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Clinton Locke

Five Minute Talks

Second Series

BY

CLINTON LOCKE, D.D.

*Sometime Dean of the Northeastern Deanery of the Diocese of
Chicago, and Rector of Grace Church, Chicago*

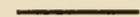
WITH INTRODUCTION BY

THE REV. MORGAN DIX, D.D., D.C.L.

AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY

THE RT. REV. WILLIAM EDWARD McLAREN,
D.D., D.C.L.

Bishop of Chicago



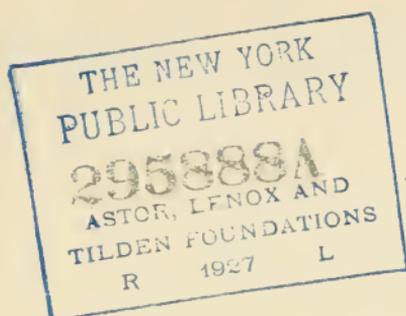
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INTRODUCTION.

IT WAS on one of the early days of Lent this year, that I heard of the death of my dear friend, Clinton Locke. He left us on Friday, the 12th of February. On the following Sunday, which happened to be Quinquagesima, there was read from the Epistle side of every altar of our Church, St. Paul's exquisitely beautiful and melodious hymn of Divine love. The spirit of our departed brother seems to us who knew him well, to have been reflected, as in a mirror, in the cadences of that heavenly song: "Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not, vaunteth not itself; thinketh no evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

While the sound of those words was in our ears, he of whom they formed a true description, was lying in the tranquil sleep of those who have finished their course, and kept the faith, and rest in the Lord. Now comes a request, from one to whom nothing that she might ask could be denied, that I, always his friend, and, in the long ago, his intimate companion, should write a few words by way of preface to a volume—a new series of his FIVE-MINUTE TALKS. I do so with great pleasure: not as if such introductory sentences could add value to his work; but because I am glad to have my name associated with his.

The title of the work may well attract the reader; for few men had more marked conversational power. He was every way qualified to instruct, entertain, and help others by his words. A finished scholar; an untiring reader; a close student; busy and industrious; familiar with the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, as well as the French, Spanish, German, and Italian, he kept up his literary work to the day of his death. When he could no longer serve the Master with his voice, he served Him with the pen. As for his high standing in the Church, his firmness in the Faith, his loyalty to the vows of Ordination, his staunch assertion of the Truth as we have received it from our forebears, and his devotion to "the Everlasting Gospel," the venerable and honored Bishop of Chicago has said all that need be said in that behalf. The parish of which he was the rector; the Hospital founded by him, and now as I am told, the leading institution of that class in the city of Chicago—these are his monuments, recognized and admired as such by all who look about them for his memorial, now that he has gone.

Perhaps there was no trait in him more striking and delightful than that vivacity, that sense of humor, that sparkling flow of pleasant wit, which made association with him a charm to those admitted to his companionship. Looking back to years far distant; to the old Seminary days, and to those when we were comrades in work, I recall a charming personality which gilds the pages of the story of life. Much and greatly for example do I prize an old journal, in which were recounted incidents of a summer's voyage in the steamship *Atlantic*, which we made together in 1855. In that log-book of our cruise, he was the most conspicuous figure: The light of the party; the centre

of amusing adventures. It is good to be able to say of a man so gifted as he, that I never heard from him an unkind word about any fellow pilgrim through this world of care. It was always his part to help us bear our burdens, by his unfailing high spirits and cheerful disposition.

Surely this was the mind of Christ. Why the Lord should have laid on him a cross so heavy as that which he bore in the latter years, those years of pain and seclusion, we venture not to say. But he was "an example of suffering affliction and of patience," and "we count them happy which endure." Be the mysteries of this life what they may, of one thing we are sure: the Eternal Love, the beginning of all manifestations of the Divine Power and Will, the end toward which draws forward whatever lives in God. My dear friend seems to have been upheld in his overshadowed years, by a consciousness of that great love, realized to him also in the tender and devoted affection of his nearest, closest, and dearest companion here on earth, and holding him and his dear ones together in a most strait bond which cannot be loosed.

From these lower places where we must remain so long as God is pleased to have us stay, we send our greeting to him who now walks before the Lord in the land of the living. As we think about that strong, earnest, and valuable life, we come to a better understanding of that saying of the Master's: "If a man love Me he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make our abode with him."

MORGAN DIX.

Trinity Rectory, New York,

Wednesday before Easter, March 30th, 1904.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY THE RT. REV. WILLIAM EDWARD McLAREN,
D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., *Bishop of Chicago.*

CLINTON LOCKE was born in New York City on the twenty-fourth day of July, 1829. He was the first born of five children, three sons and two daughters, and survived them all, though they lived to mature age. When a very young child—his father and mother, James and Mary Locke, removed to Sing Sing, on the Hudson, now known as Ossining, where they resided until their death, many years after.

It is interesting and instructive to note that the woman of sturdy faith who gave him birth, fixed his subsequent career by consecrating him, when a little boy, to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ in the ministry of the Church; and she brought him up with the knowledge that his was a dedicated life. Not only did he assent to her devout wish, but he seconded it by personal choice, in which he never faltered. She lived to see him a priest.

It was with the sacred career in view that he secured employment as teacher in Mount Pleasant Academy, a school at Sing Sing, of which Mr. Maurice was the head. Young Locke was himself a pupil and only a boy in years, but the *res angusta domi* made the teaching necessary, as afterward it also required him

to spend many months as a tutor in Virginia, and to take a tour of Europe with a lad who was the son of a member of the firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co. The warm relations then contracted between the tutor and his companion (Mr. Charles Lanier) continued through life.

Previous to his tutoring in Virginia and his tour in Europe, he entered Union College, Schenectady, and while going through his course taught classes to assist him in meeting his expenses. This spur of necessity demonstrated the mental gifts with which kindly nature had endowed him—a prophecy of future intellectual capacity. It also tested and proved the resoluteness of his response to a mother's hallowing.

At the early age of twenty he received his bachelor's degree at Union College, in 1849. After pursuing a course at the General Seminary in New York, he was ordered deacon by the honored Bishop Horatio Potter (also a graduate of Union College), at Dobbs Ferry, in September, 1855, and was assigned to service as assistant to the Rev. Dr. McVickar, who was rector at Dobbs Ferry.

At that early day the Church was very, very weak in the Western states, and must needs look to the East for clergymen. The day had not arrived when the East was to find some of its best material in the West. It was a happy day for Illinois when Christ Church, Joliet, a very feeble venture, called the young deacon to exchange the shores of the Hudson for the crudeness of a prairie village; and his acceptance showed the stuff of which he was made. This was in July, 1856, and shortly after this he was advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Whitehouse. He made a strong impression at Joliet, and when I first knew the parish in

1876, its older members were wont to speak affectionately and not without pride of their young rector, who, after three years, had gone from them to Grace, Chicago, which, like Christ Church, was then rather a weak venture. But the contribution it received from Mr. Locke's energy, kindness, brains, and tact soon placed it on an enduring basis.

Then followed the noble and effective rectorate of thirty-six years, nearly one-half of his life time.

Grace Church then occupied a small frame building on Wabash Avenue, corner of Peck Court. Had it been at that time the policy to stay "down town," a fashion now happily more in vogue than then, the heart of Chicago would not have been destitute as it is of places of worship consecrate to Almighty God. But Grace Church did not go so far away as to forestall its inclusion again after many years in the compact regions of "down town," where, thanks to an endowment nobly begun, it will remain for a perpetual beacon-light to the souls of men. The new church—a noble structure—was completed and occupied in 1868. There was a debt, but this was discharged on October 19th, 1874, shortly after which it was my privilege to consecrate the church.

The salient feature of those thirty-six years, that which overtops and includes all particulars which can be specified, was the duplication of that strength of devotion which led his mother to offer her first born boy to the Lord. If it be true that a man's mind is maternal, it is equally true that a mother's faith usually descends. When St. Paul wrote to Timothy: "I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother, Lois, and thy mother, Eunice" (II. Timothy i. 5), he was citing

only one of innumerable instances under the Old and the New Covenants. As I think of the vivacity and yet the solidity of all those years, the intensity tempered by constancy, the painstaking earnestness, lustrous with good cheer, the industry that did not weary because it was so methodical, the mastery of difficult situations without breach of charity, I see the answers of a covenant-keeping God to a mother's prayers. And there are thousands in every rank and condition of life—for this good shepherd was equally at home with the well-folded and the lost sheep—who have felt the touch of his good hand and the glow of his sympathetic heart. O, mothers, does not this noble life shame you who withhold your sons from the most honorable of all vocations, the Christian priesthood?

In another place,* I endeavored to pay my tribute to the character of my beloved friend, who was also the senior presbyter of my Diocese. I need not mention what was written in the first flush of my grief, when the announcement of his death reached me from Biloxi, save, in the more calm moments of my sorrow, to reiterate every word of it.

The continuous fidelity for more than a generation of a man who united a strong mind with a sane body and a devout heart, was quite as conspicuous in the unchronicled details as in the historic events that people remember. But these should not be passed over here. Dr. Locke's name will always be associated with St. Luke's Hospital, as its father and founder, and he lived to see it the best equipped and administered hospital in Chicago, with an endowment sufficiently ample to challenge men of means to multiply it until it shall

* In *The Diocese of Chicago* for March, 1904.

become in all respects "free" to the needy, without regard to class or opinion. It is the common sentiment that St. Luke's is his Monument, and one worthy of the man who, seconded by his beloved wife and a few friends, laid its foundations, not without fear and trembling, in 1864. I should not omit to specify his heroic activity at the time of the great fire of 1871, when the doors of church and rectory were thrown open to the homeless, an example followed generally by his parishioners. Needless to say, Grace Church, priest and people, rose to the demands of that tragic catastrophe.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of his rectorship occurred in July, 1884, and, appropriately, with religious solemnities. At the social function which followed, hundreds of people paid their cordial respects to him and to his wife, who has ever been associated with him in good works and in an ideal married life.

Dr. Locke was repeatedly chosen as a clerical deputy to the General Convention, and for many years was re-appointed by his Bishop, Dean of the North-eastern Deanery. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Racine College, at the head of which was his old friend and fellow student, Dr. James De Koven. He was many years a trustee of that college, and of the Western Theological Seminary of Chicago.

Not without previous warnings, his vocal organs collapsed in 1895, with the painful result that an immediate severance of the pastoral tie became necessary, and the still more painful result of inability for public speech and afterward of private conversation even. The best skilled practitioners here and abroad were baffled by the collapse. It was a terrible affliction. Think

of it! Here was a man of pulpit force, a companion whose talk sparkled with wit and good cheer, a pastor whose tender tones had power to soothe tried hearts, and this man smitten to dumbness, just in that wherein was "the hiding of his power"!

If St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" was an ophthalmic disease, he could bear by grace the thorn which was not taken away; but he had his voice still. Clinton Locke's voice vanished; but he was singularly patient (not naturally a patient man), and his child-like submission to the sorrow that overshadowed his last years was beautiful. He loved above all things to talk in private and to preach in public, and then came that awful silence. The charm of life vanished, for it seemed to him that his usefulness was at end, and he longed for the death he did not fear. I think he erred as to his usefulness, for he showed many

"How sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

The intervals of returning health cheered him from time to time, and he employed his pen greatly to our advantage. His *The History of the Western Schism* has had many scholarly readers. His *Five-Minute Talks* appeared in book form some years since, reaching a larger number of readers, and they are continued in the present volume. He was himself an omnivorous reader, and was familiar with the literature of many languages in their originals; indeed as a linguist he was remarkable.

With Mrs. Locke, he went to the gulf coast in January, and, after a month of improvement, one night, Friday, February 12th, at the hour of midnight, his heart suddenly gave signals of exhaustion, and leaning his head upon the bosom to which he must now

bid farewell, he looked up at the face of his beloved with a sweet smile, breathed slowly three times, and then, twenty minutes after the attack, was at rest forever. An expression of exceeding peace stole over his countenance, and a look as of youth renewed smoothed away every anxious line.

Remember, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant, who has gone before us with the sign of faith and rests in the sleep of peace: We beseech Thee to grant unto him, O Lord, and to all who rest in Christ, a place of refreshment, light, and peace; through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

WILLIAM EDWARD McLAREN.

GOD.

HOW vague the idea of God is to most men! When I was a child my idea of God was an old man magnificently dressed, who lived up in the sky in a splendid house, and who was always watching to see whether I did anything bad, told a lie, forgot my prayers, did not go directly to sleep when put to bed, was disobedient, etc. I was sure He loved good children, but I am afraid that I thought much more about His anger with bad children. And now that I am grown up, when I sit down to analyze my idea of God, it is a very dim one. For example, any idea of God must contain the thought that there is to Him neither past nor future, but all things are an everlasting Now. Just try and grasp that, and you will see how it slips through your fingers. How can you, no matter how clever you are, master the thought of One who is everywhere at the same time? Or again, we know that God has not eyes,

nor ears, but how can you possibly think of Him without them? You are obliged to apply to Him such words as jealousy, anger, etc., but you feel that they wretchedly express what you mean. A man told me he was first led toward infidelity by hearing God spoken of as jealous, as angry, etc.

The fact is, your vision of God will be just according to the eyes you use to see Him. That, you know, is true about seeing any thing. You take your dog with you to the top of the Auditorium in Chicago; you both look out on the same prospect: the lake, the busy city, the smoke, the crowd. You both see the same, but you do not see it at all in the same way. You have soul eyes, which he has not. You see why the houses are built this way or that way, why the crowd hurries on, why the smoke goes up. It is just the same way with the vision of God. A Hottentot does not see Him at all as an American does. Do you imagine that your idea of God is at all that of Abraham? Is it not evident from the early books of the Bible that the fierce tribes who followed Moses had an entirely different idea of God from that of such men as Isaiah and Jeremiah? You can trace in the Bible a wonderful development of the idea of God. That is one part of the great doctrine of evolution. The vision of God has been and is being evolved, and the higher we rise, the clearer we shall see Him.

Now about two thousand years ago, there was given to the world a completer and nobler idea of God than men ever had had before. I mean the vision of God Incarnate, the actual sight of God the Son. I ask you to read that life, no matter who wrote it, or how it got written. Let all those questions alone now. Just read that life and get into your very soul the words and actions of the Lord Jesus, and an idea of God will come to you such as you never had before. You will see in the Gospels an unfolding of the power of God, and the beauty of God, and the knowledge of God, and the mercy of God, and the sympathy and the love of God, which you never imagined even and can get in no other way. I do not mean that any skimming of the four Evangelists, any cursory reading of the New Testament will bring this out. You must get imbued with it by studying it, just as some get imbued with Shakespeare, or Browning, or Tennyson, and when your intelligence and your heart are, so to speak, soaked with the very spirit of the Gospel, you will not be troubled by the Higher Criticism, valuable as that is, or by this or that cold-blooded theory. You will say: "Here I find God."

I do not for a moment think that we have yet the highest idea of God that man is capable of having, simply because man is yet far from having reached the limit of his capacity. For ex-

ample: Liddon's idea of God is far in advance of that of the author of *The Imitation of Christ*, and there will come men who will put before their fellows a vision of God which will be like light to darkness when compared with the one we enjoy. How could it be otherwise? The deeper study of man, the greater knowledge of Greek and the cognate languages, sounder metaphysics, nobler environment—all this must bring out God more clearly. But what a screen my flesh is between me and the vision of God in Christ! When I slip that off and put on the new body and see out of its eyes, then I shall "see Him as He is." I have to think of Him now in a golden city, with harpers around Him, and incense going up, or as a Captain with chariots and horsemen; but how different the reality will all be, for such visions are of the flesh. I cannot see otherwise, my environment forces that view upon me. Patience, my brethren; when God's time comes for you, you will have "as it were scales" dropping from your eyes, and you will "see Jesus."

PRAYER.

WE ARE told nowadays very often, in both poetry and prose, that it is no use to pray, except for the reason that it makes you feel good and is an elevating mental exercise. You cannot get anything from God by praying, and when our Lord Christ said: "Ask and ye shall receive," He created a false impression. Everything, we are told, goes by law, must go by law, fixed, invariable law, and you cannot break it. If you are sick, and you have such and such symptoms, and such and such parts become involved, you must die, and you may pray until you get "housemaid's knee," and you cannot help yourself. Such and such combinations of atmosphere will bring bad weather, and such and such combinations of bad plank and bad boiler will bring shipwreck, and you cannot stop it by praying.

Now, all such talk to me is very much like one boy in school telling another boy (I am not sure

whether this illustration is original or borrowed) who feels the very greatest need of something and is about to ask his teacher for it: "What nonsense to think of such a thing. Can you not read the rules of the school printed up there? Do you not see how they work every day? You cannot change them. Do you not see that what you want is directly contrary to them? Sit down. You will get nothing." The boy, however, pays no attention to this talk. He goes up and states his case to the teacher, and his request is granted. The rules remain just as before, nobody is hurt, and the particular case is relieved; and the teacher does it a hundred times a day, because he knows how to do it. The general rules are as untouched as ever, for they are the best rules by which a school could possibly be governed. Now, God has indeed planned the world to run by law, and law fills every cranny of creation, and we thank His Holy Name every hour that it is so, for this world would be an awful muddle without it. If zero was as likely to come in May as in January, why, every farmer in the land would be paralyzed, and would sit motionless in his bare fields. Only by law, beautiful, beneficent law, can any work be done, any machine be built, and any man engage in anything that will advance his own good, or the good of others. But the One who made these blessed laws will find plenty of ways and means for relieving

particular cases which come under them, just as any teacher would for the boys in his school; only in a far grander sense for being omnipotent and omniscient, he will understand and command all the sources of law.

There is a great deal of misleading talk afloat about general laws. If you will think a moment you will see that you and I vary these general laws, and turn them upside down a thousand times a day just by the power of our will. We will that water shall run up hill. It will do no good for the water to say: "The general law for me is that I must run down hill." It has got to obey us, but in obeying us, who ever dreams that the general law about water is destroyed? We make one law fight another, and down it. We use immense powers of combination, and if we can do such things by our will, cannot the Infinite Will do a thousand times more? Remember how little the wisest of us know about the powers included and dormant in a general law.

Of course no one ever prays outright that a general law may cease to act. No sane man ever prays that gravitation may be suspended; that he may never die; that a new leg may grow where one was cut off; that if his house catch fire, the fire may not burn. He prays that things may be granted or denied which he has seen happening a hundred times in his life. It is a gen-

eral law that if you fall from the fifth story of a house you will be killed, but there are plenty of instances where people have so fallen and have not been killed. Some secondary conditions have crossed the law and turned it aside. Now, what we ask of God in prayer (and, if we do not ask it directly, we always imply it) is that in His Divine Wisdom He will bring about those secondary conditions, also implying that He knows best what to do.

But I do not care how much of this talk about the uselessness of prayer we hear, for there is something in every man's own heart that gives it the lie. The moment you believe the world to have a personal Ruler and Governor (and I am not arguing with people who disbelieve that), the logic is irresistible that this Ruler and Governor can take notice of my wants and supply them, if He wants to do so; and He must want to do so, because He is my Father, and a father's first virtue is to listen to his children's cry, and help them all he can. The idea of a Father who can help and who does not help, who can hear prayers and never pays any attention to them, is as contrary to the very crudest idea of God as darkness is to light. Such a God is not our God, nor do we get any such view of Him in His Word, and therefore we will go on praying, and know He hears us.

RETICENCE.

AMONG the unfinished and discarded poems which were found with Lord Tennyson's papers after his death, was one that commenced thus:

“Not to Silence would I build
A temple in her naked field,
Not to her would raise a shrine,
She no goddess is of mine;
But to one of finer sense,
Her half-sister, Reticence.”

That is the text of this “Talk”—Reticence. The poet is right. Reticence is far worthier of notice than silence, for that may be founded on churlishness, or ignorance, or fear, while reticence is a cultivated virtue, founded on self-restraint, inspired by consideration for others, based on forethought and an appreciation of consequences. I do not mean the sort of reticence which is a figure of rhetoric, and which may be thus exemplified: The speaker says: “I might tell of the exceeding foolishness of Jones—but, no, I will refrain entirely from that subject.” This is, of course, only

a clever way of saying that Jones is a fool. I mean by reticence, simply not telling all you know, for various reasons. It has been well exemplified lately in the conduct of the late President of the United States who, though undoubtedly in possession of much information very damaging to the Spanish government, saw fit not to tell it. His motive, doubtless, was the avoidance of angry and unwise discussion.

Now, of course, one motive for reticence is that if in a particular matter you do tell all you know, you will be likely to find yourself in a bath of the very hottest water you ever felt, and so you keep still. Now, this is not a selfish motive, or a low motive. It is every man's duty to keep himself in a calm and peaceful frame of mind and on good terms with his neighbors, and if he can do that without any real sacrifice of honor or the good of others, it is his Christian duty to do so. What he knows may be true, it may be important, but if the keeping it back saves trouble and strife and bitterness, and the telling of it is really not necessary, for things will go on very well without it, and the cause of truth not suffer any material damage, why should he tell it? Why not practice the virtue of reticence? People may be sure that he knows something that others do not know. They may burn with curiosity to find it out, but how greatly will they respect one who it is evident

thinks the reasons for reticence much superior to those for speech. Do not confound this with silence founded on a base fear of some trouble to yourself arising from telling something you know which ought to be told. Many a man has suffered from a misunderstanding which could have been easily cleared up if someone who knew had opened the mouth which he kept shut because he was afraid of some damage to his tranquility. I have a perfect contempt for such cowards. If by telling something you know an innocent man can be freed from suspicion, throw reticence to the winds, and take your place by his side.

There is no class of men who ought to practice reticence more than preachers and public teachers. I might from my studies become convinced that certain views of authorship or of exegesis in regard to some portions of the Bible were true, and they might be very different from the views generally held. Now, if these views affect matters of primary importance and touch vital portions of the Catholic Faith, I do not see how a conscientious man can avoid speaking of them, but if they are of secondary importance, and the holding or not holding them is simply a matter of literary or scientific interest, I think a preacher not only wanting in common-sense, but in ordinary Christian self-restraint, if he mentions them. He must know that his doing so will unsettle and disturb

the faith of a number of people who are not scholars. For example, I feel certain there were two Isaiahs, but I never alluded to that in the pulpit, for it does not touch in the slightest particular the importance of the contents of the book of Isaiah. It is a literary matter not affecting the credibility of the Bible. If I had dilated on the two Isaiahs, the people in the pews would have said: "Oh, perhaps there are two Marks and four Pauls, and perhaps two Christs," and they would have been harmed a great deal more than they would have been helped. I am very much astonished at the want of reticence in preachers. They want to show their reading, that they are up-to-date, that they are not wheeling in a rut, and so they give forth all manner of unimportant information, so far as pastoral preaching is concerned, though very true and in many ways important.

There is no necessity for being dull because you are reticent. The two things do not belong together, though often forced together. Not only preachers, but laymen, should build a temple to reticence. Paste up these words where you will see them every day: "Do not tell all you know." You do not hesitate to put it in practice in regard to children; now practice it with other people, and you will find that your life and their life will be more peaceful, the great cause of brotherhood will be advanced, and God will be glorified.

HEAVENLY OCCUPATION.

THERE is no creed in any part of the world that has not occupied itself most extensively with the very thing about which it could find out nothing, and that is, "What we shall be when we are done with this world and enter on the next." Now, each creed, and nearly every individual of each creed, has had some ideal or other about this question, such ideal being woven out of education and environment. Just as far back as we trace humanity, and long before any book of the Bible was written, we find these ideals. On one of those stamped brick cylinders found in the mounds of Assyria, this sentence can be read: "For the one who pronounces these prayers, may be the land of the silver sky, oil unceasing, the wine of blessedness be their food, and the bright moon their light." A very material heaven indeed, but that is not unusual. The Greenlanders, used to a night six months long, and small catches of fish, imagine the next world a place of eternal sunlight and

plenty of good fishing. Indians think heaven a great hunting ground where hunters never miss the game. The sensual Turks, forbidden by the Koran to drink wine here, conceive heaven to be a place where you shall have as much wine as you want, poured out for you by the loveliest of slaves. As I read a great many revival hymns and salvation ditties and Sunday School songs, it seems to me that a large number of Christians have no other idea of the next world than as a place with gold gates and plenty of trees, under which you walk around and listen to angels giving a concert. You wear a crown, and you do what you certainly never did on earth, you play on a harp. I heard of a hard-worked farmer's wife who went home from church bitterly disappointed because the preacher said no one would sit still in heaven. She said her principal comfort in thinking of heaven was just rest, a place where no one had to do anything.

Now, I do not pretend to know any more about heaven than my neighbors. I have had no visions. I have read the Fathers, but they know no more about it than I do. I have heard the most minute descriptions of it in sermons, of course purely imaginary, and I have speculated and dreamed about it, as you all have, and it all comes back to those words of St. John: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." How could it? How can we,

living in this murky atmosphere, murky with sin and crime and death, surrounded on all sides by a net of circumstance, hemmed in by the flesh, hampered by eyes that will only see so far, how can we clearly picture a state of being without such conditions, into which this physical body enters not, and where the whole environment is entirely different from anything man has ever had about him?

But can we not imagine how it will be? It is, perhaps, a harmless amusement to do so, but it cannot have much reality in it, for the simple reason that anything man imagines must be woven out of material with which he is familiar. He cannot possibly have any imaginings apart from the things of earth. For example, St. John in Revelation, pictures to us heaven. What is the picture? A city with streets and gates and waving trees, such as St. John had seen. What was the worship in that city? A crowd of white-robed choristers, altar lights, and censers flinging incense, the ritual worship of the early Church to which St. John was accustomed. He could not get beyond that, for the simple reason that he was a man, and had to think a man's thoughts and use a man's language. So we absolutely must, when we imagine heaven, imagine it as some very magnificent garden or park, or city, with superb buildings and splendid groupings of glorious beings to whom we add wings, but whom we are forced to

portray as men and women. There never has lived yet any man who could think otherwise than as his highest human ideal permitted him.

You see, then, how idle it is to blame God because He has hidden the future world from us so completely, and His Holy Word uses only mysterious and darkened words about it. It is not God who hides it, it is our own nature with all its limitations. Fashioned as our whole nature is for the world in which we live, we could not, unless that nature were changed, receive more than hints and allusions and softened light. You also see how worse than idle it is to give credence to any of those people who pretend to show you glimpses of heaven, and to bring you messages from thence, and to bring up to you those who long since have passed from earth. You see how, in the very nature of things, it is perfectly impossible that they should know anything about it, for no man, simply because he is a man, can know of things beyond the reach of man's mind. Even when beings have come from that world, as Scripture relates (and independent of Scripture there is an enormous mass of testimony as to such appearances), they have always had to come in human form, to use human words, to accommodate themselves to human environments, for if they had come in any other way, they would not have been understood by a single human being.

EXCOMMUNICATION.

SOMEONE has asked me what excommunication means in our Church. Let me see if I can tell without exposing myself to it. A general definition is: "The partial or total, temporary or perpetual, exclusion of a member from the privileges of the Church." There is plenty of the plainest Scripture for its use. As it would take up all my space if I quoted the texts, I will just indicate them, and you can look them up for yourselves: St. Matt. xviii. 15, II. Thess. iii. 14, Titus iii. 10, I. Cor. xvi. 22, I. Cor. v. 5; nor can I go into the history of excommunication. It was once about the most horrible thing that could happen to a man. His very wife avoided him as if he were a leper. No tradesman would sell him anything. No servant would work for him, and everybody crossed to the other side of the street when they saw him coming. Excommunication in our own Church means debarring a man from receiving the Lord's Supper, from being buried

according to the form in the Book of Common Prayer. It does not shut anyone out from the public worship of the Church, and he sits among the faithful if he pleases. The offences for which a layman may be excommunicated are: (1) Open and notorious evil living; (2) Doing wrong to one's neighbor in such a way that the congregation is offended; (3) Feeling and showing malice and hatred toward anyone. In all these cases the sentence of the parish priest must immediately be made known to the Bishop, who may annul it any moment he sees fit. I recollect a case in this Diocese where a priest excommunicated a lady who was indifferent to her husband. Bishop Whitehouse did not wait to write. He telegraphed the priest to restore her forthwith. In the Civil War, a priest in a near Diocese excommunicated a venerable gentleman because he was a "copperhead." The Bishop restored him by the next mail. Observe how carefully we have guarded excommunication. Evil living must be open and notorious before the priest can shut out the offender from the Communion. Secret sin, known to but few persons, he will of course labor with in private, but he has no right openly to excommunicate such a sinner. The scandal must be notorious. It is the same way with injuring your neighbor. Only when that becomes a public disgrace and offends the congregation, can the min-

ister proceed to the awful extremity of debarring a man from the Body and Blood of his Lord. If a priest knows communicants of the Church to be filled with hatred, bitter and venomous, against each other, he is bound to warn them not to come to the altar until they are reconciled. If one persists in his ill will, then he must excommunicate him until he repents; but if one professes a willingness to forgive, he must be admitted to communion. I do not think any layman could be debarred from the altar for heresy. Two hundred years ago, a wrong belief stretched you on a grid-iron or strung you up to a tree, but we have grown to have more of the spirit of our Master, and to tolerate with great gentleness errors of the intellect and vagaries of the mind. Of course it is very different with clergymen. A Church must protect its pulpit from false teaching, and have the power to oust men who will not teach its creed. I have witnessed several attempts in General Convention to introduce laws applying to laymen in this respect, but they have always been signally defeated.

You may ask: "Why should there be any such thing as excommunication at all?" If you will reflect for a moment, you will see that not even a literary or a social club could be carried on without the power of excluding those who disturbed the harmony and annoyed the other mem-

bers. Excommunication is a thing society practises every day as absolutely necessary for its protection. For example: Let an army officer show cowardice, and forthwith the whole army will excommunicate him, refuse to receive him, or even eat with him. No matter how terrible a trial this may be to him, the doom will be inexorable. This will apply everywhere, and it is an awful power, but you confess its justice, and bow to what society looses and binds. Certainly, then, it is self-evident that the Church must have the same power that all other organized bodies have. The officers of the Church must have the power to preserve it from contamination, to weed its garden. It would just become a jelly fish, unless it had consistency enough to insure orthodoxy in its teachers and decency in its members. I do not think I need argue the point about the clergy pronouncing the sentence. They are the natural mouthpieces of the Church, and when it says in Scripture that when they excommunicate or restore anyone (bind or loose) it is ratified in heaven, it implies of course that their sentence is a just one. God could approve of no other sentence, and of a just one He must approve. Remember you can excommunicate yourself without bell, book, or candle. Sin does it, and itself pronounces the sentence which a loving Redeemer is ever ready to dissolve on a true repentance.

CONSISTENCY.

THERE is an aphorism (the author of which I do not know) to this effect: "Consistency is the vice of small souls." I do not think it ever was a copy book sentence, yet the saying is true, and to be inconsistent is often the highest virtue. This may appear paradoxical, but I think I can make it clear in five minutes. To be thoroughly and unchangeably consistent throughout a lifetime would involve so many absurdities that no man could get through with it, and he who came the nearest to it would be about as narrow-minded and as bigoted as a human being could be. Men will say: "Why, this is slapping in the face one of the first principles of conduct. Unless we are known to be consistent, neither God nor man can put any trust in us." True, but I still stick to my opening proposition that "consistency is the vice of small souls." As St. Thomas Aquinas always says, "Let us distinguish."

It is true, for example, that you must always be perfectly consistent about telling the truth. One of the basic principles of your life must be, I will never go against the truth, even if disgrace and death stare me in the face. You cannot, however, always be consistent in your idea as to what the truth is. Views of scientific, political, social, moral, even religious, truth change with greater knowledge, clearer insight, and the stern contradiction of facts. Take scientific truth. It was considered consistent to hold that the earth stood still and the sun went around it. Any other belief was pronounced absurd, but there came a time when it was clearly demonstrated by scientific methods that the sun stood still and the earth went around it. Surely you would not say that for consistency's sake no one ought to have changed. Take political truth. The divine right of kings was once thought the only possible view a consistent man could take of government. To question that was a heinous sin as well as a crime. But as men grew wiser, they saw that such a view was nonsense, and they changed and inconsistently adopted nobler views. Take social truth. Every one once believed in privileged classes. We have all taken up views entirely inconsistent with that. So in morals; for hundreds of years all men held that it was perfectly consistent with Christian character to hold one's fellow-man in slavery. Now

we abhor such a doctrine, and plenty of people now living who once swore by that view now hold directly the reverse. Do you blame their inconsistency? And in religion, one hundred years ago, to have held that the very words and syllables of the Bible were not literally inspired would not only have been thought inconsistent, but any one advancing such a theory would have been minus a head. Are we inconsistent because we think differently?

All this is very true, some will say, in the mass, but the individual man ought to preserve consistency. One of the charges his foes made against Gladstone was his inconsistency. At one time of his life he belonged to one political party, and at another time, to another. Now he held such and such views, and again he held the reverse. To me his inconsistency was one of the greatest proofs of the breadth of his mind and his deep, almost prophetic, insight. A little man would have said to himself: "I must be consistent, I cannot change," and he would have gone on in a course of either hypocrisy or self-deceit for a lifetime. Gladstone said to himself: "I have discovered that the opinions I held were wrong. I will not let the snarlings of those who still hold those views frighten me into still professing them. I must be inconsistent to be true."

To come very far down from Mr. Gladstone,

let me give my own experience. I am frank to say that in regard to certain religious views I have changed entirely, and more than once in the course of my life I have practiced the greatest inconsistency, because if I had done otherwise I would have been a false man. For example: In my early manhood I was a narrow Low Churchman, then I turned into a narrow High Churchman, and I find myself nearing the close of life, a Churchman of the school of Gore. And old as I am, I would not hesitate a moment to change my views, if I became convinced there was a better and more Catholic way. I should consider it a mark of great smallness of mind for a man to act on any other principle.

Let me advise you, then, that if you are reasonably certain that a better, nobler, holier course or view has come before you than the one you have been holding, not to let any spectre of inconsistency keep you from adopting it. Do not let conventionality or association or ridicule, or anything else, block your way. Change, and glory in the change. You will be a traitor to God if you do not change. Of course I assume that such changes will not be made without the deepest and longest consideration, often indeed not without agony and tears. I am not talking now to those unstable souls who to-day are Romanists, and to-morrow Unitarians, then Buddhists, then Christian Scien-

tists, and then, as like as not, Romanists again. Like the poor, these we have always with us. I refer to those who, after prayer and thought and testimony, are convinced there is a better way. To them I say: Change.

VOCATION.

LET us talk a little about your calling. The very word implies a caller, and so does “vocation.” It undoubtedly came from the feeling once far more prevalent than now, that God called a man to his work; that in doing it he was obeying a call of God. Now, unless a man does feel about his work that it is what he is fitted to do, he will not enjoy it much, or generally do it very well. He must feel that it is *his* work, or else it will be nothing more than a treadmill, a ball and chain. Above all is this the case in my calling—the priesthood. We are asked at our ordination: “Do you think in your heart that you are truly called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and according to the canons of this Church, to the order and ministry of priesthood?” The reply is, “I think it,” and if the man does not really think it, and is becoming a priest because it is respectable, because a lazy man can stumble along in it,

because it will open the way for him to influence and place, what a hypocrite he will be, what a masquerade his whole life must become. Sometimes men delude themselves about this priestly calling—they think they ought to be clergymen just because they are religious and love God. Without brains, without judgment, without common-sense, they drag on through life, machines for reading the service and giving the sacraments, but worse than nobody as helpers of men, as teachers of Christ, as guides in the way of salvation; they simply belittle the priestly calling.

Besides your particular calling as a clerk, a lawyer, a cook, there is your general calling as a Christian. Probably not more than one man in a thousand could be a train dispatcher without losing his head, but everyone, no matter whether he be a train dispatcher, or a Secretary of State, or a dressmaker, or a poet, can become a thorough expert in the Christian calling. Christianity fits any trade or profession. Of course, I mean any right calling. There is such a calling as keeping a gambling-house or running a bar. The Christian calling will not chime with those. Nor can its mantle hang on the shoulders of the man or woman who uses the pen, the brush, the voice, or the body, to minister to low desires or pander to vile tastes.

Apart from crookedness, there is no way of

gaining a livelihood that debars a human being from following the Christian calling. Ragpickers have sometimes attained greater distinction in it than duchesses. This Christian calling does not oblige you ever to neglect your other calling. It does not expect that you will give up your work and take to church-going all the time. How can a man who must be at his work early in the morning and stay at it until late at night, give a great deal of time every day to direct religious acts? Can he pray for hours? Can he give much time to meditation or Bible reading? Monks and Sisters in convents and people of leisure can do it, but not very busy people. I consider that honestly supporting a family, keeping out of debt, temperate, regular duty, are tolerably religious acts, and as disciplining to the character as prayer. Mind, I do not take one iota from the great importance of that. While this is true, let us not forget that many a servant of God has felt called to give up his secular calling and devote himself exclusively and continuously to the cure of souls. The splendid record of the lives of such people, often high in rank and wealth and fame, is one of the most glorious in the history of the Church. All honor to them. Many a woman who longed for a home of her own and children about her knees, has put it all on one side because she felt the call of duty to devote her life to the care of aged parents or

orphan children. Many a man has sternly renounced his own dreams of domestic happiness for his mother's sake. She must be supported, and his earnings must be given to that. When these hard calls come to a soul, how the spirit groans, how the heart faints, how fierce the battle between inclination and duty. Only at the feet of the great Renouncer of Self can be found strength to do this, not only thoroughly, but cheerfully. If you have a calling to be a doctor, you immediately go where doctoring is taught, and it is the same way with this Christian calling—you go immediately to the great school for teaching it, the Church. She has had classes in it from the beginning. Indeed, that is the whole reason of her being. Go in, sit down in the lowest form, listen, study, apply what you hear, and if you are faithful and not fault-finding, if you will put your will under the Master's Will, you will succeed.

SUNDAY WORK.—I.

AMONG the many letters about the "Talks," came one the other day, asking me what I thought of the position of Church people who were obliged to work on Sunday: what sin attached to such work, and what course they ought to pursue. I am going to try and answer that question, though it is part of a thorny business, and any statement which goes against ordinary American Protestant notions is sure to be branded as godless, infidel, and destructive. Such accusations, however, ought not to move a thoughtful man very much, for his reading shows him that any deviation from a common belief is always received in that way. When I was a boy, the clergyman who held and taught these views, about the days of creation, the deluge, etc., which all intelligent men now hold and teach, were everywhere called godless, infidel enemies of religion, and were boycotted by their fellow clergymen. Things are somewhat better

now, but still any difference from generally received opinion brings much annoyance and misunderstanding to the one who differs.

When one is asked what the Holy Scripture says about the keeping of Sunday and what directions it gives, the true answer is—Nothing. There is, of course, a great deal about keeping the Sabbath, but the Sabbath is Saturday, not Sunday, and was a Jewish day, not at all binding on Christians any more than is sacrificing two pigeons at certain times. In the New Testament there are only two passages at all relating to Sunday: one in Acts, "On the first day of the week, when the disciples were come together to break bread, Paul preached to them"; and one in Corinthians: "On the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." From these two passages I am unable to formulate any Divine directions as to how Sunday should be kept.

The only authority I find for keeping Sunday is the authority of the Church, which to me, as to all Churchmen, is an amply sufficient authority, and one to which we readily bow. The Church instituted the practice of celebrating Sunday by abstaining from work and joining in public worship, that worship to be, if possible, attending a celebration of the Eucharist. Those two things the Church from the very beginning has laid as

an obligation on all Christian people, and she teaches clearly that no man has done his Christian duty, as far as the Lord's Day is concerned, who has not kept these two commands. The Church had a perfect right to do this, for to her the direction of all such things was left by Christ. Rest and worship, then, are the two great Sunday duties. We do indeed read the Fourth Commandment in church, but simply because it shows how the Jews rested on that day, and implies that much more should Christians rest; but the Fourth Commandment says nothing about worship, for the words "keep holy" mean simply "to set apart." Remember the Sabbath Day and "set it apart."

Much more could be said about this, if there were space, but this paper is not designed to consider the whole Sunday question, but simply the case of those who have to work on Sunday. Now, the directions of that branch of the Church to which we belong about Sunday are as follows in her canon law: "All persons within this Church shall celebrate and keep the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, in hearing the Word of God read and taught, in private and public prayer, in other exercises of devotion, and in acts of charity, using all godly and sober conversation." These are surely excellent directions, and every Christian person should do all in his power to carry them out. They do not, however, cover the

case of those who have to work. What shall they do? Now a very short and easy method and one often used is to say, "No Christian should work on Sunday, and every Christian man commits sin who does not instantly throw up a situation which involves his doing Sunday work." But is this answer at all fair? Is it practicable? Can it be carried out? Do those who shout it most loudly keep it themselves? Is it not evident that a good deal of work has to be done on Sunday, and that some people must do it, and that to refuse to do it would make for the majority of people, the rest and the worship of God on Sunday perfectly impossible as, for example, in large cities, the stoppage of all means of transportation? Will it not be better to say frankly: "Work must often be done on Sundays, and when necessary, there is no sin in doing it"? Our Lord Himself lays down that principle about the Sabbath, and it certainly applies to our day of rest.

Now, if you are called, in the reputable and necessary avocation you follow, to do some work on Sundays, I do not think you need worry about doing it, as if it were entailing sin. I pity you have to lose the needed rest. I deplore with you the difficulty of attending the public worship of God, but I have to bow to stern necessities, and God does not expect of His children an impossible

service. But are you doing what you can to counteract the evil effects of your hard position? Is it not possible for you by a little self-denial, early rising, late sitting up, doing a little extra work at other times, to get time for divine worship at some hour on Sunday? There are in the cities very many services at all hours. If you try hard, I am almost sure you can get to some one or other. It will not do for you to say: "Oh, I cannot help it." Are you trying to help it? Can you say conscientiously that by no possible means can you get to any Church service at any time on any Sunday? I really believe there are few cases where this could not be done. I have known car conductors and drivers, engineers and firemen to do it, and to appear at church quite as often as those who were not so hampered. Then do you, on the holy day, if absent from church, have church in your heart, and often and silently lift up that heart to God, and beseech Him to help you in your extremity? Do you keep Sunday in your talk, in your reading, in your greater gentleness and forbearance? Remember, all important as public worship is, it is not all there is of Sunday. I do not know that I can say more. The situation is difficult, do everything you can to lessen the difficulty. God will know if you are sincere and in earnest.

SUNDAY WORK.—II.

I SAID last week that the only spiritual authority which to me possessed any weight in enforcing the keeping of the first day of the week, was the authority of the Church. But there are other authorities and other reasons for keeping it, which deserve consideration. In the first place there is the law of the land. That enjoins a certain respect for Sunday, forbids trading and working on that day, or disturbing the devotions of worshippers. I know how often this law is set at naught. I know how office-holders, for fear of losing the foreign vote, wink at the most flagrant violations of the Sunday ordinances, but still they are the law, and let us pray God they may long remain so. Their repeal is not advocated by any set of men with whom any Christian man would care to be identified.

There is also that tremendous factor, public opinion, which varies in different countries. I

hope I am not such a bigot as to think that because public opinion in France about Sunday differs from public opinion in America, all Frenchmen are on the road to hell. I have travelled more than most men, and have never left my wits behind me, but always packed them up with my other travelling things and made constant use of them, and everywhere I have found deep spirituality and true love of God and man co-existing with very different views of Sunday from those we think so orthodox. We have no patent on the only proper theory of Christian living, by any manner of means. But foreign public opinion in this matter does not really concern us, although some Americans think we ought to swallow it whole, nasty dose as it would be. I am proud to think that up to this time there is a healthy public opinion about Sunday prevailing among the great majority of our people, and it seems to be about this: Sunday is a day for the special worship of the Lord God, and on it His children ought to frequent the courts of His house and offer Him their prayers and praises. The thought of Him ought to overshadow the day, and it ought to be a day of rest for the hard-worked, a day of quiet pleasure, a day when families shall come together, a day of good works, a day so full of uplifting and soothing things that every man, woman, and child shall look forward to it as the best and chiefest day

of all the week. Now, I care not whether this opinion be logical or illogical, or on what grounds it rests, it is the usual American view of Sunday, and it is my firm conviction that all who wish their country well and revere God must rally around this opinion, support it, extend it, enforce it by every means in their power. As I said before, neither I, nor probably you, my reader, need any other reason for the observance of Sunday than the command of the Church, but that does not weigh a feather with millions of our countrymen, with whom public opinion does weigh. It still constrains them, for it is a thing that none but fools ever disregard. Let it be ours to make that public opinion in the future, as in the past, tell on the side of the Lord's day as a day of worship and a day of rest.

There are three great arguments for keeping Sunday, entirely independent of the Bible. The first is the physical argument. There is self-evident need of a day of freedom from labor. The health of any people must deteriorate who never know any respite from hard and pressing work, and their spirits must flag. With the deterioration of the body will come the deterioration of the mind and the soul. All employers must be brought to see the reasonableness, the humanity of this. It is the right of a man as man, and his fellow-men have no just power to deprive him of it, and we

must take care that custom and combined action stand by the side of those who need protection from the greed of the crew who care not for God or man. Another argument is the need in every life of spiritual refreshment and help. Everyone needs something, whether he acknowledge the need or not, to lift him up out of the level where for the most part he must dwell. You may talk about the thought of the universal presence of God sufficing, but my experience is that those who are contented with this universal presence soon forget any presence whatever. We must have times and places and forms, or we are sure to drift into a haphazard worship, and a very vague uplifting. It is hard enough now, with the help of Sunday, to keep the soul in union with God; what would it be without? I feel even as a priest it would be almost hopeless. Then Sunday subserves a very high social purpose. The coming together on one day of a whole nation in assigned places to worship, affords opportunities for that magnetic influence of man on man which is so wonderful and could be obtained in no other way. It fosters a brotherhood which experience teaches us is very real and very healthful. It seems to me self-evident that without a set day and fixed times for its maxims, the whole system of Christianity would fall to pieces. No religion could survive, deprived of that, nor do I believe a nation long

could. I have given these cold-blooded reasons, but well I know a far higher one. The devout soul keeps Sunday because it needs, it craves, it cannot live and breathe without it.

TITHES.

A LETTER has come from California, asking me to say something about tithes, under three heads: 1. The Old Testament law of tithes. 2. Was this law ever repealed? 3. If not, how and why is it not still binding on the Catholic Church? I take pleasure in replying.

A general definition of tithe is the tenth part of the produce of land or stock or profits of any occupation, assigned to the support of religion. Now, there is no question that this was enjoined upon the Jewish nation in the Mosaic law. One text will do, though there are a hundred—"All the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord, and concerning the tithe of the herd or of the flock, even of whatever passeth under the rod [*i.e.*, the counting tally], the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord." There is abundant evidence that the Jews constantly evaded or neg-

lected this law, and that it was quite as hard then to get a man to pay up his proper Church dues as it is now. But it was the law, and so it remained until our Lord's time, loaded down with a thousand Pharisaic trifles as, for example, the seeds of an anise plant were counted and tithed, then the leaves were tithed, and then every tenth stalk was taken. The Talmud gravely states that a rabbi had a jackass who would not eat corn that had not first been tithed.

The second question is, Was this law ever repealed? In the first place, it repealed itself. It passed away with all the other features of the Jewish system. It went with sacrificial bullocks and goats, and heave offerings and wave offerings, and Levites and Urim and Thummim. It faded into nothingness before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, with nobler, grander, more world-wide principles. But did not our Lord say He came not to destroy the law but to fulfil it, and was not the tithe a permanent thing, like, for example, the Sixth or Seventh Commandments? Why should we think so? There was no moral principle contained in it, as in those commandments. When our Lord said that He came to fulfil the law, He certainly did not mean the ceremonial details of it, for over and over again we are told in the New Testament that these were done away. He meant that the truth hidden un-

der these forms will not be destroyed, but blossom into a lovelier flower; the spirit and the substance of the law would now come out. If our Lord had intended that we Christians should be held by the Mosaic law of tithes, or administration of justice, or cities of refuge, or jubilee, or inheritance, He would have said so, but he swept all that away and showed us a higher law and a more spiritualized teaching.

3. Why is a law of tithes not still binding on the Catholic Church? In the first place, because the New Testament does not contain one single word on the subject, nor one inferential word, and therefore such a law cannot be binding, like a rule of faith or morals. The Christian Church, not at first, but very early, made use of tithes, and each national Church arranged them and other taxes for revenue as it found best, and often changed them, and the popes in the Churches quarreled over them for centuries. In England as in other countries, they became part of the civil laws and were collected by civil authority, and ill feeling enough they caused and still cause. Our American Church, however, repudiated them altogether as part of a State Church, and adopted a different system, as she had a perfect right to do, as the very pointed sentences in the offertory witness; she appealed to her members for her support on a totally different principle.

But while tithes are not binding on us American Churchmen as Holy Baptism, Confirmation, and Communion are binding, and as the duty of giving to the Lord is binding, are not the words of Tudor Henry in *The Living Church* of August 15th, 1896, most true: "Has not the command about the tenth been rather included and merged in a higher law based on deeper principles; namely, the love of God as our Father and the example and teaching of Jesus Christ as our Saviour? Because the Jews gave one-tenth and more, are we to give a hundredth or a thousandth to the highest and noblest objects? There is a society in our Church, called "The Treasury of God," which binds its members to the rule of giving one-tenth part of their income to the service of God, and it serves a noble purpose with many people, who can work toward a fixed sum, and feel that to accomplish that is a duty. I do not believe, however, that all Christians could with justice to other claims belong to such a society. How could a man, who had to support a family on \$600 a year, give \$60? He certainly would have to cheat somebody to do it; but a man with \$6,000 a year could give \$600 if he tried. A better way than any society is for a Christian man to give all he can, not only money, but time and work, often more valuable than money. Do not be bound by one-tenth or one-twentieth, but give cheerfully,

gladly, in proportion as God prospers you. Abridge your own luxuries, yes, and comforts, to give more. Less tobacco and beer and more charity, less candy and more missionary money. We know so much more of the great love of God than the Jews did, certainly we ought to give more.

GOD WINKED AT IT.

THERE is a curious expression in Acts: "The times of this ignorance, God winked at." Now "winking at" a thing in modern figurative English means conniving at it; but when the King James translation was made, it meant simply to tolerate a thing. You might disapprove of it, but for some reason you tolerated it. The translators in the Revised Version very properly used another word which just as correctly translates the Greek as "winked at," and that word is "overlooked." This is philology enough; let us come to the question: How could God overlook at any time imperfect morality or imperfect worship? How could He tolerate the things we see He did tolerate in the Old Testament; and do not the statements there about such toleration prove that the histories cannot be any revelation of God? For example: How could Abraham's conduct about his son be right at that time, when it would not be right now according to the New Testament?

Now we can often illustrate God's way by the ways of men, though people often forget that and seem to think that love and justice and power are different things with God and with man (I speak of course of our pure ideal of such qualities), but they are not. Now what is the general course of superior men dealing with inferior? Do they have the same standard of morality at all times for all? Suppose that you were called upon to teach a hundred naked, tattoed, ill-smelling savages, who had inherited for generations ideas of bloodshed, impurity, and cruelty, entirely unconscious of any higher law, thinking, for example, as many Africans think, that to be polite, you must be licentious; could you possibly apply to them the same standards you would if you were teaching children here with high ideas of virtue and tenderness traditional for many generations? Of course you could not; and you would have to tolerate many practices which among us would be perfectly abhorrent. I have just been reading that Samoan ladies of the highest rank go about the streets with simply a yard or two of cotton cloth wrapped around them. We would consider that indecent, but it is considered there consistent with every virtue a woman could possess. The time will come when the Samoan woman will deck herself in whatever ugly French fashions are going, but until then she must be considered as acting with perfect

propriety. Now I want you to apply this same principle to the divine education of nations. When God chose a certain tribe to be educated into a teaching tribe for other nations, it was very much like other contemporary tribes; the same notions about polygamy, killing enemies, telling the truth, etc., and they had to be dealt with by their divine Teacher in a gradual and progressive manner, or nothing could have been done with them.

Suppose, to take another tack, that Moses had proclaimed the earth was round. Do you not see that such an assertion would have caused everything he said to be disbelieved? Men would have said: "Do we not see that it is flat and the sun rises over it? You are an impostor." Such a scientific truth as that had to be reserved, and ignorance about it had to be tolerated until men were brought on sufficiently in education to understand it and appreciate it. Take the extermination of enemies. If God had, through Moses and others laid down the law of forgiveness and tenderness, his messengers would have had no influence. The whole practise of the world was against it. Such principles were unheard of. Men were not ready for them. They were too ignorant, too blinded, too enslaved, and so "God winked at it." He bore it with divine patience, knowing that it was only transitory, and that with advancing light it would disappear.

But men will say: "Why did God act this way? He can do all things. Why did He not tell men all moral truth at once? Right was always right." Now when we say God can do all things, we often do not understand what we are saying. Watchmakers make watches, and they make them with perfect skill, but when the watches are made they have to be dealt with according to laws which their very construction involved. They cannot be handled just any way and be good for anything. In like manner God made men according to certain laws, and He cannot, although God, deal with men in any other way than in the line of those laws, for if He did, He could not be an all wise God. Now the way He made man was for him to learn things gradually, to take progressive steps, to expand, to grow, to widen and advance as the ages go on; and for God to have laid before a nation or a man certain laws to which their minds had not grown, would have been perfectly contradictory of the laws of mind which God created. But I wish to go deeper than this. God did lay down in the very beginning germ ideas, to be ready there when man's eyes were clear enough to see them. From Genesis to Revelation there is, for example, laid down the idea that all men have a heaven-born right to justice and fair-dealing. It took very many centuries and much killing before men were ready to take up that truth and

apply it. Even down to the French Revolution the idea prevailed that the ordinary man was a pawn to be moved about on the chess board of life by kings or nobles, but gradually it was seen that the Bible taught the great doctrine of the rights of man, and the seers wrote and spoke until the whole character of every government was revolutionized. It took a tremendous time, but it was in the Bible all the while.

THE MILLENIUM.

SOME inquiring mind wants me to tell what I know about the "millenium," what there is in the Bible about it, and what the Church doctrine is about it. Well, I don't know much, nor does anybody else, but that has not prevented an immense deal of writing on the subject. As for Church doctrine on the millenium, the first Articles (Edward VI.) call the whole thing "Jewish dotage," and I think I can safely say that you can believe what you like about it. If it comforts you to think there is going to be a literal and earthly reign of Christ on earth for a thousand years, why think so, it will do no harm. What has always been known as "Millenarianism" or "Chiliasm," is founded on the first seven verses of Revelation xx. I have not space to quote them here, but read them over, and you will see on what rests the belief, once very extensively held in the Church, and even now held by Christians here and there,

and by small sects, that at some time in the future Satan's power will be suspended for a thousand years; that those who have suffered for Christ will be raised from the dead at the beginning of that time and reign with Christ on the earth until the thousand years are over. This is called the first resurrection, and after that will come the general resurrection and the Judgment.

Now if we could take these seven verses of Revelation literally we would have no difficulty. Curious and illogical as the doctrine would appear, we would have to believe it, but there are immense and insuperable difficulties in the way of taking the Revelation of St. John literally. It simply cannot be done. It seems to be written in a secret or cipher language, well understood by Christians of that time, but perfectly dark to the heathen persecutors, who could not base any accusations against Christians on its words. I state this as a theory, but there are fifty other theories, and it is sufficient to say, in order to show the difficulty of the book, that quite a large library would not suffice to hold the entirely different explanations which have been written and printed about it. Take one point—the Anti-christ mentioned: He has been explained to be either Napoleon, or Mahomet, or the Pope, or Luther, or Calvin, or, what seems to me most likely, Nero. And yet in spite of all its figures and tropes and symbolic numbers

and allegories, the wisdom of the Church in putting it into the sacred canon (which she only did after many years and much discussion) has been shown by the fact that no book in the Bible has been more consoling and more uplifting throughout the centuries. Its glorious descriptions of the triumphs of Christianity and the joys of heaven, and the presence of Christ with His people, have comforted and sustained many a fainting heart.

But to return to the millenium. "A thousand years" is a Jewish phrase for a very long time. The Talmud uses it in that way, so does the Bible, and so does the American citizen. Nothing is more common with us than to say, "If you wait a thousand years you will not see it," meaning simply a long period. You see then how impossible to interpret it literally. Then, again, if our Lord literally ruled the world from an earthly throne for a thousand years, how unaccountable it would be that at the end Satan's power should be so great that there would have to be an awful contest for the mastery. I let the literal interpretation severely alone, and this is what I get out of the verse and out of the millenium, a splendid hope for the future. Why, I am sure that if St. John were living now, he would think the millenium had already come, so immense would appear the difference between the world in

which he lived and our world. Then, the little sect of Christians, despised, ridiculed, and hiding in the dens of the earth; now, that same body reigning over the brightest and best portions of the universe, and daily extending its dominion and its blessed Faith. He would indeed see much evil, but to him it would appear as if Satan were indeed chained and bound in comparison with his tremendous power in the apostolic age.

I believe there have been milleniums, and there will be far grander ones as the years go on. The general teaching of the Fathers of the Church has been that before the last Judgment, the Church is to see a time of splendid triumph. The great nations of the East will be gathered in, Africa will come out of darkness into light, the substantial unity of the Church will be an accomplished fact, and, greater than all, the tremendous social inequalities which blacken the horizon now will be swept away, and the law of Christ will be the law of the land. The Scriptures appear to teach this. God's great laws of progress seem to warrant it. Optimists like myself see great signs of it. It may not soon be, and its being will not be without noise and fury and garments rolled in blood, for Scripture not only in the Apocalypse, but elsewhere, teaches that the powers of evil, fearful of the loss of dominion, will gather themselves together under some powerful leader, and make a

last, desperate attack upon Christianity. Fierce will be the struggle, but the right and the true will triumph (for to doubt this is to deny Christ), and thus indeed Satan will be chained and the millenium will shine forth, not bounded by just a thousand years, but to go on until the last day, and then to go on further under the new heavens and on the new earth.

WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

LET us have a short exposition of some verses in the second chapter of First Timothy: they seem to be needed. St. Paul in this chapter is speaking of public worship and some rules for it. He says in the eighth verse, "I will that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting." I take it that these words were called out by the conduct of some of the women in the Ephesian Church. The new teaching of the Gospel was a revelation of the dignity and place of woman, and the declaration that there were no class, or race, or sex distinctions with Christ, had tempted these women to overstep the conventional rules of decorum which prevailed in Ephesus. Respectable Greek women never took any part in public proceedings, and St. Paul did not wish Christian women unnecessarily to fly in the face of the customs of their country. He therefore lays down the rule here that men are everywhere

to conduct the public service of prayer. This is a matter of course in the Catholic Church. Her rules have no provision whatever for female priests, and we look with great aversion on the woman preachers presiding over congregations, the Rev. Eliza Jane, and the Rev. Mary Ann; but they are not likely to trouble us Catholics. Let us do with them as Dante did when he met the lions in hell: "I did not reason about them, but looked at them and passed by."

The rule of the Catholic Church does not, however, prevent women from being deaconesses, abbesses, mother superiors, heads of societies, and from voting and talking in any meeting for the advancement of the cause of Christ, and no woman need worry about its being contrary to the Bible, if she wants to do it; though let her take care that she does not do too much of it and talk her rector and the flock to death. American women are not Ephesian women, and the female sex has gone up a good many steps since St. Paul's time. The world looks with entirely different eyes on women who are well fitted to take a part in public life.

Then in the ninth verse, St. Paul speaks of the way in which women should dress for church, for his words do not in any way apply to the ordinary dress of women in society, and cannot be cited as any argument against fine clothes. He

says, speaking of Church service, that "women should adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works." No one imagines that by "broidered," or braided hair, St. Paul meant that women should not wear braids, real or false, to church, if they wish to do so. He refers to a fashion of braiding gold and jewels in the hair, which was most vain and most distracting to the attention of the other worshippers. "Shamefacedness" has got now a bad meaning—we associate it with sheepishness; but the Greek word means "shrinking from anything unbecoming." And so with sobriety. It has no reference to drink, but to "self-restraint," to the keeping under vanity. The whole verse refers to plain costumes for church, and American women need the caution as much as Ephesians did. English and Continental women do not need it, for they never rig themselves out for church, but our fair countrywomen often think church is just the place to display fine bonnets and fine gowns. I commend this verse to their attention.

In the eleventh and twelfth verses, St. Paul says, "Let the women learn in silence with all subjection, for I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man but to be in silence." I have always thought that some for-

ward Ephesian women had been getting up in church and interrupting the service to air their views on certain things, and that such conduct inspired these verses; but that may be an extreme view. St. Paul, however, refers only to public service, and lays down the rule that these women should keep quiet and listen to the man who is leading the service. He does not hold it to be seeming for a woman before a mixed congregation to preach and to "usurp authority," which must mean to take a place which does not belong to her. He has no reference whatever to women in home, or social life, or at our ordinary gatherings for this or that purpose. There are numberless women who know far more than their husbands, and to whom their husbands and brothers and sons will do well to listen, and whose counsel and advice they had better follow. I have no doubt Ephesian men found that out and were guided by their wives, as men of sense who had sensible wives have ever been. I quite as often took counsel with women as men in my parish, and found their counsels just as valuable. "In silence" does not mean that "poor, down-trodden woman," to quote the Rev. Eliza and her sister shriekers, is to keep her mouth shut whenever a man is around, but that she is to recognize that her place is not to be in authority over the public congregation. She is not to "usurp

authority" which belongs to men. It is silly to speak of St. Paul, as I have heard done, as a despiser of woman. He and his fellows did more to raise women out of the pit of degradation and intellectual inferiority which they occupied in all pagan systems, than all the improvers of the world have done ever since.

PLEASURE TO OTHERS.

LISTEN to me about our duty as regards giving pleasure to others; not simply freedom from pain, but absolute pleasure. There is a great deal of pain in the world. I know how necessary and how useful a great part of it is, as a warning and a protection. If it did not hurt you to put your fingers on a hot stove, a great many fingers would be burned off, but there is a great deal more pain in the world than there need be, and I want to urge upon you the effort to give as much pleasure as you can in order to counterbalance as much as possible of the pain.

I hold no utopian views about the misery and the sorrow in the world. I do not believe the Henry George system, or the "Looking Backward" system, or any other of these patent medicines, will do away with it, but I do believe that the better Christians we are, the less pain there will be. I want to urge upon you as a great Christian

duty, the giving as much pleasure as possible to those who in this toiling life can have very little of it without your help. Take children—childhood is a part of life when we ought to store up a great treasure of joy and light-heartedness, the recollection of which will brighten many a dark day—so then let one of your duties be the giving pleasure to the children of the poor and struggling, taking them on excursions, giving them toys, seeing that the girls have some pretty frocks, giving the boys tickets to games and proper shows, trying to keep them out of stores until they are a little older. How it grieves me to see the little creatures who have to work in stores. Their parents cannot help it, bread must be got and the children must help. It will make your vacation a great deal sweeter if you can carry with you to the seashore or the mountains, or the lake, the knowledge that there is one poor little boy or girl who is also able to take some pleasure, to climb a hill, to row a boat, to pick a flower, and to get away from work—inexorable monster whose servants we all have to be the greater part of the year, and rightly so, for moderate work is always happiness.

Take women, how little pleasure there is in the life of many working girls in the city. The miserable salaries are just enough to cover the absolutely necessary outlay. The girl looks longingly at the beautiful dresses in the shop windows,

or on the girls, no prettier and no nicer than she, who pass her in the streets. She, too, craves some pleasure, some excitement, and she is too good and pure to seek it where some of her unhappy sisters find it, in selling herself for gold. Can you not contribute somewhat toward throwing a little sunlight on her life? Is it not easy for you to provide, not as a thing of dole, not as a boon to a pauper, but as a brother, or a sister to a sister, country excursions, a week or two of country life away from the close streets, the worst cared for (I write from Chicago) of any large city in the world. Can you not send her sometimes a ticket to a good play—something where she can laugh to her heart's content—to a delightful concert, or any bright, exhilarating, proper amusement, never mind if you think it vulgar, if it be not coarse? Remember, I am not speaking now of improving her mind, but simply of giving pleasure.

Take men. Do you employers like to be kept every moment at the grindstone? Do you not enjoy the hours and days and weeks you spend away? Is it then too much to ask of you to remember those who are likely to lose their places at the grindstone, if they leave it for a moment? Send them away sometimes, "not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver." When workmen realize that their employers feel them to be brother men, are interested in their lives, want

them to have a little of the cake as well as of the bread of life, the backbone of strikes and disloyalties and rebellions will be broken, and a great deal better work would be done. Some may say this is just the sentimental talk of a preacher who thinks he knows it all, and could run a business better than we who have been at it for years. Cobblers had better stick to their lasts. Never mind, I have confidence enough in the great body of my readers to feel that you sympathize with the wish to brighten and gladden the lives of the great multitude.

God made us all, and a thousand links bind us together. The happiness or the unhappiness of one class must react on all the rest. We cannot with impunity in these days separate any one class from the others. We are our brothers' keepers, and our keeping is not exhausted when we have provided straw and bread and water; it includes music, flowers, laughter, color, sunlight, happiness. I shall never forget a missionary's wife who, when written to about her wants from my parish, replied that she would like a red dress trimmed with pretty lace. Some of the good sisters pursed up their lips, and thought her very flippant, but I resolved she should have it, if I had to buy it myself. She lived in a wretched, dull little frontier town, and if a red dress would put a little bit of color in it, in God's name, let her have it.

RELIGIOUS BUSINESS.

ANSWER me this question: Is there one way to transact secular business and another way to transact religious business? Is it wrong, in your eyes, to neglect for one moment your store, and not wrong to neglect for weeks your church? Is it incumbent on you, as a man of honor, to live up to your business engagements, but not so binding on you, as a Christian, to keep your religious obligations? In a word, if you, as a clerk toward an employer, as a member of a business firm, as a housekeeper, as a mother of children, as a member of society, should in those capacities display no more promptitude, care, attention, devotion, than you display in the discharge of your directly religious duties, how would your employer like it, or the other members of your firm, or how would your home look, or what manners and appearance would your children have, or how long would you be tolerated in society?

Let us leave generalities. Take the conduct of the temporal affairs of a parish. Men are chosen to manage its finances. They are honorable business men. The whole community regard them as models of honor, and they are. Examine their business affairs and look over their books. The decks are all clear. There is no rope towing overboard, and all things are ship-shape. Now look at the parish affairs over which they preside. Salaries promised and never paid, or half paid, or paid long after due; accounts allowed to accumulate; repairs neglected; the whole thing as slipshod as well may be. Is not this too often the case, and why is it so? Because it has never occurred to these men that just as much, nay, much more, because so much more sacred, were honor and attention needed for God's affairs as for secular affairs. Act this way in the world, and see whether you will get good words for it.

We often see the same thing in philanthropic institutions, which we may well consider God's affairs, for they rest upon the religion of God. You will often see the affairs of large charities placed in the care of keen, active, perfectly straight, and square business men, whose own interests are managed with wonderful precision, and you will see those sacred trusts neglected, carried on with unbusiness-like carelessness, trusted to one and the other, postponed, superficially arranged,

and often there comes out of it all a sad revelation of misused or neglected funds, while those who are properly blamed are perfect models of honor and probity.

Take church-going and store-going. Every morning the man is at his business; nothing keeps him from it but the grip of some disease which will not let him out of the house. He may feel inert, but he goes. He may have a headache, but off he starts, and when he is there, how interested he is, how absorbed, how alert, how devoted. That is store-going; and now take the same man, and look at his church-going. What a contrast! "I have a little headache, I do not think I will go to church." "It rains hard and it is too cold, I will not venture out." "I feel tired; I will stay home and rest." And often when he goes, how he lolls about, and looks around and lets his mind wander. Yes, you say, but one is business, to which we must attend, or we will lose our place, or our money; and the other is—Well, what is it? Is it an unimportant thing? Is it not God's business? Is it not a very holy, a very solemn, a very urgent, affair? Does not the welfare of the soul depend very much upon it? Can it be neglected with impunity? Think of those words of your Master in Malachi: "A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master: if then I be a father, where is Mine honor, and if I be a master, where is My

fear?" A man has a dinner engagement, and you know there is no greater social crime than to put off or decline to carry out such an engagement when once made. A great many things will be forgiven you in the world, but not that; and so the man, although tired out, feeling ill, ready to give anything if he could only stay at home, does not dare to do it, but goes, wind and weather and all things else opposing.

But how is it about his sacred engagement to teach a Sunday School class every Sunday morning? Does that have equal weight with him? Does he rouse himself from his apathy? does he shake off his bad feelings? does he affront all kinds of weather, to fulfil that? One is pleasure, you plead, and the other is merely voluntary duty. Yes, but the underlying principle—does not the one call as loudly as the other for self-sacrifice? Will the world accept such service as is offered to your God? You know it would not. In old Jerusalem, we read in Malachi that the priests got careless about their duties, and took all sorts of animals for sacrifices, and the old prophet says, very pointedly: "Offer this sort of thing to thy civil governor. Will he be pleased with thee or accept thy person?"

CHRISTIANITY IN BUSINESS.

DO YOU think, in view of our present methods of business, that a man can be a conscientious Christian and at the same time be successful in business? A good many people will say to me: "You had better let that question alone. You are not a business man and know very little about it. The cobbler should stick to his last." There is some truth in this. I remember in my "salad days" launching out fiercely in a sermon against the Board of Trade. A prominent member of that body said to me, after church, "Are you familiar with the rules and methods of the Board of Trade, and is your information about it derived from any other source than the newspapers?" I had to reply "No" to these questions. "Then," said he, "let me ask whether it is wise in you to attack a thing about which you are not fully informed?" It was a good lesson to me.

The question at the head of this paper is one, however, which no teacher of men can afford to

neglect or shirk from answering. The phrase "conscientious Christian" is one much conjured with. I read in religious journals and reports of sermons that conscientious Christians cannot take wine, smoke, dance, or play cards, and yet I know Christians of the most exalted piety and lovely religious character who do these things. The fact is that in many points what a Christian can or cannot do depends upon the standard of the age in which he lives, and greatly varies. For example, at the beginning of the last century Puritan clergymen would have thought an ordination dinner a very poor thing that was not washed down with copious libations of New England rum, and Puritan deacons sold that commodity without a twinge of conscience. What would we think now of clerics or church wardens doing such things? Why, it would not be tolerated for a moment. Our standard is higher. It is the same with slavery. How abhorrent to us seems the holding of slaves by Christians, and yet there are saints now living, the very salt of the earth, who held them, and never dreamed it was contrary to God's law. People often think that conscience is an infallible guide given by God to man, which must be consulted as an oracle and blindly followed. Now I find nothing in the Bible or in my own experience to warrant this. One man's conscience pronounces one judgment, another

man's another. There cannot be two infallibilities. I presume that when a man talks of acting according to his conscience, he means that a certain course appears to him to be right and so he will follow that. Now that conclusion may be right and it may be wrong. Conscience does say to every man, "Do what is right," but it is not the function of conscience but of our whole make-up to find out what is right, and our idea of right is guided in a great measure by the common opinion of the society in which we live. I am sure that many things our judgment thinks right and we do without any protest of conscience will be thought wrong by Christians who come after us. The standard will be higher.

Now let us come to the question. Is the present business standard one that the conscience of a Christian man must set itself against? What is the present business standard? Is it one of cheating, lying, deceit? Of course there are cheats and liars, in plenty in the business world. There always have been. We read in the Bible of false balances and deceitful weights, and many a fiery period in the Scripture denounces unchristian business men. And there are hypocrites also by the scores. The deacon who said to his clerks, "Have you sanded the sugar and watered the whisky? if so, come in to prayers," has left a very large family to continue his practices.

THE SERVICE OF GOD.

T REFERRED in the previous chapter to that sharp thrust of the old prophet Malachi as he stood preaching in the temple court at Jerusalem. No wonder he glowed with righteous indignation. He was a conscientious Sabbath-keeper, as all honest Jews were, and he saw that holy day utterly set at naught; men at work everywhere in the fields, and the roads full of animals loaded with grapes and corn. There was a Sabbath fair in Jerusalem, and the sacred city looked as this great city of Chicago now looks when the Lord's Day comes around: shops everywhere open, all the theatres in full blast, fashionable dinners and suppers going on, noise, business, confusion, everywhere. But that was not all that vexed his righteous soul, as the sheep and oxen were driven past him for the sacrifices, he saw that, so far from being the sound, and perfect animals the ritual required, they were lean, sickly, lame, every way imperfect, for the

priests bought up all such, saying: "These will do; what difference does it make? what does God care? It is cheaper and just as effectual." No wonder he cried: "Offer such things as these to the governor of the city, would he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person?" "You treat the Lord God in a way you would not dare to treat a civil officer. You perform your duty to God in a way that would not be tolerated if you did so in your character as clerks, courtiers, servants, business men of every kind."

And now for some lessons from this: The priests offered cheap things to God, the temple was neglected, kept in bad order. Has that ceased now? Do we not often see in the building and furnishing of churches, this great consideration, "How cheap can it be done? what is the very lowest estimate by which we can have a place of worship?" instead of saying, "The service of God ought to be of the very best, and we must offer Him the very costliest things we can afford." The whole example and teaching of the Bible is in that direction, but I have known parishes where every member had silver spoons, and would have felt insulted at even the suggestion that they were without them, and yet the Holy Eucharist was offered in plated vessels which could be bought for a tenth part of the cost of silver. Of course a parish ought not to put up buildings and furnish

chancels beyond its means, for this often leads to sheer dishonesty and abuse and disgrace on the cause of Christ, but the principle ought always to be kept in view, "We will give God the very best we can afford." When I was a boy, both in England and this country, there was the greatest slovenliness and carelessness about the church and its surroundings. Things were not even mended until the last extremity. The vestments, the altar, the stalls were matters of no care or thought or comeliness or taste. Now, even in the smallest missions the greatest pains are taken to have all the externals of religion as clean, as bright, as attractive as possible, for we all are the slaves of our eyes and the creatures of our feelings, and what we see and touch and hear reacts immensely upon our devotional moods, and raises or depresses our souls.

How is it about the directing the attention of boys to the sacred ministry? When you have a dull boy or an overpoweringly good boy, who does not want to play out, but sit at home and read his Bible, or who seems dreamy and unpractical, how often it is said, "Make a minister out of him; he will never be any good for business," whereas in our present state, the brightest, the keenest, the most practical, the quickest, are needed for the altar and the pulpit. Would you offer your inferior boys to the "governor," the well-known

business house, the railway service, etc., with any idea that they would be accepted? Would you not expect to hear, "Not such as these; I want the very best and brightest material." And so does God, and such must be offered Him. Do you think the keen attacks which are made upon Christianity, the brilliant charges of men of the most cultivated minds, skilled and polished in debate, can be met by a race of mere tea-table parsons? Now, do not let the mawworms groan and say, "He says nothing about piety." It goes without saying that a priest without a manly religion is a monstrosity, but I tell you that simply because a man is pious and "never does anything bad" is no reason in the world for making a priest out of him.

This is the upshot of the whole matter: The service of God, and by that I mean all virtue, all holiness, all charity, all faith and hope, all prayer, all self-sacrifice, demands the very best and choicest offerings; the best art, to build the churches and glorify the sanctuaries; the best music, to send up magnificent praises to the throne of heaven; the best drawn-up forms of devotion, to preserve the soul from lowering its tone; the best voice and gesture to bring home the preacher's words; the best study, the best thought, the best style, to make clear the Word of God; the best attention on the part of those who hear, the best

practice of the bright roll of Christian graces, the best health, the best physical and mental and spiritual strength, the best of everything, everywhere and at all times. God gave them all to us, and let us gladly and heartily give them all back to Him.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

I HAVE been asked to give a "Talk" on the teaching of the Church in regard to female suffrage, a question which seems now to agitate many gentle and ungentle bosoms. In the first place, the Church has no doctrine whatever in regard to any kind of suffrage, for the Church has no doctrine of civil government except the one taught plainly in Holy Scripture, that the Christian duty of the subject of any government is to obey its laws. St. Peter and all his followers were loyal subjects of Nero (although he was an insane despot), and obeyed the imperial laws, evading any open opposition, even to those which involved idolatrous devotion. When, however, they could not evade those, and had to face the question, Will you obey God or Cæsar? they did not hesitate, but went cheerfully to their deaths as outlaws and criminals, but as servants of Christ. The Church co-exists with all kinds of govern-

ments, despotisms, oligarchies, tyrannies, republics, or constitutional monarchies, and to those all she has enjoined on her children a loyal obedience. In Russia, the will of the emperor is law, but the Nicene Creed is not restrained by law. In the United States the will of the people is law, but the very same Creed is taught in perfect freedom. The union of Church and State does indeed often hamper the true progress of the Catholic Faith, but it does not destroy it, and freedom from any such union has no effect upon the political loyalty. As long as a government allows its subjects to profess the Catholic Faith, for we are only considering that now, and protects them in their profession, so long the Church is perfectly indifferent to the kind of government. She has no views as to the relative advantages of king or president or dictator or council of ten, and in her public service prays for whichever one is the established head. The great religious bodies around us have often made political questions tests of membership, but the Church never does. She keeps out of that arena. She obeys the laws, but she does not think it her province to attack the law-making power, though if the civil power should at any time say to her children: "I forbid you to hold or recite the Apostles' Creed or any one of like import," then the Church would countenance a resistance unto death. We could not

ever tamper with our duty to our Lord and King, but in times, for example, like those in which we live, the Church in her corporate capacity would view with perfect impartiality free silver or sound money, protection or free trade, or any other political issue. Her sons might hold all kinds of views but they would voice them as Americans, and not as Churchmen.

It follows as a necessary corollary to this that the Church does not concern herself about modes of suffrage, or who shall and who shall not vote, and therefore makes no issue on the question of female suffrage. If the civil power chooses to make the voting of woman legal, the Church has nothing to say. She sees nothing in that to interfere with the profession of the Catholic Faith, or the following of Catholic practice. She contends that her sons and daughters can, as Americans, vote as they please as long as they vote legally, without its affecting in any way their relations to her.

As a matter of right, I can see no reason why any government might not allow women to vote. They certainly are quite as well able to grasp the merits or demerits of the questions of the hour as many male voters. It is absurd to say that an Irish or German peasant, or an Italian "contadino," a few years in this country, knows one-tenth as much about right or wrong legislation as

nine out of ten well-educated American girls. There is an old proverb, "The proof of a pudding is the eating," and we can apply it here, for there are several states where women vote quite generally, and domestic life and the ordinary course of things are as quiet there as here. In Denver, for example, the very nicest women vote, and are none the less devoted to their Church and their families. Going to the polls seems to affect them no more than going to market. They are just as good Catholics now as when the idea of a woman's voting had never even entered Susan Anthony's head.

So much for the right of women to vote, and the wise neutrality of the Church on the subject. As a matter of expediency (I hold personally), it is very doubtful whether the country will not lose very much more than it would gain by allowing female franchise, and whether women will not hazard much that is now very precious to them of respect, deference, tenderness, by entering on this vexed sea of politics. I shall feel very down in the mouth on the day when any woman connected with me goes marching off to the polls.

PROHIBITION.

I HAVE been asked what are the proper views of a Churchman toward prohibition, and I think I can best answer it by considering a very ancient case of conscience. In Corinth, in St. Paul's time, the very finest sheep and oxen were offered in the idol temples for sacrifices. Only a small portion was literally burned. The greater part went to the priests, and they, wishing to turn an honest penny, sold it to the butchers. Now, of course the Corinthian Christians dining in heathen houses were likely to have this meat set before them, or, without knowing it, might buy it in the market. The most sensible portion of them never troubled themselves about this. They held, and most properly, that their own consciences must be the judges in such things, and that their Christian liberty in this matter left them free. St. Paul was himself of this opinion. But there were others in Corinth who were more

squeamish, and had very troublesome consciences. They thought it wrong to take part in any social event where anything connected with idols was likely to be brought in. St. Paul had all this business before him. He says pointedly that Christians were at liberty to act as they saw fit, that love to God and man was to be their standard, not what they ate or drank. He then adds this caution: There are weak Christians who cannot see this clearly. This eating sacrificial meat is a tremendous thing to them, and troubles their peace very much. Since this is so, is it not a Christian's part to regard their feelings? "Ought you to be a stumbling block?" And then he says: "If this sacrificial meat-eating is causing my brother to stumble in his Christian course, why, I will never touch another morsel of such meat while the world standeth." Remember, he is speaking of sacrificial meat, and of no other kind. Some good people have worried themselves with the thought that if some people were offended by our meat-eating, we ought all to be vegetarians. What St. Paul means is this: "You may do much harm by not being willing to give up what ought to be an indifferent thing to you."

Now, let me apply this to the modern question of conscience, known under the name of prohibition. It has been dragged out of the sphere of morals and made a tool of politicians, but we

must consider it. There is a very large and earnest body of Christians, especially in our own Church, who think it in no wise connected with their Christian calling whether they drink or do not drink anything they choose. They read in their Bibles that their Lord made wine, and, doubtless, like every one else of His time, drank it. They smile at the silly talk that this wine did not intoxicate. If it did not, how absurd in St. Paul to warn the deacons not to be given to much wine! This party of Christian liberty in the matter of drink think the rule of total abstinence for all not only unscriptural, but unworthy of the Christian idea of true manhood. The Christian's great duty is to learn self-control. Think what a terrible rule it would be that the use of anything must be stopped because of its abuse. Kill your horses, for horse-racing causes frightful abuses. Do not go near a photographer's, for photography is used every day by vile wretches. We are to learn as Christians to walk amid piles of money and never touch a cent that is not our own; to see the most tempting viands and let alone those which would endanger our own health; to use wine, if you wish, with as much moderation as you would use fire, or anything else that needed control; and if you cannot use it in that way, to let it as much alone as you would a tiger whom you could not manage.

But there is another party of Christians who think that no liberty should be allowed in this matter; that in view of the terrible ravages of drink, every man must join to stop the manufacture, the sale, the use, of everything containing alcohol; that a man is not serving his Master truly who does not come out squarely in this matter. This party makes use of the most intemperate and uncharitable language, and classes men who are no more likely to become drunkards than they are to become Mormons, with the wretched victims of a depraved appetite.

Now, the Church has never made any pronouncement about this matter, as the religious bodies around her have often done. It is perfectly within the liberty of any Churchman to belong to either of these parties without its affecting in the least his Christian character or standing. Let us rejoice in this liberty, but let those who belong to the liberty party consider this point carefully: Is it not your Christian duty, if you find that your example is leading young men of your family or of your society astray, men who have not the power of self-control as you have, to abridge your liberty in this respect? Are you not often called upon, as those in Corinth were, for the sake of others to give up your liberty? I say frankly that a man who will let another soul perish, rather than give up the use of stimulants, not taken un-

der medical advice, is not a righteous man. I need say no more, nor need I say, what is self-evident, that the poorest Christian in the world can do no less than labor in every temperate way to lessen the horrible, the unspeakable, evils of intemperance.

TO WORKING GIRLS.

YOUNG men seem to me to be preached to death, while young women are much let alone by pulpits. I do not wonder, when you think how woman's rights and wrongs are crammed down our throats in the public press and in public meetings. I never was so sick of anything as of the woman question. But after all, young women form a most interesting class in the community, and I am going to talk a little to one division of young women; namely, working girls. Fashionable girls may say to me: "We certainly come under that head, for we work hard from morning until night at the 'Lady come to see' business and the party business and the theatre business." Yes, I know all that; and I know, too, that many of you also work hard at very noble causes, and are the main helpers in many an unselfish scheme; but for this time we will understand by the term "working girl" a woman obliged to be dependent

on her own exertions for a living, and occupied in some other way than domestic service. Thank God, the times have passed when a working woman was looked down upon, when it was thought that all a woman could do was to scrub and cook and nurse children and sew. Now there is scarce any trade or profession where she is not making headway, and many departments of business are entirely given over to her. Her pay is constantly rising, and her absolute necessity as a factor in business life is every day more apparent.

One of the first things I would say to working girls is: "Do your work well." There is this great difference between young working men and working women: The former expect to keep on at that work, and the latter look on it as only a temporary expedient, which they will give up at the time of their marriage, which they, very properly and naturally, think will sooner or later occur. This has a tendency to lead young working women to learn a thing only superficially, and to do it just well enough to be kept at it. I do not mean that women deliberately resolve not to be thorough, but an unconscious influence says to them all the while: "It is not worth all the attention necessary to attain perfection, for I shall soon be leaving this, and will not think of it again." Now this is un-Christian and unsound reasoning, and is only covert dishonesty—only a roundabout

way of deceit. Doing a thing well is not only good for the work and for your employer's interests, but it is good for you, for your character, your truthfulness, your consistency. So take my advice, and do what you have to do as well as you possibly can.

Then, do not be so independent, as you call it (though very often it is simply impertinent), toward the customers whom you serve. The unbearable manner, the disdain, not in words, but in looks, the inattention, of many women clerks in the shops, is a subject of general complaint. I grant that you are very much tried by the unreasonableness and the utter disregard of your feelings shown by the women on whom you wait, but men clerks have to bear the same, and yet they never act as you do. You often hear people say they would much rather be waited on by a man than a woman. It is simply because of the lofty indifference as to whether they are suited or not with which some women treat their customers. So many of you seem to be afraid you will not be thought "ladies." Now all that is very absurd. One of the first marks of a lady is patience, courtesy, calm endurance of disagreeable things. This word "lady" has been so abused of late years that in the best society you seldom hear it. A party of duchesses and countesses in England would speak of themselves, and be spoken of by their

friends, as women, and it is the same in this country. Do not be guilty of the amusing folly of calling yourself a saleslady or forelady. You laugh, yourself, at wash-lady and cook-lady, and the whole community would laugh if the foremen in the factories where you are employed took to calling themselves "fore-gentlemen." A friend of mine was quite taken aback when she was told that her "swill gentleman" wished to see her in the back yard. Never be ashamed of the noble word "woman." It seems to me to convey more than its equivalent in any other language; that dignity, that reserve, that trust, that sweet helpfulness, which gather around you wherever your sex is mentioned in public or private.

Never be bold, brazen, boisterous. I do not ask for you the aristocratic exclusion and freezing coldness of the class of Vere de Vere. I grant that far freer manners and far more general companionship belong to you, and that stiffness and primness would sit ill upon you, but never forget, by all that you hold dear, that a girl's life must be veiled ever in that holy tissue which we call modesty and maidenly reserve. I see girls whom I know to be thoroughly respectable, who positively invite the advances of bad men by their stare, their laughter, their loud speech and manner, in public places. Think often of the homes you will be called upon to found and preside over,

for that is your normal future. Take care of your health for the sake of the children you may have. Cultivate habits of neatness in person and surroundings, for these things will help keep your husband at home, and learn economical and palatable cooking, how to buy, how to make the most of a little. And under all this put the solemn consecration of your life to the service of the Son of Mary who was the Son of God.

ON CHURCH PAPERS.

DO you take a Church paper?" said he to her. "Why, certainly," she replied, "I take our parish paper, *St. Sylvester's Echo*, and a very good paper it is."

"Will you let me see it?" said he.

She brought him the last issue. As far as it went, it was a bright little paper. It told of the last *soiree* of the G. F. S., and that the solo boy, Johnny Jones, had a cold. It gave the names of the ladies who contributed to the Christmas dinners, and it gave all the parish reports and much useful parochial information, showing plainly that *St. Sylvester's* was a "hustling" place.

"But I do not see here," said he, "anything about the work of the Church. There is nothing about the great questions which at the moment are occupying her, nothing of her progress, nothing of her trials."

Then a ghastly silence crept over the splendid

apartment, for she never read about such things, and therefore they did not interest her.

Such were, or ought to have been, the opening words of the last Church novel, and they touch on a most important subject. The swarm of parish papers which fly to and fro through the land is a very welcome and a very helpful factor in a parish, but such papers cannot of necessity take the place of a general Church weekly with its great sources of information, its far-reaching correspondence, its even step with the march of the Church. There are many wonderful things about the modern Protestant Episcopalian, and not the least wonderful is his parochialism and his indifference to the weal or woe of the grand body to which he belongs. He is a thousand times better in this respect than his grandfather was, however, but he still has much to learn and to unlearn. Look at the Methodist body. If not absolutely commanded by the very absolute authorities, it is as well understood as a command, that every one of their members shall subscribe to a Church paper. The information that paper gives and the interest it arouses are considered most important factors in bringing out and solidifying the loyalty of the lay people to their religious organization.

How can you know about the Church's life unless you take a general Church paper? Would

you expect to know about political situations without your *Herald* or *Tribune*? or about your profession or trade without its special journal? or even about society without the aid of Jenkins' facile pen? Is it any different with the life of the Church? Your rector cannot be always putting it in sermons, for he must devote those to attempting to better a little your walk and conversation, or to setting forth the doctrines of the Faith. The parish papers are too small to contain it. You do get bits of it now and then in the secular papers, but they are often written by people who know less about the Church and her ways than they do about the manners of the Comanches. No secular paper nor anything else can take the place of a Church paper. The Churchman who, afraid of the very small subscription price, cuts himself off from such a source of information, stunts and narrows his whole religious growth.

Without meaning any disparagement to other papers, there are obviously four great Church weeklies, *The Living Church*, *The Church Standard*, *The Churchman*, and *The Southern Churchman*. Each one represents, more or less, a certain school of Churchmanship, and you can choose the one whose Churchmanship suits your views the best, but all contain many articles which will put before you the splendid panorama of the Church,

not only in America, but in England and wherever the Anglican communion has a home. You do not belong just to St. Sylvester's parish. You belong to the Catholic Church, and you want to know what the Church is about, what she is thinking, what she is planning. You want to be in touch with that great army of men and women who, exiling themselves from their homes, are striving in foreign lands to spread the knowledge of Christ. You want to know what the sons and daughters of the Church are doing. You want to know what books are being written on this or that religious theme, so that you may know what to read. You want to hear what men of ability and experience are saying about great questions which come up as the Church goes on her way. For example, what an interest there is now on the subject of "Orders" excited by the Pope's one-horned bull! The Church papers have been full of lively and pointed articles on that subject. I grant you that drivel and dullness are often to be found in the Church papers, far more, in my opinion, than is needful (some of it, I grant, is unavoidable), but drivel and dullness are also to be found in secular magazines and journals. When you sift that all out, I will venture to say that there is no number of the great Church weeklies that does not contain an enormous amount of information, well worth the little sum it costs.

People write me that what they like about these "Talks" is their common sense. Now I think it the very commonest sense for a man to take a Church paper, to read it, to study it, and if he has brains enough, to write for it. It will make a new world for him.

CONFIRMATION.

IT IS at this season that the preparations for Confirmation are generally going on, and with the hope of being useful to some of my brethren, both clerical and lay, who are looking for something to put in the hands of people whom they wish to bring to Confirmation, I will devote two or three papers to subjects germane to that sacred rite.

When you ask people to be confirmed a very common counter-question is: "What good is there in it; what help will it be to me to assume certain Church relations?" It will not do to say: "You are to be confirmed because your grandfathers were." Men answer: "My grandfathers were very respectable gentlemen, but the world has advanced since their time so much that their actions cannot weigh much with me." Nor will it do to say: "You cannot be a truly moral and upright man or woman unless you do." Men will immediately point you to hundreds of instances of the

most beautiful characters who have nothing and never had anything to do with the Church. Nor would it produce anything but indignant scorn if you say: "You will be damned unless you come into the Church." People are not to be frightened in that way; certainly not people of any culture. Nor will people be silenced by any such words as: "These things are sacred, and you must not ask why." They will ask why, and you must be able to show, as the doctor and the farmer can show about their business, the absolute necessity of the Church's being in the world, that she is just as necessary a factor in the making up of human life as boards of public works, markets, or anything else. Unless you can show that now and here, organized Christianity, and that means the Christian Church, cannot be ignored without a vital blow being struck at all real progress, and at the very heart of humanity; you may talk in vain about the continuous witness of history, you may prove in vain the validity of the Apostolic Succession, men will seek as also they have ever sought other leaders and other mentors. The Church must not stand hat in hand craving a place in modern life. She must come out, and cry: "I dare you to do without me. I am just as essential to your well-being as the air you breathe."

Suppose it was resolved to do without the Church, and that the government could be brought

to pass an edict banishing every preacher of the Gospel, and forbidding one word in defense of Christianity to be uttered by the press; that an inquisition should visit every home and remove from it every religious book; that in our churches should be installed a corps of able scientific lecturers, clever moral reformers, temperance lecturers, etc., and after some airs from Handel, etc., they should set forth to listening crowds, the data of ethics, the mode of curing the diseases of lying and stealing, the materiality of thought, true hygiene, etc. Are you really of the opinion that this would empty the jails, raise the moral tone of officeholders, and so elevate our whole life that Jesus, the morning star, would pale before the brilliant light? I ask you, above all, you who speak slightly of the Church, whether you think that then the millenium would appear, and the lion and the lamb lie down together? You know that on your consciences you cannot say, "I think so." You know that the idea of the abolishment of Christianity, when seriously contemplated, fills even the most careless men with fear and trembling. I contend, then, that on this argument alone, miserably low as I think it to be, the absolute necessity of the Christian Church is proven. It shows that men in their hearts would not give her up; that she enters as a prime factor into the remedial agencies constantly to be applied

to check wrong-doing, to keep down iniquity, to raise the tone of public sentiment, to inspire that high enthusiasm which, like the free wind, alone freshens the springs of life. On this ground, the least peculiarly Christian of all the Church's grounds for being, I contend that she has a claim on your allegiance, and that she sufficiently answers the bare question as to why she exists.

Now then, because she is so great a force in public morals, because she is such a teacher and preacher of the pure and good, because her Ideal is a pure and perfect Man, therefore she has a right to demand that you, a good citizen, a man desirous of the triumph of holiness and virtue, a man longing to see humanity take a step onward, that you, personally, should give yourself to her and help her; should rally under her flag and fight under her banner, and should frankly say, "Man needs this Church of God; therefore, I need her, and therefore I am with her and assume her livery."

I am met directly here by a large body of people who say: "We grant what you say about the Christian religion. It is necessary to us. God avert the calamity of our disavowing it, but it does not follow that we must accept a Church, an organization, a creed. Let us each worship God in individual liberty; let us not be fettered by any articles of religion."

We will take up that question next.

THE NECESSITY FOR THE CHURCH.

AS I said at the close of the last paper, there are many who say that they acknowledge the absolute need in the world of the Christian religion, but that it is not plain to them that they ought to accept a Church, an organization, a creed. "Let us each worship God in individual liberty. Let us not be fettered by any articles of religion," etc. Their objection to a Church is what they call its cramping effect upon the mind. It obliges, they say, a man to give up so much of his own personality and sink himself in the fortunes of a corporation. They prefer to worship God entirely as their own conscience dictates. There are so-called Christian ministers who pander to this individuality, and who, like the man sawing off the branch between himself and the tree, will one day wake to the consciousness that they are assisting in their own ruin. Now, without at present entering upon the divine commands about this Church and the Scriptural plan of it which Christ its

founder has laid down, let us see whether some reasons which we may call common-sense reasons, may not be found for the necessity of a Christian Church and the organization of believers in God into a society with the functions which ordinarily belong to societies.

And first, there is the same necessity for a Church that there is for any organization for social, civil, or political purposes. Why do we organize into a government? Why not proclaim the principle, "All men are free and equal," and let each man carry it out according to his conscience? Because ages ago men found out that it was not sufficient to throw a good principle upon the world, that men have to band together, to adopt certain rules of action, have order, have law, or else the abstract principle amounts to nothing. Now God has enunciated certain principles as necessary for the well-being of the soul of man, and it will no more answer to trust those principles to the good intention of the public, than it would answer to trust any abstract principle of government in that way, and imagine that of itself it would bring about that peace and security we see around us. For that there must be societies, parliaments, executive officers, constitutions, etc. And so to get the law of God into the hearts of men there must be organization, there must be outward observances, there must be creeds, there

must be parishes and modes of belonging to them. Do you say this interferes with your freedom of action? So does government. It will not let you "cut up" as you please. There can be no such thing as boundless liberty, and men knowing that, willingly surrender a great deal of their individual liberty for the good of the whole body, and the Church asks the same thing, a surrender of private judgment that greater liberty of soul and spirit and body may be obtained by the vast majority.

Another plea for the Church rests on the fact that a man trying to be a better man, struggling against the evil desires of his heart and the evil habits of his life, is immensely strengthened by the sense of companionship. Just as fighting is a very different thing to a man on picket duty in the middle of the night, and to the same man in the ranks with a comrade on each side, and the drums beating and the colors flying, so is it a very different thing for a man to start out alone on a crusade against the evil in himself, and the same man to find himself a member of a vast body of people all banded together for the same fight, praying for each other and holding up each other. It is a great strength to a man fighting for his soul to feel that a vast body is behind him, ready to come to his aid when the evil thing presses him hard.

Then another argument for Church organiza-

tion is the weakness of the greater part of mankind (of course I do not mean you, my brother; we all know how strong you are). People must be led. They need to cling to some powerful hand, and take shelter under some established authority. They show this in all the affairs of life, and they cannot be left without it in the affairs of the soul. They crave a definite law, an exact system, and the Church furnishes it.

I know these arguments will be thought very low by some of my brethren, and I have much higher ones to bring out, but I wished to appeal now only to common sense. Granted the necessity of the Christian religion, there follows, as a matter of course, the necessity for an organization. This organization furnishes that sense of companionship which is so helpful, and appeals to the great fact of the dependence of the great mass of men, which must be considered. Now it seems to me that these arguments by themselves are potent enough to induce any one longing to set his life on a higher plane to cast in his lot with the Christian Church, gain strength and impart strength, and yielding his own crude notions, faithfully accept the tried ways of centuries in which so many millions have found peace. In our next paper we will bring out the Scriptural reasons for the Church's being certainly of vast moment to a man who believes in the Bible.

THE CHURCH OF OUR LORD.

I HAVE been giving some “common sense” reasons why a man should connect himself with the Church. Let us get on higher ground. The Church’s true reason for being and for demanding your allegiance is because God ordered her to be, arranged her constitution, laid down her great principles, put her in the world, as the life-boat floating on a stormy sea. Wherever man has ever touched the hand of his fellowman, gathered into families, and banded in communities, there has ever been set up a Church. I am not just now concerned as to the truth or falsity of that Church; whether it was to worship Baal or the Triune God. I mean here by Church, a meeting together for the purpose of worshipping a higher power, and I say that there never has been, nor is there now, nor ever will there be, any nation without some organization for that purpose. I can draw no other conclusion than that there has been

implanted in the heart of man by God Himself an impulse to adore some One beyond himself. The idea may have become fearfully distorted by ignorance and sin, but it bears witness to the grand truth that in all time and everywhere man has had his Church as a means for the worship of his God.

In a land where there was a Church, and a purer Church than in any other land, Jesus Christ was born. I assume His divine origin and His miraculous life. I cannot stop to prove everything in one paper any more than I can stop to prove my father and mother were married whenever I use my name. Did this Divine Teacher do away with the Church idea? Did He say the day of forms and outward observances is over; it is the day of the Spirit, and temple and priest and Church must vanish out of sight? He did just the reverse, for if there is one thing clear and plain in the Gospels and in the Acts of the Apostles, it is that our Lord Christ founded a Church, organized His followers into a body, appointed rulers for it, gave it certain distinctive marks. You can read in your New Testament just what He did. The number and the names of the first ministers are given, a detailed account of the institution of the great Sacrament of union with Him, and many instances of the other great Sacrament of initiation called Baptism. There are His ex-

press words sending the ministers out into the world to baptize all the world, and giving them the power of absolution and excommunication, words which need not frighten you, for they mean that it was their duty to assure a penitent soul of the forgiveness of God, and their duty also to separate the hardened and impenitent from the body of the faithful.

In a few months after our Lord's departure from the world we find thousands of people in this Church, and soon everywhere Apostles, priests, deacons, zealous laymen, and women organizing Churches. We know exactly what these Churches did. They met on the first day of the week. They had prayers and hymns. They broke bread—that is, celebrated the Holy Eucharist; they baptized converts; they took up collections for the poor. In short, they did just what Churches now do, and the Church spread and lived through all the centuries, in spite of the evil lives of many of its leaders, and was carried over to this new world with the first settlers, and goes on with its same unchanging work here, following every new line of railroad, and setting up its tabernacle in every log settlement. I am not concerned just now, all important as it is, about the perfectness of its organization, with its unity, with its more or less profession of Catholic truth. I say only that the Christian Church, in some form or other, every-

where offers itself to men, and everywhere with the same object—the helping of men and women to be better, purer, holier; the elevation of character; the breaking down of selfishness; the showing of the way by which man can draw near to God; the enforcing the will of Christ Jesus, as the best remedial agent in a world full of trial and sin and temptation. This is the object of the Christian Church, no matter under what name or how wild the sect which claims to belong to it. This is why I call for your allegiance. I can only plead for the Church with confidence, because she is divine, because Christ planted her in the world as a hospital where sin-sick souls could be treated, as a fold where all the world could find a Shepherd.

I will try in another paper to show the grounds on which the Episcopal Church rests her claims to be a close following of the Church our Lord founded. I very well know the imperfections of the Church. How could it be otherwise when she has to be administered to by fallible and inconsistent men? But is there anything better? If there were only one line of steamers to cross the ocean, and you had to go, would you kick about the smallness of the cabins, or the smell of oil, or the evident presence of some unskilled hands? You would say only: "Thank God, there is this way to cross!" The Church is the way to get near

to God. There are bad men in her, and foolish, narrow lives in her, and she makes great mistakes, but here she is trying to help men over the ocean of life. Thank God for her, faulty as she may be; give yourself to her, and through her be joined to her great head, Christ Jesus.

WHY THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH?

WE GRANT, men will say, that you have shown the need of a Church, and that we ought to come into the fold; but why should we do it in the Episcopal Church rather than in any other of the thirty or forty religious bodies around us? I have often thought that the decision about a Church must be very perplexing, though, fortunately, a great many people do not find it so. A man is often a Churchman because he was brought up that way. It was good enough for his father, and it is good enough for him, without worrying about anything else, and so he lives and dies a son of the Catholic Faith, and he is very fortunate. Then there are others who drift into association with the Church. They like its dignity, its reserve, its beauty, its liberality. They say: "The Episcopal Church is good enough for me. I have not the time nor the brains to go overhauling every creed in the land and passing it

through a colander. I like this Church. I can serve God well enough here," and so, without any further searching, they are confirmed.

But there are other people who rightly say: "There must be a wrong way and a right way. There must be a body somewhere carrying out Christ's principles in the best way, and I want to belong to that body. You say the Episcopal Church is part of that body which you call, and if true, you must call, the Holy Catholic Church." Now I, the writer, ought to be able to show any man good reasons for our saying that. I think I said enough in the other papers to show that our Lord did found an institution with certain laws and forms, and that no one, in any common-sense view, could be allowed to pick and choose what he would believe or not believe, do or not do, in it. If he joins it, he must take it as it is. Now there is a history of that Church, which begins in the Acts of the Apostles, and goes on without break until the present time, so that we know as well and better what the Church held and practiced in the year 100, 200, 300, 500, as we know any facts of secular history. Is the Episcopal Church part of that historic Church? I am as certain of it as I am that two and two make four. But how about the other thirty or forty systems clamoring to be heard? Are they not also parts of this historic Church? When I reply, "No," under-

stand clearly that I am not touching the question as to whether you cannot serve God in those religious bodies. Why, of course, you can. I would be a lunatic to deny what my eyes and my senses show me every day—thousands of the most devoted Christian lives passed in these bodies, and the magnificent work they do for the cause of Christ. That is, however, not the question.

A man wants me to show him where the old historic Church is to be found in America, and I undertake to do it on two fundamental points: I. The old historic Church had Bishops, priests, and deacons. That is plainly set down in history, and there never was a Church without them until the Reformation. Have these thirty religious bodies that mark? Not only are they without it, but they repudiate it as unnecessary. Who told them it was unnecessary? To say that is merely to put your private judgment against the judgment of universal Christianity for 1,500 years. II. The old historic Church had a Creed—the same Creed we say every time we meet in an Episcopal church. Have these other bodies that Creed? No. They have the Westminster Confession, and the Baptist Rule of Faith, and the Methodist Discipline, and so on, but not one of the thirty can say the creeds of the other twenty-nine, and when they all meet together and wish to express a common belief, they have to use our Creed.

It is clear, then, that in these two great points, government and belief, we are one with the old historic Catholic Church.

But have not the Greek and the Roman Churches also these two marks? Yes; but the Greek Church is not here, and does not concern us, and I do not think those I am addressing are ready to swallow all the additions the Roman Church has made to these two points—supremacy of the Pope, Mariolatry, indulgences, and what not. If they are, I have nothing to say. Let them try her. The Episcopal Church tries to keep to the apostolic model without any modern inventions. Now I consider the possession of these two marks sufficient argument to establish my assertion that the Episcopal Church is part of the old historic Church.

I might make an argument on the ground of the noble and dignified worship of the Church, as contrasted with the bald, disjointed, dry, and rambling utterances which even many of those who endure them groan over. I might make an argument on the liberality of opinion allowed in this Church, which is almost incredible when compared with the narrowness shown by so many of the religious bodies. No doctrinal statement besides the Apostles' Creed binds any Episcopal layman. I prefer, however, to rest my case on the two points of the ministry and the Creed. They

are impregnable. They cannot be got around. Here, then, is a branch of the Church of St. Peter, St. Clement, St. Athanasius; not an old and palsied dame, but full of all the life and knowledge of the nineteenth century, touching the old truths in new ways. Here she is. Come into her and serve your Master here.

PANTHEISM.

PEOPLE say: "Do you not believe that God is in everything?" Certainly I do; but I do not believe that everything is God, and yet this is the essence of Pantheism. Now, I could go on about this subject and bring in Spinoza and Feuerbach and so on, but all that would not be "understood of the people" so I must try to find plain words with which to discuss a very vapory and confused subject. There is a great doctrine of true and Catholic theology called the "Immanence of God," and it means that God is the Creator and the inspiring Power and the energizing Force of everything there is. He is behind every motion of animated nature. He is behind all the events of history, and so intimate is His connection with every living thing that one moment's withdrawal of His indwelling would cause its annihilation. St. Paul, in his speech at Athens, sums up the whole doctrine in the words, "He is Himself the

Giver to all of life and breath and all things." There is, however, a vast chasm between this belief and the holding that because God is thus in everything, therefore everything is a part of God, and He has no defined, separate, conscious personality. Let me illustrate it in this homely way: Jones finds a certain plant for the production of a certain article, the secret of which Jones alone knows. Jones pervades the whole establishment. The meanest scullion cannot do his work without Jones. He inspires every action of everyone. He stands behind every event. If he for one single day should cease to give his attention to everybody and everything, the whole business would drop to pieces. In a true sense, Jones is the business, and the business is Jones; but when you use that phrase, and it is often used in life, you do not for a moment confuse Jones with any man or thing. To you, Jones is a separate and distinct personality, a great brain apart from all other brains, and the fact that he is in every part and parcel, animate and inanimate, of his creation, does not at all clash with the fact that, separate and apart, he rules and governs. Cannot we enlarge that thought to illustrate the connection of God with the universe?

Pantheism (and it is a system as old as man) confuses the energizer with the things energized. Pantheists hold that there is only one substance in

the whole universe, and that substance is eternal, and out of it everything is formed, material and immaterial. Beetles are made of it, and so are souls, and so are stars, and so are minds. It takes different figures and shapes and uses, but it is all the same thing, and what theists call God is just a name for this substance. It cannot perish, and, therefore, we can say that God is eternal. It has neither beginning nor end, so you may say God is not created. It is everywhere, and so you can call God omnipresent. If I understand Hegel himself, and not his followers, he taught that God exists only in human thought. Man thinks of God, and on man's thinking, God exists. He has no independent or personal existence. He is in the pen with which I write, and in the brain which suggests the writing; but I cannot separate Him from any of these and say, "Lo, here is God, worship ye Him"! Can such abstractness as this give any comfort to a soul yearning for a Guide? How can a thing which I am first to conceive of as part of my writing desk be the object of religious homage or religious trust? The soul craves a Ruler, a Head, a Guide. It has ever done so, and Pantheism in this or that form (for it takes a hundred shapes, and we even hear now of Christian Pantheists) never has satisfied, never can satisfy, that craving. If God is an integral part of everything, He is an integral part of murder and

adultery and all evil. How can Pantheism escape that deduction? To us who know Him as a Being, all evil is simply the opposition of free will to His will, a possibility inherent in our nature. I repeat, God is present in all His works, but He is not identical with them.

St. Augustine in his Confessions (Conf. X: 6) beautifully illustrates one point: "I asked the earth if it were God, and it said, 'I am not He,' and so said all the things on the earth. I asked the sea and the abyss and the creeping things, and they said, 'We are not thy God, seek above us.' I asked the sweeping breezes and the universal atmosphere with its indwellers; they said, 'I am not God.' I asked the heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars; they said, 'Neither are we the God thou seekest.' I said to everything that came near my flesh, 'You have said you were not God. Tell me something about Him,' and with a loud voice they cried out, 'He made us.'"

THE PRIEST IN POLITICS.

WRITING, as I did in the previous chapter, on the duty of Christians to the State, led me to think of a question that has often been asked me by my younger brethren: "What is the duty of a priest in politics and toward the State?" I will say a few words about that. That we are to obey the government under which we live we get from St. Peter, to whom we are successors. He says, in plain words, "Submit yourself to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake"; and he said that under the rule of about the most contemptible sovereign an unhappy nation ever had to endure, Nero, whom Farrar well calls "a tenth-rate actor entrusted with irresponsible power." It was to him the Apostle exhorts men to submit, simply because he was the symbol of the law, and, therefore, irrespective of his private character, he was to be obeyed. Both St. Peter and St. Paul lay down this great principle, that the form of the govern-

ment is from man, but the authority of government is from God. And it took the priests of the Church many centuries to find that out, for the Church believed only in kings. Now she is equally at home in any kind of government. Some of our zealous Americans seem to think that a republic is God's plan of government, and that a monarchy is not; but both derive their authority from the same King of kings and President of presidents.

The Christian priest, then, has been enjoined obedience to the civil authority, with this sacred reservation—that whenever the civil authority sets itself against the plain law of God, and seeks to compel men to live against the commands of Christ, it is to be disobeyed, even though it bring you, as it brought St. Peter and thousands of his companions, to the gibbet or the flame, for they were all sentenced by civil authority on the charge of violating the law. Of course, it must be very plain that what we stand out for is the plain law of God. If the government should say (and in England it has said the equivalent): “Your surplices are too long; you must shorten them. You may wear green stoles, but not blue. You shall have no flowers or lights on altars,” I should think we ought to submit, for such things are not matters of conscience. They do not touch vital points. If, however, the government should become ag-

nostic, and should say: "You shall not teach children the Catechism or offer the Memorial Sacrifice"; or if it should be Popish, and should say: "You must acknowledge the Pope to be infallible, and must give up the chalice in the Communion," our duty would be to reply: "We will not obey. These things touch the sacredness of our conscience. You have no right to make such laws, and we mean to break them and evade them whenever we can." I am sure we would glory in setting at defiance and tricking in every way the officers of the law, just as the French priests did in the Reign of Terror.

With that understanding, let us priests never forget that we are Americans and owe certain duties to our country, and those duties are to set before the voters who, under God, form our cure, their duty as Christian men in this manner or voting; to teach them the great principles of the Gospel to be applied to politics as a necessary part of a man's duty; to tell them, with all the authority we consider ourselves to have, that it is sinful in any man to neglect the politics of his land, for he is their maker and their builder, and if he leaves them to the mercy and control of unchristian, unprincipled men—men who trade on the passions of their fellows—God will punish him for his neglect in the great day of account. While, however, I consider it my priestly duty to set

forth clearly and distinctly the Christian principles of government, I do not think it my place to descend into the arena of daily politics and take up minute cases or local applications of the great doctrines of Christian honor, Christian integrity, Christian purity, as carried out by citizens. I think I should leave the application to laymen, and such things should be discussed in the press, in the meeting, in the convention. As a priest, I must strive to educate men in religion, so that when they write for the press, speak in the meeting, vote in the convention, go to the polls, they shall write, speak, and vote from a Christian standpoint and as influenced by Christian teaching. For example, I do not think I am called upon to champion from my pulpit prohibition against license, but to teach perfect temperance as the law of God, and leave the details to voters. As a citizen, I have a right to hold one or the other view; but I do not think I have a right from the chancel, in a doubtful question, to lay down any one course as the only course for a Christian to take. I must formulate great principles, but I think there my duty in this matter ends. Some modern agitators will call this cowardice, but I indignantly deny the charge. It is firm and long-settled conviction.

CLERICAL VACATIONS.

THERE is an herbarium of dry and withered jokes and innuendos which the newspapers inflict regualry on a long-suffering public. For example, there is the joke about the young man courting, being kicked out of the house about midnight by the irate father. Just think of the years that has appeared almost weekly in the newspapers! At certain times of the year we look for certain witticisms, stories, sneers. In August, the sea-serpent story; in September, the pumpkin, etc. The early July sneer is the one I wish to consider. It is entitled, "Clerical Vacations," and it generally runs like this, though it has several venomous variations: "Now is the time that the preachers discover they are failing in health and must have a vacation, and off they rush to the seashore or the moutains, while the devil stays at home and ravages their flocks." Now the last part of this is true. The devil does stay home and does ravage the flock. Indeed, he never take vacations, and plies his art while we are at work as

closely as when we are at play, and does a vast deal of ravaging in the winter as well as in the summer. I am sure if the devil would promise not to ravage the flock, provided all clergymen gave up their vacations, they would cheerfully agree to stay home all the time. Compacts with the devil, however, if we may believe the folk-lore of all nations, had better be let alone. Let us leave the devil out of the question, since the newspapers that lug him in so piously do not believe him to be anything but a preacher's bogeyman.

Let me ask this question: What is there so peculiar in a clergyman's work that it should be thought a sort of crooked thing for him to take a vacation? Lawyers lock up their offices, shut up their Blackstones; doctors lay aside their scalping knives and let the bacteria increase and multiply, and both hie them away to the mountains or the stream. No newspaper dreams of heaving mud at them. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, all run away from their shops and factories; they play tennis and golf and buy popcorn to their hearts' content, and everyone wishes them *bon voyage*. The moment, however, the unfortunate clergy turn their backs on their parish churches, and take a train or a boat for a month of pleasure (happy the one who gets six weeks, and thrice, yea, four times happy the favored few who get two months!), that very moment even the most re-

spectable newspapers commence to call attention to it, and insinuate that they had better stay home and fight the devil. I have often pondered over this and wondered why it is done, but the Sphinx of the press has never given the reason. Perhaps it is because the clerical profession is such a serious and important one that it is thought those devoted to it should not for a moment relax their efforts. But in every war, to have an army fight well, it is absolutely necessary for it to have times of refreshment. It fights better, and any general can tell you that unless the troops have some relaxation and some days of quiet, the campaign would be half lost. The very same rule applies in the fight with the devil. Unless the fighters can rest their weary limbs, take some refreshment, they fight drowsily and weakly, and fall an easy prey. Clergymen who cannot get away for awhile from the very nervous and exhausting work ever before them and never accomplished, show very plainly, and very soon, in their sermons, in their management, in the want of elasticity and fervor of attack, the need of the vacation they have either neglected to take or been unable to arrange.

Some people think that all a clergyman has to do is to write a sermon once a week and hold two services on Sunday, each about an hour and a half long. Now, I acknowledge that a lazy and unspiritual man might drag on with only this. He

would, of course, have to change his parish very often, for people would not long tolerate him; but he could, as a priest, lead a more idle life than in any other profession without having to give it up. But how revolting such a life would be to a priest with a conscience and anxious to bring men nearer to their Lord and help them "save their souls"! On the mind and heart of such a man (and I challenge anyone to say the vast body of priests are not such men) is ever borne the peculiar spiritual state of each one of his people. He joys with their joys; he sorrows with their sorrows. The anxiety and care which come upon a modern parish priest that he may keep the parish "running," is very little understood by the laymen who see only the results. If a cleric cannot for a short time get away from his work, see new people and new things, and come in contact with fresh minds, he only sinks deeper and deeper into a rut, and woe to the priest who gets into that. So do not begrudge the hard-worked priest his three or four weeks' vacation. Let the cheap newspaper sneer go for what it is worth, for every sensible man knows that a clergyman needs a vacation, and is just as much entitled to it as anyone else. And will you, my busy friend, see that your rector gets his vacation and try and send him a little check to help it along? The ordinary salary leaves very little margin for vacation expenses.

BIBLE TEACHING.

THERE are some very curious notions afloat about Bible teaching. With very many people a Bible is a sort of fetich, and the having it in the house, although never looked at, is considered an absolutely necessary thing. I have known very bad men who always had a Bible in their room, and never travelled without putting it in their trunk. In the same way, many people think anything taught out of the Bible is the teaching of Christianity, and that the mere reading of the Bible in a school or a public meeting produces some effect. In my opinion, nothing could be more perfunctory, and I do not think the question of the mere reading of the Bible in the public schools worth any fight at all. I do not believe the children receive any particular good from it or would be any worse from its omission. You can teach the Bible in several ways and not teach Christianity, although both teachers and taught

may imagine they are doing that very thing. You may simply teach the Bible as a manual of history or geography. I read the questions printed for use in the Sunday Schools, and this often seems to be their end and aim; *e.g.*, "Which country in the Bible has the most gold"? "What birds did Solomon buy and bring to Jerusalem"? "What lake is there where a man walked on the water"? etc. Now, it is all very well to know these things, but you might know everything of the sort in the Bible and have not taken the first step toward knowing anything about Christianity.

Or you can teach the Bible as you teach Dante and Shakespeare, as a part of literature, and I am altogether certain that such teaching is very important, and that the neglect of it has led to the most serious mistakes and false judgments and false exegesis of the Word of God; but it must not be confused with teaching the Christian religion. Every educated man must, of necessity, know the Bible, just as he must know his Shakespeare, both being parts of a liberal education. Unless he does this, he cannot understand many things he reads, for our literature is full of Bible quotations and biblical references and Scripture similes, and many writers who are unbelievers constantly draw on the Bible for imagery, or for phraseology which suit their literary purposes. Stump speakers and demagogues often use the

Bible in this way. All honor to those who study the Bible as a literary production of the highest value, but do not let us think such study, or the teaching which comes from it, and learning or imparting of the doctrine of God as contained in Holy Scripture. I will illustrate this by a personal incident, for which I was much chaffed by my brother clergymen. In the middle of one Lent I received an invitation to go to a very fashionable house and hear a lecture on Job. Now, as is usual with Church clergymen, I do not go into society during Lent, but it seemed to me that this would be a most edifying and profitable thing, and so I went. Imagine my astonishment to find myself in a crowd of beautifully dressed ladies, with bare necks and arms, attended by equally well-adorned cavaliers, and music and all the accessories of a brilliant party. A well-known lecturer, in faultless evening clothes, gave us a charming and very striking talk on the literary merits of the Book of Job, its dramatic construction, etc. Then there was a fine supper, and we all went home, the crowd doubtless feeling very comfortable under the idea that they had heard a sermon and assisted in a *quasi*-religious service, but I, quite uncomfortable under the conviction that I might better have stayed at home.

Again, the teaching of morality from the Bible is not the teaching of the Christian religion. Cer-

tainly Renan was an open scoffer at Christianity and definitely renounced it, and yet he says more than once that there is no book which can be compared with the Bible as a teacher of morality. Other unbelievers have said the same. If you just stop at the teaching of the Bible morality, you just do what the teachers of the Vedas or the Confucius books do. Their morality is a very lofty one. The Bible gives a reason for its morality. It refers it to a supernatural Being as author, and unless you teach that you are not teaching Christianity.

Nor can the simple teaching of the existence of God from the Bible be considered teaching the Christian religion. The Moslem idea of God, as set forth in the Koran, or the Jew idea, as founded on the Old Testament alone, is not materially different from the Christian idea of God the Father. Very spiritual ideas of God have been set forth in other creeds very foreign to Christianity. Christianity is very much more than the simple belief in an overruling Lord. No, the Bible is only used in its highest form when it is used to set forth the distinctive and definite doctrines of Christianity, and such Bible teaching alone can be called Christian teaching, and there never was a time when this statement needed to be more carefully remembered than now, when every "religious" will-'o-the-wisp

brandishes his Bible and quotes text after text. The teaching of the Life of Christ as a supernatural life, led by God Incarnate, His Sacrifice for the sins of the world, the gift of the Holy Spirit, the foundation and mission of the Church, the daily life based on the command of God, and moral because He orders it so to be—that, and that only, can be called Bible teaching in the true sense of the word.

WHAT IS A PROPHET?

I AM asked, "What is a Prophet?" The common meaning of that word is a person who predicts future events; but that is a very narrow meaning of it. That is only a small fraction of the senses the Scripture gives it. The Greek word used means "spokesman"; not foreteller particularly, but expounder and interpreter of the Divine Mind. In fact, prophet had for its original meaning pretty much what we understand by the word "preacher"; but about two centuries ago it seems to have become restricted to a foreteller of future events. The great revival in late years of Bible study has obliged scholars and teachers to insist on the old meaning, to enlarge the scope of the word, and to show that the prophets of the Old Testament did a great deal more than foretell. Samuel seems to have been the first to found training schools for prophets or preachers, where, by study and by meditation and prayer, they drew

near to God and became imbued with His Spirit. You are familiar with the names of the prophets. I have not space to recall them here. They belonged to no caste, as the priests did, but came from every station of life; some were kings and some were shepherds. There were many women among them. Some were married and some lived alone. They seem generally to have had their words reported by secretaries, though Ezekiel wrote his out himself.

Their first and grandest mission was the standing up boldly and independently before corrupt kings and nobles, and denouncing their oppression and godlessness. They did not mind anger or unpopularity or threats or torture. They seized every chance to say, "God is righteous and will punish the wrongdoer." Read Isaiah or Jeremiah, and see how, as with torches of fire, they light up the deadness, the sinfulness, the impurity, the cruelty going on around them, and with what scathing words they set forth God's anger with it all, and how they also dwell on His mercy and His love. In the Jewish Church, as in the Christian, there was ever the tendency to rest in outward observance; then, in sacrifices, and washings and new moons; now, in sacraments and ritual observances; and the prophets constantly proclaimed that all such things are only means for the development of character and the elevation of

the moral and spiritual nature. All this teaching is a great deal clearer as the centuries go on, for it is a great mistake to think that the idea of God and what He expects from men is as clear in the beginnings of the Old Testament as in the end. There is constant progress, and the doctrine becomes more spiritual.

Another characteristic of the prophets was their pure unselfish patriotism. They loved their country with passionate devotion. They did not think the preacher should keep out of politics, and if Amos and Isaiah and Malachi were living now, they would range themselves by the side of those earnest clergy all over this land who are striving to purify the civic life.

Let us turn to that particular mission of the prophets which is most familiar to us, and to which most importance is often attached, their prediction of the future. It is said by those who are struggling to eliminate the supernatural out of the Bible (what will be left?) that the prophets were merely splendidly gifted men who had the keen foresight to read the signs of the times and tell what was coming, and that this has been done by many a statesman in ancient and in modern times. That is true; but where does the keen foresight come from? Who enables them to see further than other men into the dark future? Is not God the Author of it all? Does He not gift men with

prescience? And the prophets acknowledged it, and said aloud: "I owe this power of speech to Him. He inspires me to say this." But independent of all this, and after all the haggling about the precise year and the interpretation of particular words, all the flings of destructive criticism cannot impugn the fact that Amos foretold the Captivity; Micah, the fall of Samaria; Ezekiel, that of Jerusalem, and Jeremiah, the ending of the Captivity. Then take all the minute predictions and sayings about the Messiah. You know how they were fulfilled; and do you think our Lord hunted them all out and studied them up and exerted Himself to carry them out? That theory does seem too improbable, and besides, He could not have had anything to do with the soldiers under His Cross parting His garments, and yet hundreds of years before that had been foretold. How many centuries their meaning was perfectly hidden! And there are other hidden passages which will come out as the world goes on. The Bible is not exhausted. It is to answer for the thirtieth century as well as for the twentieth, and those who come after us will wonder that we stumbled and hesitated over passages which to them will be as clear as sunlight. I see good reasons why the ordinary Scripture reader does not find the prophetic books as interesting as other Scripture. It is because they require a

knowledge of history, of geography, of contemporary life, which it is not easy for all men to attain. Each day, however, sees new light thrown upon them. Books are constantly written, archæological discoveries are constantly made, inscriptions constantly deciphered, which perfectly transform obscure passages in Ezekiel and Jeremiah. We can read the prophets much more clearly than the men of the last generation.

GOING TO CHURCH.

I OFTEN come across people who, when I ask, "Where do you go to church?" reply, "Nowhere." "Did you never go to church?" "Oh, yes, we used to be regular attendants; we were communicants." "Why, then, do you never go now?" "Well, we had a bad clergyman, a regular hypocrite, and he destroyed our faith, and we do not believe in church now, and we never go." Now, it is an awful shock to discover any priest to be a bad man. I do not mean a weak man or a foolish man (alas! we are all of us more or less weak and foolish), for while weak and foolish priests harm their Church very much, and often utterly destroy parishes, yet that is different from being convinced that a priest is really a wicked man. I grant that such a conviction is a sore trial to any one; but think what a poor, wretched thing a man's faith must be to have it all torn up by one bad priest, to abandon Communion for that, to give up church for that, to abstain from all external worship for that. Bad priests are to be

expected in the Church just as bad men are to be expected in anything managed by men. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." As this great institution of God, the Church, is committed to men to manage, how could it be done otherwise? Is it your idea that a central committee of angels ought to come down and see to it? If God were to strike with a thunderbolt every one who turned faithless to his priestly calling, all our freedom of motion would be gone. Terror, not love, would be the mainspring of our actions. Priests, good or bad, are not to be our standard, our article of faith. It is the dear Lord whom we are to hold fast. It is to Him we are to cling, though all the clergy in the universe were to prove wolves in sheep's clothing. I have lately had occasion to study the Church history of the fourteenth century, when Popes and Bishops and Church officials of all kinds seemed leagued together, like a herd of unclean beasts, to devour God's heritage, and in my studies I read many diaries and letters and treatises of pious souls who lived in those dark times. They weep over the state of things, they bitterly deplore it; but they never say, "We give up; we will have nothing more to do with the Church; it is a delusion and a fraud." No, they stuck fast to their Lord's side. They prayed and labored to hold their own light steady before men, and they waited patiently, knowing that God was

there always and Jesus Christ was on the shore.

Another set of people, in answer to the question, "Why have you left off going to church?" reply: "Because there were quarrels in our parish. The church took to quarreling, and there ought not to be quarrels among Christians, and so we pulled out, and we go no more to church." True enough, there ought not to be quarrels among Christians; true enough, it is a mournful sight to see a parish split up into factions, and each side calling the other names. But is such a sight one for which our Lord does not prepare us? Does He not, and do not all His Apostles, warn us that there will be divisions? Are we not familiar with human weaknesses? Is this Paradise? Is there anything perfect in this mundane sphere? Oh, miserable cowardice! oh, poor, weak, puling faith, to turn away from the Source and Fountain of Life! to turn away from all the comforts and blessings of religion! to turn away from plighted vows and solemn promises before the altar, because there are quarrels somewhere in the Church! Every little village, even, has numbers of people who have given up all connection with the Church of which they are members, simply because they quarrelled with some one in the church, or were not properly treated, or things were not managed to suit them, or they discovered inconsistencies in some church-members. I know one who stays

away from Communion because he thinks the man two pews ahead of him ought not to be allowed to come to the altar.

I cannot now consider those who give up Church because they can no longer hold this or that doctrine, which they often most wrongly think a matter of faith; nor the case of those who give up because they make no progress in holiness. Each of these classes deserves a separate paper. The temptation to give up comes often to all men. I have sat in my study and looked at the great pile of sermons accumulated in a pastorate of thirty-six years, and said: "What is the use of going on? You have preached all these and many more, and see how little good has come of it—how worldly your parish is; how many men in it you have never moved one inch." And I doubt not that many of my readers, every now and then when the cover is taken off society by some public scandal and the filthy pool beneath is disclosed, have said, "Oh; what is the use of the Church? It does so little for all this." But such wavering has been only for a moment. We know in whom we have believed; that His service is the right service; that He is working and will work, and in His own good time and in His own good way will right all wrongs. And we also know that no good word or act or thought was ever born in vain, although it may be long in bearing fruit.

CODDLING ONE'S SELF.

THIS talk is to be about coddling one's self, physically, mentally, morally. Like any healthy man, I have great difficulty in keeping up any respect for men who are always afraid that they will take cold, or eat anything that will derange their stomachs, or be out too much in the sun; people who never for a moment let their health alone, but haul it over and examine it every moment. Christian Science is full of nonsense and superstition, but it has one good thing in it, which, like salt, keeps it from utter corruption, and that is the teaching never to think yourself sick. I knew a woman who for years thought she could only eat dry toast; that any other food would give her frightful indigestion. She went to some sort of Faith Cure, and they got this notion out of her, so that now she eats meat and potatoes like any ordinary Christian. There are thousands of people who, if they would only stop think-

ing so much about their health, would have health. Of course I am not speaking of the ordinary precautions which every sensible person takes against disease, but of that excessive self-pity, that unceasing egoism which turns every good gift of God into an enemy, and deprives life of half its pleasure. These coddling people, however, take great pleasure in being so delicate, and get intense enjoyment, if other people do not, out of their ailments.

Let us pass on to mental coddling. How very often those who fail in speaking or writing or executive work entirely overlook the real cause and put the blame on others, or on circumstances. They themselves are all right. Their minds are indeed very superior, but it is the dullness of those around them, the difficulty of their environment, that renders their work so unacceptable. Unappreciation is the point, they say, whereas the real point is unfitness. Suppose you are a clergyman, and your sermons are evidently wearisome and ineffective. They seem to fall like feathers on the minds of the hearers. How often, in that case, you talk like this to yourself: "My dear mind, no one appreciates you but me. I know your great gifts. I realize that your output is well worth any one's attention, but the inferior minds to whom you have to appeal cannot appreciate this. It is not your fault. I fell deeply for you." Now, in-

stead of coddling your mind like this, petting it and excusing it, how much better to face the real facts, and take one of two courses. You should frankly recognize that your mind is indeed what people say it is, a very poor specimen, and that you have no right to inflict it on others, and would better seek some other field of work where not so much would be required. In many cases, however, it is not any mental weakness that is to blame for your ill success, but it is your way of treating your mind. You are rocking it to sleep and giving it soothing syrup, when what it needs is hard study, constant and vigorous stirring up, application, exposure, exercise. I know people of quite limited mental endowment, who, by driving what they have at full speed, and giving it every possible drill, actually do far more with it than people greatly more gifted. They whip up their minds, they do not pat them and speak soft words to them.

Let us go on now to consider for a moment spiritual coddling, which is far more important. You find yourself very liable to yield to some particular sin. When the temptation comes you give way to it and then you reason this way: "My poor dear soul, you cannot help it. You are made that way, are you not? I am very, very sorry, but really I feel that there are many excuses for me. I cannot control this thing. I have this

weakness, and I am to be pitied and dealt with gently." Is this the manly way of acting? Is it not better to have a contempt for yourself instead of pity; to hate and abhor yourself instead of excusing yourself; to struggle desperately instead of saying "I cannot help it"? I knew a man with an exceedingly irritable temper, which caused him and other people a great deal of trouble. He never seemed to make the least attempt to curb it, but would cry over it and pity himself and soothe himself with the vain words: "It is beyond me. It is my wretched, miserable nature," and all his family, sufferers as they were, joined with him in the coddling and said: "Poor soul, it is his misfortune. We must not think too much of it, because it is out of his control." It was not beyond his control, if he had with strong will, with fervent prayer, with unceasing toil and struggle, fought it. It did not need pity, it needed stern and serious blame. It is not repentance to pity yourself for yielding to sin, though many people think it is. Sins only grow strong by coddling. We all need to deal more severely with ourselves, to stop excusing ourselves, to recognize that we are not such weak creatures as we think we are, but need the knife steadily applied, and by our own hand.

IMPRACTICABLE PEOPLE.

IN THOSE charming papers about Grant which General Porter has given us in *The Century*, he speaks of the impracticable people and schemes with which the great commander had to contend. He says that one day Grant received a large bundle of plans and specifications from an engineer, whose scheme was to build a solid wall of masonry around Richmond, higher than the highest houses, and then to pump it full of water from the James River, and so drown the whole population as you would rats. Another crank sent Grant a formula for a powerful snuff, which, if fired by bombs into the city, would set everybody sneezing so hard that not a man would be able to use a gun or wield a sword, and the Union soldiers could walk in and capture the place.

These tales will preface well a talk on impracticable people and things. I am quite familiar with the species. When I was a rector they

were always turning up with plans to reform the world, convert Chicago, cure all the parish ailments, and so on. Since I retired from active life, there is not a week that one does not appear with some scheme which he (though it is generally she) is as confident as of his own existence will cure me of my physical difficulty. The story of these well-meant efforts is very amusing, and I mean some day to write it out.

First, there is the impracticable rector. He is to be found at either extreme of the great parties in the Church, and you will often read his communications in the Church papers, where he groans over the shortcomings of the Church and her want of progress, and then proceeds to unfold his little scheme which, if it be only generally adopted, will in a trice heal all the sores upon the body politic, and send the Church forward without spot or wrinkle. Young men just out of the seminary are often for a while quite impracticable, but after they have butted against a few stone walls they find out their mistake and make most excellent and useful pastors. I remember one dear fellow who told me, with a radiant face, that he had at last succeeded in getting fourteen candles on his altar. I said, "How nice! But how large a congregation have you?" "Sixteen," he replied. "Why, there were more than a hundred when you took charge," I continued, "where are

they all now?" "Oh, they were all obdurate Protestants, and they never come near the church now." I also remember a gifted and most devoted priest who upset two or three large congregations because he would not let them turn to the east in the *Glorias* and practise other points of ritual to which they were accustomed, and which were dear to them. None of these things were of vital importance to him, but pure impracticability blinded his eyes. I knew a clergyman who changed his parish once in two years. I wondered why he did, for he was a thorough gentleman, with considerable ability, and most earnest and devoted. I found he had a "fad," a thoroughly impracticable notion, and he had been known to preach eight consecutive sermons, on as many Sunday mornings, about it; so, of course, he had to wander, like the Israelites, in the desert. I often hear priests denouncing the worldliness and unspirituality of their parishes. Knowing the facts, I feel like saying: "My dear brethren, it is your impossible projects and your chimerical schemes which are at the bottom of all your difficulties. If you would only cultivate the dormant faculty of common-sense, you would have no trouble." An old notional clergyman is quite hopeless, but, happily for the Church, the great majority of young priests, after devastating two or three folds, learn wisdom, and give up crying for the moon.

The impracticable layman is quite as great a trial as the impracticable priest. How many of them I have had to deal with, and how many worried hours they have cost me! I remember an excellent and pious woman who, about once a month, came with some new scheme, which she was sure would be of the greatest spiritual benefit to the parish, but which, I was equally sure, would, if tried, be simply a kettle of hot water for me and everyone else to burn their fingers in. How I had to give taffy and put her off, and sometimes, though not often, convince her that she was wrong! Oh, how great a blessing ordinary common-sense is, and where it is wanting, how useless often are great talents and pure and devoted lives! I am well aware that a set of people, both clerical and lay, call every new idea chimerical and impracticable, and that both railways and anæsthetics were denounced in this way, and that to shout "impracticability" is the refuge of the idle and the lukewarm. I also know that the common-sense of which I have so warmly spoken will generally enable one to see the difference between new and useful plans and utterly silly ones. I can suggest no other weapon for meeting and foiling impracticability than Christian common-sense.

THE FUSSMAKERS.

I HEARD lately of a celebrated literary man who had carved on his study mantel the motto, "Blessed are the peacemakers, and cursed are the fussmakers." We have not all carved this on mantels, but we have it printed on our hearts, and we often have occasion to say it over to ourselves. Now of course a fuss sometimes ought to be made, and we are very much obliged to the one who makes it; often some nuisance, some very great obstruction, some petty wrong, goes on and on, and people say nothing. They hate it. It causes them much discomfort, but to try and change it will involve considerable trouble, and so it is let alone. "Better to endure it," people say, "than to make a fuss." At last comes along a man who does not think so. He is perfectly willing to make all the fuss necessary, and he makes it. The wrong is righted, and everybody feels relieved. I remember a striking case: The

street railway, to save money, put on cars without conductors. Everyone had to pay his own fare, and it was a very great annoyance. One of my parishioners, a man of fortune, determined to make a fuss about it, and he did. He spent all his time for weeks jumping on and off the cars and begging the passengers not to pay their fare themselves; that the company was obliged by law to collect it. The car drivers hated him, the car company loathed him, the newspapers made fun of him; but he gained the victory. This fuss-maker certainly was blessed.

But this paper is not about the fusses which ought to be made, but about those which ought not, and about fussiness in general. The word and the thing have several meanings. We do not mean by a fussy person, an evil-minded, or even a generally disagreeable person, but one who, under the idea of making things better, upsets everybody around. For example: Not long ago I was seated in a room with a number of others. My seat was perfectly comfortable, and I had never dreamed of changing it. In came the lady of the house, and instantly insisted on my changing it. Such a seat was better, and I must have it. This involved the derangement of half a dozen people, and I could see the shade of annoyance on their faces, and it certainly could be seen on mine, but the good woman thought she had done the right

thing. Now let me advise you in the small things of life not to be fussy. They are not worth the trouble. "Let well enough alone" will be found the best maxim for everyday wear and tear, and one of the best preventers of fussiness. A fussy person is the dread of everyone who comes in contact with him, and to be such neutralizes a great many good qualities.

We always knew in Grace Church that every Sunday morning certain persons would make a fuss about either open or shut windows, heat or cold, seats here or there. We listened politely, and did exactly what we thought best. Now, try to get on with "crumpled rose leaves." Of course you would prefer them smooth, but they cannot always be so, and the people who have crumpled them regret it, but there they are—crumpled—and it is the part of a wise and good man or woman not to make a fuss about it, but quietly to bear it. It is nothing, compared with the trials of the early Christians. In a certain boarding house a retired army officer never complained. Everyone else did, of course, for to make a fuss is the inalienable right of the boarder; but he never did. He was asked why. "I was a year," he said, "a prisoner in the great Civil War. I suffered for the want of everything, even the most absolute necessities, and it taught me to be very patient and very enduring." Such a course is

far from universal, for I have noticed that in hotels the people who make the greatest fuss about their meals and their rooms, and complain the loudest, are those who at home have to live very plainly and are used to but few luxuries. They think it makes them seem important people to be fussy. It does stamp them as self-important, as selfish, as regardless of others.

But there is another meaning to "making a fuss." It is equivalent to "stirring up strife." There are people who never seem to be able to go into any society, or have anything much to do with anybody, without instilling some essence of discord. Everything may be perfectly peaceful before they come, but after their advent, as sure as fate, somebody's halo will not fit, some string of the lute will crack, some cloud will discolor the clear water. It is of these we say, with unction, "Cussed are the fussmakers." How well I knew the species when in active life, and how I had to scheme and contrive to keep them out of societies where they really wanted to help, but where I knew they could not help without getting people by the ears! Why did they do it? for often they were not bad-hearted people. They did it because they always thought their way the best and would not give other ways even a hearing; because they told one person what they heard another one say; because they could not resist retailing gossip;

because they ordered other people around ; because they criticised and interfered, and everlastingly wanted to change something. Think over all this ; perhaps you are fussy yourself. If you even suspect it, struggle, with many a prayer, to get over it.

UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS

LET us talk about unprofitable servants. I do not mean your cook or your housemaid, although their unprofitableness forms the staple of conversation with many women. Nor do I mean you; oh, no! of course not, but I mean everybody you know. Now an unprofitable servant does not necessarily mean a wicked servant, because a wicked servant might be in some ways very profitable. A man might have a clerk who was very profane and very ungodly, and yet he might be a very profitable clerk to him, active, industrious, and acute. Nor does it mean a merely lazy servant. A clerk might be lazy and yet have such a knowledge of the business, and such a good judgment, that he would be more profitable than a livelier man. You might go to a merchant and ask him why he discharged a certain employe. Did he drink? No, he was a thoroughly sober man. Was he dishonest? No, we will give him

a certificate of perfect honesty. Was he idle? No, he seemed always to be occupied about something. Why then did you send him away? Simply because he seemed to be no good. The firm did not derive the slightest advantage from him. He accomplished nothing. He was a dead weight. He was unprofitable.

Now I want the baptized servants of our Lord to ask themselves right here: "Am I such a servant as this? Am I unprofitable?" I grant that you are not wicked in the common sense of that word. You are eminently moral and respectable, indeed quite pious; you may even feel as a member of my parish once told me he felt, "that it was not at all necessary for him to say the responses after the Commandments, because there was not the slightest danger of his breaking any of them." I will grant that you are not neglectful of very much of your duty. You are to be found, wind and weather permitting, in your place in church. You come regularly to the altar. You are not glaringly stingy or mean. You may be considered, and perhaps consider yourself, quite an addition to your parish; but are you profitable or unprofitable to your Divine Master? Do you ask what I mean? Why, this: Does anybody profit by your being a servant of God? Is anybody the better for your Christian profession? Does the Church get any good by your belonging to it?

Will the cause of the Lord Christ have been advanced one infinitesimal portion by your whole life? You may say: "Well, I am trying to save my own soul, and that is a big work for me." Ah, yes; but one cannot win one's own soul without being profitable to others. To be of some good is a necessary ingredient in your salvation. If you are thoroughly unprofitable, you will not save your soul, but lose it. I am perfectly aware of the theological dogma that we are saved by faith in Christ Jesus, but under Him and helped by Him, we work out our own salvation, and "working out" means doing good, helping others, shedding some light and radiance, even if it be only the light of a penny tallow candle, at least a light on those around.

Sometimes a rich, highly respectable, hundred-dollar a year member of the Church dies, and nobody outside of his family feels it any more than the death of a fly. Nobody misses him. Nobody is any the worse for his going. It is just like water when you throw in a stone—in a second or two it is just as it was before. Then again a poor man will die out of the same parish or community, and it makes a hole. People say: "How we miss him!" The effect of his passing away is felt in this society and in that guild, for he was profitable and the other was unprofitable. Which do you care to be, even in men's eyes? Do you

just want to die and nobody say a word, not against you (for there may be nothing to say against you, you were so pious), but for you, or do you want people to say: "We feel the loss of that helping hand, of that ever active servant, of that bright and faithful example? We feel the empty chair, the vacant place," and if men feel that way, will it be any different in the eyes of your Saviour and your Judge who in every syllable of His message urges you to work, to do, to act, to serve, and foretells in plain and burning words the fate of the idle and unprofitable?

Beecher says somewhere in his pointed way (and no preacher said more pointed things), "You may say that you never hurt a fly; that is not the question. Did you ever do a fly any good?" Do not say: "We are not rich, therefore we cannot be profitable." True it is that our Lord wants riches, and ought to have them. Shall money be given freely for opera houses and parks and boards of trade, and gorgeous houses and furniture, and shall the very salt that keeps the rest from perishing, the Church of the Living God, shall that go penniless? No, it ought to have plenty of money, generously and gladly given, but that is not all that "profitable" means. That is just one way, there are a thousand others. To teach the ignorant, to help the unfortunate, to care for the sick, to battle against the oppressor

and the shark, to set your face as a flint against wrong, to be cheerful, hopeful, unselfish, interested, all this is being profitable. It benefits, it helps, and such things can be done by a five-dollars-a-week clerk, as well as by a millionaire. Think of your name in the Judgment Book, and after it the awful words, "Unprofitable servant."

CHOOSING A RECTOR.

LET us talk about choosing a rector. We all know that they have to be chosen often enough, for in the majority of parishes they come and go like shadows. They think it is the fault of the congregations, and the congregations think it the fault of the rectors, I think it six of one and half a dozen of the other. Let us suppose that your parish, an average one, has just lost its rector, also a good average man. You want another as soon as possible, for no parish can go on for any time with any sort of prosperity without a head. I was very much amused on asking the chief man of a parish near my summer home why they did not call a rector, to hear him say that they were saving up their money to pay their debts! It did seem to me about as absurd a policy as could well be devised.

Now, you may think me very old-fashioned when I say that the first thing for all the praying

parishioners to do in a vacancy is to pray about it. The Bishop ought to be asked to give them a prayer which should be said at every public service, asking God to help them in their choice of a fit man to guide the flock. I think there ought to be a standing form in every Diocese for parishes to use on such occasions. Yes, praying ought to be done at home and in church, but that is not all. God helps those who help themselves. There will be no lack of candidates. The moment it is known that a parish affording only a decent living is vacant, the vultures swoop down upon it. Letters begin to pour in from all sides, the Bishop gets a pack, and the vestrymen get a pack, and all the clergymen who are supposed to have "influence" in the vacant parish get a pack. I could tell some very amusing experiences: One man wrote wishing me to recommend him to a certain Chicago parish then vacant, and gave as one of his qualifications that having lost three wives, he had peculiar powers of consolation, and great experience in dealing with the afflicted!! It is said that candidates sometimes send their photographs, but I do not believe that. It is simply a bit of de-traction.

It is evident from some of the letters, the writers themselves being witnesses, that those names are not worth considering; and we will suppose that the material has been sifted out, and

that six or ten clerics all seem to present reasonable evidence that they would be proper leaders for the bereaved flock, what is the next step? "Why," say the committee on procuring a rector, "we must invite them one after the other to give us a Sunday, and then select the one that pleases us the best." Now, let me implore you, on bended knees, figuratively speaking, to do nothing of the kind. In the first place, no self-respecting clergyman is likely to come and preach on trial. I do not say that none ever have done so, or will not do so in the future—men will do a great deal that is unpleasant when they are very anxious to accomplish a certain thing—but on general principles, the men who do it are not the most desirable men. We know well enough that one sermon from a man is no more test of what he is and of his real worth, than the advent of one swallow makes a summer. In the second place, the congregation, after hearing even six different candidates, will be in a sort of "tutti frutti" condition. They will be all jumbled up. Some will want this one, some that one. The maidens will think one "perfectly sweet," the young men will declare another, "just the thing," and the old men and children will differ from the mothers in Israel. My observation is that in nine cases out of ten, the men who come to preach on trial are not called to be the rector.

Let a committee of people whom the parish can trust, and I think it advisable that some of the committee should be women, go, without giving notice, to the parish of a clergyman who has been well recommended to them by trustworthy people. Let them pass a Sunday there, hear the man preach, see his work, ascertain his standing, and that will prove far more satisfactory than hauling him down to you. Or if this cannot be done, make up your mind from testimonials evidently given from disinterested motives, and I mean by that, not from a Bishop anxious to get rid of a cleric whom he does not fancy, and not from relatives, or intimate friends of the candidate, but from sources known to you to be thoroughly reliable. Such evidence is certainly not hard to procure.

Do not forget to consult your Bishop at every step. He is just as much interested as you are in your having a good rector, and he will be so glad to help you. There are certain canonical ways in which you must consult him, and it is astonishing how many vestries go on as if such things as canons and Bishops did not exist, and make arrangements which a little investigation would show to be perfectly uncanonical. Try and not be guilty of that discourtesy. After all, rectors are like husbands and wives. They are a good deal of a lottery, and a man who was very successful in one

place, may not suit another at all. You can do no more than pray and act according to your best knowledge. Let us hope your choice will be a good one. When you have caught your bird and put him in his cage, see that he has plenty of seed and water, and an occasional lump of sugar.

DISUSED POWERS.

I READ lately in my newspaper of a family discovered by a policeman in one of the poorer streets of the city, a mother and two children, aged six and eight. The mother was slightly demented, and had a fixed idea that nothing ought ever to be done for children. They should be left entirely to nature. These children had never been taught to walk, or talk, or take notice of anything. Their limbs were perfectly formed, but were useless simply from disuse. They could not even stand up. Their organs of speech were perfect, but never having used them, they were like dumb children. They could only utter inarticulate sounds. There they lay, well-formed little fellows, all the elements of a normal child dormant within them, simply because they had never been exercised. It took months of unceasing labor before these poor innocents could be taught to walk or pronounce words.

I use this as an illustration of the effect on any man or woman of the disuse of any of the powers or faculties of body, mind, or spirit; first, deterioration, and at last an utter powerlessness to regain the use of the disused part. In India you meet men who have made a vow to some god to keep their arms always above their heads. Years have passed, and now no medical aid in the world can restore the use of those arms. It is the same way with any mental faculty. Charles Darwin is a case in point. He says in his autobiography: "I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. . . . I have almost lost my taste for pictures and music. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. . . . If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week, for perhaps the part of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active."

Doctors tell us that atrophy comes from disease, whether voluntary or involuntary, and I want to consider it especially in reference to the religious part of our nature. I have met clergy-

men who seemed utterly unable to appreciate any scientific argument, or to see the force of any scientific evidence. Their whole minds and beings had been so given up to one course of study, and all other studies had been so disused, that the arguments which would convince ordinary men were perfectly powerless with them. This will explain the infidelity, utter indifference, and even hostility to religion, of many scientific and literary men; they have allowed themselves to become so absorbed in bugs, or beetles, or bacilli of some sort, in rival schools of painting, in metaphysics, or Sanscrit, that those powers of their nature which reach out toward God and the kingdom of the soul never being used, have become atrophied, and they are to them as though they were not. Aubrey Moore says somewhere: "Men have come to think that while they must devote a life-time to science, or philosophy, or art, or literature, they can pick up their religion as they go; and the result is that religion becomes like a tender exotic in their lives, and in the struggle for existence the thorns spring up and choke it."

But the great body of people are not scientists, or philosophers, or litterateurs. They are hard-working men and women, and yet nothing is more common than to see in them this atrophy of all the religious part of their make-up, simply from disuse. Thousands of people never pray. Why?

Were they made out of different paste from you and me, with no faculty of prayer in them? Not at all. They were just as normally endowed as any one. They prayed in their youth and had visions of God, but never having prayed or thought of prayer for years, the power of praying is atrophied. They could not, if they would, without the most intense and long-continued effort, which effort they do not want to make. A woman said to me once: "I hear people talk about loving Christ. I cannot understand it at all. I can form no conception in my mind what it means." Of course she could not; not because she was what is called a wicked woman, for she was an excellent wife and mother, but her whole life was so absorbed in what we call in one word, "Society," that she could not take in anything else. The struggle for social preëminence, the constant effort to be at this place and that place, choked down any attempt on the part of nobler aspirations to put forth blossoms, and gradually these plants had withered to the very roots in the garden of her heart. You find yourself growing to believe less and less, and you say that it is because you now see the weakness of the religious argument. You have discovered, you think, great inconsistencies and impossibilities in the Christian doctrine, but that is not the real reason. You are becoming more skeptical because you do not use your re-

ligious faculty. You do not pray, you do not think about God, you shut your heart to faith and love and the whisper of the Spirit, and so all those parts of your nature are growing atrophied. It is a sad sight: A healthy body, a good mind, a vigorous will—all these kept in active use and growing by exercise; and a withered soul, a disused faith and love and inspiration. This is what the Bible means by saying: “Without God in the world.”

THE MARRIAGE OF DIVORCED PERSONS.

THERE was nothing that caused me more worry and more twinges of conscience when I was in parochial life, than the marriage of divorced persons. In the uncertain condition of our Church law, I often did not know what to do. Of course I could refer every doubtful case to my Bishop, and shift on his shoulders the responsibility of the act, and I sometimes did that. I always felt, however, that the Bishop dreaded the case as much as I did, and that it was rather cowardly to trouble him with them. Some Bishops, moreover, have made very queer decisions, and have solved the Gordian knot by cutting it; heroic, but not always justifiable, treatment. I heard of an episcopal decision like this: A couple were divorced for cruelty, though adultery was well known. The man married. After awhile the woman wished to marry. The Bishop decided that the man by marrying had become guilty of

adultery, and therefore the woman had a right to marry. This does seem very odd. I at last made up my mind that the only way for me to have a clear conscience on this subject would be to adopt the rule which Bishop Doane justly says should form the basis of our canon of marriage: "No minister of this Church shall solemnize the marriage of any person who has a divorced husband or wife living." This is plain sailing, and every priest who makes that his rule will know exactly what to do. Of course it may make him trouble. The son of the big man in his parish may want to marry a divorced woman, and because he refuses to perform the ceremony, the big man may be down on him. If, however, we are going to be governed by the "big man" in our priestly life, and have not "sand" enough to follow the precepts of the Gospel and the Church, we had better doff our surplices and take to selling soap. This difficulty, however, would be minimized if we can get, through the General Convention, such a canon as Bishop Doane suggests. If the law of the Church were clear, no one would ask a priest to do such an act. Common-sense would tell them he could not legally do it, and while it probably would not stop the marriage, for any number of reverends in a hundred religious bodies are ready to perform any kind of marriage, it would clear the priest's conscience and save the honor of the

Church. Then, again, a priest would clear his way greatly if immediately on going to a new parish he would state, either from the altar steps, or in a sermon, or in the parish paper, or in an interview with a reporter, that under no circumstances whatever would he marry divorced persons while the other parties are living.

When one thinks the whole matter over, in no other way can we avoid both Scylla and Charybdis. We are marrying a couple, and we say: "Do you take this person for husband or wife as long as you live?" Then we make them say: "We take each other until death parts us." Then, again, we say: "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Now, these words are either mere "chin music," or else they mean what they say, which they must do, for they were deliberately kept there at the revision. Bearing those solemn words in our mind, how can we consistently marry people who did not stay together as long as they lived, but parted for legal causes, which are as "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa." Many priests say: "The Church protects us in the case of adultery at least." Yes, but is the American Church consistent with Scripture in this matter, or with herself? and is Scripture perfectly plain about this? though, as the Bishop of Albany says, it is much plainer than many think.

But the Church does not compel you to perform such marriages. You are at perfect liberty to decline. There is no State behind the Church to force unlucky priests to prison or compliance. I earnestly advise every priest, as long as our Church law is so uncertain, to take the firm ground: "I will not marry divorced persons." This may often be a hard rule to apply. A lovely woman who has been divorced from some brute, or an upright and God-fearing man, divorced from a wicked wife, may have the opportunity of making a happy marriage. They want the sanction and the blessing of the Church. How hard to refuse it! But life is full of hard things. It is hard for a young woman, with all the world before her, to go blind, to lose her arms or legs. It is hard for a man in the prime of life to become paralyzed through some accident, and lie a helpless log through life. It is hard, from causes beyond your control, to be reduced to beggary, but such things have to be endured patiently with the help of God, or impatiently without it.

It will simply be waste powder for me to preach about the lightness with which people rush into matrimony. They have done it from the beginning, and they will do it to the end, and there is as much to be said against cold, calculated marriages as against light ones. Elements enter into the choice of husband or wife which cannot be

subjected to rules and regulations, and to me nothing is more revolting than this talk of the advanced female clubs about considering beforehand the points of a man or woman, as if they were Jersey cows or Morgan horses. There is such a thing as love, and there is some force in passion. Of course neither I nor any people with common sense think that two people ought to live together under all circumstances, and that there should be no such thing as divorce. There are many causes besides unfaithfulness which render a common life a perfect hell on earth, and separation is a remedy which can be applied. It does not involve another marriage, but it brings comparative peace to two wretched beings. It takes from children the horrible spectacle of a home full of hatred and bitterness. I would not hesitate to advise a woman's leaving a man with a fiendish temper (a much harder cross to bear than unfaithfulness), or a man's leaving a vicious and faithless wife. That is quite another thing from being willing to unite either of these unhappy people to another partner for life.

BACKSLIDING.

BACKSLIDER is a good, strong, English word, and we all know exactly what it means. I know that it has been smirched by the canting and unreal ways in which it has been used, but its definition is still that of the professed Christians who no longer practice Christianity. St. Paul uses some very rough words about them, which fall harshly on your delicate ears: "The dog hath returned to his vomit again and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." Let us have up the backsliders, and ask them why they slid back. Of course they have excuses. All wrong-doers have. You interview any defaulting bank officer, etc., and they will tell you a tale of sweet and child-like artlessness to account for their weakness, as they will call it.

One excuse is: I was deluded into being confirmed by the urgent solicitations of the rector, or my parents, or my Sunday School teacher. I

was over-persuaded by my wife or my friends. I acted hastily. Now just put this into plain English and look at it. You were deluded into an attempt to rise to a higher plane. You were over-persuaded to strive to be a better man or woman. You acted hastily in resolving to strive to get the better of evil passions and ugly habits. How does that sound? Your rector, deeply interested in your eternal welfare, used his best endeavors to get you to come forward and take on the vows of Christian living, and that you call "deluding you," as if he were a sort of confidence man, wheedling you into a bad action. Your parents, prayerful people, feeling that the dearest interests of your life were those of your soul, begged you to take—what? a step into ruin, a position tending to blast your life and injure your character? No, a step which, if followed up, could only raise you in every way higher in the scale of humanity. Your wife at last succeeded in inducing you to yield to the pleadings of your own conscience and confess Christ, and this was deluding you, was it? This was a blameable thing, and they ought not to have done it, and you ought not to have yielded. It would have been much better, would it not, if they had never cared a cent about your soul? Confess that this excuse looks ugly in this light.

But there are other excuses: My rector said

that there would be a great comfort in being a communicant, that it would bring a peaceful conscience, and a joy in life, and a satisfaction of heart. Now I did not find it so. After I became a communicant, my old bad feelings returned, and I gave way often to evil thoughts and words and deeds, and the world did not change, and I was not very different, and so I stopped the whole thing. Now, if you had a very sick friend, and the doctor should leave pills which if steadily taken would bring relief, what would you reply on hearing your friend say after taking two or three, "I feel no better, I will take no more"? You would reply: "The doctor never said a dose or two would answer. He said that if persevered in the pills would bring relief." Would you blame the doctor or the medicine, if your friend's bad symptoms still continued? So here. Did your rector or anybody else ever say that being confirmed and coming to the altar would act like a sort of fetish and drive away all evil spirits, that one or two months, or one or two years, of regular Church life would allay all the storms of your heart? Not at all. They said if you persevere, if you watch and pray unremittingly, gradually the conflict will grow easier. If you had continued as you begun, by degrees your heart would have found peace and joy, but you stopped the medicine; you shortened, and then you omitted, your

prayers; you let anything interfere with your Communion; you made no effort, and therefore you are a backslider.

Here is another excuse: It was such hard work. Why, there was no end to the care we had to take. We had to watch our words all the time to see that we let out no scandalous or ugly or impure ones, and our steps that we went nowhere which would be likely to peril our Christian profession. We found that to be consistent we had to struggle, and to meet opposition, and to go contrary to our own wishes, and when we fell, it was so hard to get back, we got discouraged and gave up. Young men have told me that, whom I saw, just to keep their places in the store, working like very galley slaves, thinking no self-denial too great to hold on there, rising early, going without sleep, hurrying through their meals, restraining their tempers, bearing patiently with troublesome customers and overbearing employers. Girls have told me that, who were working harder than any laboring man, at the dressing and the going-out business. Yes, they were willing to do any amount of work, and take any amount of pains, to get on in a worldly sense, but the work which had to be done for the disciplining of their souls, that was too hard, and therefore was abandoned. Do you not see the awful inconsistency, the poor futility, of this excuse? My friends, generally behind

all these excuses there is a "dark Iago" who does not appear, and that is some sin of the life which is enticing you, which is conquering you. The excuses you make are not the real ones. Will you not try this Lent to begin anew the good things you have left off doing? It will make a happy Easter for you.

GRIMY BOYS.

I HAVE for very many years been interested in grimy little boys, not on account of their griminess, but in spite of it, for of course any sane person would prefer that all boys should be scrubbed and highly polished. The griminess was an inevitable adjunct, and could not be allowed to count in my estimate. This interest was, at first, a matter of necessity, for I had several hundreds of these children always in my Sunday School, and I should have considered myself wanting in my duty if I had not acquainted myself thoroughly with their habits and their modes of thought. In my long pastorate the number of such boys who came under my pastoral care ran up into many thousands, and I never go into the poorer parts of the town without being saluted on all sides by men and women who were for years in "Locke's Sunday School." Their griminess is easily understood and pardoned when one knows

the environment in which they live. Large families living in one or two rooms cannot possibly have the balmy odors about them of the "class of Vere de Vere," nor can they, with the best will in the world, keep off the grime, but there are many virtues unconnected with soap and water.

What was a matter of duty at first soon grew, however, into a matter of deep interest, for I saw so many things to admire in these little fellows whom so many of you hate to have come between the wind and your nobility. In the first place, I admired their devotion to their Sunday School. Although curiously enough, they lived miles away from it and passed several Sunday Schools to get to it, they were as punctual as I was, and struggled through all kinds of weather to be in their places. Very many of them were working boys, and had to work late on Saturday night. They might well have been excused for staying home, but no, they got up early and put on their poor bits of Sunday clothes and hurried off to their Sunday School. Some cynic will say they came for the loaves and fishes. Well, as the only loaves and fishes they got were a little present at Christmas, and a colored egg and a plant at Easter, I scarcely think that ever weighed much with them. I admired also their great unselfishness. When the time came for choosing the Christmas present, and in my schools the children were always allowed to choose from

a furnished list, many times big boys who were just dying for a pair of skates or a sled, have said to me: "I will take a doll for my little sister." I never knew a highly scrubbed boy to make any such sacrifice. Then I admired the responsiveness of their natures. If their teacher showed the least bit of love for them, they gave him or her their whole hearts, and I have known them often to trudge miles, if the teacher were sick, to ask after him and take him some soiled little trifle. All these traits, and many more, endeared grimy boys to me, and I miss their companionship as much as anything else in my withdrawal from parish life.

Now this is a very long preface to a subject very dear to me, and in which I wish to interest you, and that is the summer schools for just such boys and girls, so successful in New York, and which earnest people are endeavoring to establish in other cities. "Why do you wish to put another burden on these poor little fellows," some will say; "is it not enough for them to have to go to school in winter? Is it showing your love for them to want to take away their vacation?" Now if these schools were just places where "'gography' and sums" had to be done, I would not say a word. I always sympathized thoroughly with a dear child I had, now in Paradise, who used always to shake his fist at a sign on a build-

ing he often passed: "No vacation ever in this school." But these schools to which I call your attention are very different things. The children of the city poor do not enjoy summer as much as you think they do. Their little living rooms are so close and hot. They have no playgrounds but dirty lots, and the streets are very hot and dusty, and the cool, clean, well-ventilated class rooms of the public school buildings afford an acceptable contrast to the stifling tenements and narrow courtyards and crowded streets. There are no books in these schools and no lessons to be learned. The little girls have music and drawing and simple instruction in color, form, and notation. The little grimy boys are given lessons in paper folding, cutting, pasting, simple sewing, and clay modeling. Larger girls are taught sewing, cutting out, dress-making, singing, moulding, composition, and have, also, delightful dancing. The larger boys are taught designing, map drawing, clay moulding, wood cutting, carving, carpentering, military drill, and vocal music. Now you may think such boys as I have described would not care for such things. You were never more mistaken. They crowd around the doors before they are opened, so anxious are they to get in, and last summer in New York, thousands were turned away for lack of space and funds. I say "funds," because these schools have to be supported by private contribu-

tions. The city has all it can do to maintain its regular schools ten months in the year. It is, however, a very inexpensive charity. In New York it costs about \$2 a child for the whole season of six or eight weeks. Surely this scheme bears its commendation on its very face, and I know you will lend it a helping hand, if it comes before you. Remember the grimy little boys will form the main body of the voters of the next generation.

READING THE SERVICE.

I HAVE lately received a very intelligent letter from an intelligent layman on the subject of "reading the service." It was based on an article in *The Interior*, dwelling on the perfunctoriness in the Episcopal Church, as indicated by the wretched way in which the service is often read, and saying that the toleration of it by the people indicates a want of devotion and reverence. Now, I could easily say: "You're another," to *The Interior*, for to a Churchman attending a Presbyterian church, it does appear to be about the most perfunctory thing on earth. The minister stands up and shuts his eyes and struggles with his prayer, hunting for words as he ambles on, and putting in a lot of stock phrases to give himself time, while the audience (for so they call it) sits bolt upright, waiting for him to get through and get at the sermon. They know exactly what his prayer is, for they have heard it a hundred times.

But it is poor business to excuse your own

faults by attacking your neighbors. Let us confess that there is much in what *The Interior* says, and that the service is often read without any thought, apparently, of bringing out its full meaning. This letter, of which I spoke, says: "Possibly the clergy who do not often have a chance to listen, do not know how this kind of reading sounds to those who sit in the pews. The service is certainly worthy of the reader's best efforts, and if he shows by his manner that it is simply a matter of business with him—a perfunctory thing—the congregation is apt to take the same view of it, and they are as glad as he is when it is ended. I fear our clergy generally do not realize how important is the reading of the service, and it seems as if not sufficient stress is laid upon it in our seminaries. The reader as well as the choir should aim to make the service as impressive as possible, and he really has more to do with it than they. Even the preaching is secondary to the reading, as there is much less of it in our service."

Now, these are very sensible words, and the clergy would do well to take them to heart. Not being in active service, I always hear the service read, and in the last three years I have heard it read in a great many different churches, and my conclusion is that about half the readers read badly, and many atrociously. We are better off in this respect than the English, for many of their

clergy employ that curious English accent, which is almost like a *patois* to an American, and does away with the effect of the soft and sweet *timbre* of their voices, so far superior to our own. In one church I have attended "word" is always pronounced "wee-urd" and "world," "weeurl." In another, "mercies" are pronounced "mairse" and "glory," "glo," without the slightest attention being paid to the last syllables. I said to a young clergyman the other day: "I did not hear 'to' or 'for,' or 'the' or 'and,' one single time in the lessons you read, and the omission of them made the reading almost unintelligible." The smallest words are often as important as "Mesopotamia," and the slurring of them makes absolute nonsense out of the lessons, as also does the putting too great stress upon them. Although the Southern clergymen often have far pleasanter voices than Northern-born men, yet they read often in such a "clipped" way. "Board" is pronounced "bode," and "more" "mo," and so on.

The writer of the letter is correct when he says that too little attention is paid to the reading of the service in the seminaries. Things may have changed very much since my time (though to judge from the reading of the young clergymen to whom I listen, they have not), but in the seminary where I was educated not the slightest attention was given to our reading. I say frankly

that if there is no time to do this in the present curriculum, then give up Hebrew and teach reading. It will be far more profitable to the souls of the people. I think the students ought to read the service in turn, and a professor who knows the business, ought to notice their faults and correct them at a suitable time. If you say he could not then worship himself—well, let him worship at some other time, and so help thousands of people to worship with more devotion every Sunday. Often I cannot worship, my blood curdles to hear that magnificent compilation of English, the service of the Book of Common Prayer, gabbled and muttered, and mumbled, and read with no more feeling than if it were the minutes of the last meeting.

I do not believe any appreciable fraction of the clergy are as great fools as one with whom I remonstrated about his gabbling, and who said: "Oh, it was only Matins. They are unimportant. It is the Communion Office only that counts." I do not ask for "fine" reading. The writer of the letter instances a certain clergyman's reading as a model. I differ with him entirely. When that clergyman read you could not keep the elocution out of your mind. The service is not to be read like Marc Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar. The thing for which I appeal is simply clear, distinct, rather slow reading, marking the

changes in time and place and subject by different intonations, and above all, minding the stops. If the clergy will only pay attention to a few simple rules, for which no elocution teacher is needed, the whole worship of the people would be transformed.

DO-NOTHINGS.

THERE was once in France, many centuries ago, a race of kings called the "Do Nothing Kings." They were thoroughly lifeless, uninterested in their kingdom's weal or woe, utterly indifferent as to whether their subjects were prosperous or miserable. All outside matters were managed by an officer who was called the Mayor of the Palace, and they spent their time in purely selfish enjoyment, with their women, eating and drinking, and carousing the hours away. But there is one thing they did do. They left a long line of descendants who have far overstepped the borders of France. They have crossed the ocean. They have travelled out West. Many of them are attached to our parishes. They are in all stations of life. Some people think all kings and rich people are "Do Nothings," but I will venture to say that Queen Victoria was a very hard working woman, and that there are very industrious dukes.

I know very many rich men who are never idle, and I know a number of poor men who never work, idle, shiftless, utterly worthless.

I only concern myself now with one kind of "Do Nothings"—those in parishes. Every rector, in his own mind, makes two broad divisions of his parish, the "Do Somethings," and the "Do Nothings." Many will say that he certainly ought to make a third division, the people who cannot do anything. Perhaps he ought to, but his experience is dead against it. He does not find that when you really want to do anything, ill health, or want of time, or any obstacle, keeps you from it. Take ill health; history is full of the lives of sickly people who had the will to work, and who accomplished wonders. Take William the Third, of England, a wretched invalid, and read what an energetic, powerful sovereign he was. One of the most distinguished postmaster-generals England ever had was stone blind, and had been for many years before he reached his high station. There have been women who never left their beds, and yet have carried on extensive works of charity. I never found in parish experience that the women who had the most robust health were always the most useful. Take heavy daily duties. Do you suppose that rectors find that the busiest people in secular affairs are always the "Do Nothings" in Church work? By no means. In every parish

there are men and women and boys who have to toil and labor in the most exhausting way. They do not have a half holiday a week, except in the heat of summer, and many not even then, and yet they find time to teach in Sunday School, to sing in the choir, to work in guilds, and to do many purely unselfish things. And there are people in the parish who are thoroughly people of leisure, and can take whatever time they choose, and they never take an hour for anyone else.

Whether you are a "Do Nothing" or a "Do Something," is so greatly a matter of will, of interest, of faith and love, of devotion to God and your fellow-men, and so independent often of health or hurry, that I decline to make any third division; let it stand at two. Some may ask: Would you put me among the "Do Nothings" if I pay my pew rent, even if I do nothing more? Well, that may perhaps just take you out of that list, but is not pew renting greatly a selfish consideration? Do you not take a pew for your comfort; that your place may be assured; that you may feel you have a right to those services we all need sooner or later? Is it in your mind, "I am doing this for the glory of God and to help on His work"? I know very well that many churches could not, or think they could not, be carried on without pew rents, but if that were all, if everyone stopped at that, if nothing more were done or

given, what a holy ice house the parish would be! Far and wide over the land, straight up to the throne of God, would go the cry: "Behold a 'Do Nothing' parish!"

Pew taking shows some curious features, demonstrating often how little the idea of helping on the cause of God and man enters into it. Some people regularly give up their pews in the spring, and take them back again in the fall, when they come back to town, utterly ignoring the fact that the expenses of the church go on the same. Ravens do not ordinarily bring rectors their beefsteaks in summer. Some people meet with reverses. They must economize, they say. What is the first thing they give up? Why, their pew, of course. That is a luxury, and they can dispense with it. Some people, going away for some months, to Paris, perhaps, notify the gas and water companies and the treasurer of the parish, that the articles they supply will not be needed until they return. I have known people to take pews avowedly with the motive that it would help them to get into society.

Now I have just hinted in this paper at a great question which you ought to ask yourself on bended knees. Am I a "Do Nothing" or a "Do Something"? And I want you to ask yourself that question just now, when the parish work is closing, and you are going away for a rest. A

woman in Grace Church used to think out before she went away, all the special collections that would be made during her absence, and leave money with the rector for them all. She surely was not a "Do Nothing." Suppose you try and follow afar off in her footsteps.

GOOD SOCIETY.

WHAT is "good society"? In Germany, it means any one who is of noble birth; that is, who has descended from some old Rhine robber of market women. It excludes all those who are men of business, no matter how great their culture. To this rule very few exceptions are made. In England, it includes not only the well-born, but any one who has distinguished himself or herself in literature, in art, in science, or even merely in conversation. You will meet at the table of English Dukes men who have sprung from the gutter and made themselves a place by their genius or their learning, or have been chosen to high place in Church or State. In America, leaving out the claim of birth, which counts for very little with us, it is about the same as in England. Good society with us means people who are raised above grinding poverty, who have a certain degree of refinement and self-sacrifice, who set themselves

to observe the laws of good breeding, and who, at least, are not grossly ignorant of literary culture and the topics of the day. This is a broad definition, but it will do.

Let us talk a little about this good society. And first, it is one of the best schools in the world for teaching unselfishness. People sometimes laugh at what are called "conventionalities," but a wise man knows that they are solely directed to the putting down of selfishness, to the obliging you to give up your own pleasure for the pleasure of others. Those thousand courtesies which well-bred people show each other, and which often cause a good deal of personal discomfort; the thousand little sacrifices of ease and self-indulgence, giving up the best chair, the best viands, the best surroundings, which good society enjoins upon a person as a condition of recognition, cannot help, as far as they go, making a man less on the lookout for his own little interests, and more obliging to his fellows. Again, society helps a man greatly in obtaining self-control and repressing impatience and hasty ebullition of temper. The refinement of cultured people is a tremendous sedative. We learn in society to bear and to suffer, to hear an insult and not to heed it, to listen to the most tiresome people and show no impatience, and to avoid unpleasant topics. Temper and feelings learn in the drawing-room that they

have a master. Another virtue of good society is the gentleness it engenders. Nearly all men would soon grow coarse and brutal without the refining influence of gentle and cultured women, in whose presence not only custom, but our natural feelings, prompt us to soften the tone of our voice, the abruptness of our manners, the carelessness of our pose. The tiger within us is tamed. Then there is one more immense power in good society—its preservative power. You give a young man a taste for good society, cultured and refined, where he meets noble representatives of both sexes, a society pure, genial, and broad in lofty principles, and, next to the aid of the Spirit, I know of no greater aid in the keeping off gross vice and abandonment of life.

Now I do not put these virtues of good society in the place of Christian principles, but I say they are the natural outcome of those principles, and only are at their best when Christian obligations lie under them. The vices of good society are, first, the worship of mere vulgar wealth. Wealth is, to some extent, a necessary ingredient in good society; not for all, but at least for some. Centres are needed where this society can assemble, and a certain expenditure on books, pictures, entertainment, which call for wealth, and it is perfectly natural that wealthy members of society should receive much attention; but to allow the mere pos-

session of wealth to be a passport to good society, regardless of crass ignorance, boorish manners, and hideous selfishness, is fatal to any elevating influence. Another vice of good society is in the abuse to which it often carries its amusements, in themselves generally innocent enough, but susceptible of terrible degradation. Take the theatre—a good play is an elevating thing, but the plays in favor with society are often indecent, and corrupting to the last degree. Take card playing, a delightful recreation, and a favorite clerical one in the English Church; but when used for gain, and made a perfect passion, when good society becomes a coterie of excited gamblers, then a horribly demoralizing agent. I could mention many other amusements, not by themselves connected with sin, but made so by the way in which society uses them. Remember, society is the creation of God, just as much as His Church is, and He means it to work with that Church, to be its handmaid, to be the mirror in which its holy doctrines are reflected, and any division between the Church and society must be fatal to both. If you make society a mere creation of man and use it only for the polishing of life, and not as a school for learning Christian duty, while all may appear fair, and you may say, as the French society people said before the great Revolution: “Look at our polish, our wit, our elegance, our grace,” when the winds

of God blow, the whole thing will come down like a house of cards, and those who come after, sad and heartbroken, will have to build again on a better foundation.

THE WORLD'S BEAUTY.

I PASS my summers on Little Traverse Bay, a spot which I, who have travelled much, consider one of the loveliest places on this earth. Often as I sit on my verandah, looking at the beautiful landscape, there comes over me a sense of the beauty and glory of the world and the exceeding goodness of God in making it so. I know people who will say: "When there is so much sorrow and sadness and war, how can your thoughts run that way?" Yes, I know all about the dreadful things in the world, and how true the record is of sin and wrong and murder and deceit, but because a thing is true, it does not follow that it is always to be in our thoughts and words. As much harm sometimes comes from an inopportune presenting of the true, as from stating that which is false. What sort of a man would he be who, going up to the girl beautifully dressed for a party, and taking her silk dress in his hand, should

say: "Are you aware that all this is spun out of its own bowels by a disgusting little worm? Do you know that this dye is procured by steeping a mass of crawling bugs in boiling water?" and so on. Would we not all cry out: "Stop that natural history. It is true, but why spoil the girl's pleasure. Choose a better time for giving such information." I came across this thought in one of my vacation novels: "Scarcely any cup is presented to any human being to drink in which there is not a fly. If the fly be not too large and the drink be tolerably good, drink it off, and thank God that you have it, that it was pleasant, that you could drink it." So just now let us not see the flies, nor the tornadoes, nor the wars, nor the blotches and freckles and spots on everything, but let us take in the truth of those grand Bible words: "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord," and I have in mind now God's goodness as shown in His ministering so abundantly to our sense of beauty, to our love of the graceful, and the harmoniously colored, and the sublime and the infinitely varied. Here are mountains, there are lakes. Here are wildernesses of lovely flowers, there are vast fields of tasseled corn. Some may say: "But all this is the product of natural laws. Oceans receded and made the grassy prairies. A great mountain sank, leaving only its top out of water, and made Mackinac Island. The painted

canyons are just the product of the eating away of the rock by the river." True, but did not some One make these natural laws? Did anybody ever see a law make itself? Do not laws, to well-balanced minds, imply law-makers? Let us, then, get beyond the laws, and thank the Maker of them that He made them. How beautiful, then, God has made the world! Yes, with such an extravagance of beauty! Think of the millions of magnificent flowers that bloom and die, and no man ever sees them. Think of the glorious mountain passes, the lovely lakes which lay undiscovered for centuries. Think of the forests no foot has ever trod.

Oh, the glory of the world! Even far back in the old Hebrew time, this forced itself on the notice of men. Remember the Psalms: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. The valleys shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing. O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is Thy Name in all the world."

Now that the art and skill and energy of man (just as much the good gifts of God, remember, as any natural products) have enabled us to abridge distances and to reach spots so long inaccessible, how much more beautiful the world is than it ever could have been to our forefathers who evidently did not care for nature as we do.

We do not thank God for this power of perceiving beauty half as much as we ought. The dweller on the prairies can, for a few dollars, find himself in a few hours in the heart of the wildest mountains. He who lives on sandy plains can, at the very slightest cost, lose himself gladly in the recesses of the deepest forests. He whose home is far inland can, by a short, cheap, railway ride, plunge into the salt sea waves and walk by the ever murmuring ocean. Why, for five cents, the worn-out, overheated dweller in some wretched tenement can be transported to a beautiful city park and breathe the fresh air by some sparkling water, as far from the sight of bricks and mortar as though he were in the very bosom of the forest primeval. Do you say it was done by man? Yes, but who put it into the heart of man to do it? Who gave him the brains to plan it? Who gave him the perseverance to carry it out? God alone, and thank Him for it. These summer days show us such a lovely, lovely world, that our hearts ought to be brim full of gratitude for it.

FOOLS.

I SAW in a newspaper the other day that an old lady, on being asked by her rector how she had always preserved so placid and happy a character, replied: "By having great patience with fools." This was a very sensible old lady. Let us see what she meant and what she did, and whether we cannot do likewise. Of course I will be immediately asked: "Whom do you mean by fools?" Now, I do not mean what Carlyle did when he said that Britain was inhabited by thirty-two millions of people, mostly fools. That remark was rather too sweeping. There are many definitions of a fool. I remember how miserable I used to make myself when a boy, from having been taught a false exegesis of the verse, "Whosoever shall say to his brother, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." I thought my chance of future happiness very slim, since I often made use of the objectionable word to my companions. I have learned better since, and when I think proper, I can speak of

a man as a fool without the slightest idea that it has anything to do with my home beyond the grave.

We will only consider one definition of a fool now, and that is a person whose acts and words at any particular time seem to you foolish. Ordinarily, you may not consider him so, but just now you do, although he may pass muster very well at the roll-call of his little world. Having patience with a fool is getting on with him (though it is very often "her"), not being moved by him, keeping him out of your temper and out of your consideration. Sometimes we have to live with a real fool, and I mean by that an abnormal person—ill-balanced; not an insane person, but an irresponsible one, perfectly unconscious of the force of words and acts. Now this is a very hard position, and it requires a great deal of grace and self-control to fill it well. I once knew a man who had to do it, and did it well, and I asked him how he managed. "Every morning," he said, "I pray that I may have patience with the fool, and every evening I pray that I may be forgiven if I have forgotten myself in regard to him. Then I try never to forget that really he cannot be any different; that great natural laws have been violated in his case without any will of his, and I must not hold him any more accountable than a child. Of course he often 'riles' me, but I put the brakes

down hard and keep that unruly engine, my tongue, between my teeth. At first it was desperately hard, but steady work has made it easier, and now I can hear his silly speeches and witness his inconsequent acts without its making even a ripple on the sea of my life." This, however, is an extreme trial, which not one in a thousand has to bear. Perhaps if the old lady had had that, she would not have come out so well. All of us, however, have constantly to hear foolish, trying, disagreeable things, which, unless fenced out, will make our days bitter and take away the joy of life.

Do not forget that you, wise as you think yourself, may be just as much of a fool and just as annoying to others as they are to you. We very seldom see ourselves as others see us. Not long ago I was in company with a woman who, in the course of an hour and a half, made at least a dozen assertions, in which I knew, and everyone present knew, she was mistaken. I made one attempt at a reply, but it produced about as much effect as the famous attempt on the ocean with a broom, and I said to myself: "Let her alone, what difference can it make to you or anyone whether what she says be right or wrong? The subjects are all unimportant. She says the lake is two miles across, and we all know it is five. What matter? Keep still. Put your mind on some-

thing else and do not let her wild talk make you uncomfortable." Do not think I am such a saint that I always do this way. This time, however, I did, and the result to my peace of mind was such as to make me resolve I would always try to do the same. Now, this is undoubtedly what our old lady constantly did; she heard fool talk, she listened to a string of things which she knew to be mistakes; she felt the pin points of irritating language and violent assertion, and she just paid no attention to it. She knew that any reply would only increase irritation, and in the end would completely upset her own calm, and so she kept still and possessed her soul in patience. In a very important matter, where it is your duty to prevent injury being done by false impression, you should reply to a fool even; but how seldom that is the case. The mooted points are generally very trifling, the color of an eye, the number of pages in a book, the difference between sweet and sour, long and short, handsome and homely. The statements made may appear to you, and may really be, the acme of folly, but let them alone. Keep your mouth shut, and shut the whole thing out of your heart. It will not make one cent's worth of difference to anyone in the end. I write lightly about it, but I know about this thing as my Lord said about another: "This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

THE FINAL OVERTHROW OF EVIL.

LET me give some thoughts on the final overthrow of all evil. They are not all mine. I am indebted to Bishop Magee for some of them. I suppose all men believe in the final overthrow of evil, no matter whether they are Christians or not. It is a general expectation of humanity. We all think there is a "good time coming." Now where do we get this thought from? From nature? No, for we see dreadful suffering everywhere in nature, and not an indication that it is likely to stop. Great families of animals are constantly dying that other families may live—everywhere death and destruction. Perhaps we get it from society, but all that we see in society is a great many people suffering that a few may be happy. Socialists and anarchists say they could help this; but we all feel pretty certain that if, according to their plans, all the money and all the land were distributed equally to-day, before the week was out some men would have other men's fortunes as well

as their own. We all know this is not as it ought to be, and we are constantly trying to alleviate it, but I see no prospect of eradicating it as long as men are men. Does the course of history teach that evil is in process of extinction? I cannot see it. History does indeed show nations getting out of the frying-pan, but in a little while it pictures them getting into the fire. We have, for example, got rid of the evil of slavery, at a frightful cost, and now we have another evil staring us in the face—the moral and social condition of eight millions of negroes. We have got rid of Spanish misgovernment, but we have all the Cubans and the Filipinos on our hands. No, history does not afford one hope that evil will at last be put under the feet of good, nor can you judge from hearts going gradually on to perfection as the individual grows older and more experienced in the Christian warfare. I do not know much about other people's hearts, but I do not find that mine will bear the least let-up in the watching. It is just as ready as it ever was to run away. And as for old age, go and ask the matrons of the Old Ladies' Homes whether that state of life is of necessity lovely and without sin. The study of the human heart, my friends, will never lead you to think that there is any end to evil.

Some people will tell you that they know evil must end, because a good and benevolent God could

not always permit evil, but we see that a good and benevolent God does permit it, and that it is woven in with His whole scheme of dealing with us from beginning to end. I certainly cannot conclude from God's present action that evil is to be put out of the world. Where, then, do we get this firm persuasion of the final triumph of good, for it is rooted in all our minds? Now I know only one reliable source of this belief, and that is a supernatural source. It is told only in the Bible. It is only known by the revelation of God. The Bible is full of the great doctrine of the final overthrow of evil from Genesis to Revelation. It tells us that a very superior being, far above us, but far below God, is now exercising his free will in doing all he can for our ruin, by influencing our wills to follow him, and that one day, suddenly and unexpectedly, God will remove this evil person from the world. He shall cease troubling us. His dominion will be over. I will not bore you with texts, but there are hundreds of assertions in Scripture to this effect.

Oh, you believe then in the Devil? Why, if I believe in the New Testament, I must believe in him, for he is spoken of constantly in it, not as an abstraction, not as a symbol of evil, but as a real personage, with an individual will, organizing evil, and animated by a malicious desire to do all the harm he can. This is one of the leading ideas

of the Gospel, and it is a perfectly natural idea. I see all around me plenty of evil and good men influencing the world, and I naturally conclude that there are plenty of good and evil spirits, superior to men, at work upon us. The testimony is overwhelming that in all human lives experiences come up which cannot logically be accounted for, save as the work of a superior intelligence actuated by evil, by a devil, and a very agreeable devil he often is, whose hoofs are concealed in fashionable shoes and whose horns are hidden in a hat of the latest style. Now we can often balk this devil and keep him at bay—and the Head of our Humanity foiled him completely for our example—but we cannot destroy him, or destroy evil. The Bible alone tells us that there is a time to come when he will be no more and when all his whole machinery will crumble into dust. And the Bible tells us this will be sudden; that just when his kingdom seems most splendid, just when he seems to have got the better of all good, God's Will will strike, and the whole unholy crew, and all their works and all their influences and all their power over weak wills, everything that maketh a lie, everything that spots and stains the universe of God, Satan and all his angels, will disappear forever. Oh, splendid, glorious, sustaining assurance, which nothing else gives us but the Holy Bible!

THE YOUNG BISHOP.

JOHN BROWN, that morning consecrated Bishop of the Diocese of Enorem, sat alone in his study, thinking it all over. His thoughts were mingled sweet and bitter. The bitter, however, did not flow from anything connected with his election. He had pulled no wires, canvassed for no votes, and made no pledges. He had conducted himself in every way as a Christian gentleman and priest should do. He had been chosen solely from his record, and because the Diocese judged that he would make it a good head and leader. He was not a genius (let me warn Dioceses against that kind. As Carlyle's mother said, "They are gey ill ti live wi' "), nor was he in any way an extraordinary being; but he was quite equal to the majority of his episcopal colleagues, and he had a good share of the points which go to the making of a good Bishop.

In the first place, he was thoroughly in earnest,

a devoted Christian and Churchman. Not a bit of hypocrisy or cant or sanctimoniousness or flippancy marked his life. He had pursued a steady, manly, perfectly sincere, Christian course. Earnestness and devotion are, however, not enough. A man might have both in perfection and be utterly unfitted to deal with men. John Brown had other gifts. He was not an irritable man. He had learned as a priest to practise great self-control, and the most irritating people (and every Bishop has to meet many) could not prod him into hasty words, soon to be regretted, but the mischief of which cannot soon be healed. Then he had a great deal of what farmers call "horse sense." He saw quickly the bearing of any matter, and could quickly devise plans to block it or to favor it. If any priest or layman should come to him with some impossible project for converting the world or the parish, the Bishop would know how, without ruffling their feathers, to steer them another way and get the wind out of their sails. He was a party man, and as he thought his party the right one, he meant (and rightly) to favor it; but he was too sensible to allow any partisanship to make him unfair or unable to see any merit in any school but his own. He had a level head as a presiding officer, and would be sure to manage a meeting well. He was a thorough American, and would not be likely to "Canterbury." Then, best

of all, but by no means least of all, John Brown had good manners, and was a welcome guest in society, where he always shone. No one ever went from his presence, saying: "Isn't he too sweet for anything?" but everyone felt they had met a genial, self-respecting, sincere man.

Such is a general sketch of the new Bishop. A smile of gratified pride stole over his face as he glanced at the costly episcopal ring on his finger; and why not? I certainly would not have believed him if he had said he was not proud. He had a right to be proud of the high station to which he had been called. As I said, his thoughts were sweet and bitter. The bitter ones were, first, the feeling that he would have to give up intimate friendships. A Bishop's life must be perforce a lonely one, for nobody in the Diocese is his equal, and he soon comes to feel that the *camaraderie* of his brother priests is gone forever. Then he thought bitterly of the breaking of his sweet home life. He would have to be constantly absent from a dearly loved wife and family, and people would never let him alone. Then he thought with a pang of the publicity which was henceforth to be his lot, how he would be a target for reporters, how often his motives would be misunderstood and his actions misconstrued. These bitter thoughts were, however, soon swallowed in a tide of sweeter ones. He thought of the noble Diocese over which he

had come to rule, and to which he felt, as he had a right to feel, God had called him. He saw on all sides the splendid opportunities for work, the many places where the Church could be planted, the channels for usefulness opening before him. In God's good providence, he had no ugly quarrels to patch up. The Diocese was at peace, and contained a fine band of devoted priests who had assured him of their eagerness to do all they could to help him, and there were many laymen of known liberality and loyalty. The Bishop knew that it depended on him to bring out those gifts, to incite the liberality and inspire the loyalty. It would be an arduous, but it would be a glorious task, and he resolved with kindling eye that he would leave no stone unturned in the tilling of the grand field in view. Then he thought of the magnificent city in which his see was placed, and he determined, with God's help, to become its first citizen, not in any sense of being a "boss," but as the leader in every civic movement for uplifting and purifying the city life. He considered that just as much a duty as administering Confirmation. That word led the Bishop's thoughts to another point, the laying on of hands in ordination. He suddenly realized that he would often have this to do, and that not one of those seeking ordination could come to that awful rite without his consent and his approval. Yes, the Church

made him decide on the qualifications of those who were to be deacons and priests, and on him would rest the responsibility of a true or a false judgment. Would he ever allow the fear of man to overrule his conviction that the priesthood was not for such and such an one? Would the desire to make a great showing of candidates ever induce him to admit inferior and undesirable people to Holy Orders? The tremendous importance of this part of his work came over him with a mighty rush, and, overborne by its force, the Bishop sank upon his knees, and bursting into tears, cried out: "O Lord, who is sufficient for these things?"

THE YOUNG PRIEST.

THOMAS JONES, that morning ordered priest by the Bishop of Enorem, sat in his study, thinking it all over. Of course you will say his first thoughts must have been of the vows he had taken and the responsibilities that were upon him; but they were not. He was thinking of an extremely nice girl to whom he had for some time been engaged. And why should not his first thoughts have been of her? She would make a home for him, and he had been so many years without a home. She would be a loving counsellor to him in those difficult moments which come to every parish priest. She would be a wonderful helper to him in his work, for although Jones had heard priests talk about not marrying for the parish, but for yourself, he did not take much stock in such talk. His own good sense told him that if the priest's wife be a true woman, she will want to help her husband, and she will

help him, and can make or mar his career. Jones felt that he would be a better, purer, more useful man for being married, and he was right. Matrimony is a "holy estate" for priests as well as for laymen.

Then Jones thought of the bright prospect before him. The Bishop had told him that the next day he would receive a call from a very nice parish in the suburbs, a good church, a comfortable rectory, a growing congregation, and no incubus of debt to lie heavy on his heart every day and all day. The salary was not large, but it would be enough with economy. It is only just to say that if Jones had been called to a much inferior place, and it had been made plain to him that he ought to take it, he would not have shirked. He was no coward, and would cheerfully have borne any hardship in the line of clear duty. It was, however, very pleasant to feel that no hardships were in prospect. That, however, led Jones to think deeper, and to ask himself: "Do I want an easy place? If I try to do my duty and carry out my ordination vows, can any place be an easy one?" Then the scene of the morning came up before him. The great altar adorned for the festival, with the figure of his Lord as the Shepherd looking down on him from the window above. The Bishop in his chair asking him in clear and measured tones those tremendous questions. One by

one they came up like so many personages and ranged themselves before him: "Do you think yourself truly called? Are you determined to teach the doctrine of the Word of God, and that only? Are you resolved to carry out in all points the will of the Church as she shows it in her doctrine, sacraments, and discipline? Will you be ready at all times to stand against false doctrine and never hesitate to admonish your flock in private and in public? Will you be diligent in prayer and study? Will you earnestly endeavor to have yourself and your family live such lives that all men may take pattern? Will you obey your Bishop and others set over you in the Church?" How piercing all these words were in the silence of the night. And Jones put up a swift-winged petition that he might never forget them.

And now Jones thought over some rules of life upon which he had resolved. . He had had a great deal of nonsense knocked out of him in a rather long diaconate, passed in a large parish under an experienced man, and the feeling of omniscience had entirely departed from him. There were several families of large means in the parish to which he was going, and he resolved to be very attentive and pleasing to them. "Ah, a toady," you will say. Not at all. They would be his chief helpers, and had a right to expect his attention,

and he would be foolish not to give it. It did not in the least involve his giving them inordinate taffy, or truckling to their weaknesses, or endorsing their fads. He intended, then, to be thoroughly mindful of the principal people in his flock, and no less mindful of the poorer and always much more difficult parishioners. He intended to steer clear of any patronizing manner, for there is nothing that people, both rich and poor, hate like that. As a priest, he felt he could take any level, and a dozen different levels in a day, according to his company, and without the slightest compromise of his priestly character. No poor man should ever say of him that the rector treated him from the top down. He indulged no pious illusion that a priest should enjoy the society of a dull and ill-bred Christian tinker as much as that of a refined man or woman, for having been born and bred a gentleman, Jones could not think so; but just because he was a gentleman, he would treat everybody, high or low, with that courtesy which belongs to a gentleman.

Jones meant also to struggle to be a good listener. I said "struggle," for he, like myself, found it very hard to listen patiently to twaddle or to folly. He could listen well enough to gossip, but his mind wandered, and his eyes wandered, when the talker was long, or dull, or inane. He had prayed a good deal about this, and he resolved

to pray and try harder, for he felt sure that nothing drew a rector closer to his flock than a good listening power. You may say that such attention must be "put on," for no one could be interested in all the weary talk a priest has to hear. No more "put on," my dear critic, than you "put on" any other part of the armor of God. Then Jones resolved he would never be a coward. If any man had to be reprov'd, and it was his duty to do it, no matter whether the man were the hub of the whole parish, or the woman the she-pope, he would say what should be said, in as wise a way as he could say it, but without flinching. Well, Jones, God speed you in doing it. It will cost you many a bitter hour. He is also resolved not to notice slights and little digs and meannesses toward him. He had seen how much trouble many priests made themselves by taking notice of every little thing, which, if let alone, would lose all point. Then he made up his mind to be as much with men as possible, so that he might not be "Nancy-fied." But I cannot tell of the thousand things that went through his mind. It was a good, long, useful "think," and he wound it up with a good, long, hearty "pray."

THE YOUNG DEACON.

WILLIAM ROBINSON had been made a deacon that morning by the Bishop of Enorem, and sat in his old room at the seminary, a little tired with all the excitement of the day. A letter lay on the table before him, addressed to the Rev. Wm. Robinson. It had quite startled him when he saw it. Robinson had in him the makings of a good and useful clergyman, but there would have to be some "hard and biting sculpture" before it could be brought about. He would knock his head against some very rough stone walls, in the shape of vestrymen, masterful women, and resolute Bishops. He may bring some little mission to grief, for his kind often do; but he would learn, for he was no fool. In two years we will find him quite different from the complacent one who is so sure to-night that he has a great future before him and will be able to bring about much-needed reforms. He dreams some-

times that he is the chosen one who is to rid us of the "P. E." Well, we hope so, William, but it is a "far cry to Loch Awe." It is very lucky for him that he is to spend his diaconate with an experienced and sensible rector in a large parish. Robinson did not much want to go there, but the Bishop was firm, and the rector knew William well, and felt sure he could lick him into some shape, and that there was a good deal in him. William's seminary companions had consoled with him, for they said the rector was an "old Prot.," and would sit right down on him. I do not exactly know what an "old Prot." is, though I once heard an assistant apply the term to his rector because he forbade his kissing the altar. But whatever it means, it was exactly what was needed for William Robinson, and in less than two years he will gladly confess it.

Robinson opened the letter before him. It was a long one, but apparently deeply interesting, for his face grew graver as he read, and he was evidently weighing every word. I will look over his shoulder, impolite, as it may seem, and give you a *resumé* of that letter. It was from an old clerical friend, William's life-time rector. It began, of course, with congratulations on his ordination, and well-deserved praise for his studious and manly course in college and seminary. It was very plain, and even blunt, for the writer

did not consider it necessary to hunt around for fine phrases in writing to William Robinson :

“You do not seem to realize what a bad reader you are,” he wrote, “and I presume you will not thank me for telling you. Some fool has told you that the ‘holy tone’ you use is the only one appropriate for the sanctuary. Nonsense! The service and the Bible must be read as any other dignified and serious words are read, without affectation or sanctimoniousness. Intoning is one thing, reading, another. I listened to you the other Sunday, and it was very poor. You seemed to leave out all the little words and to drop your voice always at the end of a phrase. The first lesson contained that taunting and ironical address of Elijah to the priests of Baal. If he put no more feeling in it when he uttered it, than you did when you read it, I do not think it could have stung those priests much. You seem to think that Matins are to be hurried through as unimportant. No mistake could be more inane. Matins, well read, form an unsurpassable preparation for the Holy Communion. Put your mind on this, William, for it will deeply affect your usefulness.

“When I had some of you seminary boys to tea, not long ago, I led the conversation purposely to the subject of preaching. I noticed that you and some of the others seemed to think the sermon a secondary thing. You made the fool remark

that only 'Prots' laid so much stress on the sermon. You never were more mistaken. Everybody, 'Prot.' or 'Cath.,' likes a good sermon, and is helped by it. It is to the sermon we must look for reproof, for edification, for instruction. Some telling words in a sermon will often fire the smoking flax in an uneasy heart. I tell you it is not only sinful, it is simple madness, in any priest to neglect in any way his sermons. Now buckle right down to the study of preaching. The seminary rarely gives that its proper place. Read with attention such preachers as Beecher (not for his doctrine, but the style), Buxton, Doane of Albany, Knox-Little, etc., and model after them. Put in pepper and salt. Call spades, spades. Be short. Have a point and keep to it, and give up the idea of teaching the whole Catholic Faith in one sermon. I need say nothing to you about reverence in the sanctuary and at the altar, for you have plenty of that, but see that it is always genuine. The most obtuse congregation will soon see through a reverence based only on the rules of ritual.

"One thing more, William. I want you to be awfully careful about your relations with women. I am not thinking now that you are likely to do wrong, but that you are likely to be silly. Women often think that clergymen must be coddled in some way. The dear things must be hovered over

and wrapped in cotton. How I hated that, and I hope you will. I do not want you to be rude or boorish, but I want you to evade being treated differently from any other gentleman. Do not pay much attention to compliments. You will have them, for you are good looking, agreeable, and a cleric; but if you let them give you the big-head, what will become of you? Remember you are a poor reader, an indifferent preacher, and you know no more of real life than a baby, but I believe you thoroughly sincere and honest and anxious to serve your Master with all your powers. I have great hopes of you if you keep your modesty and add to it, if you are careful what you say, if you are much on your knees. God help you. I often pray for you, for I love you very dearly."

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE Fourth of July, in my opinion, deserves something more than noise and fire-works, and the screaming of the eagle. It has a deep, serious side which a Church paper ought to take pains to bring forward. I need, then, no excuse for a talk on a Churchman's duty to politics. That great Englishman, Bryce, who has written the history of our commonwealth, says: "The American people have a practical aptitude for politics, a clearness of vision, a capacity for self-control, never equalled by any other nation. Such a people can work any constitution. The danger for them is that their reliance on their skill and their star may make them heedless of the faults of their political machinery, slow to devise improvements which are best applied in quiet times." I call attention to those words, "reliance on their skill and their star." Are those two things the proper reliance on which we Americans should

conduct our government? Skill in the navigation of a leaky boat (and all governments are necessarily such) is well enough in summer time, but when winds blow and tempests howl, something more than skill and a lucky star will be needed; a steady boat and good rigging, and strong sails, and a firm and well understood unity of purpose.

So far we have come along well enough, and the ship has found an even keel after many a gale, but remember that sentence of our fathers, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and scrutinize each measure as it comes before you. Remember that the "ordinances of man" of which St. Peter speaks, are your ordinances, not those of any king or kaiser. You have the awful power of dictating what shall be obeyed. You make the law which you yourselves obey, and therefore on you falls the responsibility. You cannot say to God, "The king who was over me did this." No Louis XIV. says here, "I am the State." Every vote says that, and says it truthfully. The State is the creature of your will, and so on every voting man God puts a certain part of this great duty, and of his hands God will require a certain account. We do not realize this, and do not seem to feel that our great privileges entail upon us great responsibilities, and that we cannot say the government did it, for we are the government.

Now a man (unless he is fool enough to hold

as a maxim that whatever his party prescribes, be it murder and adultery, must be done because the party needs it) is going to vote according to his principles and his character. Whatever are the basic principles of his life, he is going to bring them out in his judgment of measures. If a man hold to the God-given law of marriage, he could not vote for polygamic laws. If he hold that whether you die or live you must be honest, he will not vote for betting privileges. If he believes that God instituted a day of rest, he will not vote to abolish the Lord's Day. How tremendously important then is it in this land, above all others, that right principles should prevail, that the standard of character should be high, for unless that be the case, the consequences will ooze out everywhere in the laws; they will be immoral, ungodly, oppressive, lowering, time-serving, if the men who make them plan their lives on such terms, and live them on that level. Remember, God is just as necessary to a nation as liberty; nay, there can be no real liberty apart from a recognition of God; it is only a caricature of liberty—it as Communism, Anarchism, license. "Where the Spirit of God is, there is liberty," and that is true, not because it is in the Bible, but because the great principles of Christianity are those on which alone true liberty can be founded, for they are the only principles which contain in germ, to bud and blos-

som in particulars, the true rights of man. These principles you must hear every Sunday in your parish church. I implore you to apply them to your politics as well as to other things.

There is one thing that very greatly comforts me about my country in these days when greed and self-interest seem to be controlling so much legislation. It is this: We Americans bear with great wrongs and great injustices a long while, perhaps too long. We allow office-dom to go on and on in a course of iniquity, but at last there comes a time when the national conscience gets worked up, and then, armed with those wonderful ballots, we march to the polls, and in one day the whole iniquitous fabric is smashed to pieces, and the stable is cleansed. It has been done time and again, always in a right way, always in the line of Christ's teaching and Christian precept. Think, then, on Fourth of July, of your political responsibilities, and rise to the level. Let your patriotism be that of Christian men, and not that of ward politicians. Teach to your sons the watchword, "God and our native land." Those two factors must never be parted. Then, and then alone, will there be long continuance for liberty as it is understood in the United States of America.

PRISON WORK.

I HAVE very often preached about Prison Work, on the last Sunday in October when the National Prison Association requests all preachers so to do; but as I cannot do that now, let me talk about it. People often say to me, and it is no small comfort, "Your talks reach a far larger audience than your sermons ever did."

When I speak to Churchmen about being interested in prisoners and prisons, I have not in my mind that sentimental gush, that silly and demoralizing coddling, which some foolish women and a few foolisher men are showing to condemned criminals, sending them flowers and jellies, and wanting their autographs, nor that equally foolish practice of assuring a red-handed murderer, avowing some emotional repentance, that his sins are all forgiven, and that he will mount from the scaffold direct to the courts of heaven. I mean the purifying the social and moral atmosphere so that there may be fewer criminals, for the volume of crime in any community is the symbol of the social and moral con-

dition of that community. I mean the fostering all measures for the destruction of the sources of crime, providing all means for the restoration of the criminal to the ranks of the honest and industrious. I mean applying the principles of the blessed Gospel to sin-sick souls bond and free.

I hold no Utopian views that prisons could be done away. As long as there is sin, both God and man must join to punish it. Some may say: "Honest men and criminals have nothing in common. Shut the latter up, our paths never cross." Now we are so made by God that no matter what we think, all human paths must cross. We are all woven together, just as much as a piece of carpet with its varying colors. Hawthorne says somewhere very subtly: "A poor man's breath, borne on the vehicle of tobacco smoke, floats into a palace window and reaches the nostrils of a monarch." No man shall draw himself up before a crime and say: "I have nothing in common with the doers of this. My doing it is unthinkable." How do you know? If you had had thieves for father and mother and sucked in dishonesty and vice with your mother's milk, would you have been the honest man you now are? If you had been starving for days, are you sure you would have resisted the temptation to steal? If you had inherited drunkenness, would you be so strictly temperate? If you had been thrown a

forsaken and helpless girl on the street, would your virtue have been so adamant? Horatio Seymour once said in a public address: "After listening to thousands of petitions for pardon, I can hardly recall a case when I did not feel that I might have fallen as my fellow-man had done, if I had been subjected to the same demoralizing influences and pressed by the same temptations."

Do you imagine that because a man is behind the bars that therefore he has parted with everything that belongs to our common humanity, that he is impervious to argument, to love, to tender appeal, to any presentation of the right, that he is irrevocably, irredeemably bad? Read Mrs. Ballington Booth's words on this point and you will see what an expert thinks. To change by one word, Shylock's famous speech, "Hath not a prisoner eyes? Hath not a prisoner hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the same food, hurt by the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer that a free man is?" I leave out of consideration now a class of prisoners, abnormal beings, tainted in the marrow, who cannot be changed any more than thoroughly diseased human beings can be cured. Let us hope that laws will one day be enacted, which after a medical opinion, will shut them up for life.

Apart from that, how can you help prison work? (1) By votes. You can vote for men who will make just and non-partisan laws for the government of prisons. You can break away from that slavery to party which insists that offices shall be given only to party workers, whether competent or incompetent, and you can vote for men competent, of stainless character, to rule over criminals. President Hayes once said that the county jail system as administered in the United States is a disgrace to civilization. Votes will cure this. (2) By throwing yourself into all organizations for elevating men by instilling into them the principles of the doctrine of Christ, which are temperance, diligence, faithfulness, and such like, by insisting on proper sanitary arrangements, by enforcing space for homes, and by law preventing overcrowding, by even setting yourself the example of blameless and moderate amusement, of steady discountenance of sin in book, in newspaper, in theatre, in public meeting. Remember we do not corrupt from below upwards, but from the top downwards. Contribute money for the support of agitators who will stir up the public and go before councils and assemblies, and plead for the prison reform, contribute for chaplains, and contribute freely to that priceless organization, the National Prison Association.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

LET us have a little sermon on All Saints. I know that the festival is over, but the saints are always there, and always to be in our thoughts. Let us have for a text the words from Hebrews: "A cloud of witnesses." How expressive that word "cloud" is of a great enveloping, surrounding mass. Not a dark cloud like that which lowers down on the November day when I am writing, but clouds like those which gather around the setting or the rising sun, golden, purple, azure, rose, silver—all the shades of color woven into a splendid burst of glory. Is not that a brilliant, striking symbol of the great array of the victors in the spiritual conflict looking down upon us? There is not one word in Scripture to make us think that other beings, outside our ken, are not interested in our welfare. Very many incidents teach just the contrary. I will only cite one case: A crowd of our Lord's enemies was

once gathered around Him, sneering at Him and badgering Him. His disciples were hot with indignation, and our Lord said to them, to calm them: "If I chose, I could just make a sign and thousands of waiting spirits would rush out and help Me." Yes, they were there, longing for the word of command, intensely interested. They were there, watching Him, and they are there watching us.

My heart and my reason both corroborate this. Shall a woman have loved me for long, long years with a pure and sacred love, shall she die, and shall she then forget me? Is love a thing like money which stops at the threshold of this world and cannot pass one step beyond? Is it not immortal? Is it not linked with my spirit? Does it not go with me as part of my deathless heritage? And so wherever she is (and that is a fathomless mystery) that woman loves me now and watches my course, applauds when I gain a pace, and mourns when sin beats me backward. She prays to the dear Lord Christ for me, and I, who ever prayed for her when she was on earth, shall I stop that prayer now because she is on one side of death and I on the other? Never! Too long has a miserable Calvinism bound us hand and foot in this disregard of the world beyond this; too long has the groundless fear of falling into popish saint worship kept us from remembering

in our prayers those gone before. They have great heights to gain, and we can help them now just as much as we ever could.

But let me recall you to the word "witnesses." Witnesses of what? Surely of our way of life, our trials, our happinesses, our rising up and lying down, our going in and out, our battles with temptation, our yieldings to sin, our days and hours and all with which they are loaded. Young man, the mother whose eyes you closed some years ago, and whose memory is a sweet perfume in your life, is one of this cloud of witnesses. She watches you as you stand in the doorway of the house of sin, she follows you in some wild revelry, she notices the gradual slipping down the scale of right living, and she sees also, with gladdening eye, the struggle you are making to grow better, the success you have had in overcoming this or that besetting sin. Apply the same reasoning to every relationship.

I know not how these witnesses look. It has not been told us in what form these happy spirits are vested. My eye could not see them, nor my ear listen to their voices, for they are not of this world; but I do know that many of them were on earth, for their names are inscribed on the Church's roll of honor, and that has been carefully kept from the earliest times. I pass over the wretched self-tortures that so many of them in-

flicted on themselves, wearing hair shirts, and plunging in ice-water, and being walled-up in holes in the church wall, all under the false notion that such acts were well pleasing to God. All that is of no importance, only painful superstition; but over all these names I find, in letters of fire, the word "self-sacrifice." He gave His life for others. She gave her strength, her wealth, all her powers, for the cause of good. They loved their fellow men. The world was the better for them, and so they were put among the saints. There are kings and nobles, and statesmen and warriors, and carpenters and washerwomen, young men and maidens, old men and children, among them, and each day that dawns, some one goes from here to join their company, for, thank God, the number of the saints is not filled up, and the world furnishes as splendid examples of living and dying for others as it ever did. Every one of this cloud of witnesses can sympathize with us, for they are of the same stuff that we are made of. They have sinned as we do, and repented and loved and hated. They know all about the trials and temptations and defeats and victories. They lived in the same way we did; many of them were Churchmen as we are. They traded and ploughed, and ran to and fro on errands just as we do. They enter fully into every feeling of our hearts and every action of our lives, and if we could hear

their voices reaching down to us, their cry would be: "We know what the struggle is; we have been through it all. We feel every blow you strike. We are flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone. Courage, patience! It is only a little while." Glory to the saints, and all glory in heaven and earth to their Leader, the King of Saints, our Lord, Christ Jesus.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

I HAVE often seen Church clergymen turning up their noses at Thanksgiving and saying that it was a Puritan festival. They might as well turn up their noses at pumpkin pie, because that is Puritan also. It is a very silly position for any man to take, that because a good thing originates with an enemy, therefore he will have none of it. Next to the great days, there is no day we ought to keep more heartily and with deeper devotion than the day of national Thanksgiving. I always made a great deal over it. There was always the great procession around the church, with the American flag carried, and lights and flowers galore, and the pulpit draped with the national colors, and the American eagle flapping its wings (metaphorically) and screaming in a proper and Churchly manner, and with the full approbation of the lectern eagle. And what was much more to the purpose, there was a great distribution of

good dinners to those who could not afford to buy them.

It will be a far-off day, I hope, when the Church shall slacken her observance of Thanksgiving Day, and it seems to me this year that the subjects of Thanksgiving are wonderfully great. Some of these, suggested by recent events, will be recognized by many people.

Every Thanksgiving I thank God that I am an American. I know the faults of my countrymen, their brag, their bluster, their self-assertion, but I have travelled a great deal and come in contact with many races of men, and I have never found anywhere kinder-hearted, more unselfish, more God-fearing, more intelligent, broader-minded men and women than those whom I am proud to call my fellow-citizens.

This year every harvest field groaned under its magnificent tribute. Did that come from you? You indeed sowed the seed, you ploughed, you reaped, you invented the machines which lessened so greatly the toil, but the sunlight, the mysterious chemistry of the air and the earth, the fertilizing of the rain, that unseen, untraceable force which out of the shining grain developed the nodding cornstalk with its tassels stirring in the evening breeze, was not all that direct from God? Ought He not to be devoutly thanked for it, not only by words, but by the grateful tribute of an unselfish life?

The Old Testament is full of the thanksgiving of ancient Israel over His mercies to them, but just compare what He did for them with what He does for us. He dried up the Red Sea for their marching armies, it is true, but He has enabled us almost to annihilate distance and in a few hours to transport our armies thousands of miles. The walls of Jericho fell down at the shout of Judah, but our skill has fashioned engines which would crumble walls ten times as stout to powder. He gave them the little land of Palestine. He has given us a glorious empire which stretches from ocean to ocean, with every climate, and rich with every production. Now do you think we can enjoy all this wonderful blessing of God without conditions? that we can do just what we please, and that still our march will be onward? Do you think we can throw away the recognition of God, throw away thanksgiving, throw away virtue, become a nation of atheists, become a swinish, besotted race, and still be able to possess and enjoy this matchless heritage? You are poor readers of history, to say nothing of the Bible, if you think so.

But my space is limited, and I must hasten to mention another great theme for thanksgiving. A man once said to me: "The thing for which I thank God most heartily every Thanksgiving Day is that He brought me out of the darkness and

hardness of Calvinism and set me in the sunlight of the Catholic Church." Probably the majority of us did not have that experience and have breathed the air of the Church from our birth, but should that lessen our warm, heartfelt, oft-repeated thanks to our God and Father that He has given us part and lot in this matter, that primitive doctrine, primitive worship, and all the splendid Catholic past, join to deepen our religious life and bring us nearer to our Head and our Redeemer? Glorious inheritance, may we struggle to be worthy of it!

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE Christmas Tree. Far back into the night of time goes its origin. We see, before a single priest had ever preached the Gospel on German soil, the savage people hanging their gifts on the trees of the forest with song and incantation. The Christian Church did with this, as with so many other heathen customs, adopted it, gave it a new meaning, and made it stand for the Lord Christ, the Branch and Tree of David, sending out its boughs for a refuge; "the Tree of Life which bare twelve manner of fruits . . . the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Let us look a little into the symbolism of the Christmas Tree. And first, it is green and fresh in the midst of winter's coldness and deadness. Glorious emblem of the Christian life in this cold world, where everything is so deadening to spirituality, and where an icy wind of worldliness is ever struggling to freeze into stiffness the current of devotion and faith. Let us be green and living

protests against that. We will see the snow of doubt rising high around us. We will see the brilliant flowers in the garden beds withering in the blast. The leaves will fall from many a tree, but let us so keep alive, by every Christian means, by sacrament and prayer and earnest purpose, the life of God in our souls that no cold unbelief may ever paralyze our growth and freeze up all our aspirations.

Again, the Christmas tree is sparkling with light, beautiful emblem of Him who was not simply "the Light of Asia," but the Light of the whole world; and as He is the great Light, so ought we to be the lesser light, letting our lights so shine before men that they also may glorify our Father. Ruskin gives us the seven great lights of architecture, the lamp of sacrifice, the lamp of truth, the lamp of power, the lamp of beauty, the lamp of life, the lamp of memory, the lamp of obedience. And these are not only the lamps of architecture, but the lights of the Christmas Tree of the soul, giving light amid the darkness and ignorance of the world. Try and set these lights in the branches of your tree. Try and have them the light of your life.

Then again, the Christmas Tree gives joy and pleasure. It is not part of a forbidding forest, nor some upas tree which blasts the lingerer in its precincts. It is a tree of gladness and brightness.

Let it be, again, an emblem to you of what the Christian should be, above all, at Christmas-tide. Oh, the blessed joy of that! A besieged city bursts into joy when the beleaguering army is driven away. The people of a land rejoice when a son is born to their king. We rejoice every year at the celebration of our country's birth, but what is all that compared with the joy that the Advent of Christ brought to the world. Out of that Birth came all the liberty of body and soul you enjoy; out of it, woman, came your proud place; out of it came advance and progress and light, and now, more rapidly than ever are its joyous possibilities being developed.

The Christmas Tree bears on its branches many useful things, and let that be a symbol of what the tree of your life should bear—things of use. Are you useful in the world? Would you be missed in the slightest way by anybody, if the newspaper to-morrow should contain the announcement of your death? You can be of use without being talked about or talking. At home, in your place of business, among your friends, with the poor, aiding in some good work. A man came into a street car where I was one gloomy morning, and he looked so sunny and so cheery that he was of use to every one there. Unconscious use, the sweetest kind of all, so pervaded by some goodness that it radiates from us.

Then again, the Christmas Tree bears things of beauty as well as things of use. In that sense, is it a symbol of anything beautiful in your life? I am well aware that beautiful things are just as useful in the world as sewing machines or cook stoves, useful in keeping us from sinking into dullness and vulgarity. Are you lending anything from your stores to the romance, the sentiment, the beauty of human life? Let some of the ugly things among which you have to move lose some of their repulsiveness when touched by your softness and grace and refinement and Christian delicacy.

But above all other things of which it is the symbol, the Christmas Tree is the symbol of Christ. There it stands ever green, gleaming with light, a thing of joy, loaded with useful gifts, a thing of beauty, and yet it is dying, torn from its forest home, offered up for us, and then it must die. Beautiful type of the Lord Jesus, ever living, the Light of all men, the Source of joy, the Bearer of gifts, the Miracle of beauty, and dying to accomplish His purpose. There the symbol fails, for He lives, the woodman Death can never cut Him down. His protecting shade covers all the earth. No winter with Him. Our Shelter here and our Shelter there, for in Paradise, as on earth, everywhere, in the highest heaven, is He now and forever, the Tree of Life Everlasting.

