, as well in high places as low, the reign of what St. Paul characterized as *anomia*. Forty years ago, the Church was divided into two great parties, known as the High-Church and the Evangelicals, the latter being much the stronger of the two. These parties were

themselves subdivided into schools, which were characterized by various shades of opinion. Thus, there were what may be termed the Calvinistic Evangelicals, represented by the *Episcopal Recorder* and the *Gambier Observer*, and having their centers at Philadelphia and Cincinnati. In New England, we had the diluted Evangelicals, whose organ was the *Christian Witness*, Boston being their headquarters. To these the Church existed only by the sufferance of those without. They had eyes only for the supposed faults and defects of their spiritual mother, and for the merits and virtues of the surrounding sects. They were like children we have known, who ungraciously believed that everybody's ginger-bread was better than that which was provided for them at home. The great rival of the Evangelicals, the High-Church party, was similarly divided. There was the Connecticut type, represented by the *Calendar*. The Church, in that State, was overshadowed by Congregationalism, which was, in some sense, the established religion; and she was content to stand, humbly, cap in hand, and ask for leave to be. They looked upon the Church as a rival of the sects, and could give no good reason for existence save that they would fain believe that theirs was "the more excellent way." There was, also, the New York type of Churchmanship. The "High Churchman Vindicated," by Hobart, and so ably championed by Seabury, in the columns of the *Churchman*, in the days when that name was a reality and power, and represented something beside individual interest. The High Churchman may have been more narrow and exclusive than it is now fashionable to be; his sympathies may have been less catholic and comprehensive, but his faith was a reality. He believed in the Church as the body of Christ, as well as in its Living Head. It was divine in its origin and its claims. These claims the High Churchman set forth boldly and calmly. There was no need to resort to sensationalism and clap-trap. While he was manly, he could be modest, for God would take care of the vine of His own planting. He had the conscious security of the man whose title-deed is of record as well as in his own pocket. He was reverent; the Church was his spiritual mother. He was law-abiding, for he was well read in the old divines, and made his own those words of Hooker—worthy of the graven gold—"Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power." Such was not an untrue picture of the Church in the days when men like De Laney filled her Episcopate; Seabury spoke for her priests, and Hugh Davey Evans represented her laymen—the Moses, Aaron and Hur in the mount, the Apostles, Elders and brethren of the later Church.

We have said the old parties seem to be disintegrating; shadows of them still remain, but they have nearly disappeared. And what have we in their place? The great body of the Church has heard the words "To your tents, O Israel!" The Church is lost sight of and each man is for himself and his individual ends. There is suspicion, distrust, jealousy; if there were interest and zeal enough, there would be hate; children of the same mother, like Jews and Samaritans, they have no dealings; they seek their own,

not another's, wealth. In our cities, there is only here and there any organized, united effort; the small parishes are suffered to lead a starveling life or die; the large parishes, with here and there an exception, are overwhelmed with debt. In the way of schools, we have the Broad Church, divided into the Broad High and the Broad Low, and the rationalistic Broad, the latter represented by men like Colenso and Stanley, the iconoclasts of all distinctively revealed truth. In several of our large cities, we have a small but active clique of extreme or advanced men, who travesty our services and would fain undo all that the Reformation gained for a pure faith and practice. They will, doubtless, overthrow the faith of some; some will go over the precipice to whose edge they love to approach; some have already fallen. They will be hindrances and stumbling-blocks to the progress of the Church, but the harm they will do can be easily measured. The extreme cases are few, and, like the confluent small-pox, will probably prove fatal; but, in most instances, it takes on a milder form, like varioloid, and its victims will probably recover. They are young, and, as their predecessors have done, will outgrow their hallucinations.

If we have, in any way, represented the state of the Church as we have meant to do, it is easy in part to see where we must look for a remedy of existing evils. She, as well as the nation, needs a revival of honesty, a return of loyalty to the faith and truth; men must learn to believe in her as the body of Christ, to respect her teachings and to conform to her doctrine and worship. She wants not a revival of this party or that, but a return to the manliness of the old High Churchman, to that sense of honor, which, when it vows a vow, defers not to pay. Modesty must take the place of self-assertion; her children, lay and clerical, must learn that obedience is better than sacrifice. It was when Israel did only what was right in its own eyes, that God sent to them a king; and the elder was but a type of the later Church.

Our Book Table.

[The figures appended to each notice under this head are used to indicate the number of subscriptions to THE LIVING CHURCH, fully paid, for which the book will be sent gratuitously to the canvasser.]

A SKETCH-BOOK OF THE AMERICAN EPISCOPATE. By the REV. HERMON GRISWOLD BATTERSON, D. D. 12mo, pp. 322. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co., Booksellers. (2.)

In these days of helter-skelter hap-hazard, when our most important records are neglected and their contents so apt to be forgotten, it is pleasing to see a man like Dr. Batterson gathering, with conscientious care, and arranging with scholarly fidelity so many of the fragments that remain. That much has already been lost beyond recovery is very certain; but that very much more than this book contains will be saved in consequence of its compilation is equally sure.

Dr. Batterson gives a valuable collection of papers relating to the Scottish Episcopate and the consecration of Dr. Seabury by the Scottish Bishops in 1874, and the most important papers connected with the consecration of Dr. White and Dr. Provost by the English Bishops in 1787. Then follows a sketch of each of the Bishops of the American Church from Seabury to Schereschewski. An appendix, contains the papers relating

to the organization of the Church in Hayti, and the consecration of Bishop Holly. A list is also given of clergymen elected to the Episcopate, who declined the office, or whose election was not confirmed. Many interesting facts might be gathered from the book. Thus, of 114 Bishops consecrated in this country, 9 were consecrated in the twenty years from 1792 to 1812; in the next twenty years (1812 to 1832), 17 were consecrated; in the next twenty years (1832 to 1852), 27; in the next twenty years (1852 to 1872), 42; and in the last six years, 23 have been consecrated. In the past twenty years, 5 clergymen declined the Episcopate; in the next twenty years, none; in the next, 8; in the next, 8, and in the last eight years, no less than 11 Presbyters have declined the honors of the miter. Two Presbyters nominated to Missionary Bishops by the House of Bishops have failed of election in the House of Deputies; one Assistant Bishop-elect and two Diocesan Bishops-elect have not had their elections confirmed; and one election has been declared illegal. We congratulate Dr. Battersson on the pleasing and profitable result of what must have been a tedious and exacting task.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON; A Monthly Magazine for the Household. Sunday Afternoon, Springfield, Mass.

We have before us a file of this new magazine from January last to the present month, and we shall hereafter look for its monthly appearance with much interest. It is not an "Episcopalian" organ, but it is one that Episcopalians will do well to read. If they do so, they will be apt to learn what others think of us, and that may be profitable even if it be not always pleasant. For example, when so many would-be organizers among us are striving to pull down our parish system, it is instructive to find a man like Dr. Leonard Bacon pointing to that very thing as our point of chief advantage over other "sects." "They are happy," he says, referring to our Church, "in having kept, more clearly than most American sects, the idea of the parish. * * * In this, indeed, they have, until lately, done little but follow a well-ordered traditional routine; but, even thus, they have been at vast advantage over others who had nothing but the negation of a tradition to follow. In pastors, well trained for the successful operation of a Parish Church, they are very rich."

The array of excellent writers in *Sunday Afternoon* is a guarantee of the excellence of its contents. Among them are some of the best in our own Church, *e. g.*, Julius H. Ward, Dr. E. A. Washburn, Dr. C. S. Henry, Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, and Frederick M. Bird. We commend this magazine, and we commend it heartily. It is the very thing for a quiet Sunday afternoon; and it may be all the more instructive to Churchmen, because it is not distinctively representative of our Church more than any other.

The Rev. John C. Brooks has received and accepted a call to the rectorship of Christ Church, Springfield, Mass., which has been vacant since the consecration of the late Rector, the Rev. Dr. Alex. Burgess, as Bishop of Quincy. Mr. Brooks is the youngest brother of the Revs. Phillips and Arthur Brooks.

Public Opinion.

[THE LIVING CHURCH desires to give the greatest possible scope for the expression of opinion. In this department any Christian man who desires to present his views of any subject, with reasonable brevity, over his own signature, and without offensive personality, is at liberty to do so, whether his opinions agree with those of the Editors or not.]

TO THE LIVING CHURCH:

I received lately, from an esteemed brother, an epistle, in which was the following declaration: "I never will fight with any Bishop. If a Presbyter cannot agree with his ecclesiastical authority, he should leave." There is so much that is just and true in this position of our esteemed brother, and also, so much that is unsound, and, if generally adopted, so perilous, that I deem it a subject worthy of being discussed in THE LIVING CHURCH.

The question which it presents, "The limits of our obedience to episcopal authority," is one that to-day is demanding an answer in many perplexed minds. Will not THE LIVING CHURCH help to solve this question? No good Churchman, we presume, will dispute, that we owe to our Bishop the confession of authority, due to the apostolic office. We regard them as Apostles in the Church of God, and should render them the obedience due to their great trust. On the other hand, the voice of the Church in her corporate capacity, and the voice of that branch of the Church to which we have sworn obedience, have claims upon our obedience prior and superior to that of any single Apostle. The edicts of the first Council at Jerusalem, composed of Apostles, Elders and brethren, prevailed above the authority of any number of the Apostolic College.

Now, obedience to the ordination oath, solemnly imposed by the Church upon all her priests, demands that they minister "the doctrine and sacraments, and the discipline of Christ, as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church hath received the same;" and that they "be ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God's Word." The promise of obedience to the Bishop, and submission to his godly admonitions, is made after the soul of the candidate is already bound by the pledges previously made, and is necessarily conditioned by them. Obedience to the Bishop should never, indeed, be opposed to the prior pledges made in the ordering of priests; and it never would be, if this treasure of apostolic authority, were not contained in earthen vessels. But the office of an Apostle is one thing, and the frail being, to whom it is committed, is quite another. In one, we recognize an authority divinely conferred; in the other, a being subject to all the frailties to which flesh is heir. The history of the episcopate in this country, and in all countries, is sufficient evidence, that the apostolic authority is frequently committed to very unworthy hands; and, therefore, the intelligent Churchman, it seems to me, will ever distinguish between the office and the man.

Now, in view of these considerations, the soundness of which, we presume, will not be disputed, in what light must we regard the "declarations" of our esteemed clerical brother? that "he will never contend with any Bishop. If a Presbyter cannot agree with his ecclesiastical authority, he should leave." If a Bishop refuse or neglect to

minister "the doctrine and sacraments and discipline of Christ, as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church hath received the same," and Bishops have done such things, and proved themselves altogether unworthy—then does our brother prove himself "ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word;" does he prove this by refusing to contend, or *by running away?*

The truth is, the "declaration" of our brother, fails to distinguish between the office and the man. If the man faithfully executes his office as an Apostle in the Church of God, and his doctrine and life are in harmony with his oath at consecration, then the obedience of the Presbyter may follow without hesitation. But some of us have been under Bishops who were unfaithful to the Church they were sworn to uphold, and others under Bishops whose example in daily living was questionable. The Presbyter who, under such circumstances, should decline to contend, or, who should "run away," would, it seems to me, be unfaithful to his own ordination vows.

Again, I object to our brother's "declaration," because in my judgment, it is fragrant with Presbyterianism. The Presbyterian claims that there are but two classes in the Church of God—the Bishops and the laity. The Churchman contends for a *ministry of three orders* in addition to the laity. The threefold character of an apostolic ministry, is a truth, we fear, that is being quietly buried even in our own Church. There will be a Canon offered for confirmation at our next General Convention, making it essential to the settlement of a Rector in any parish, that he first receive the consent of the Bishop of the Diocese wherein the parish is located—which consent may be withheld arbitrarily—or at the option of the Bishop. A priest may receive a "call," uncanonically given, from a parish; he may be a priest in good standing; his Bishop may give him clean papers, and letters of high recommendation, and yet the will of the parish "calling," and of the priest in good standing desiring to accept, may be alike defeated by the Bishop refusing to consent. By this Canon, the voices of both Elders and brethren are ignored, it seems to us. Not Presbyterianism, but Ultramontanism, its next neighbor—would seem to be the ultimate result.

In a few short years, such a Canon would make a Diocesan Convention but a meeting to formally register a Bishop's will, whether for good or evil. A Diocese with a Dr. Cummins' style of Bishop would embrace clergy only who were all featured with the Cummins likeness, and no sound Church parish could obtain a Rector who showed any respect for the Prayer-Book. Heaven defend us from the disintegration that would then begin between the Dioceses. The bond that holds them together would become a rope of sand.

"Give me still the 'old paths,'" an Apostolic ministry in three orders—each with their rights unfringed upon. Presbyterianism, with its two classes only of Bishops and laity, and Ultramontanism in spirit—which would concentrate all authority in one poor mortal, are, in our judgment, alike unscriptural and unsafe.

Ultramontanism tends to disintegration by undue exaltation of frail humanity, and by its necessary re-action. Presbyterianism

tends in the same direction, but from an opposite cause—a deficient unity.

The Church of God, as organized by the Divine Spirit, with its ministry in three orders, and its brethren; all having a voice in her Councils, and *an independent voice, uncontrolled by fear or favor*; with its College of Apostles presiding, and revered as the channel of delegated Divine authority—such a Church is, in our judgment, “the hope of the world.”

WM. ALLEN FISKE.
NAPERVILLE, ILL., December 2, 1878.

Communications.

A MONUMENT BETTER THAN MARBLE.

TO THE LIVING CHURCH.

In November, 1869, there went out to Graceland from a once happy home a little casket which contained all that was earthly of a child who, two days before, was as buoyant with health and as animated in spirits as a bird in spring. Her loving parents surrounded the grassy mound with the most beautiful memorials in Italian marble which their taste could devise. When the fire of 1871 swept away their home, with all its mementoes of the happy past, one of their first exclamations of gratitude was that the costly tributes of affection expended at Graceland were finished and safe.

Such are the natural emotions of the human heart! But if you will go to St. Luke's Hospital next Sunday afternoon, or at any time when you have the inclination, you will understand why those parents of whom I spoke would gladly have recalled the marble they had placed on that resounding shore, and erected in its stead a monument where Christ Himself would bend with blessing—a permanent bed in the children's room at St. Luke's Hospital. You will see there little girls and boys fighting against pain, and concealing their troubles that *your feelings may be spared*—you will see looks of love and gratitude beaming from wan faces at the toys, the scrap-books, the pictures, the dolls, the presents of any kind you take to them; and when you go away with tenderer love for your own children, you will thank God for putting it into your hearts to erect your first monument to the memory of your departed by a memorial bed in a spot where storms will not deface or mar the marble, but where pain will be relieved; where sickness will be cured; where hard hearts will learn to know and love Christ by the beautiful deeds of His servants; and where, amid the night watches while you are asleep, some restless sufferer will send up a prayer for the hearts and hands that provided a home for the sick poor.

D. G.

CHICAGO, December 5, 1878.

TO THE LIVING CHURCH:

However godless this city may be, on general average, it must have the credit of having social and law-abiding citizens—at least, when they want to be. The proclamations of the President of the United States, and the Governor of the State, and the Mayor of the city, were respectfully heeded, and last Thursday was generally observed as “Thanksgiving Day.” However thankful the people may have been, the day was given up to attendance upon Church services, to family re-unions, and social life. In some localities, different denominations united in worship; several churches of the same denomination gathered into one. The Baptists

held a unique service of this kind, at which several clergymen participated in short addresses suitable to the occasion.

Most of the Episcopal churches were opened, the respective Rectors officiating. Bishop Jaggar preached at St. John's a sermon of unusual ability, full of strong points and suggestive thoughts. I would like to give you a synopsis of it, but relying upon the newspapers to print it, I took no notes; and I would not presume to do the Bishop so great injustice as to quote from memory. And he is not much in favor of having his sermons printed.

It is announced that Rev. Edmund Rowland, of New Bedford, Mass., has accepted the Rectorship of Calvary Church, Clifton. This is a beautiful Gothic church, (stone from foundation to top of the cross), in one of our most beautiful suburbs. Wealth and elegance abound; and many of the parishioners demonstrate the fact, that these are not incompatible with real piety.

The Episcopal Sunday-School Union is an organization of the officers and teachers of the several Sunday schools of the Church, in and about the city. It has been in existence nearly a year, and several very interesting meetings have been held, at which questions pertaining to Sunday-school work were discussed by papers, and extempore addresses, by clergymen and laymen. It has been determined to hold meetings every Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, at which the lesson for next day will be expounded. Bishop Jaggar inaugurated the course last Saturday. The attendance was better than was expected, thus evidencing increasing interest in this branch of our Church work. The *Standard of the Cross* series of lessons have been adopted, and will be used by all of the Church schools here. They follow the Church year, the introductory lesson being upon Advent. Rev. J. Mills Kendrick, deserves credit for the ability with which he has worked up this series of lessons.

Mission services will be held every evening this week, in Church of the Advent, Walnut Hills, Rev. Peter Tinsley, Rector. Monday Evening—Sermon by Rev. D. W. Rhodes, of Church of Our Saviour; subject—“Christ's Advent; Its Influence on Personal Character.” Tuesday—Rev. George F. Bugbee, of Covington, Ky.; subject—“Purposes of Christ's First Coming.” Wednesday—Bishop Jaggar—“Who Shall Stand when He Appeareth.” Thursday—Rev. E. H. Jewett, of Dayton, Ohio; text—Rom., xiii, 11. Friday—Rev. Samuel Benedict, D. D.; subject—“Eternal Judgment.” These preachers represent all types of Churchmanship, so far as they prevail in this region; and it is a hopeful sign to see them united in Gospel work.

Rev. W. W. Fellows, has resigned the Rectorship of Emmanuel Church, to assume that of St. Paul's, Muskegon, Western Michigan. Mr. Fellows is a young man of considerable promise. The people of Emmanuel Church part with him with deep regret, and only because of dire necessity.

Rev. Mr. Sturgess has returned from a pleasant vacation trip to Florida, and resumed work in his parish at Riverside.

CINCINNATUS.

CINCINNATI, December 2, 1878.

The example is not good when clergymen go off before a meeting is over. It is not courteous to brethren who take part in the closing exercises.—*Bishop Gillespie.*

The Fireside.

KATIE AND THE BIRDS.

A little girl lived in a garret,
And all the long day stayed alone;
For Katie was poor, and her mother
Must work, and leave Katie at home.

The ceiling was low, dark and dingy,
With nothing to brighten the gloom;
For scarcely a ray of warm sunshine
Could enter the poor little room.

One morning while reading the Bible,
One verse about doing good,
And something she could not remember,
And hardly, I think, understood.

“Do good,” so it said, she was certain;
“Forget not,” it read, she was sure;
But what could she do in a garret?
Besides, she was little and poor.

And so she sat thinking and dreaming,
And watching the people below,
And wishing for bags full of money,
Then how to do good she would know.

“Tap! tap!” at the window; she started,
She listened—what was it she heard?
“Chirp! chirp! Little girl, I am hungry,
A crumb for a poor little bird.”

“I'll get you a dinner,” said Katie,
“I think I have plenty for four;”
Then quickly she opened the window,
And scattered the bountiful store.

The poor little fellow was frightened,
And flew to a steeple near by;
And Katie stood still at the window,
And felt as if ready to cry.

'Twas not very long before birdie
Came timidly back to the sill,
And keeping an eye upon Katie,
Stood quietly eating his fill.

“Do good, and forget not,” thought Katie,
And smiled as she murmured the words;
Perhaps God will think it is something,
To feed one of His little birds.

MRS. F. A. POTTER.

ONLY A BLACKSMITH; OR, NED WILTON'S VICTORY.

CHAPTER I.

There had been a cricket-match out on the Newcome Downs, between the Newcome National Schoolboys and the youths of a neighboring town; and now, on the very spot where the noisy, rollicking, merry crew had sped hither and thither, shouting as only healthy boys can shout, lay a boy with his face pressed down on the turf sobbing as if his heart would break. No one would have guessed that this was Ned Wilton, the champion of the winning party; the cleverest, merriest, funniest boy in all the school, whose shout had been loudest among all other shouts that afternoon; whose laugh had rung out the clearest; whose legs had been the nimblest, and had performed wonders in running; whose cheeks had glowed; whose eyes had sparkled; whose whole being, in short, had been brimful of life and boyish activity. But so it was; and there lay his bat by his side, looking so mute, so powerless to comfort its young owner. Surely, the fairies taking glances at the weeping lad from the hearts of wild thyme, harebells, and other flowers quivering in the evening breeze, must have thought a boy the most fickle, changeable being in all creation.

But Ned Wilton had met with a great sorrow, a great disappointment, such as fairies never dream of. When he had swept down the hillside that afternoon, among all the other happy boys, shouting, hurrahing,

laughing, leaping, and exulting over their well-contested victory, and entering the kitchen at home, bat in hand, very hungry, very thirsty, very hot, very tired, but very proud and happy, hoping to sit down in peace to his tea, and, like an old soldier, recount his exploits to his three little sisters—Lizzie, Bess and Lou—his father, sitting at the tea-table, greeted him with the words:

"Ned, I've made up my mind you must turn into the shop next week."

"Oh father, I can't!" cried poor Ned, the blood in his veins seeming to stand still, and then leaping on at race-horse speed as if maddened with the proposition.

"You can, and you will; I say so," was the stern reply, and Ned knew that he must. The very bat in his hand seemed to quiver, as if it knew, wooden thing though it was, what that turning-in would be; what a bright, sunny picture of the future it would blot out.

Ned waited to hear no more, but dashed out of the house in a whirlwind of passion and sorrow. If his cheeks had glowed before, they were crimson now. His merry, dark eyes flashed as they never flashed in his gayest moments. Away and away he sped, his bat clenched in his hand, to some quiet spot where he could hide his grief, and blinding tears; where no one could hear the sobs that must have their way. Strange, that he should choose the deserted cricket-ground; but he did; and there he lay all alone, sobbing—sobbing out his disappointment in all the wildness of his passionate nature. Well for the young that they can thus weep out their bitter griefs, and grow strong and brave to fight the battle of life. Ned's father was a blacksmith; a stern, harsh man, obstinate as a mule—not that I should have said this to Ned, for woe to those who teach children ought but to respect their parents; but he was so, nevertheless—with a law like that of the Medes and Persians, which altered not. This, Ned knew, and felt certain that, if the word had gone forth that he was to turn into the shop, he should have to turn in, and wept over it, accordingly. To leave school and his dearly-loved lessons; to give up his cherished scheme of being a pupil-teacher—the scheme of which he had dreamt so much, of which he had so often talked with his mother, his sweet, blue-eyed angel-mother, and she was gone—gone forever. If she was only here now, to plead for him, to say that she wished it. Ah! she did wish it, and she was gone. He had nobody to feel for him except his three little sisters; and what could they do for him, poor children? Nothing, nothing! the boy's heart was ready to break; he almost shrieked as it all swept over him. Floods of tears watered the cricket-ground, and all the while the rosy sunset-rays were playing over it; a lark was trilling out its song high above his head; the flowers seemed to shake with laughter; the bees hummed out how merry they were, and only the wind sighed for weeping, motherless Ned. How his heart cried out for his dear, blue-eyed mother, who had been sleeping in the church-yard for three long years. How it all came back to him. The miserable day when she left them all; her last good-by, and most clearly, most distinctly of all—her flattering command, "Obey your father in all things, my boy, and God will bless you." This last it was that was breaking the boy's heart. He had tried, indeed he had, to obey him; but this being a blacksmith, she never could have

meant this, when she had so often said in their long talks together that she should like him to be a pupil-teacher. "No, she never could have meant me to be a smudge of a blacksmith, and I never will!" he cried, raising his tear-stained face from the ground, and dashing back the dark, curly mass of hair from his forehead just as the last sun-beam kissed him, and wished him good-night. There was a look of determination in his face as he rose and picked up his bat.

He was going to brave his father's will, headstrong boy. Down the hillside he went, along the lane beneath the elm-trees. No use for them to wave their arms over him and whisper of submission. Ned was strong in his resolve; there were no tears in his eyes now. They were all in the kitchen—his father, Lizzie, Bess and Lou—when he reached home.

"Father, I can't be a blacksmith;" said he, confronting Mr. Wilton, his cap in his hand, his bat across his shoulder.

"Can't or can, you will;" was the sharp reply.

"But, father, I want to be a pupil-teacher." Ned's voice trembled.

"And I want you to be a blacksmith," were his father's words. No sympathy in them; not a thought had he of his young son's like or dislike in the matter.

"I won't!" cried Ned passionately.

"What! you won't? Say that again if you dare!" His father was a passionate man.

"I won't be a blacksmith—there!" and down went the end of Ned's bat with a thump.

"You won't."

"I won't!" cried Ned, stoutly.

His father sprang up and seized a large stick lying there, as if on purpose. Ned remembered that he himself had put it there earlier in the day. He caught hold of the boy, who threw down his bat, and stood erect and defiant, with compressed lips and flashing eyes. His three little sisters huddled together in their fright, with very white faces. Down went the stick whack on Ned's devoted shoulders, again and still again. Ned never flinched or moaned, only his eyes flashed wildly. How his poor little sisters sobbed to themselves. Down and still down went the stick. Lizzie's sisterly heart could bear it no longer. She was twelve, only two years younger than her brother. She must be brave, she darted between the two just in time to receive a cut with the terrible stick across her fair shoulders. She screamed, her father pushed her out of the way, and struck Ned harder than before. Poor little Lizzie! by all the love she loved him; by the pain she was now feeling, she must try and stop the cruel blows.

"Father! Mother!" she screamed, and darted toward them again. Why the child cried out for her mother, considering she had been dead three years, cannot be told. Perhaps, she felt the need of her gentle mediation, but her cry conquered. Her father had loved his wife, loved her still. He threw the stick from him, pushed his son on one side, and left the house. As for Ned, that magic name seemed to open the very fountain of his tears, poor, passionate, loving, willful boy. He rushed away up-stairs to his own little room, threw himself on his bed and wept, sobbed and shrieked in his agony, burying his face in the bedclothes, lest they should hear below. His bursts of grief were less violent, and twilight was

gathering around him, when his little sisters stole in to give him their good-night kiss, as was their custom. How they loved their bright-eyed brother, although he was the daily plague of their lives! By the by, a boy without a sister to plague is only half blessed; and a girl without a plague of a brother, is very much to be pitied. He did not look up. Lizzie stroked his hair:

"I wouldn't cry so, Ned;" said she. Ned cried on. "We're come to say good-night, Ned." Lizzie was crying now. Ned heard it, and looked up.

"Oh, Lizzie, why did you step in and take that cruel blow?" he added, turning his face toward her.

"I didn't mind it. It's not about that I'm crying, 'tis because you are so miserable." Poor child, she had a large whale across her shoulders.

"Father is a tyrant! and I won't be a blacksmith!" cried Ned, fiercely.

"Oh, Ned! what would mother say?" Lizzie's soft little hand still stroked his hair.

Ned was silent. A weak, faint voice seemed to be saying: "Obey your father in all things, my boy." He buried his face in the bedclothes again. It seemed as if his tears would never have done flowing. His three little sisters were sorry for him; but they did not know how to comfort him. So they wound their clinging arms around his neck, kissed him and went away to bed. It was almost dark when Ned looked up again. He glanced out of the window. One bright star was shining in on him—the star he had watched so many nights, and called it his mother's star, because he lay and looked at it, and thought of her the first night after she died. He lay now and looked at it lovingly, longingly, thinking of the gentle being that had gone and left him so desolate. And she was up there above the stars, above the blue sky, waiting for him while he was down below with such a tender, aching, smarting back, because he had disobeyed her last command. Yes, he had disobeyed her; he saw it all now. "All things," meant even to being a blacksmith. Gentle, repentant tears flowed down his cheeks as he lay and thought, looking out at that beautiful star that shone down upon him. He stole down off his bed. He would submit to his father, he resolved; and then he poured out the story of his sorrow, his rebellion, his pride, his sin, into the ears of Him who once walked this earth a boy among men; with whom his mother was resting; who is daily calling us amid life's trials to come unto Him and rest. The light of the star shining on his hot swollen face, his prayer ended, he lay down and fell asleep; his mother's star watching over him like a guardian angel he slept peacefully through the short summer night, as if to wear the leathern apron was not his destiny, and to teach the young ideas how to shoot, was.

CHAPTER II.

Chink-clank-clink, clink, clink-clank, were the first sounds which greeted Ned's ears on waking the next morning. At first he wondered what there was unpleasant connected with the sounds, considering he had heard them for so many years. Then it all came back to him—he was to be a blacksmith, and must try to content himself with making such unmusical sounds to the end of the chapter. He had sometimes heard a hint or two from his father about such a thing being possible, which had given his heart a passing

quake, and been forgotten; but now it was really true. His poor, stiff back confirmed it; so did the remembrance of that tearful confession and resolution and prayer on his knees last night; but it did not seem half so bad to look forward to as then. "What can't be cured, must be endured," has comforted many a boy, aye, and girl too; and so it did Ned. He leaped out of bed, sprang into his clothes almost as briskly as on the morning before, with a grand cricket-match in the prospect. There was a whole week before his drudgery would have to begin at least. To-day was only Tuesday, he told himself, and he knelt down to say his prayers with such a glad, young, bounding heart—a very thanksgiving for life in itself. Then out to the pump he bounded, and dived, splashed and soused himself under the cool water. After that, away went Ned for a turn at cricket—just to keep his hand in, he said. Never such lads for cricket as the Newcome schoolboys; no wonder they beat all the crack hands hollow, as they themselves expressed it. At breakfast the dark-red whale on Lizzie's shoulder, was a silent reproach to both Ned and his father, but Lizzie only smiled when Ned whispered to her how sorry he was, and tried to pull her pinafore over it. Oh, it was hard for the boy to look around the dear old school, and to feel that after a few more days it would be nothing to him nor he to it, that dust, dirt, heat and din, would be his portion henceforth, when he had in his ambition pictured to himself a life so different. He had intended to climb and climb high up the ladder of learning. Ah, Ned! climbers often get hindrances by the way to prove, to try them, and send them climbing in the right direction. Home to dinner, back to school; home again, expecting to find tea ready, came Ned; but instead of anything so pleasant, he found no clink-clank resounding in the shop, and his sisters crying bitterly; for, since Ned had gone out, a dreadful thing had happened, about which I must tell you.

CHAPTER III.

"Hallo! what's up now?" asked Ned.

"Oh, Ned! a horse has kicked father, and we're afraid he's —;" the children's sobs finished the sentence.

"Not dead?" cried Ned, his face turning pale.

"Oh; we don't know, they won't tell us; they only told us not to bother. The doctor is there. Oh Ned! Ned!" The children clung to him in their terror.

"Don't cry;" he said. "I'll go and see him." He went into the house; Lizzie was there in the kitchen crying.

"Oh Ned! Ned!" she sobbed.

"Is he dead, Lizzie?" he asked in a hushed voice.

"Oh, I don't know!" was her sorrowful reply.

"I'll know;" said Ned, and he ascended the stairs. He knocked at the door of his father's room, nobody heeded him. He opened it and put his head in. "Is he dead?" he asked, growing sick with the thought.

"No, my boy, no;" said the doctor, looking up, "we shall bring him around. But go down to those little sobbing maidens, and comfort them," he added, observing how white and scared the boy's face was. Ned obeyed. His head was playing him strange tricks, it almost pitched him down-stairs. It was a sickening sight—his poor uncon-

scious father, the doctor's nimble fingers bandaging up his head, the pitying neighbors standing by. Presently the doctor went away comforting the children with the assurance that their father would be well again, shortly. Upon the strength of which assurance they prepared tea, and Ned stole up to see if any was needed in the sick-room. Only one kind neighbor remained, the woman who always came to help with the housework. She could not leave her patient, she said; so Ned carried her a cup up-stairs, his head playing him the same silly trick of turning giddy as he caught sight of the ghastly face. Days passed, and the blacksmith was no better, rather worse than otherwise. It was sad to hear him moan and mutter all through the summer days in his darkened room. Sometimes Ned sat by his side for hours, while Mrs. Smith was busy about the house. What bitter regrets filled the boy's heart at such times. "Would he die? Would the forge be given up? and the wicked words he had uttered come true?" he asked himself in remorse and agony. "Was this God's punishment for his passion?"

Never had the clink-clank sounded so musical in his ear as when their one journeyman pursued his work. Never had he known how dear was his father to him for what he was indebted to him—home, education, in fact all he possessed—until now, when death and life seemed struggling for the mastery over the strong man. What scalding tears Ned shed during that sad time, there by the bedside of his father! How many times were the poor, wasted, restless hands pressed to his lips! What prayers and confessions did he whisper there on his knees, while his father lay tossing in his long nights of delirium, unconscious of everything. And all the time, outside the darkened room, the summer was passing away, and glad, golden harvest-time stealing on. Ned often heard the shouts of the cricketers wafted down of an evening from the sunny downs, but he had neither time nor inclination to join them; indeed, it seemed as if he was no longer himself, but some other boy, whose father lay sick in a darkened room, about whom the neighbors shook their heads and looked grave; some other boy who watched so many weary hours in that shadowy room, who kept the accounts, went here and there trying to do his best with the business he had always detested, carrying with him everywhere such a heavy, sorrowful heart.

Joy! joy! joy! His father was conscious; the doctor said he would pull through!

Now Ned's heart seemed ready to burst with a sudden happiness. He danced a jig in the kitchen with his three little sisters, till they were giddy, and then hid away in his room to weep out his gratitude to God. But many glorious summer days went by before the blacksmith could lay his hand on the boy's head and murmur his thanks for his tender, constant care, so great was his weakness.

One day Ned was sitting by his father, longing for the time when the sunshine might riot through the room, for he was weary with his long confinement—with, not of; oh, no! Ned grudged nothing he could do for his father in gratitude for his recovery. He had heard the cricketers go by and knew just how sunny and bright the downs were looking, how cool and breezy it was up there, when who should come in, but the Rector.

"There's to be a cricket-match this afternoon. What do you say to changing nurses, taking me for a substitute and letting this young man stretch his legs, eh?" he asked, after a few minutes, quiet chat.

"With all my heart. Let him go, sir, and I can do without a nurse," was Mr. Wilton's reply.

"Do without a nurse! We can't hear of that. But I want the Newcomb boys to win. Now, I can't run, but I can nurse; so Ned shall do the running. Go, Ned; bat, legs and all."

Ned required no more bidding, but, after seeing all there which his father needed, bounded away to the downs. Here he was greeted with loud cheers by his friends, who, with many pats on the back, voted him to take his place among them, and be their champion. So, very soon his merry laugh went rippling out over the downs; his cheeks grew bright and rosy; his eyes sparkled, and he was his old self, Ned Wilton, come out of his cloud. But when the well-contested game was over—he and his party victors, as usual—he would not have been so sad and pensive as he walked home, after leaving his companions, had he known the subject of his father's and the Rector's talk that afternoon. Yes, Ned was sad and pensive; the old longing for the pupil-teachership was crying out within him. It is difficult to crush out the hopes and aspirations of youth. Still, he bravely resolved, as a sort of thank-offering for his father's life being spared, not to shrink from the path of life chosen for him, even though it was to be the smutty one of a blacksmith.

CHAPTER IV.

When October arrived with its glorious sunsets, glowing leaves all crimson and gold, and hazy skies, Mr. Wilton was able to be out and about again. True, his head would not bear the clink-clank of the shop for a very long time together, neither could he "lift on high his brawny arm" with the vigor of old; still, he was able to attend to his business, and felt his strength coming back every day. October, too, tested the power of Ned's good resolution. The mandate went forth that turn into shop he must, and turn in he did; rolling up his sleeves and tying on the leathern apron with a steady will, but with a sorrowful, sinking heart. If he was to be a blacksmith, he would not be an ignorant one, he determined; so, after the days toils were over, he brought out his books night after night, and forgot, for the time, amid his dearly-loved studies, that he was to be a blacksmith and did not like his trade. His father, too, was less harsh to him; that hovering on the brink of the grave had wrought a great change in Mr. Wilton and his boy's quiet submission to his will was drawing the two together with invisible hands of love and confidence.

So the days went by until Christmas Eve. Certainly it was Christmas Eve; still, Ned did not see why that alone should bring such mysterious smiles, nods and winks to his father's face; nor why his three little sisters should smile, wink and nod back at him again, dancing around and around on one foot every few minutes. At last, Ned, after vainly trying to shake the secret from them, turned the key of the parlor door and locked them in, secret and all. However, by and by, he let them out, upon their promising him through the key-hole that he should know all directly after tea. You may

be sure that Ned burned his mouth, hurrying to get tea over as soon as possible.

"Ned, my boy," said his father—Ned half believed he saw tears in his eyes. "Ned, my boy, do you like to be a blacksmith?"

"No, father." Ned did not mince the matter.

"And you want to be a pupil-teacher?"

"Yes, father, I do." No mincing still.

"Well, then, you shall be a pupil-teacher."

Ned's arm was around his father's neck, and, tall lad though he was, he pressed such a warm kiss upon his father's cheek. Then the girls kissed him, kissed their father, cried for joy, and the glad Christmas bells seemed to rejoice with them.

Ned sat silent. He was thinking of his mother. "What would she say?" the words glided out unaware; he did not intend to utter them aloud.

"Ay, Ned," said Mr. Wilton, sorrowfully; "when I was lying on my bed, after that dreadful time of danger, and thought how near I had been to joining her, and appearing before God, I saw so clearly how wrong I had been in the matter about your trade, and many other things beside. A sickbed is a rare, clear glass to look at one's past life through. I said something like this to our Rector that afternoon when you went out to the cricketers. He advised me to let you try the blacksmithing until Christmas; he said it would do you good; and then he would take you into the school. I tell you; its right you should know. I see my faults; let us begin anew."

"Oh, father, we have begun this long time!" said happy, humble Ned; his face hidden in his hands.

"Then we will go on, from strength to strength," was the father's reply; and the bells seemed to tell of the lonely One, born as on that night, who would lead them on—climbing, mounting over temptation and sin, until they stood in the presence of His Father, and their father.

This, then, was clear shining after rain for Ned. With what a full, thankful heart did he kneel in the light of his mother's star, and tell out his gratitude to his God, to his mother's God, who had seen his passions, his penitence and his submission.

"I HEARD the other day a simple, but touching story," said the Rev. G. S. Barrett. "A company, I think, of gypsies, had encamped near a town. A lady who was occupied in doing the Master's work, and going to seek the lost, asked permission to be allowed to enter one of the vans. After some delay, she was allowed; and she found upon entering, a poor boy lying on a wretched bed, and evidently at the very point of death. She spoke to him kindly, but she received no answer. Then stooping down she whispered in his ear the old verse, and oh, what a biography God is writing of that verse! 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' There, was no reply. A second time she repeated the same words, and a second time no notice was taken of what she said; and then a third time, kneeling down, she whispered into his ears the same words; and then the eyes, already closed in death, opened, and the thin white lips moved, and the whisper came, 'Nobody never told me this before, but thank Him kindly for it.'

What a rebuke to us, in those words. At this moment there are myriads of men and women and little children, for whom Christ died, and whom He loves as much as He loves you and me, who, if they were to hear that old verse, 'God so loved the world,' this morning, would say, 'Nobody never told me this before.' I ask you, I ask myself, 'What are we doing to tell the world of the infinite love of God in Christ?'

Of 1,224 Baptist Churches in Kentucky, there is preaching in 1,159 once a month; in 59, twice a month, and 3 have preaching three Sundays in a month. In only 35 of them are services held every Sunday.

Bishop Young, of Florida, is severely ill with pneumonia in New York. Bishop Odenheimer, of Northern New Jersey, is favorably improved in his general physical condition, but his physicians offer no hope of his permanent recovery.—*Standard of the Cross.*

LITERARY NOTE.

S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, have become the publishers of the well-known "*Grammar of Painting and Engraving*," translated from the French of Charles Blanc by Mrs. Kate Newell Doggett, and have reduced the price to \$5.00 for the fine edition, and to \$3.50 for the popular edition. *The Nation* says M. Blanc's book comes as near the ideal primer, or first book, in reading the language of art, as anything we have in any language.

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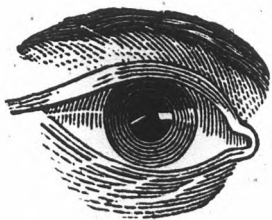
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