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BISHOP CLARKSON

In Memoriam

BISHOP CLARKSON

Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory
everlasting

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1884

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE CATHEDRAL
CHAPTER OF THE DIOCESE OF NEBRASKA.

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CONTENTS.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	7
THE LAST RITES	15
THE MEMORIAL SERVICES	20
Bishop Hare's Sermon	20
SERVICES IN CHICAGO	43
Dr. Vibbert's Remarks	48
Dr. Locke's Remarks	53
Bishop McLaren's Remarks	65
HIS CIVIC VIRTUES	71
Hon. Ezra Millard's Remarks	71
Hon. A. J. Poppleton's Remarks	72
Judge James W. Savage's Remarks	81
Rev. W. J. Harsha's Remarks	86
Hon. J. M. Thurston's Remarks	87
Rev. Thomas B. Lemon's Remarks	89
RESOLUTIONS AND MINUTES OF VARIOUS BODIES	92
Bishops Attending the Funeral	92
Board of Managers of the Missionary Society	94
Clergy of the Diocese of Nebraska and of the Mis- sionary Jurisdiction of Dakota	97
Cathedral Chapter of the Diocese of Nebraska	99
Standing Committee of the Diocese	102
Cathedral Vestry	104
St. James Church, Chicago	106
Board of Trustees of Nebraska College	108
Trustees of Brownell Hall	109
Diocesan Council of 1884	113

BRIEF
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THIS morning's sun looks down upon a stricken City; and its grief brings a whole State to the ground in woe.

At the hour of twelve-thirty of the clock yesterday morning, Bishop Clarkson breathed his last breath of mortal life. In the midst of this great calamity, could we be left to our own hearts, we would sit with our personal grief in silence. But a few words must be written for the public record.

Robert Harper Clarkson was born at Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, on the 19th of November, 1826. He was of an old and honored family. His grandfather, the Rev. Joseph Clarkson, D.D., was the first clergyman ordained by Bishop White. He was rector of St. James Church, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, until he reached a great age, and he now lies in the churchyard there. The Bishop's father was, during his son's boyhood, a man of extensive business, and great public esteem. Afterward he lived in retirement. Many people in Omaha remember him, a genial, hearty, good old man. He died here several years ago.

The Bishop's academic education was received at Pennsylvania College in the town of his birth, where he was graduated B.A., in 1844. Shortly afterward, he became tutor at the College of St. James, in Hagerstown, Maryland. The head of this interesting institution was the Rev. Dr. Kerfoot, afterward Bishop of Pittsburgh. While there, young Clarkson studied theology, under Dr. Kerfoot, and was ordained Deacon, June 18, 1848.

In some of its circumstances, his early life was most happy. Far beyond what falls to the lot of most young persons, he enjoyed the advantage of the love and care and association of very rare men. While at the College of St. James he learned to love, and was in turn greatly loved by, the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, whose memory still lives and will always live in St. Luke's hospital, New York, which he founded, and in the lines of the hymn, "I would not live away," which he wrote. This eminent divine was the immediate successor of the elder Dr. Clarkson, as rector of the Church in Lancaster, and this strongly attached him to the young man, who through life was as a son to him. Dr. Bowman, also rector of the same Church and afterward Bishop of Pennsylvania, was his uncle. For his piety, learning and great labor, his name is a treasure in the Church to this day. He gave

his kinsman his solicitous affection and assistance. Dr. Kerfoot lavished upon him the vast stores of his great learning, and made known to him not only the beauty of godliness, but the power and joy of exquisite literary graces. His cousins—the Passmores—were nearly of his age, and their poetic and highly spiritual natures quickened his own. And there were others who cannot here be named. And so it was, that, by inheritance and education, he was made for such a life as now on earth is ended.

While at Hagerstown, in 1849, he won the hand of a daughter of the house of McPherson—a great name in that neighborhood—and ever since, she has shed on his pathway the radiance of a wife's affection and the help of a wife's care. On the day of their marriage, before the sounds of festivity were over, the young couple took up their long and weary way to Chicago; he to be the rector of St. James Church, and both to be to their death, most lovingly cherished in the affections of the people there. It was a great venture. With little knowledge of men, and no experience in affairs, they came to the new, raw, western City. Almost children, they were to be leaders of an aggressive and vigorous manhood, that was impatient of weakness and heedless of failures. But they proved themselves worthy son and daughter of their great

inheritance. Hardly were they settled in their new home, before the cholera came to mercilessly scourge the City. Others in the sacred office fled before the terrors of the plague; they were steadfast through the whole period of its ravages. Day and night, the young deacon held his way among the stricken; nursing the sick, helping the poor, holding up the hearts of the afflicted, holding the Cross before the eyes of the dying, and burying the forsaken dead. Stricken down himself, he conquered the disease by his indomitable spirit; and weak and weary as he was, he went out again to the utter misery all about, never stopping to rest, never heeding the cries of fear. The records of Christian heroism tell no more affecting tale of devotion and self-sacrifice. He came out of the ordeal a conqueror, for he had conquered a City. Known of all for what he had been in the hour of agony and trial, ever afterward men as he passed among them paid him a loving, almost worshipful homage.

He was ordained priest January 5, 1851. Seventeen years he lived among that people. He built a great Church, in its beauty surpassing all others in the City. He gathered a great congregation from all conditions of men. He set on foot, and nursed, and made secure many charities. Every young man coming there, of whom he could hear, was sought out and

helped, and encouraged, and put in the good way. Every poor, or sick, or afflicted, or friendless person found a hand stretched out, a heart open wide for him; and the more he needed of any sort of help, the more was pressed upon him. The whole was a life of arduous work; a joy and a blessing to everyone. The friendships then formed still live, their strength unrelaxed, and the gratitude to-day all it was when the service was rendered. And now the City of his first love mourns with the City where he rests forever.

In 1857 he received his Doctorate in Divinity from his *alma mater* and also from Racine College. And there, in that young school he had his place. It was he who named the sainted DeKoven for its head, and by much persuasion secured the appointment. And his unswerving devotion and unremitting service did much to make the College the Rugby of America. In 1872, our own University honored itself by conferring upon him the very first of its degrees of Doctor of Laws.

Eighteen years ago the General Convention of the Church elected him Missionary Bishop of Nebraska and Dakota. On the 15th of November, 1865, he was consecrated in his own Church. The services of that occasion are a memory still. The Rt. Rev. John Henry Hopkins, the presiding Bishop of the Church,

was consecrator, assisted by Bishops Kemper, McCoskrey, Lee, Whipple and Talbot. In 1868, Nebraska was erected into a Diocese, and he was unanimously elected its first Bishop. He retained jurisdiction in Dakota for some years, when the western part of that territory was detached and made a separate district with a Bishop of its own. Last fall he was, at his own request, relieved of his missionary jurisdiction, the work having outgrown his strength. And he now looked forward to years of labor to be given wholly to Nebraska.

He repeated in his higher office of Bishop his work as Priest. He came again to a new, raw land, whose prairies stretched out a vast waste, with a few little towns, where little Churches had been built, and a sparse and poor population. It was as untoward a prospect as a Christian Bishop ever looked upon. But he was no more dismayed than when he first left the home of his fathers. With what heedlessness of self; with what buoyancy of spirit; with what resolute patience, despite great discouragements; with what abundant, trying, exhausting labors he has gone on and carried on the work none know, or ever will know, who were not admitted to his inmost heart. He has built fifty churches. He has carried to success his two schools. He has been the head and moving spirit, and source of strength, to

all the work of his Church. He has not kept himself to the places of ease, nor even to his own home; but has gone up and down all the country, preaching in school houses, as well as Churches, to a few disciples wherever they could be gathered. No journey has been too long or too hard for him to travel, in all seasons, so that he could reach, and help, and encourage any servant of the Lord. He has preached such sermons that men, who cared little for such things, have said they never heard him, but they longed to be better; and he has taught multitudes the very rudiments of our divine religion.

His work has been before our eyes, although we have not seen it all. The poor missionary has cried to him in his utter poverty; the young man has craved his aid; the afflicted and sorely sinning have sought his counsel and comfort. And so it is that his true work, his great work, has been abundant and distressing, where men could have no thought of it. And its fruits are on every hand. They are the love, that now makes so many men and women he has helped to a better life, rise up and called him blessed.

His last great works are in our midst. The Child's Hospital was his child, and he loved it with a father's love. That is one. But the joy of his last days was the Cathedral. He toiled and was full of anxious fears for it.

There was no detail of the work he did not know, and follow, and care for. And when it was completed and he looked upon its fair beauty, and came to consecrate it on that lovely November day, with his brethren of the Episcopate about him, and his clergy around him, and amidst a great concourse of his people, he rejoiced with a great joy. His last act there he entered into with his best delight—the marriage of the daughter of the one of his laymen he most loved. And now, after that, comes the end in the holy precincts. While yet in health, he spoke again and again of his wish to be laid beneath the shadow of his Cathedral, and even pointed out the spot. And when he saw the time was coming fast, he repeated his request that there he should be laid. The solemn promise then was given him, and he rested on it.—*Omaha Herald, March 11.*

THE LAST RITES.

ON the morning of the 13th of March, Holy Communion was celebrated at the Cathedral at 11 o'clock; Bishop Vail, of Kansas, being celebrant, Bishop Hare of Southern Dakota, epistoler, Bishop McLaren, of Chicago, gospeler, Bishop Spaulding, of Colorado, reading the exhortation, Bishop Walker, of Northern Dakota, saying the Post Communion.

A large number of communicants participated, the Cathedral being filled, and a generous offering was given for aged and infirm clergy.

The order of music was this:

- Processional—"The Church's One Foundation."
"Kyrie Eleison." - - - - - Gounod
"Gloria Tibi." - - - - - Gounod
"Sanctus." - - - - - Berthold Tours
Hymn—"Bread of the World, in Mercy Broken."
"Gloria in Excelsis." - - - - - Old Chant
Recessional—"The Strife is o'er, the Battle Won."

The altar cloth and the pall were the usual ones for Lent. The throne was covered with black cloth, hanging from the pinnacles of the canopy to the floor.

The funeral procession moved from the res-

idence "Overlook," at 1 o'clock in the order given:

The Mayor and City officers.

The vestries of Churches not of Omaha.

The vestry of St. Barnabas.

The vestry of St. Mark's.

The vestry of the Cathedral.

The lay members of the chapter.

The visiting clergy, including delegations from the dioceses of Minnesota, Chicago, Quincy, Missouri, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota and Iowa.

The Diocesan clergy.

The Cathedral clergy.

The body was borne on the shoulders of eight strong men, most of whom had worked on the Cathedral, while the others had been in the service of the Bishop. The casket of cedar wood, covered with black cloth, was draped with a large pall of royal purple, having through its centre a white cross.

The pall bearers were:

The Rev. Mr. Shaw, The Rev. Dr. McNamara,
Mr. C. W. Mead, Mr. H. G. Clark,
Mr. E. Wakely, Mr. J. M. Woolworth,
The Rev. Dr. Oliver, The Rev. Dr. Goodale.

Following them were the gentlemen of the family; (the ladies being in carriages), Bishops Vail of Kansas, Spaulding of Colorado, Hare of South Dakota, Walker of North Dakota,

McLaren of Chicago, Brewer of Montana, Brown of Fond du Lac, and Robertson of Missouri, and distinguished gentlemen from abroad and of Omaha.

All places of business and the public schools were closed; and as the procession passed to the Cathedral, the streets were thronged with people, who reverently uncovered.

At the door of the Cathedral, the procession opened, and the body of the deceased prelate was carried into the porch, followed by the family and friends.

His Excellency the Governor and other state officers, the General commanding the Department and his staff, the Judges and officers of the Federal and State courts, and the ministers of other denominations, occupied seats specially assigned to them.

The Bishops, having passed through the chapel and robing room, came down the aisle to the inner door of the Cathedral, and then returned, followed by the body, borne by the clerical and lay pall bearers. Then came the family and friends, and those who were in the procession from the house, in inverse order, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walker reading the sentences.

The burial chant was sung by the choir.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. McLaren read the lesson. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Hare said the prayers. The hymn, "Jerusalem, My Happy Home," was

sung by the choir, when the Bishops passed down the aisle, followed by the clerical and lay bearers, carrying the body, and by the family and friends, and after them the clergy, the organ playing the Dead March in "Saul."

The hymn "Jerusalem the Golden" was sung while the body was lowered into the grave.

The Right Rev. Dr. Spaulding said the sentences. The Rev. Dr. McNamara said the committal to the ground, the Rev. Dr. Batterson casting in the earth. The Right Rev. Dr. Brown said the sentence after the committal, and the Right Rev. Dr. Robertson said the concluding prayers. The hymn "O, Paradise, O, Paradise!" concluded the services.

The hymns were of the Bishop's own selection.

A great concourse was assembled in the Cathedral yard, and before the grave was filled, multitudes looked down upon the heavy stone strewn with flowers.

The tomb is of hard brick laid in Portland cement. A heavy stone is embedded in the walls just above the casket. The walls carried to the surface of the ground are covered again by another thick stone, which will form the foundation of the monument.

The resting place is in a spot selected by the Bishop for the purpose, and south of the south

transept of the Cathedral. The place will be marked by a horizontal monument and a cross, like those at the graves of the Christian poet, Keble, and of the Rev. Dr. De Koven, at Racine College; and it will be kept as a sacred spot, to which multitudes will resort to pay the tributes of a loving memory to their beloved Bishop.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICES

AT THE CATHEDRAL ON THE SUNDAY FOLLOWING
THE BURIAL.

MORNING prayer having been said at eight o'clock, at eleven o'clock, after the Litany said by the Rev. Canon Paterson, Holy Communion was celebrated, Bishop Hare being the celebrant and gospeler, and Bishop Walker being the epistoler. Then followed

BISHOP HARE'S SERMON.

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God." REV. 3:12.

I have come here this morning in response to a request which I could not refuse, and under the government of the conviction that each one of us ought to do what he can, to convert the event, under the shadow of which we stand, into a dispensation in the light of which we will walk.

I am asked to present some of the prominent traits of the father and friend we have lost. But how shall I perform the duty? Dare I break the silence, when my doing so will

make you realize that from this pulpit will come to you no more that strangely sympathetic voice, which made the chords of your inmost souls to vibrate, and drew your moral being in its train, as the woods followed the golden lyre of Orpheus? How shall I describe a man, whose characteristic quality was an *in-describable fascination*. A penetrative magnetism like the subtile power which thrills a mother's care-worn frame when her little child, stepping to her bedside, lays its soft hand upon her aching forehead. How shall I occupy the place where has been wont to stand one whom even those who doubt the reality and sincerity of preachers believed to be genuine, and who called forth from those who knew him best, the salute, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." How shall I deport myself with fitting humility, as I recall to your memories a man, who, while he filled so large a place, and was resorted to for counsel and guidance by so many, and touched so large a portion of the community at so many of their springs of action, never so much as for a moment dreamed that he was *great* in any way, but moved about among you as simply and unpretendingly, and as free from self-consciousness as a child. O for more of that spontaneous kindness of heart of his, beside which punctilious courtesy seems so turgid and so

hollow! O for more of that love of man, which reveals to the preacher the deepest sources of feeling in the human heart, the intuitive knowledge and tact of love, a thousand times better than the most consummate art; the artless statements of a good man's lips, which make the most secretive feel that he is in the presence of a man, who tells him all the things that ever he did; and dismissing the congregation without having aroused resentment, repeats the scene, of which we are told in the Gospel, where the hearers, being convicted by their own conscience, "went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last."

My text to-day is, "Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God." I have chosen it, first, because the words recall a scene which it is well to contemplate, when we are disconcerted and staggering under an inscrutable blow; secondly, because they bring before us the work and the reward of a faithful Bishop, like him whom you have lost, a steadfast chief pastor, who flourished as the first century of the Church's history was drawing to a close.

As our many congregations and their several pastors are now united under one chief pastor, who is responsible to God for them, and who is the messenger or angel (the word angel means messenger) of God to them, so

it was in the days when St. John the Divine was favored with the symbolic vision, which occupies the first few chapters of the Book of Revelation.

A number of these clustered congregations, dioceses as we should call them, were represented to the Apostle in his vision by golden candlesticks. Their angels (or bishops, as we should say) were represented by stars. The great Head of the Church was seen in a figure like unto the Son of Man; His head and His hair were white like wool, as white as snow; His voice was as the sound of many waters; and His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. The ever-present oversight and ministry, which the Lord vouchsafes His Church, was symbolized by the position of the radiant figure. He was represented as standing in the midst of the golden candlesticks, while His ability to direct, and rule, and sustain His chief pastors, was indicated by His holding the stars, the emblem of them, in His right hand. Surely this is, as I said, a scene which it is well to contemplate, when we are disconcerted by a staggering blow.

To each of the chief pastors, the Lord sent by his servant John a message. The text is part of one of these messages, and it naturally came to my mind, as I thought of the messenger of God to you, whose departure we deplore.

“These things saith He that is holy, He that is true, He that hath the key of David, He that openeth and no man shutteth, He that shutteth and no man openeth. I know thy works. Behold I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast little strength [small were His resources in men and means], and hast kept my word and hast not denied my name. * * * Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God.”

These words present the picture of a faithful Bishop, who though he has little strength, will use that little strength to the utmost, and therefore will welcome as a rich earthly reward the setting before him of an open door, *i.e.* full opportunity for Christian activity. It is the portrait of a chief Pastor, firm and steadfast, who has kept God's word. And what should be especially noticed is, that it is implied, that back of the fidelity of this servant with his little strength, is the persistent idea of Him, whose countenance shineth as the sun shineth in his strength. Back of his resolve is the determination of the Absolute Disposer of all events, of Him that openeth and no man shutteth. The faithful chief pastor has the divine approval. “Thou hast kept My word.” Continue doing so. “Hold fast that which

thou hast." Thy effort shall not be in vain—that which thou hast tried to be, thou shalt be. Thou hast shown faithfulness and steadiness and firmness, pillar-like virtues, in time here upon the earth, and a pillar I will make thee forever in my sanctuary above. "Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God." The good chief Pastor who has tried to be a certain kind of man on earth, shall be rewarded, not by being made, in a higher world, some other thing (as when, incongruously, among us men, a man who has proved himself a good soldier, instead of being made an officer, is made a judge), but what he shall be shall correspond with what he has been; there shall be unbroken continuity; the future shall be the fruit of the present; the pillar-like servant shall be a pillar forever, a thing of ornament and of use, for beauty and for support, in that City which shall be all temple, because the presence of the Almighty shall penetrate it through and through. I think we may justly transfer these ideas from the early Bishop, to the Bishop whom we have known so well; your steadfast, pillar-like Bishop, who *overcame*, and who, having overcome, has it as his reward to be now and to be forever gloriously in a higher sphere, what he was in inferior degree here below, a pillar in the temple of his God.

I am aware that we cannot associate the idea of overcoming with Bishop Clarkson's name, if our notion of conquest involves the notion of altercation. He shrank from all strife and contests, and was eminently a man of peace. But there is another mode of overcoming—the overcoming of the rising tide, which makes its way, not by dashing sorties, but by gradual advances ; which overcomes obstacles, not by attacking, but by encircling them; which does not blast the opposing rock with loud explosions, but bathes it and dissolves it and flows over it with its all-pervading waters. So it was that our friend overcame. “The bruised reed he did not break.” Like his Master, “he did not strive nor cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.” But gentle as was his nature, and quiet as were his methods, his whole life was one overcoming.

He was, we are told, as a boy, just what those of us who knew him only as a man would have inferred—full of life and spirits, susceptible to every impression from without, endowed with a keen sense of the ludicrous, hungry for all sorts of fun, at the bottom of every piece of mischief that was current, but clever enough never to be caught. Such a nature is open at a hundred points to temptation, and many boys of such temperament give full rein to their inclinations, and fling all

scruples to the winds. This Robert Harper Clarkson never did. He never cut the cable that anchored him to the rock of principle. He was frolicsome but never persistently undutiful; a tease, but never cruel; mischievous, but never bad. The body which was laid last Thursday beneath the shadow of this sacred building was never stained by impurity or other excess. At about sixteen, the first crisis in his moral and religious life came, and under the earnest preaching of the Gospel, he was awakened to the seriousness of life, and the sacredness of the claims of his Redeemer. He openly confessed His name, and soon began to consider whether it was not his duty to devote his life to his Master's special service in the ministry. This was his first overcoming, the overcoming of his boyish thoughtlessness.

Though the early religious teachings which he received were those of our own Church, to which his parents belonged, there was no Episcopal Church in the town where his parents lived; and the services at which young Clarkson was led to make his choice were those of another religious body. And perhaps it is to this fact that we are in a degree to trace that conquest of which I would next speak, *viz.*: his conquest over the disposition to sectarian animosity, and the narrowness which can discover no good outside one's own Church.

Of that Church he took high views. He believed that it was what the Redeemer meant His Church to be; a body which can trace its lineage back in unbroken succession through a line of Bishops to the Apostles, and through them to the body of the Incarnate Head of the Church Himself as He breathed upon the Apostles, and said, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." He held that the claims of his own branch of the Church were sacred, altogether peculiar, preëminent, unique, and, in a sense, exclusive. He was glad therefore when the most successful of non-Episcopal ministers discarded the ordination under which they had felt justified in ministering, and sought regular orders in the Church. He saw and mourned the wastefulness of divisions among Christians, and believed that the result of them was the starvation of the ministry in mind and pocket, and the degradation of the Church. He was weary of the petty rivalries of many congregations of different denominations in our small towns. But who was so free as he from petty jealousy and narrowness? Who so glad to see the good that ministers of other bodies accomplished? Who so appreciative of their ability, zeal and piety? He met them without a trace of offishness and associated with them without a particle of assumption. He was eager to learn of their methods

and opinions, and glad to know that they thought him worthy of their respect and regard. From his bed of sickness he sent a message first by the telephone, and then by a special messenger to a non-Episcopal minister in the city, asking the prayers of himself and his people. "Some may criticise" he said "a Bishop's asking the prayers of persons outside his own Church; but no matter. I value the prayers of all good men." While on a visit, once, to one of the towns of the state, he learned that an effort was being made to build a house for an aged Methodist minister, and at once inclosed a cheque for ten dollars, with the expression of his pleasure that there was a prospect that the good man would have a roof over his head in his old age. And since his death, a touching letter has come from a Baptist minister residing now in Michigan, telling of the cheer which had been brought to his heart, when he was about to leave Nebraska for a strange field of labor, by receiving from the Bishop, whom he had frequently met in travelling, a note expressing his regret that he was about to leave the state, and wishing him God speed in his new sphere. There was nothing about your Bishop which you could measure in a bushel. He was too large-hearted to be entirely contained even within the bounds of our own comprehensive Church.

Next I would point out the indomitable perseverance with which the Bishop pursued the duties of his office, and overcame the peculiar discouragements of a Bishop's work. These discouragements arise largely from the unreasonable expectations of ministers, the unreasonable expectations of congregations, and the unreasonable expectations of the general Church.

I do not speak of this aspect of a Missionary Bishop's life, as though a Missionary Bishop's lot were harder than that of any other minister, or than that of any other man. Much less would I imply that Bishop Clarkson thought it hard. I do not think it is. Increasingly, there grows the wonder that the Head of the Church should bestow such a vocation on such as we are. With abashed gratitude the heart exclaims, "On me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this favor bestowed, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." Nor would I imply that Bishop Clarkson did not enjoy from his clergy, his people, and his Church at large, confidence in his ability, love for his character, and gratitude for what he had done. I think he enjoyed them to a remarkable degree. But all life has its trials—I wish to point out a trial which is specifically a Bishop's, and so I speak of the unreasonable expectations of the

clergy, the congregations and the general Church. Every man of tender heart wants those whom he loves to expect great things of him. Every man of spirit will try to meet these expectations. But no man can fulfil them. Ceaselessly they cry "Give, give," and like death and the grave they are never full. They make a Missionary Bishop like a military culprit, condemned to wear the ball and chain; and if when the drag becomes unendurable at home, the Missionary Bishop seeks relief by going to the East, he finds that the ball and chain have been removed from one ankle only to be fastened round the other. In his own diocese he feels dragging on him the questions; Why does not the Bishop stand up for his clergy and protect them from the inconsiderate treatment of the laity? Why does not he secure for his congregations more eloquent preachers? While away from his diocese, at the Church's great centres, the questions pursue him: If he is cautious, why does he let this gift and that lie so long idle? If he puts the money in some enterprise which does not meet the Church's expectations, then why did he not show more forecast? Will his field never become self-supporting, and will he never cease to solicit the Church's aid? A man is more than human if he does not sadden after many years' experience like this. Bishop

Clarkson did sadden. He began to feel that his episcopate had been a failure. He feared that his influence was waning, that his hold on the general church was gone. His nearest friends remarked a growing tendency to despondency. But though he might have turned on the Church with irritation and vexation, and demanded—"Was his field self-sought? Who had dragged him from his happy parish home in Chicago? Who gave annually as much to his mission field as he did?"—he was never irritated, never vexed, only increasingly sad; but he was never stranded on these bars of depression. The resistless tide of his hopefulness, and love, and sense of duty would rise and float him over them. He rallied himself and drove his ship ahead; took up his work afresh. He would try to dismiss the unreasonable expectations of vacant stations with a smile, "Oh I'll send you the Archbishop of Canterbury." He would start off to cheer some distant and struggling brother, and while he really went to help him bear his burden, write him in his playful way that he "liked to be in good company and therefore would be with him next Sunday." But wherever he went, he was like a mother-bird returning to its nest, and the nest was always full of hungry birds. Fed they must be. He had just been to the East, and found that the

breasts of his mother, The Church, were dry; and so he overtaxed himself and fed them, like the bird in the legend, with the life blood from his own bosom. It was pathetic as he lay dying to find that the Child's Hospital and the feeble stations of his diocese were upon his anxious heart, and hear him ask, "will this (his approaching death) affect the Hospital? Will the contributions fall off?" and to catch the names of his missions, amid incoherent sentences half uttered, "Red Cloud," "Tecumseh."

I would remark now another conquest. The tendency of a zealous minister is to become absorbed in the duties of his office, and to pursue them to the neglect of all other duties. Many an earnest minister is a neglectful husband; many a faithful pastor is a bad father; many a good minister's relatives wish, and with reason, that he were as kind and attentive in the home circle, as he is in his parish. Bishop Clarkson might easily have fallen into this error, for no man ever flung himself with more complete self abandonment than he, into the interests of all the flock committed to his charge. He was wrapped up not only in their ecclesiastical and spiritual concerns, but in all the details of their personal lives, as I never knew man to be; in their engagements, marriages, births, business ventures, bereavements.

He rejoiced with them that did rejoice, and wept with them that wept, all over the diocese; and not only so, but among the people whose pastor he had been in Chicago, twenty years ago. So cordial a treat was his sympathy, that it was as if he was himself in each engagement, lover over again; in each marriage, groom over again; in each birth, happy young father over again. From his sick bed three days before his death, he telephoned his congratulations and best love to a young mother upon the birth of a daughter, asked that oranges might be sent to a little lamplighter who had broken his leg, and charged that one of the clergy should be sure to search out a sick man, almost a total stranger to him, of whose illness he had read in the newspaper, and who, he feared, might be friendless. But this tender concern for those who were bound to him by reason of his office never drew him from those who were united to him by the ties of nature. The moment he could break away from the ties of official duty, he made for his home, like a carrier pigeon set free. To reach it he would often take the caboose on a freight train on Sunday at midnight, rather than wait for the regular passenger train the next morning. Arrived at home, he was radiant with delight. Love exhaled from his soul, like perfume from a flower, toward every member

of his family. And ere death clouded his faculties, he called them all to his bedside, spoke to each one an appropriate parting word, and poured forth his soul for each one before the Mercy Seat in passionate and specific supplication.

There is another evil into which a minister is apt to fall, which Bishop Clarkson escaped, and I touch upon it in showing another point in which he overcame. It is the hardness which comes from doing sacred things frequently, merely as a part of one's office. Formal prayer takes the place of real prayer. The anointing of the Holy One, which keeps the soul soft and pliable, is no longer enjoyed, and the man becomes like a leathern bottle in the smoke, dry, and stiff, and angular, and hard. His instructions are given mechanically. The service is read hastily with a sort of metallic ring, or drowsily with a sort of wooden dulness. There are ministers of whom young men say, "We have nothing in common with them. They do not understand us." These are the clergymen who make the mothers in the parish wish, for the children's sake, that they had a *young* minister. But they do not mean young in years, but in heart. Bishop Clarkson was always young in heart; never angular; never dry; never formal or mechanical. His religion was always natural and free.

No young man ever felt that *he* did not understand him. If he had been a parish priest the last year of his life, no mother would ever have wished, for the children's sake, that they had a younger man. There was always *unction* about him. When communing with one and another of his clergy, he would say with great tenderness and meaning, "I fear we do not pray enough—we do not pray enough for our work." And in his last hours he was heard to say with deep emotion, "My sins, my sins, my Saviour, they take such hold on me."

Another conquest of his was the overcoming of his own tender susceptibilities and affections. These often come in contact with one's duty, and the danger of a nature so kind and affectionate as Bishop Clarkson's is, that it will habitually listen to the call of the affections, which comes to one with voice so much sweeter and gentler than the stern voice of duty. He could not bear to deny a pathetic entreaty. It was almost impossible for him to disentangle himself from the toils of friendship, or unlock the embrace of affection. His friends were all right; or, if in error, the error was but a speck, their goodness was an expanse. At any rate, he loved them, and love covers a multitude of sins. And, perhaps, it was in the realm of his affections, more than anywhere else in his char-

acter, that he was near being overcome, instead of overcoming. A severe thing should be done. Can he bring himself to do it? He ought, in his course of action, to part company at this point with his friends. Will he do it? He ought to come boldly forward at this juncture, and take a side. Will he do it? He lingered, he wavered, he winced, not for lack of courage, but from the dislike of his kind heart to give anyone pain, and from his intense desire that all should love him. He lingered, he wavered, he winced; but once confronted with the necessity of choice, once convinced that he was called to action, he acted; he made his choice; he made it resolutely; and this resolute choice was the right. When once a clergyman was indisposed to obey a canon of the Church, and expressed his belief that it could not be enforced, and threatened to test whether it could be, by disobeying it, the Bishop's quick reply was, "As sure as you do, you shall have full opportunity to test it, sir." And the moral force that was in him, and which prevented him from ever so indulging his affections as to put him in danger of becoming soft, appeared splendidly, when he was called from his beloved parish to become a frontier Bishop. The announcement drove the blood from his cheek, and left him speechless for minutes. Thus he describes his emo-

tions in the sermon in which he announced to his parish his decision: "Entirely unexpected, without the slightest desire on my part, and with scarcely the shadow of a training, the announcement of the Church came upon me. The very thought of the necessary severing of ties, and disturbing of the associations of seventeen years of a happy pastorate, was more than I could bear. And whilst I was enduring anguish and agitation in the balancing of inclination with duty, such as I pray God I may never again experience, I went to one of the Bishops, and told him that I could not and would not go, and laid before him the reasons for my decision, ultimate as I then thought. When I told him of my ministry here, commenced in the fervor and enthusiasm of youth, and deep-rooted in the spiritual services and pastoral experiences of so many years,—of my flock united in a most remarkable degree, and precious to me, every one, without an exception, and of my delightful home, filled with numberless testimonials of your attachment,—and of my beautiful church, every stone of which was cemented by my anxieties and my prayers,—and of the city with which I had grown up, the only dwelling place of my manhood's years, the birth place of my children and the sleeping ground of my dead,—I supposed that this was enough to satisfy any

reasonable man that I ought not to be asked to go. His only reply, as he laid his hand upon my shoulder and looked me calmly in the eye, was: 'Your Master in Heaven left infinitely more than this for you. Life is short. The account you must give will be strict. Go where He has sent you.' What could I say? Shame and silence sealed my lips. From that hour the more I thought over the matter, and the more I prayed over it, and the more I discussed it with holy men, who believe that there is a God, and that there are such things as duty, accountability, necessary self-surrender and the baptism of the Holy Ghost, the clearer grew the whole subject, the more insignificant and sinful seemed the thought of personal sacrifice, and the more imperative became the demand of conscience; and, although I reserved the right of final decision until I came home, and did not definitely determine until since my return, yet every day has settled me firmer in the wish best expressed in the lines of the text, 'What am I that I could withstand God?'"

It was a splendid triumph of duty over his tenderest affections and deepest love of friends.
He overcame.

And lastly, let me speak of his conquest of the last enemy. He had a presentiment from the first that this sickness was his last, and immediately, on being taken ill, began to make

preparations for his departure, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that his will-power gave way, that he died from want of endeavor and determination to get well, and that a man of stronger will and greater desire to live would have recovered. To the last, he was master of himself and the situation. To the last, he was the director and the comforter of all. The physicians marvelled at the clearness and vigor with which he read and described his symptoms. He wrote daily in his journal, for ten days after he was laid upon his bed, and one entry reads, "I am feeling better to-day. Perhaps I shall yet be up." He kept the little details of business well in hand, and even was at pains to see that replies to telegrams, inquiring as to his condition, should be prepaid. Two days after he was declared by his physicians to be dying, he called for the daily paper and read the local items. When told that he could not live, he argued that he "had too much vitality to die yet." He proposed vigorous treatment, and thought that if it was resorted to he might yet recover. Five minutes before his death, he calmly and collectedly inquired, "Do you see any great change?" His self command—his self possession, was complete.

One would have supposed that the approach of death to a man so wrapped up as he was, in

wife and children, friends and home, would have been attended with peculiar terrors; that the loosening of the embrace of love would have been accompanied with exhibitions of uncontrollable anguish. There was nothing of the kind. For three weeks he lay in death's presence, but its presence did not disturb him in the least. It was then that the essential characteristic of his religion shone forth in its peculiar glory. He had implicit faith in God, the unerring, wise, loving, ever faithful Father and Redeemer. He was God's dear child. Throughout he behaved as a child in the house of his father. He did not act as if he felt that he was nearing a tremendous juncture and must brace himself: he acted as he always acted; was as natural as a child in a garden, unconscious of the presence of the asp. He was even playful sometimes. He talked of his interment without a shudder; of his being shrouded in his robes of office without shrinking; he had his robes brought to his room, and asked that he might be buried in the robes in which for eighteen years he had done his work; not in his new ones, which might be given to another; chose the hymns to be sung at his funeral.

With sublime composure he said a little before his death, "I shall soon be with all the dead," and again, "I believe as I preached, I

shall close my eyes on this world and open them on a better." He has done so. And we, who have known him, are to-day, my friends, like men who, as they have gone daily to and from their homes, have passed a quarry where a huge monolith was being cut out from the crude rock, and they have beheld it, day by day, fashioned beneath the sculptor's hammer and chisel into a nobly proportioned and graceful pillar. They have seen, day by day, preparations made for its removal. Next day they pass by and the column is gone! What has become of it? Has all this development of beauty and power had no final purpose? Is there no permanent place for this noble pillar?

"These things saith He that is holy, He that is true, He that openeth and no man shutteth, He that shutteth and no man openeth. HIM THAT OVERCOMETH WILL I MAKE A PILLAR IN THE TEMPLE OF MY GOD, AND HE SHALL GO NO MORE OUT."

SERVICES IN CHICAGO.

A MEMORIAL Service was held in St. James Church, Chicago, Sunday afternoon, March 30th, 1884, as follows:

Hymn 189.

In the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die.”

“I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.”

“We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the Name of the Lord.”

Let us pray.

Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

V. O Lord, open Thou our lips.

R. *And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.*

V. Glory be to the FATHER, and to the SON, and to the HOLY GHOST.

R. *As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.*

V. Praise ye the Lord.

R. *The Lord's Name be praised.*

The Anthem.

From the office for the Burial of the Dead.

“Lord, let me know my end.”

The Lesson.

I Thess., iv., 13-18.

Psalm cxxx.—*De Profundis.*

The Creed.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. *And with thy spirit.*

Let us pray.

V. O Lord, shew Thy mercy upon us.

R. *And grant us Thy salvation.*

V. Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord.

R. *For in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.*

V. Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord.

R. *And let Light perpetual shine upon him.*

V. Lord, hear our prayer.

R. *And let our cry come unto Thee.*

O God, whose days are without end, and whose mercies cannot be numbered: Make us, we beseech Thee, deeply sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and let Thy Holy Spirit lead us through this vale of misery, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our lives: That when we shall have served Thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers, having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, in favor with Thee our God, and in perfect charity with the world. All

which we ask through Jesus Christ Our Lord.
Amen.

Almighty God, with Whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with Whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; We give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those Thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. And we beseech Thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory; through Jesus Christ Our Lord.
Amen.

We commend unto Thy mercy, O Lord, Thy servants which are departed hence with the sign of faith, and do now rest in the sleep of peace, especially Thy servant, Robert Harper Clarkson, Bishop and Doctor. Grant unto them, we beseech Thee, Thy mercy and everlasting peace; and that at the day of the general resurrection, we, and all they which be of the mystical Body of Thy Son, may together be set on His right hand, and receive that blessing which He shall then pronounce to all who love and fear Thee, saying, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom

prepared for you from the beginning of the world." Grant this, O merciful Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. *Amen.*

O Almighty God, Who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical Body of Thy Son, Christ our Lord; Grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which Thou hast prepared for those who unfeignedly love Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Almighty God, we bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, and especially for this Thy servant whom we commemorate to-day, whom Thou hast delivered from the miseries of this wretched world, from the body of death, and from all temptation; and, as we trust, hast brought their souls into sure consolation and rest. Give us grace, we beseech Thee, so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly Kingdom, through the glorious Resurrection of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Assist us mercifully, O Lord, in these our supplications and prayers, and dispose the way

of Thy servants toward the attainment of everlasting salvation; that, among all the changes and chances of this mortal life, we may ever be defended by Thy most gracious and ready help; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

2 Cor. xiii., 14.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

The Anthem.

Rev. xiv., 13.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, "Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors."

The Addresses.

DR. VIBBERT'S REMARKS.

The Rev. Dr. Vibbert, Rector of the church, said: We are met together this afternoon, as friends and lovers of the late Bishop Clarkson, to do honor to the memory of one who for seventeen years was the Rector of this Parish, and under whom it received that shape and impetus which placed it in the front rank of the parishes of the Northwest; and also to put

upon record our estimate of his services to the Church and the community in which he lived and worked for so many years.

Of his work here I can only speak from hearsay; but many things have been told me by those who knew him best that enable me to discover those traits of his character that contributed to his success as a parish priest, and endeared him to the hearts of his parishioners and fellow citizens.

The first time I ever met him was in the Berkeley Divinity School Chapel, Conn., where he was making an appeal for his mission work in Nebraska; and I well remember how much I was impressed with the earnestness and simplicity of his words. I remember how in his speaking of the zeal of S. Francis Xavier, he seemed to be witnessing to the sacred enthusiasm which fired his own heart and nerved him to the self-sacrificing work of his own missionary labors. And when I have said to his old parishioners: "Tell me what sort of a man Dr. Clarkson was," the first reply I invariably received was, "He was a man of remarkable *simplicity* of character." He was perfectly natural in his actions and in his speech. There seemed to be an utter absence of self-consciousness; and when he spoke he appeared to be lost in the importance of his subject, and

when he acted he was thinking of others and interested in their welfare.

And this interest in others' welfare testified to his *sympathetic* nature. Always ready to "rejoice with them that do rejoice and to weep with them that weep," he was a welcome friend at the marriage feast or at the bedside of the sick and suffering. He entered with pleasure into all the innocent amusements of social life, and brought comfort and cheer to those who needed consolation in hours of darkness and desolation. His special friends were the poor, the humble, the sick and the suffering. For them he was always poor himself. And when he left us, the poor felt that they had lost their best friend. And when the scourge of cholera came, and others in the sacred office fled at its dread approach, the young deacon continued fearless at his post, nursing the sick, shriving the dying and burying the dead. Stricken down himself, he conquered by God's grace and his indomitable will; and, weak as he was, he went at his heroic work again, thus endearing himself more and more to the hearts of those among whom he so bravely ministered. It was the same sympathetic nature that made the children so fond of him. By his simplicity and playfulness, as well as by his special fondness for the little ones, he easily won their love. A friend tells me of his going through

the Sunday school, calling each child by name, having some pleasant word to say to each one, rumpling up the hair of this boy and that, as he passed smiling along the aisle, or taking some child by the hand, making some remark that was sure to stimulate his interest in the work, and make him love the good pastor more devotedly. No wonder that the children felt that he loved them and sympathized with them! No wonder that they were warmly attached to him!

The zeal and enthusiasm of his nature at once began to stimulate the efforts of his parishioners, and the Parish soon felt the influence of his energy and devotion.

Additional accommodations were shortly needed for the increasing congregations that he gathered from all sorts and conditions of men. The little church at Cass and Illinois streets soon proved quite inadequate for the number of people that frequented the services, and a new and larger edifice was demanded. The lot on which our present church stands was purchased, and the corner-stone of the beautiful church (which was destroyed in the great fire) was laid in the spring of 1856, the first service being held in December, 1857; and although there was upon the church the large debt of \$30,000, yet by the energy and tact of Dr. Clarkson the whole sum was raised a few

years later, and placed upon the altar on Easter-day. The history of the parish under his Rectorship, we are told, was one of great unity and of increasing prosperity.

Of his broad Catholic spirit that manifested itself in his sympathy and labors in all good works in the city as well as in the Church, of his patriotism during the years of civil strife, of his care for the soldiers, and of his lively interest in the institutions of this city, others can bear ample testimony. With quick, keen sympathy, so thoroughly alive to everything that went on around him, he threw himself into all worthy plans for material growth and progress. He loved Chicago, and he was proud of it. There are doubtless many in this congregation this afternoon, gathered as it is from all quarters of the city, who can testify to the enthusiasm and energy that he brought to bear upon the advancement of this Capital of the West, and to the value of the influence which he exerted upon it.

I should not call his life here an eventful life; but it was (what is better) a life of the faithful performance of duty in the ordinary lines that God laid out for him. We remember him here as a man distinguished for goodness, as one who made men better, who raised them to a higher plane of thought, and made society purer and nobler. Simple in his manners, sym-

pathetic in his affections, impassionate in his dealings, broad and catholic in his spirit, zealous in his work, practical in his judgment, charitable and tolerant toward all, he was a patriotic citizen, a loving friend, a thorough gentleman, a faithful pastor, a good man.

His monument here is in the hearts of his people, in the lasting friendships that death cannot sever, in the noble parish in which his influence still lives, in the truths he taught, the example he set, the good that he did.

And in offering this tribute to the memory of Robert Harper Clarkson, I am sure I express the sentiments of many in the congregation who rise up and call him blessed. Our best tribute will be in leading the life that he taught us and showed us how to live.

DR. LOCKE'S REMARKS.

The Rev. Dr. Locke, Rector of Grace Church said: I suppose that if we could see collected in one vast library the fulsome, empty, unreal words which have been spoken over the dead, we would start back astonished at the crowding volumes. Often reasons of state, or the presence of the living, or mere desire to show off one's eloquence, have dictated eulogies and chiselled epitaphs, which brought a smile to every lip, so entirely were they the reverse of

the well known record of the dead. It is more excusable, when love, always blind to faults, glosses over glaring inconsistencies and paints ugly spots in rosy colors. But in spite of all this, there *are* memorials of the dead, which rest upon a sure and solid basis; there *are* words spoken about a friend in the rest of Paradise, which are well deserved, and find a precedent in our Lord's own sentence, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I am about to try to say some such words. Surely it ought not to be difficult. This is not a memorial to some rich and ungodly man, whose relatives the poor clergyman is afraid to offend by speaking the truth. It is not a service in honor of some public character, whose official life and whose private life were diametrically opposed to the law of God. There is nothing hollow here. We are met to pay a tribute of respect to an earnest, hard-working, unselfish, warm hearted, devoted Bishop, who lived and died in the service of his Master. We are his friends, many of us his life-long friends. It surely need not trouble us to find loving words, and just words, out of which to weave a wreath of fond recollections to lay upon his grave.

Let it be ours to dwell on all that was sweet and good, and true, in a life that was *so* sweet, *so* good, *so* true, that it gathered around it as

devoted a body of friends as ever blessed any man's life. No one was ever more truly mourned. No one in our Church was ever more widely mourned. It is not often that you see a large city, like the one in which he lived, shut up its stores, close its schools, suspend its business, so that it might pay the last sad honors to one who was emphatically its foremost citizen, the enemy of no one but the true friend of all.

Let me sketch briefly some traits of Bishop Clarkson's character, which stand vividly out in my mind. I think I may well do it, for we loved each other very dearly. We were fast friends from the moment when I, a young deacon, set foot in this diocese. It was through his influence I came to this city. We were for years associated together here, and but few months have ever elapsed since he left to take the helm of the infant Diocese of Nebraska, without a sight of his friendly face and a grasp of his loving hand. How happy I am to think that last summer I was able to visit him, and to share in the delight he took in showing me his noble Cathedral, his Child's Hospital, his Clergy Home, his Girls' School, the provisions for future church-growth in Omaha, and his own delightful home, the seat of such unstinted hospitality.

Ah me, and shall I never see him more on

this side death? Thank God I need not cease to love him.

“ As sometimes in a dead man’s face,
To them that watch it, more and more
A likeness hardly seen before
Comes out—to some one of his race.

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kinship with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see ;
And what I see, I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.”

The late Bishop was an exceeding wise man ; and if by worldly wisdom you mean a keen perception of the fitness of men for places, sagacity in forecasting the future, bringing to bear upon men the most effectual motives for moulding them to a good purpose, why then he had worldly wisdom ; and for my part I wish that it were a trait more widely diffused among the clergy ; there would not be so many foolish mistakes. It was he who, under God, urged and who secured the elections of Bishop Whipple for Minnesota, and of Bishop Garrett for Texas, truly a choice of men most happy in its consequences. It was he who pointed out De Koven to Bishop Kemper, as the fittest person in the whole land to take charge of

Racine College. It was from his foresight that throughout the city of Omaha, desirable property has been secured in every section of the town, bought at very cheap rates, ready when the time comes for the Church to be built, which sooner or later will be required there. The whole Diocese of Nebraska is studded with pieces of church property, secured by the Bishop in the very founding of the towns, and held by him and his successors in trust, so that they cannot be alienated, but wait for the Church which is sure to come. Many of our best canonical regulations were made at his suggestion; and in the Board of Missions of this Church his counsel has been most highly valued. His ready wit, his fertile resources, his quick perception, have enabled him many times to adjust differences which threatened much disorder, and to reconcile jarring elements with ease and permanency. He was always ready, always good-natured, no opponent ever found him unarmed, and often a few apt words would turn a foe into a friend. There are numerous anecdotes, the dignity of this place will not permit me to recount, which go to show how readily he adapted himself to the men he was obliged to meet in what was, but a few years ago on the frontier, and tenanted by frontiersmen. But I consider his wisdom as far inferior to his generosity. I do not

believe the man ever lived who surpassed him in nobleness and generosity of heart. We sometimes hear of the "vices of our virtues," and this almost became so with him; it was often so regardless of his means, his comfort, his time. He could no more resist the appeal of distress than iron can resist the attraction of the magnet. He would give the last penny he had to any one who he thought needed it, and, like all generous men, he was many times the victim of that baser class which trades on the kindheartedness of its fellows. But no rebuff ever dampened that glowing flame of generosity which blazed on the altar of his heart. His purse, his house, his pen, his influence, were always at the command, not only of his friends, but of those who had scarcely the slightest right to his attention. And it was not only a generosity of material aid. There was in it that nobleness of nature which led him, on the very slightest acknowledgment, to forgive any one who had injured him, or misunderstood him. Anger passed out of his heart and resentment faded from his memory, as the image of the cloud fades from the limpid water. He hardly ever waited for a movement toward reconciliation, but was himself the first to display the olive branch of love and peace. There was nothing little or mean in his make-up. Belonging to the old-fashioned

High Church school, he gave the widest tolerance to those who differed from him, and any one who was willing to work heartily and devotedly for the cause of the Lord Jesus Christ was welcomed in his diocese. He numbered among his friends men of all shades of opinion; and there lives not the man who ever heard him say anything bitter of any class of Christians. Let us turn to his self-sacrifice. When he was made Bishop of Nebraska, it was not the pleasant diocese it now is. It had no delightful residence like Omaha, with its fine buildings and its cultured society. There was no Cathedral, such as now, stately and beautiful, rises there; no lovely Bishop's house embowered in trees and flowers; no Brownell Hall with its crowding scholars. It was very rude and rough, and in all the ferment of any forming society. He left for it this noble parish, where for many years he had been the almost worshipped Rector, this city, where he had a great and rapidly increasing influence. He gave up ease, and comfort, and friendship, for what was, of course, a post of great honor, but one of great hardship and great self denial. He never complained of anything he had to endure; and with that brightness which was so characteristic of him, turned every discomfort into a source of amusement; but he could tell a history of trials

and perils by land and water, by flood and tempest, by heat and cold, during the early years of his episcopate in Nebraska and Dakota which would shock the nerves of many a man who thinks himself hardly used, if he has to pass one night away from all the appliances of modern civilization. He reaps, I doubt not, in Paradise a golden harvest in return for all these seeds sown with tears and trial, but even here God gave him a glorious reward. He lived to see the State of his adoption rise in power, in population, in wealth, to a splendid eminence. He lived to see the few struggling missions which, far scattered, were all he could call his own when first he came, expand into the flourishing diocese, with its fine churches, its schools, its colleges, its hospital, its Cathedral, in many respects far superior to dioceses which counted a century of existence. He lived to receive from all his fellow men, the well earned sentence, "Thou hast done well. All this is thy care and thy endeavor guided by the grace of the ever blessed Trinity." He had great sweetness of disposition. There was in his tone of speech, and in the way in which he put his words, something almost irresistible. It conveyed so clearly to you the impression of a loving, tender nature. It was this which made him so successful in securing material aid for his work. He won men

to help him by his soft, delightful manner. He was not what is called "gracious," for that implies a certain condescension, and no one in the world had less of that than he. It was a winning, sunny, pleasant way of approach, of speech, of answering objection, which while thoroughly manly, had the feminine charm of submissiveness, in its best form, a lovely addition to any man's character. Children were always devoted to him, because he never overlooked them. In the most distinguished company he took care never to forget their presence, but to reserve for them some moments of close attention, and some store of bright and attractive anecdote.

His attention, his courtesy, his self-forgetfulness, were just as evident in talking to a poor beggar woman as to the noblest in the land. All those little sacrifices of time and trouble, such as going to a train at unseasonable hours to meet a friend, when it was not necessary, but just a mark of kind attention, taking a long walk, or writing many letters in the midst of great press of work, to accomplish a little favor for a friend, such things as that were the Bishop's daily life. It was the atmosphere he breathed. He never forgot the slightest request. Months would pass often, and then would come the kind words saying, "You asked me this, and this is what I have

been able to do." It was a tonic to a man even to be with Bishop Clarkson an hour or so, so amiable, so bright, so overflowing with repartee and humor, so gentle, so observing of one's wants, and above all, a host whose hospitality was the most perfect and thorough it was ever my happiness to enjoy. But I think his gift of sympathy was that which endeared him the most to all who knew him. We read in the Acts of the meeting of some with St. Paul, and how after his words, "They thanked God and took courage." Oh, there are hundreds all over this Northwest, who have felt able, after opening their heart to the Bishop we are honoring, to "thank God and take courage." The young man in some trouble of mind, or circumstance, caused often by his own folly, found in him no stern reprove, but one who took him right into his arms, and with pity and earnest words of sense and force won him to do right. The sorrow-stricken, with the arrow yet rankling in the wound, felt that this man was a partner in their grief, shared in it, entered into its depth. Many before me know the truth of what I say; for when death entered their households, they realized the warmth, the tenderness, the holy comfort of the pastor's heart, which beat responsive to their own. No wonder he was loved by his clergy. The lot of many of them is hard, fettered by a small salary,

set in some lonely post, with much to discourage and depress; often they grew disheartened, but ever in him they found a friend, a counsellor, a brother, as well as a Bishop. Letters of earnest love, gifts wisely chosen and guarded with pious secrecy and every now and then a visit from him, filled with encouragement and cheer, his own house always open to them, and they always his most welcome guests, how could they help feeling drawn with strong cords to their Bishop. Above all others, they mourned for the Father in Israel taken from their head. No man was ever outside that wide sympathy, that compassion, that tender desire to soften your sorrow, to help your misfortune, to restore your cheerfulness. Just as it is His sympathy, that in our Lord Jesus draws men the closest to Him, so is it a shadow of that sympathy which makes men seem best moulded in the image of Christ. I need not say that underneath all the Bishop's life, his practical wisdom, his happy nature, his wit, his adaptiveness, his management of affairs, lay a firm rockbed of utter and supreme devotion to his Master Christ. There his heart was fixed. To win men to the Cross, that was his mission, not talked about, not paraded, but ever piercing through dry conversation, ever the ultimate aim of any action. On his life rests no blem-

ish. In a crooked generation, his walk was onward and straightforward in the steps of our Leader and our Redeemer. As a man, as a citizen, as a priest, as a Bishop, I think we all will say he did well his part. I cannot speak here of his sweet domestic life, what he was as a father, as a son, as a husband. Those who have seen it know what it was. It is too delicate a flower to hold up in the sunlight of a public discourse and before a mixed congregation.

He has gone, but not into darkness. The "Vale" we uttered over his grave was not the hopeless one of the Roman, as he turned away from the funeral pile with the little urn of ashes, all that was left, he thought. Our farewell is only for a time, only the earthly part is dissolved for ever. He in all his full activity is in God's own chosen place for the abode of the blessed. There he waits for those who are to come. There he enjoys the converse of those who are gone before. There he offers his prayers for his beloved diocese, and for us, whom he knew and loved on earth. There he will grow in glory and increase in brightness and in light. Surely we all will pray that so it may be with him. A blessing here, he will be a greater blessing there; although it must seem to his bereaved flock and his sobbing family as if it could not be

so. But must it not be so if death be the door to greater powers, greater knowledge, greater hope, and greater realization of all that Jesus Christ is able to do for them and us?

BISHOP McLAREN'S REMARKS.

The Rt. Rev. W. E. McLaren, S.T.D., Bishop of Illinois, said: It is appropriate, at the close of these impressive services, in which the sad and joyful elements seem to meet and harmonize, that the only representative present of that Order in Christ's Holy Church which Bishop Clarkson adorned, should pay his heartfelt tribute to the memory of a brother beloved. No man knows so well as a Bishop the peculiar trials and difficulties and the special helps and joys of the apostolic office. It was a permanent bereavement when he gave up his parish life for the larger labor and more extended influence of his diocesan relation. With a nature which was endowed beyond most, with an affluence of sympathetic love for his dear people, he was peculiarly qualified for the work of a pastor. He was the gentle shepherd, never forgetful of his flock, and just as tender toward the lambs as faithful to the sheep. When he went away from St. James, to Nebraska, he went from holy associations, which were the product and reward of years of

honest toil and loving fellowship, to a post which, because so high, is also one of isolation. There is a loneliness in all positions of chieftainship, which is hard for some natures to bear. Some, indeed, may find compensation in the honorable prominence and larger influence which accrue; but Bishop Clarkson could not be fascinated by such attractions at the expense of a warm and sympathetic nature, and hence his heart always turned back with deep affection to the people whom he left behind, when the voice of the Church he loved to obey bade him to "go up higher."

So full and just have been the tributes to which we have listened here to-day, that I do not feel called upon to amplify. We have been told of all the past years, have heard the story of his love, his work, his solitudes, his successes, have listened with sympathetic interest to the careful analysis of his character; and now I may be permitted to change the direction of your thought, and ask you to think of the Bishop Clarkson who has gone to a higher plane of effort and to achieve greater results to the glory of our God.

In that vision which St. John saw of Heaven, when he gazed upward in the Spirit from the Isle of Patmos, words came to him which form a beautiful and instructive part of our burial office. He heard a voice, perhaps it was the

voice of one of those wise ones and holy, who evermore do God's bidding, and appreciate with profoundest interest the wonders of God's nature as revealed in the drama of redemption, and the voice said, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth!" Then, by a kind of antiphonal response, the announcement of the angel is followed by the voice of the Spirit, "Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." The idea which shines out beautifully from these words, is the eternal continuity of effort in the service of God. They who live in and labor unto God are not remitted at death to a condition of inactivity; they labor still, although they have entered into rest. They rest in, but not from, service.

The word which is translated "labors," if you look into the Greek, is *κόπος*, which means a kind of exertion which, by its excessive difficulty, produces weariness and outcries of distress. The root-idea is that of a *wail*. How expressive of most of our labor for Christ and His Church! There is so much to combat, within and without. A thousand forces of evil array themselves against him who strives to lead an unselfish life of devotion to God and humanity. There is so much that is earthly in the best of us all. There is so little real charity under the sun. God's purest

saints are frequently least understood and most bitterly criticised. It has ever been so, and will be so to the end. Under our earthly surroundings, Christian work is hard work, often unappreciated, misrepresented, impeded, nay, sometimes neutralized by wickedly unreasonable men. And the word of joy that comes to us to-day, by the voice of the Spirit, is that the departed Bishop, whose tenement of clay we laid to rest the other day under the shadow of that noble Cathedral which his faith devised and his works realized, has passed out of the toilsomeness, weariness, grinding care and anxiety of his earthly labors. No more will he serve God, and wail while he serves. That kind of work is forever done. There are no thorns in the mitre he now wears. But the worker has not ceased from his activity, nor has his hand forgot its cunning. That capacity of loving energy which was his, is his still, only it is purified from earthly stain, freed from all impediments, and permitted now to unfold to the fulness of its possibilities in the congenial atmosphere of Paradise. His works do follow him, not as labors that exhaust the forces, but as works that contribute to every expanding grace of the soul newborn into the higher life. This, therefore, is not strictly a day in which we are to contemplate the past with sorrow and regret, but rather one

in which we are to be thankful for all the inspiring truths of our holy religion, which irradiate the future with promise and hope. It was a saying among the early Christians that they celebrated the day of the death of their friends, not as the day in which they ceased to be, but rather as the day of their birth, because now they entered into the true life and began really to serve Him whom they loved. It is this thought, beloved in Christ, which I would impress upon you on this memorial occasion. Let memory shed her tears over the past with all its sacred associations, but do not permit the sanctity of a tender sympathy to exclude from your minds this more noble thought, of the immortality with which our departed friend is crowned, and the continued service which Robert Harper Clarkson is rendering to the Ever Blessed Trinity, under the more glorious conditions of the new life upon which, in the Church Expectant, his spirit has so lately entered. May God help us all to bear our toilsome labors here, with courage and hope, that we also may at the last enter into the fulness of the works that shall follow us!

The Offerings

*At this Service will be set apart for a Memorial
Brass to be erected in this Church to
the late Bishop Clarkson.*

Hymn 187.**The Benediction.**

HIS CIVIC VIRTUES.

A MEMORIAL MEETING OF CITIZENS FOR THE LATE
BISHOP CLARKSON.

A MEMORIAL meeting of citizens for the late Bishop Clarkson was held in Boyd's Opera House on the evening of the 12th of March, and was largely attended by people of all nationalities and walks in life.

Hon. Ezra Millard presided, and the stage was occupied by distinguished citizens.

The chairman, calling the assemblage to order, said:

"There is no occasion for me to say anything with respect to the great sorrow which has brought us together; but I would embrace the opportunity to say that, in my judgment, no single life in Nebraska held within it so much of strength and usefulness as that of Bishop Clarkson. The loss is not alone to the Church, but to the State as well, and we have come together not as churchmen but as citizens. High and low, great and small, we all knew him, and have been accustomed to claim and receive from his hands sympathy and kindly consideration. The little struggling

hamlet had as firm a hold upon his affection as the busy city at home. As illustrating the esteem in which he was held by the community, it was shown in the published statement a few days since, that the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Lutherans and Methodists had at their prayer meetings addressed to the Throne of Grace, petitions that the life of this good Bishop, so beloved by all, might be prolonged among us. But it was not so to be, and we are led to bow to the decree in sorrow.

“Resolutions, written by Mr. Woolworth, will now be presented to you.”

The Hon. A. J. Poppleton presented the resolutions as follows:

“Profoundly sensible of the great calamity which has befallen this city and this commonwealth in the death of the Right Reverend Dr. Clarkson, and leaving to his clergy and people the commemoration of his services as Prelate of the Church, and to his family and intimate personal friends the memory of the most affectionate relations, we, his neighbors and fellow citizens, assembled for the purpose of paying our tribute to his civic virtues, in the most public and emphatic manner of which we are capable, do hereby declare:

“That in the death of this distinguished and patriotic citizen, this community has sus-

tained a grievous and irreparable loss. Coming here before a large prosperity had been realized, Bishop Clarkson entered into the august work of laying the foundation of society, with an interest, a zeal and a hope which far transcended the bounds usually set to the clerical office. With a wise foresight he prophesied, and never once doubted the prosperity which this city of his adoption has enjoyed; and he rejoiced with the keenest delight and the highest exultation in the accomplishment of his enthusiastic anticipations.

“In the school which he provided for our daughters, and in the beautiful charity for little children which he planted and built up, and in the influence which he has exerted upon social institutions and the hearts of all men and women who gave ear to his counsels or craved his sympathy, he has erected a monument for himself which in all the generations will never crumble or decay.

“It is a fit close of his long and laborious and most successful career, not only for the Church which he loved, but for the people among whom he had his home, that he built his Cathedral to be a grace and a joy forever. It was his aspiration here, at all times of public gratulation or of public sorrow, by means of adequate and fit religious services, to link

the patriotic impulses of the whole citizenship with the immortal truths of our divine religion; and also that, as the years passed by, and one and another great name should, in the course of nature, fall from its place among men, here should be kept some worthy record or symbol of distinguished public service and honored citizens.

“And so, as well as otherwise, he sought and largely succeeded in impregnating and irradiating this our civilization with the faith of a generous, tolerant, catholic religion.

“Great as an ecclesiastic, graceful as a scholar, generous as a neighbor, unswerving and unselfish as a friend, he never forgot, but deeply cherished and wisely fulfilled, all his duties as a citizen.”

Mr. Poppleton continuing said:

“On behalf of the committee reporting the resolutions, I move their acceptance, and beg leave to submit a few remarks upon the motion.

“It is eminently proper that the citizens of Omaha, representing the manifold interests which, in their aggregate, constitute its business growth and prosperity, should place upon the record their estimate of the services of the deceased Bishop, to the people of this City and State.

“Leaving, therefore, to his co-laborers in a

higher sphere in which his life was spent, such eulogy as may fitly characterize his life-long devotion to his work, his self-abnegation, his utter unselfishness, his quick and keen sympathy with all human suffering, whether bodily or spiritual, his cheerful acceptance and patient, steadfast endurance of labors and hardships, in ministering to a frontier jurisdiction containing one hundred and seventy-two thousand square miles of territory, his heroic courage and self-sacrifice in assuaging and ameliorating every form of human suffering and grief, allow me to speak of him in his character as a citizen.

“Bishop Clarkson first visited Omaha in December, 1865, and shortly after became a permanent resident. At that time Omaha had just become fully aroused from the lethargy which had settled upon it in September, 1857, and seemed girding itself for the growth and prosperity which these latter years have witnessed. The territory was slowly recovering from a prolonged stagnation in immigration and development, which had driven many from its borders, and discouraged and disheartened those at home. There were less than fifty miles of railway in Nebraska. The extension of that was doubtful and uncertain. Many of the great railway systems, which have during his residence among us, gradually

extended themselves west of the Missouri until their mileage is reckoned by thousands, and no federal territory is left untouched, were unorganized and unknown.

“The vast territory constituting his missionary jurisdiction was rich in nothing but natural resources, and in the hearts and arms of widely scattered settlements, led largely by men under forty years of age, who had by accident or impulse effected a lodgment in that particular spot, and with their homes and altars were there to stay. To the vision of those who for years had waited for the dawn, the future seemed as gloomy as the past; and they looked forward rather with anxiety than hope.

“Coming to the territory at such a time, Bishop Clarkson made an enormous contribution to the hope and confidence of the people. Victor Hugo says of one of his ideal heroes, ‘He was one, but he was equal to ten thousand!’ With a quick, keen sympathy which seemed to touch every phase of life, he identified himself in feeling and act with all worthy plans for material growth and progress. With a never flagging hope, inspired, perhaps, to some extent by the marvellous progress of the city from which he came, and a clear vision of the latent possibilities of the empire through which his journeyings led, he was a living force in the advancement of every enterprise.

“Some of us, too, remember that when any long-watched work had been crowned with success, and we gathered together to fitly celebrate its completion, he was often present, one of the chief contributors to the instruction and happiness of the occasion. These things without impairing in the slightest degree his official character or influence, brought him near to thousands of business men and people who held no church relations.

“Probably the general body of the people of Omaha has never contributed so liberally to any one religious enterprise, as to the beautiful Cathedral which was his last and crowning work—fit monument to his memory. How much of this was due to the universal respect and regard begotten of his deep interest in the general prosperity and growth of the city of his residence?

“The highest attribute of citizenship is patriotism. The scholar who preferred poverty and toil in his own country, to wealth and a title of nobility on condition of expatriation, gave to the world one of its noblest examples of human virtue. Bishop Clarkson lived in times which intensified his natural love for his country. He saw nothing in his ecclesiastical office to divorce him from the duties of citizenship. He was master of the history and frame of the government, and to him his country was

a living presence. It was not in his nature to hate anything; but he believed in the sovereignty and supremacy of the federal government within its sphere, and he accepted with all his heart every act and construction necessary to maintain it inviolate. He saw, as all clear-sighted men see, that upon no other foundation could a permanent nationality rest; and it was doubtless one of the felicities of his life, that he lived to see the great North American republic at rest upon the only question which ever menaced its existence.

“Nebraska has attained a population of perhaps seven hundred thousand people. It has made unexampled strides in prosperity. It has railways, mills, banks, herds, farms, and the ten thousand forms of material wealth. All these things are constantly increasing. The greed for wealth, sharpened by indulgence, but never satisfied by acquisition, seldom actually curbed by any moral restraint, expands its deathly foliage over the citizen, the family and the State—until many of the best people come to believe, or live as if they believed, the husks of life were its fruit and flower. The character of the State is in the moral, intellectual and spiritual exaltation of its people. The deathless memories of the earth are not of cash accumulations, but of heroic deeds, glorified spirits, intellectual conquests, sacrifices for

liberty, the pitting of one inflexible human spirit against the errors and wrongs of ages, the voluntary surrender of one life that many lives may be made happier. These are the ultimate good, to which all human effort must tend or become aimless and useless. Looking back for thirty years we can see that as a people we have been largely instant upon the non-essentials of life. The next generation must consecrate itself more and more to that intellectual culture and moral exaltation which shall lift the State to an equality with the highest.

“The means and implements of this advancement lie all about us. The churches, the common schools, the voluntary associations for mental improvement, the State University, which is sure to become quickly, under good administration, the intellectual leader of the State and its people—all are forces set in array for the achievement of this higher destiny which is sure to be attained.

“And when that day shall come, upon the roll of self-denying scholars and citizens who have contributed to that grand result, no name will shine with greater lustre than Robert H. Clarkson—whose presence, and teaching, and preaching in every city, and village, and settlement, and school-house, and grove into which his missionary journeys led him, were

themselves education, refinement, culture, moral, intellectual and spiritual exaltation. His faultless taste, his sympathetic eloquence, his simple manners, his pervading charity, his contagious sympathy, left every community he visited wiser, nobler and better than he found it.

“What higher eulogy can be pronounced upon any citizen?”

“Nothing in Bishop Clarkson’s life gave higher evidence of his courage and self-denial than the acceptance of his work in Nebraska. Born in an old and wealthy state, surrounded by comforts and luxuries, educated at the best schools, early exhibiting the fine qualities which made him a model of manner, taste and expression, settled apparently in perpetuity over a refined and wealthy parish, idolized by his people, when the summons came from this frontier country, “Come over and help us,” he put behind what he seemed rightly to have won, surroundings consonant with his character and taste, and unhesitatingly girded himself for the trials and hardships he knew were in store for him. Others have declined such tasks, but his gentle and heroic spirit accepted the sacrifice and went forth patiently and steadfastly to his work. For more than eighteen years he went up and down his vast jurisdiction, denying himself personal com-

forts, foregoing needed rest, perplexed day and night with problems he must largely solve alone, with the ever present task of accomplishing ends without adequate means, until in sheer weariness his tired spirit rests.

“Labors, and dangers, and hardships, which men encounter for the love of gold, he accepted for his love of men. Knowing what lay before him, nothing in his life was nobler than his acceptance of the work to which he was called.

“We speak of him as dead. His official life is ended. His body is without life. But the personality, the character, which we knew as Robert H. Clarkson, will never die. More or less indelibly it is stamped upon our City, our State, our people; and it will be a vitalizing and exalting force so long as this municipality, this Commonwealth survives. As citizens we claim him as one of the founders of our State, and we cherish his spotless memory as a precious inheritance for those whose high duty it shall be to mould the Commonwealth into its ultimate perfect form.”

Judge James W. Savage said:

“It is indeed not unmeet that this spontaneous assemblage should gather to contemplate the character of a Christian gentleman. But not to mourn for him. We do not mourn

when the sun, after lighting and warming and cheering us in his course, sinks at evening to his rest in the western sea, though the earth is left for a time cold and dark and unlovely. We do not mourn when the ripened corn in autumn falls beneath the sickle to become food and sustenance for the trusting children who have planted it, though the hillsides have lost their beauty and the fields no longer smile with the harvest. We do not mourn when the toiling laborer at night betakes himself to his couch, and upon him descends the benediction of unbroken sleep, though we miss his brave talk and the mild influence of his example. We know that the sun will rise again to brighten and revivify the earth with its beams; we know that with returning spring the hillsides will renew their verdure, and that in time the fields will again rustle with the golden grain; we know that the strong man will rise refreshed and again go to his work. And so we know that our Bishop, somewhere, in some sphere of renewed life and activity, still watches over the work he commenced here, and still remembers those he has left behind.

“We do not then mourn; or if we do, it is for ourselves and not for him. He was so near Heaven during his life, that it seems as if he has made no long journey to reach it. His

characteristics were so lovely and beautiful, he so followed his great Exemplar, that we might almost feel that he was in Heaven before he left the earth.

“One of these characteristics was his wonderful compassion. How tender was the love he bore to the poor, the suffering, the unfortunate everywhere! Those who had most offended his guileless nature could always be surest of his sympathy. In this he was like the noble tree of which Bacon speaks—the more he was wounded the more he gave forth the healing balm. So gentle was he that the youngest of his toddling grandchildren could sway and bend him to its little will, as though he were a reed shaken by the wind.

“And yet bravery was no less a distinguishing trait of his life. How strong he was for the right! Let an unhallowed hand be stretched forth to touch the ark of God which he guarded so faithfully, and how stout was his opposition, how brave he was in the defence of his convictions!

“Look also at the purity of his character. Its clearness and transparency were perfect. In his life there was never anything to conceal. His ends were always accomplished by straightforward means. He used no subterfuges, he knew no indirection.

“Above all he had that greatest of the

Christian graces—charity. Human himself, nothing pertaining to humanity was foreign to him. He loved mankind. He never yielded to the storm of indignation which sometimes follows the perpetration of a great crime. He rather looked upon the offender—guilty though he might be—as though he suffered and sympathized with him.

“What a complete and rounded life was his; and how thoroughly his work seemed to be finished before he left us. He had come to this State before it was a State, and had seen it grow in riches, power and population until it is no mean Commonwealth. He had seen the little village which he fixed upon as his home, swell and increase to a strong, influential and wealthy city; he had seen the school which was always so near his heart become self-sustaining and doing good throughout the land; and, last of all, he had seen the stately Cathedral, every stone of which he loved, and had watched grow in its beauty and strength until it was completed and consecrated. It seemed as though a fitting time to die had come—as though his warfare was accomplished. I think, perhaps, that with all his love for his surroundings, with all the affection he bore to his beloved family, he was not sorry when the Master called, to give up his work, lay down his cross and rest. He had sometimes expressed the

feeling that the work was too hard and heavy for him. There were appeals for aid which he could not always furnish; there were requests which he could not always grant; and his kindly heart grieved to refuse what it yearned to bestow.

"I pity the man who has walked up and down these streets and seen Bishop Clarkson's daily walk and conversation, and not been better for it.

"It was my high advantage to stand for a moment by his bedside just before the closing scene. His strong mind was sometimes clouded by the effects of his disease, and he was talking with dead Bishops whom he knew years ago; he was consecrating churches; he was confirming maidens; he was baptizing children; his whole thought was upon the work which for him was over. Yet now and then his eye would fall upon some one whom he knew, and by an effort of that vigorous will which seemed at times powerful enough to bring him back from the very jaws of death, he would come again to earth, and greet his friends with the pleasant smile which was so familiar to all who knew him, and which in death seemed sweeter than ever.

"He has gone out from among us; but though dead he yet speaketh. From that quiet bier, from those pallid, closed lips I hear

a voice which says: 'Be compassionate; be brave; be pure; be charitable.'

Rev. W. J. Harsha, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, next addressed the assemblage.

"I have been requested by the committee to be present to express the esteem in which the memory of Bishop Clarkson was held by the several pastors of this City. Although other lips more eloquent than mine have spoken fitting words descriptive of his character, his life, words and deeds, I esteem it a great privilege to be allowed to say that, though not permitted to be so close to him as some others who are present, yet I have felt it a privilege to touch the hem of his garment. Some have been associated with him as pastors; and I presume all have heard him as a preacher, and all have certainly come under his influence as a citizen. I am glad that I came in contact with him as a philanthropist. Questions involving many considerations and affecting the well-being of one of our most degraded races and which could only be settled in Washington brought us into his society; and we were amazed to find how wise he was, and at the same time were touched to see how tender and loving he was; and to-day as I had the privilege of seeing him clad in the robes of his

office, looking as if the life had not left him, surrounded by his books, well worn, the chosen friends of his life, with his desk at hand and his chair and pen, and surrounded by the flowers that affection had brought, as mementos from many parts of this Great West, and the paintings and pictures showing his fellow Bishops, I said to myself, 'surely though the worker may fall, the work shall go on; some other shall take up the mantle of his philanthropy.' I believe that although there is so much selfishness, there will be some one to take his share of the sympathy and tenderness which we so much admired; and as those present go from the place where they met to do him honor, let each one take something to make him better and more tender; and then when the last closing scene comes they will meet and talk with those who have gone before."

Hon. J. M. Thurston said:

" 'The living are the only dead,
The dead live no more to die,
And often when we mourn them dead,
They never were more nigh.' "

"To do and to die is the sum total of human existence. The cares, sorrows, joys, strifes, contentions, and the rest and pleasant places of life are all epitomized in this; unless we believe that there is some light beyond the

grave that illuminates our existence and makes it worthy of living. We are assembled in answer to the most unselfish sentiments that human hearts are capable of, leaving behind us our business to voice the sympathy and sorrow for the death of one whom we had all loved, and to express in some little degree those feelings of admiration, respect and love for the life that he has lived among us. The great prophets, disciples, teachers and priests of the religion of which he was one of the greatest lights, have done more to civilize, better and glorify mankind, than all the other agencies of human government and human society combined. It is our duty to testify this of him as his fellow citizens. The ways of life, the doctrines and daily examples of Robert H. Clarkson have done as much to hold together this government of our State as any other, and I might say all other agencies combined. He left the home of his boyhood and of his manhood and accepted a field of labor here on the borders of civilization, when these our prairies had scarcely been trod except by the wandering foot of the savage beast and scarcely less savage man. He wandered to and fro as did the disciples of old, with all his belongings by his side, and the canopy of heaven as his only shelter and stars his only guide. So he went about doing good. In his

own broad creed there was no such thought, as that any human soul was totally depraved. He did not know that there existed upon the face of this earth a being created in the image of his Maker who was so low, that a kind word, a tender act, and the sympathy and love which he possessed for all mankind in so great a degree, could not win away to a better and more glorious existence. He felt that to do good was the sum total of his life among us. What more can be said of any man than that he loved his fellow men; that he gave up personal ends and sacrificed personal ambitions; that he gave up his own desires and comfort and brought all that he had and could get, and laid it upon the altar for the regeneration and advancement of his fellow men? So to-night we are gathered together to testify to his excellence."

Rev. Thomas B. Lemon, Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church, made the closing address.

He said that almost all the occupations of life were represented by those present; resolutions expressing admirable sentiments had been presented, and we are here to do honor to one who is gone, to commemorate his memory and speak of his worth.

We may well say "a great man has fallen."

No one looking at the life of Bishop Clarkson but will admit he was a great man because of the principles that made up his being. He was, apart from the classical structure of his mind, a very practical man, with well settled judgment. Everyone beheld him in the beautifully rounded character of the good man. The different orders of society assembled here tonight indicate that men do not object to the principles of Christianity, when they see them presented in the character of a good man; there is something in the Christian man that seems to commend itself, and every one may say of him: "He is my epistle; known and read of all men."

The speaker said that in 1856, in Chicago, he frequently heard Bishop Clarkson preach, and since then had often been brought in contact with him on the frontier, where, in sod school houses, he gathered his scattered flocks and preached the sweet truths of the gospel of the Redeemer. Referring to the generosity of his own friends in presenting himself and wife with a home in their old age, he said that the donation received from the Bishop was accompanied by a tender, sympathetic note characteristic of the giver. Bishop Clarkson's monument is in the souls he has confirmed, the missions he has planted, schools inaugu-

rated, churches built, and in the impression he has made on the public mind.

On motion of Dr. G. L. Miller, the resolutions were then adopted and the meeting adjourned, after expressing by vote a wish that business houses be closed between the hours of one and three P.M. to-day, in order that there may be a general attendance at the funeral services.

RESOLUTIONS AND MINUTES OF
VARIOUS BODIES.

FROM THE BISHOPS ATTENDING THE FUNERAL.

THE Bishops gathered on the occasion of the burial of their dear and honored brother, the Bishop of Nebraska, cannot separate without giving expression to the feelings of love and reverence with which they regarded him while living, and now mourn him when departed.

There will be others who will testify to what he was in his Diocese, the strong and tender father of all his flock ; of what he was as a citizen, broad, generous, wise and humane ; of what he was in the varied trusts and offices held by him, in which he came, with his clear, strong mind, and with his admirable executive qualities, naturally to the front.

But for us it is left to speak of him as one who belonged not merely to his Diocese, but to the Church at large ; in whose person the American Episcopate revealed some of its best results, and one whose sagacity and intrepid faith we shall long lament the loss of in the councils of the Church.

He stands before our memories as a representative Western Bishop. Whatever other interests were astir, that which by eminence brought him to his feet and kindled his enthusiasm was his intense belief in the great possibilities of the growth and mission of the Church, in the new states and territories of the growing West. His faith in this was sublime. His demands on the Church in behalf of it were often in advance of what was conceded; and yet his belief was ever fresh and strong, and he imparted his enthusiasm to others.

In the great representative councils of the Church and in its vast missionary gatherings his clear voice rang out with an eloquence all his own, rallying the Church's faltering hopes, and calling it to more generous standards of giving. Some of his utterances formed epochs in the Church's present awakened consciousness of larger missionary duty.

Living as he did in the Gate City of the West, his home was the resort of the Missionary Bishops on their way to and from their great fields of work; and in the cheer and sunny presence and intense faith of their leader, they became stronger themselves.

His brethren recall how singularly in him were combined the astuteness and tenacity of purpose of the man of affairs, with the simple faith of the child and the tenderness of the

woman. His laity and his clergy equally trusted in and loved him. A great city hushed its work and stood reverently as his honored remains were borne through it to his grave.

His fellow sharers in the same great trust that he bore so loftily, take up their duties again with a renewed consecration of purpose, as they leave his mortal remains under the shadow of the beautiful Cathedral whose completion he was permitted to see and rejoice in, imploring of God upon his bereaved family and Diocese, grace, mercy and peace from God the Father, and from His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

MINUTE OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This Board has just heard with profound sorrow of the recent death of the Rt. Rev. Robert Harper Clarkson, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Nebraska.

It avails itself of this, the earliest opportunity, to record its sense of the great and afflicting loss, not only to the Diocese of Nebraska, but to this Board and to the whole Church, by this sad and sudden visitation of our merciful Father.

With lively gratitude to God it recalls, and with tender, mournful satisfaction it will remember, the character, life and labors of this

well beloved and apostolic servant of Christ. In each and all he was remarkable among his peers. In each and all he had a hold upon the common heart of the Church such as it falls to the lot of few men to win. His praise is, indeed, this day in all the Churches; and by all will the memory of what he was and did be gratefully cherished.

For seventeen out of the eighteen years of his Episcopate he was most intimately associated with this Board as one of the leading, representative Missionary Bishops of this Church. In this relation he was always wise in counsel, faithful to every duty, energetic and devoted in executing whatever was devised for the furtherance of the Church's welfare, and especially for the extension of her missionary work among the rapidly gathering millions in the new empires of the West.

During those years so crowded with self-denials, hardships and toils all worthy of a true Apostle of Jesus Christ, it was allowed him to see, and the whole Church to rejoice over, the steady and sure growth of his jurisdiction from the feeblest beginnings into a vigorously organized and effective Diocese. In this strongly developed and wisely fashioned work, into whose fruits many posterities will enter as the generations roll on, we recog-

nize the only true and suitable monument to his memory.

Though with a high sense of the authority of office, this man of God preferred, in all his Episcopal administration, to build on the moral authority born of an affectionate confidence among his fellows, in his purity of character, wisdom of judgment, and deep unselfish devotion to the work the Master had given him to do.

Should it ever become known outside the circle of his own immediate cares and responsibilities how much and how often he sacrificed himself to promote the usefulness and well being of his missionary clergy, none will wonder that, as a body, they were always so ready to endure hardness, and to follow their leader wheresoever the Master's call might draw him.

And now this Board mourns most of all that it will see his face no more, never again feel the inspiration of his deep, unwasting missionary zeal, or hear his voice plead, with magnetic power and burning love, the great commission of the eternal Shepherd and Bishop of souls, "Go ye into all the world, discipling and baptizing all nations in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Resolved, That a copy of this minute be entered on the minutes of this Board.

Resolved, That a copy be forwarded to the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Nebraska.

Resolved, That a copy be sent to the widow and family of the late Bishop.

Resolved, That this minute be published in the *Spirit of Missions*.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE CLERGY OF THE DIO-
CESE OF NEBRASKA AND OF THE MISSIONARY
JURISDICTION OF DAKOTA.

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to our Father in Heaven to take to Himself the soul of the Rt. Rev. Robert Harper Clarkson, D.D., LL.D., we, the clergy of the Diocese of Nebraska, and of those present from the Missionary Jurisdiction of Dakota, do bow ourselves with the utmost submission and resignation to the Divine will,

Resolved, That we do hereby place on record the sense of our great bereavement; and that we shall ever, with the fondest regard, keep in memory how our Bishop endeared himself to us all by his wise government, touching eloquence, generous hospitality, tenderest sympathy, unbounded labors, self-sacrifice and most noble charities. We are led to just searchings of heart as we consider the inscrutable Providence that relieves from labor such

a man in the midst of his years of greatest usefulness in the Church of Christ.

We would most gratefully express our gratitude to God in His having for eighteen years preserved our Bishop, in the midst of much exposure and danger, and permitted him to be most tenderly nursed and skilfully treated in his last sickness and in the bosom of his family.

We would also thank our Heavenly Father for having given us such a leader, while we did the work of His own Son in extending salvation to our fellow men; and we pray that the labors done in health by our late Bishop, the patient endurance at all times, and especially in his last sickness, the triumphant faith displayed as the end approached, and the calm, beautiful departure, may encourage us in our work and assure us that our labors shall not be in vain.

Resolved, That the clergy of Nebraska and those of the jurisdiction of Dakota be requested to hold memorial services on next Sunday or on the Sunday following.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be prepared and presented to the bereaved companion of the departed, and with the assurance of our heartiest sympathy in her sorrow.

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed

in the daily journals of the cities of the West, as also in the Church papers of our country.

FROM THE CATHEDRAL CHAPTER OF THE DIOCESE
OF NEBRASKA.

Since we last met in Chapter, our Head and Right Reverend Father has ceased from his labors. Convened for the first time without his presidency, our first duty is to make of record our testimony to his name.

In the old books the Chapter is called the Senate of the Bishop, and its members are called his brothers. Realizing in these days the theory of the early centuries, this Chapter bears to the Bishop a peculiar relation. It is charged with the duty of assisting him in the exercise of his Episcopal office. Our assistance to our Bishop particularly relates to the missions and the funds and property of the Diocese. In the discharge of this duty we saw Bishop Clarkson close at hand in his daily administration. We rejoice that the several bodies to which he belonged, the parishes, the Cathedral vestry, the Boards of Trust of the Schools, the assembled citizenship of Omaha, the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, the vestry of the Church which he served through all his priesthood, and his

brethren of the Episcopate, have made record of their affection and appreciation.

As in a particular sense members of his church family, we have known him in the closest association, we do make mention and declare as preëminent these grand facts :

1. It is to his provident thoughtfulness and vigilant activity that the Diocese owes the fact, that default was never once made in the payment of the stipends of the missionaries on the day they became due; and to his unstinted generosity and solicitous affection that no one of his clergy ever, in any need or adversity, appealed to him in vain. To encourage and help the weak and remote stations, he was an itinerant missionary on the frontier, giving up the enjoyments and ease of pleasant places, and meeting every manner of hardship for his Master.

2. His wise foresight, careful diligence and resolute self-denial provided the Diocese with considerable property and endowment ; and these he gathered out of the smallest means. Some of us remember, in the early years of his Episcopate, the little Whitsunday offerings which were the foundation of the fund for the support of the Bishop, now adequate thereto ; and how, when a part of the income of the fund was tendered to him by us, he refused it, looking to the day when a more imperative

need would press upon us. Nor was it otherwise with other funds. And we all recall, in all our affairs, how careful and anxious and wise and true he was, not so much for the things of the day into which his interests entered, but for the days to come, when another should enter into his labors.

3. In the contemplation of the character of Bishop Clarkson we have revealed to us, in a new and clearer light, the beauty of holiness. What is shadowed forth in some grand shrine erected to the glory of Almighty God, or in some other work of sacred art, is here displayed to our view in a true reality. His utter humility, that made him unconscious of himself and all he was and had done and deserved; his masculine strength when standing up against wrong, for what he believed to be just and right; his absolute faith in the Saviour, so pure and warm and strong that no doubt ever once touched it; his love of all men, so wide that no one was beyond its reach, so active that no need of help once seen went unsupplied; so generous that he was bowed with the burdens of others and never knew how he was weighted; the purity of his nature such that an evil thing in his presence, if it can be conceived, seemed a sacrilege; and these qualities, and the others that go with them, all aglow with the grace and even playfulness that the innocence of

little children has; surely here we see the very substance and truth of a beauty not made with hands, even of a Temple of the Holy Ghost.

4. We thank our Heavenly Father for the example of this Saint now departed in His faith and fear, and for the blessing that has been ours to be near to him in this world. We cannot check our grief for our grievous loss, nor suppress our sympathy for his widow and kinsfolk; but surely to all will come another meeting from which there will be no parting.

FROM THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE DIOCESE.

Be it resolved, That in the loss of the first Bishop of Nebraska, we have lost one who was also first in counsel, first in example and first in every noble work; that looking to the upbuilding of what has now, under his fostering care, grown to be a strong and independent Diocese, with its noble Cathedral, its hospital, its endowment, its educational institutes, which have been largely the result of his own patient and persistent energy, we desire to express our heartfelt gratitude to God for these great benefits, and for the noble example he has set us, of patience with us, of good will toward us, and for his unswerving loyalty. He was truly Catholic in his sympathies, a lover

of home and foreign missions, a lover of good men, a man of broad views, full of sunshine and true happiness. Whether we consider his life or death, as we look back upon both, they seem complete pictures, wanting in no single line of grace or loveliness.

Resolved, That we cherish his grateful remembrance, and will endeavor to undertake in his name some further work, that would have met his approbation if he were living.

Resolved, That we put on record the sense of bereavement we sustain as a Diocese, and also our grateful appreciation of the kindly sentiments expressed by other religious bodies, and especially by the citizens of Omaha in public assembly. Every village and hamlet in Nebraska and Dakota where he was known and respected does assuredly sympathize with us.

Resolved, That we tender to his immediate family and relatives our sympathy in their personal affliction, which must be greatly mitigated in view of his many toils and labors, and in that he lives securely in the loving remembrance of all who had the happiness of his acquaintance, whether in church or state.

Requiescat in Pace.

Resolved, That a copy of the above be sent to the widow and family of our late Bishop, and to the "Church Guardian" and Omaha papers.

FROM THE CATHEDRAL VESTRY.

WHEREAS, It has seemed good to an inscrutable Providence to take out of this world the soul of our Right Reverend Father in God, Robert Harper Clarkson; and

WHEREAS, While yet his strength was unabated and many years of pious service seemed before him, he expressed the wish to be interred in the Cathedral yard; and when he lay on his sick bed and foresaw death near at hand he repeated this wish, with the request that it be communicated to this body for its action in that behalf; and

WHEREAS, He gave to his Divine Master and to His Church thirty-five years filled full of labors which never remitted in severity and zeal, and, fruitful to a singular degree, were rendered with an unfaltering and indomitable spirit, and with a self-heedlessness never surpassed by any Christian hero, all which life of toil was irradiated by a buoyancy, a grace, a sweetness and loveliness that, covering from the eyes of others the weariness and the anxieties of his life, made him ever a delight and a strong support to all to whom it was given to know and come near him; and

WHEREAS, While we recognize the great service which he gave to the more general interests of the Church, the Board of Missions,

the care of all the Churches, the nursing of the schools, the planting and building up of charities, the assistance which by advice and encouragement and helpfulness he gave to his brethren of the Episcopate, we here remember with an unbounded gratitude what he was pleased and zealous to do for this Cathedral parish and congregation; his frequent preaching, full of a mellifluous and persuasive eloquence; his constant care of the interests of the parish; his tender sympathy with all who sought his counsel; and, above all, his last great work of building this beautiful Cathedral, which will stand a true monument to his name from generation to generation :

It is by this vestry of his Cathedral Church
Resolved, That, with deep and unfeigned thankfulness that it was put into the heart of the Bishop to desire to repose at last under the shadow of his Cathedral, so that these grounds shall be consecrated by the sacred dust which they are to receive, this vestry gives its unanimous consent to his interment in the spot of his own selection, under the great window of the south transept; and we do undertake and promise that the same shall be faithfully kept and cared for, as a hallowed shrine to which men shall come to pay the homage of their reverence and love. Surely with a new meaning will be sung in the

Cathedral, "Make them to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting."

Resolved, That, deeply sensible of the personal loss which each of us has sustained in the death of our first Bishop, and mourning for him as a more than kinsman, we cannot forget the broken hearts of wife and children, and brothers and sisters, to whom we give our most sincere sympathies.

FROM ST. JAMES CHURCH, CHICAGO.

WHEREAS, on the tenth of March, in the year of our Lord 1884, in the Cathedral City of Omaha, it pleased God in His goodness to call to the joy and peace of Paradise the soul of ROBERT HARPER CLARKSON, first Bishop of Nebraska, and for seventeen years rector of St. James Church, Chicago, Illinois,

We, the rector, wardens and vestrymen of said church, desire to place upon record the following minute of respect and affection to the memory of the departed prelate and pastor.

The Reverend R. H. Clarkson, coming to us directly from his *alma mater*, St. James College, Maryland, assumed the charge of this parish in the spring of 1849, while yet in deacon's orders; and by his untiring efforts, his urbane manners, his loving interest, his wise

administration, he so managed its affairs that it secured for itself the position of the leading parish in the Diocese.

He was preeminently the faithful pastor, whose strength lay in his great and loving heart, in his wide sympathy with the poor and afflicted, in his interest in the children, who were unconsciously drawn toward him by his genial and affectionate manners, in the earnestness and self-sacrifice with which he labored for the good of souls and the welfare of this parish.

By his large-hearted devotion to his people, his willingness to spend and be spent in the attainment of any good for us, he speedily captivated all our hearts and won for himself and his Church an honored name wherever known.

It is impossible in our minds to separate the prosperity of this parish from his zealous labors amongst us, and the prayerful solicitude during the years that have intervened since his departure from us.

It was the same spirit of self-sacrifice that induced him to undertake the labors and hardships of a Missionary Episcopate on the frontier. What his work has been there, the present flourishing condition of the Diocese of Nebraska bears ample testimony.

Greatly beloved and sincerely mourned by

all who knew him,—to no people or community was he more near and dear than to us of this parish, his first and only charge until his elevation to the Episcopate. St. James Parish will not easily forget Bishop Clarkson, whom it was always glad to welcome and honor.

Consecrated as his life was to the Master's service, we humbly believe that he has entered into the rest that the Master has prepared for all His true and faithful servants.

May he rest in peace, and may light eternal shine upon him.

FROM THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF NEBRASKA
COLLEGE.

WHEREAS, In the providential dispositions of Him in whose hands we are; who doeth all things for purposes wisely known only to Himself, it has been the Almighty will to transfer from labors earthly to a sphere higher and holier, the honored and useful President of Nebraska College, the Right Rev. Dr. Clarkson; therefore,

Resolved, That with that becoming reverence due from creatures to their Creator, we bow in humble submission to this Divine decree, with full faith praying, Thy will, not ours, be done.

Resolved, That while we can but feel the

cause of education, the Church, society and the commonwealth at large have lost an able, earnest friend, we rejoice that the works he leaves us as an inheritance speak in language more impressive than words we can frame or utter of his having "fought the good fight," and left this world much the better for his having lived in it.

Resolved, That while the mortal man has gone from among us, and the immortal entered upon that realm from whence come neither tidings nor greetings, his life was an "epistle known and read of all men."

Resolved, That with confidence we cite the young men of this and other schools he inaugurated and directed, to his life and services as worthy of imitation by all who aim for useful lives.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to the family of our deceased President.

FROM THE TRUSTEES OF BROWNELL HALL.

Solemnly sensible of our great bereavement, but humbly submissive to the behest of our Heavenly Father, in the removal of our dear Bishop from the midst of his labors to the rest of Paradise, we, the Trustees of Brownell Hall, of which Board the late Rt. Rev.

Robert Harper Clarkson, D.D., LL.D., was President, and of which institution he was visitor, here record an expression of our recognition of his noble service to Christian education, our great loss and profound sorrow.

By nature and grace he was wonderfully fitted for a great teacher. A natural love for the young, a proverbial thoughtfulness for their happiness, a remarkably lovable nature, a singular simplicity and a wonderful adaptation of word, action and even self to youthful taste, feeling and comprehension, leave him an undying name as an educator; while with all his actions and intercourse was unostentatiously but inseparably blended the sublime benediction of the Apostle—like the ancient seer from the Mount of God, as he delivered his simple and holy precept—he was himself the least conscious of the glory 'mid which he moved.

From the beginning of his Episcopate he foresaw the necessity of institutions of learning for the building up of the Church. His pastorals and public addresses abound with this root idea. He founded such institutions and fostered them with labor unwearying, care incessant, and with the meagre means which a new country could supply.

Brownell Hall for eighteen years has been the child of his love. In his own Cathedral city, under his own eyes, he has watched over

and cared for it with all the solicitude of a parent. When the school was in its weakness and its success uncertain, with his wife and family he made it his abode, became its rector, gave it the benefit of his constant oversight, taught daily, endowed it with the public confidence of his own great reputation, and replenished its empty treasury with his own private means. For years in Brownell Hall the young women of the West enjoyed the safety, culture and refinement of a Bishop's home, and up to the end, his birthdays were spent and celebrated there.

Five hundred women educated in Brownell Hall, now respected and useful, filling prominent places in society and in the Church, sent forth with the late Bishop's blessing, and inspired by his spirit, will not fail themselves to cherish and transmit to posterity affection and veneration for his memory.

The late Bishop, himself the great exemplar of holy character, and valuing it above every accomplishment, founded a yearly medal to stimulate its culture in Brownell Hall, and any of the old pupils who is its happy possessor, will not fail to treasure and bequeath as an heirloom this, his own dear estimate of personal worth.

The last great task which our beloved and lamented Bishop had set himself was to erect a

building for Brownell Hall, suited to its needs and the importance of its work. Since the completion of the hospital, his time and efforts were employed in preparation for this undertaking. He had already procured some of the means necessary. The plans were ready to begin the building with the opening spring, when, worn and wearied by labor and suffering, his great spirit sought repose.

We thank the Giver of all Good that this great man's wisdom and courage and goodness were spared to us so long. We are grateful for the example he has left us, and we will best prove our affection for his hallowed memory by completing the work which he has thus begun.

If sympathy may venture to mingle itself with sorrow so sacred, we offer ours to the widow and children.

FROM THE DIOCESAN COUNCIL OF 1884.

For the full term allotted by custom for the purpose, this Church has sat clothed in the habiliments of mourning. The duties, events and services of this Council have opened afresh the wounds in all hearts inflicted on the 14th of March last. We bow with reverence and awe, but with unassuaged grief, under the affliction which our Heavenly Father visited upon us when on that day He took to Himself the soul of our Bishop. Our sorrow is for ourselves and for a widowed Church. He needs not that we weep for him. He rests from his labors. They were abundant and unceasing and exhausting. They often sorely tried a tender heart; they exceeded the strength of the mortal man; they were tolerable only in the light of God's countenance. The rest was welcome to his weary spirit.

His works shall follow him forever. In renewed consecration, and to the full measure of the strength that shall be given us, we pledge ourselves anew to carry them on, and to transmit them to those who shall come after us, and to charge them never to forget his example. And where he is, his work on earth, done in the name and service of Jesus, will testify in his behalf.

But we weep for ourselves. We have lost

the love and help and thoughtfulness and patience of our Father in God ; we have lost so much we cannot tell it all, nor hardly any part of it.

We weep for the Church, bereft of wise counsels, a great spirit, the earthly presence of one of her best sons. Another shall come to his place, but who can fill it ?

Unto the spot, within the precincts of his Cathedral, consecrated by the deposit of his dust, we and all men of all generations shall come and say,

“ Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

(After completing the business of the Council, the clerical and lay members proceeded from the Chapel of the Cathedral to the Choir, where the Litany and prayers were said, and then went in order to the grave of the Bishop in the Cathedral yard, and sang the hymns, “Oh, Paradise,” and “Jerusalem the Golden.”)



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IN MEMORIAM: BISHOP
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