



SOME
MEMORY DAYS

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Some Memory Days of the Church in America

By
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I.

THE EARLIEST OF ALL.

WHEN we look at an old oak-tree with massive trunk, spreading branches, and glory of graceful, deep-lobed leaves, pink-flushed in spring, shining green in summer, and glowing crimson in autumn, if we are thinking folk, we are likely to ask, "Where did this noble tree come from?" and to wonder, as we answer ourselves: "From a tiny golden-brown acorn that fell from an older tree." And then we think how that tree came from yet an older, and so on, back to the long ago birthday of oak-trees and other trees, when God, creating, said, "Let the earth bring forth the fruit-tree, yielding fruit after his kind." And we look again at our grand forest-tree, and, marvelling, think how one small acorn holds in its dainty cup the "possibility of not only one oak-tree, but of oak-trees to the thousandth generation, indeed, of oak-trees without end."

In some such way, when we consider the beauty and strength of Christ's Church in this dear land of

ours, and look backward to learn how she has come to this estate, we find that she has grown from grace to grace out of the seed of God's creation carried from land to land and nourished by His servants of many ages; and we learn that about three hundred years ago this seed was brought to this country by our forefathers from the old home of the Church in England, where for nearly sixteen centuries she had been giving her fruit for the healing of men's souls.

To England, also across the sea, the seed of the Church was carried, probably in the days when St. Paul, the Missionary to the West, was a prisoner in Rome, chained to two soldiers whose fellow-soldiers were fighting for the Roman Emperor in heathen Britain. Perhaps St. Paul's fellow-prisoners were nobles brought in chains from that same Britain to Rome, there to become the freemen of the Lord, and to carry news of Him to their own people. Then, if we still look backward, we shall keep, with St. Paul, St. Peter, St. John, and the Apostolic Church of all lands, for the first great memory day of our American Church, her Birthday, when, in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, life and power came to her at Pentecost by the might of the Holy Spirit.

There are many great memory days of the Church in other lands that we should gladly think of with honor, but we must not linger for these, until we come to the time when our English forefathers, sailing to discover unknown lands, carried with them

across the stormy ocean the seed of the Church which for ages had been the Mother Church of their people and ours.

When, on St. John's Day in 1497, John Cabot, coming upon the Labrador coast, discovered for the world the continent of America, he carried with him in his English ship some minister of the English Church (un-reformed); and when he planted on the barren shore the banner of England, almost certainly the prayers of the Church were said for the first time in America. And when John's son, Sebastian Cabot, in the reign of the young Edward VI., sailed in 1553 to "discover places unknown," with him went Master Richard Stafford, minister of the Church of England, who daily read Morning and Evening Prayer, and the other Church services which were "strictly enjoined." "In the name and fear of God, the explorers put forth on the unknown seas, carrying with them the Body and Blood of Christ as their *viaticum*," and the last home words that they heard were the prayers of the Church. "The cross with the arms of England marked their discoveries, and on their way, north to the ice, south to the boundaries of the globe, and west to the broad rivers and inland seas of the New World, the prayers of the English Church were said daily"; and the old log-books and charters mention the desire of the sailors to carry the Word of God to these "very mighty, vast countries."

There are many great memory days of our Church in the years when the national life of England was in full vigor, with Queen Elizabeth on the throne, gathering about her great men of thought and action, sailors and soldiers, statesmen, poets, philosophers, discoverers, and Churchmen. The world of things and the world of thought were growing fast; Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci, and the Cabots had found a way to the new continent, and with the love for adventure and desire for gold and also for new things, the love of country and queen and the love of the Church and her Holy King, urged Englishmen to found English colonies in the New World.

Among the stirring spirits of the time was Captain Martin Frobisher, who, firmly believing in a short passage to China, determined to go himself, "and make full proof thereof"; and who, sailing on his first voyage, in 1596, pushed on amid "cruel storms of snow and haile, great islands of yce, and mighty deere which ran at him so that hardly he escaped with his life."

But it is in a later voyage of the brave Frobisher that we find a Church memory day, for this time there sailed with him Master Wollfall, "the first missionary priest of the English Church to America, a learned man, appointed by her Majesty's council to be their minister and preacher, who, being well seated in his own country, with a good living," left home and family to "take in hand this painful voy-

age for the only care he had to save soules to Christianity." The voyage was full of perils; the ships sometimes struck "great rocks of yee like mighty mountains, from whose melting tops poured down streams able to drive a mill," and the "brunt of these so great and extreme dangers overcame the poore mariners"; but, in August, they reached their "former harbor," probably in Labrador, and "highly praised God and, upon their knees, gave Him due, humble and heartie thanks." And there, among the ice fields far to the north, on the eastern coast of America, on a Church memory day, was God first worshipped in America in the Holy Communion according to the Church of England; for Master Wollfall "celebrated a communion at the partaking whereof was the captain and many other soldiers, mariners, and miners. This celebration of the Divine Mystery was the first signe, seale, and confirmation of Christ's Name, death, and passion ever known in these quarters."

While Frobisher, with Master Wollfall, was skirting the Labrador coast, another brave Englishman, Sir Francis Drake, had gone far south, passed through the straits of Magellan, and sailing north along the western coast, discovered the country which is now California and Oregon, and on that memory day of the Church which is the Eve of the Day of St. John Baptist, 1579, Drake in his ship, the *Pelican*, sailed into a "faire goode baye," probably San Francisco Bay, and called his company together for

prayers. The wondering Indians brought presents, bunches of black feathers, rush baskets filled with tobacco, quivers of arrows, and furs, which the admiral took, and gave back clothing and linen. But when he saw that the poor people looked on the English as gods, he with his company fell to prayers, and lifted up eyes and hands to heaven, to show that the God who should be worshipped is above; and Francis Fletcher, the chaplain, prayed God to open the savages' blinded eyes "that they might be called to the knowledge of Him, the true God, and Jesus Christ, the Salvation of the Gentiles."

During the prayers, reading the Bible, and singing the Psalms, the Indians sat attentive and as if taking pleasure, and often afterward asked for the prayers and singing. When they showed their "griefs and aches," the English treated these with salves and lotions, "beseeching God to give cure to their diseases by these means." Then a great company came, escorting the Indian king with a bodyguard of a hundred tall savages, and with solemn dances and singing they offered their crown and sceptre to the English. These Drake took, wishing that people so tractable and loving might, by the "preaching of the Gospel, be brought to the knowledge of the true and everlasting God."

Drake called the country Albion, with a loving thought of his home country, and because of the white cliffs; and he set up there a monument claiming the

land for England; and Admiral Drake's chaplain, Francis Fletcher, has the honor of being the first of the English Church to minister the Word and Sacraments in the territory of the United States. Perhaps, when, on that St. John Baptist's Day so long ago, he said the Collect of the Church, he hoped that he, too, by "God's Providence," had been sent to that far-off Pacific shore to "prepare the way of God's Son our Saviour." In some way, perhaps, he did such preparing, and he and his companions seem to have shown a gentle spirit of love to the natives, for these, when they saw the English making ready to depart, burst into "sighs and sorrowings and woful complaints and moans and bitter tears"; but, finally, when Drake's company "fell to prayers and singing of Psalms," the Indians became calm and also "fell a-lifting of their eyes and hands to heaven," like the white men. Then from the hill-tops they watched the sailing ships and were left alone on the Pacific shore, perhaps dimly understanding that the Great Spirit had sent messengers to teach them of Himself, and doubtless looking forward to the coming again of these white-faced messengers. Poor, simple souls, joining, for a few summer days, in will at least, in the worship of the Church, and lifting up their eyes to God! May we not believe that even so they were better prepared to meet the next messengers, whether men or angels, whom God should send to them, His untaught children of the far Western land, for whom

more than three centuries ago the prayers of the Church were said into the listening ear of God?

One of the first of the noble discoverers of America—the first he is called to “erect an habitation and government in these countreys”—was the gallant Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who, in 1578 and again in 1583, endeavoring to settle in America men of the English nation and English Church, said he was urged in this by the honor of God and by compassion for the poor natives “whom it seemed God had designed to be redeemed by Christianity by the English.” Instead of seeking to acquire great wealth for himself, Gilbert wished to help his countrymen and to carry God’s Word into the very “mighty and vast countreys.” He sacrificed his own fortune to equip his little fleet of five small barques, with which he sailed across the Atlantic. Landing in Newfoundland, he took possession of the island for England and provided for the care of the settlement by the Church. The storms and dangers of the coast terrified many of his men, who deserted him: but, commanding himself the little barque *Squirrel*, with two other vessels, he sailed southward, seeking other landing-places, till the “outrageous” seas and storms overcame his frail barque. But these could not overcome the courage and faith of her captain, who, just before the vessel sank, on the Tenth Sunday after Trinity, 1583, was seen sitting aloft with a book, and cheering his men, calling to them, “We are as

near to heaven by sea as by land." So Sir Humphrey was one of the brave men who began to bring the seed of the Church to our land, and when, on a certain summer Sunday which is one of our memory days, we, throughout this great country, pray God to "make us ask such things as shall please Him," we may be sure that the noble Gilbert's holy longings and prayers were for just such things, and that through them blessings have come to the Church in this western land where he strove to plant the old Faith.

With another English explorer, Sir Richard Grenville, in 1585, sailed the honored Master Hariot, scholar and historian, who in each place to which they came "set forth the Bible and the knowledge of the true God, that the Indians might be made partakers of His truth." A man of prayer himself, by example and by teaching he impressed the poor savages with some sense of the value of prayer, and, in their simple way, they tried to show their reverence for the Bible and their hungry desire to know its contents by stroking and kissing the Book.

As we think of these memory days when, in the first English ships that came to this land came the seed of the Church and the Word of God, may we not believe that some souls of the forest people in those old times are also keeping them as glad memory days in the Church Unseen, and praising the Lord whom they there learned to know?

II.

HELPERS OF THE FOUNDATION.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT, the "soldier resolute in Jesus Christ," as he was called, went down into the raging waves in the "great torment of weather," but the cause of the Church in America was not wrecked, and Gilbert's attempt to plant Christian inhabitants there led to great things, for Edward Hayes, a Christian gentleman of Gilbert's company, "continued to the end, and by God's assistance returned home" to write a thrilling account of his voyage. He reminded Englishmen that Gilbert's failure but proved that "*little by little* men were to be won to the truth, and that they ought to be prepared to execute God's will, when the due time should come to call the pagan Americans to Christianity"; and he begged men to go to the New World with virtuous motives, chiefly the honor of God and the help that they could give, for it seemed that God had reserved North America to be reduced to Christianity by the English nation.

Mr. Hayes also wrote a winsome account of the lands visited, of the harmless Indians, the rich and varied products of sea and land, the incredible quan-

tity of trout, salmon, and cod, whales, and delicious turbot, lobsters, and oysters having pearls. He described the vast forests of firs, pines, and cypresses, to supply tar, pitch, boards, and masts; he mentioned the wild roses "passing sweet" and the rich grass "which fates sheep in a short space," and the peas sown by the English, the "first fruits of industry in the far land"; and he wrote of partridges, falcons, and canary-birds, of red deer, buffaloes, bears, wolves, foxes, beavers, martins, and sables with choice fur, and of many "other creatures which led the English explorers to glorify God, who filled the earth with animals for the use of man." So Gilbert's discoveries and efforts to possess America for God aroused other Englishmen to take up the task that dropped from his hand.

Sir Walter Raleigh, a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, whose attention our history students will remember he won by throwing his velvet cloak into the mud to be a mat for her feet, was deeply interested in America and fitted out the expedition which resulted in the settlement of Roanoke Island, on the coast of North Carolina. Here, on August 18, 1587, was born Virginia Dare, the granddaughter of the colony's Governor, and the first-born American child of English parents upon whose brow fell the glistening drops of water in baptism, while the words of the English Prayer Book declared that she was received "into the congregation of Christ's flock."

The little Virginia came to a home whose people were already suffering hunger in their brave effort to build an English America; and when she was a wee baby her grandfather, the Governor, was obliged to go to England for assistance. When he returned to Roanoke Island he found grass growing in the deserted block-house, and fragments of his own books and pictures scattered over the ground, but not a living soul on the island. He never again heard from his loved ones, except that, years afterwards, some Indians declared that, from a general massacre of English who came from an island, a young white girl had been saved and was living with the savages: and to this day some believe that this white girl was the little Virginia Dare, and that her grandchildren in some degree are among the half-breeds of North Carolina. So it is possible that, when our American Church is teaching the Indians of the South, she may be leading back to the Faith some descendant of the first child of the Church born in North America.

Among those who did noble service in planting the Church in America were some who themselves never sailed across the ocean to the New World; for in the time of Queen Bess, as now, the pen of a thinking man was a mighty weapon and inspired people to great deeds. Especially let us honor one of these men who vigorously and lovingly helped us on our way to our Nation and our Church. His name is

Richard Hakluyt, and he was a schoolboy in Westminster School, London, when, one day in the year 1568, he went into a quiet room in the Temple, where his cousin, an older Richard Hakluyt, sat dreaming over the maps of the Western world, new and wonderful in that time. The older man opened the Bible, and pointed to those verses which declare that "they that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep"; then he called the boy's attention to the fascinating maps.

This incident determined the young Richard's career, and, as it led to his having an important share in planting England in America, it made that day in 1568 a memory day for us. For the boy, after years of study at Oxford, became the chaplain of the English Embassy in Paris, and later one of the clergy of Westminster, in whose great abbey he was buried with high honors; and, while his life was spent in the service of the Church of England, it was also spent in the service of the yet unplanted Church in America. Richard Hakluyt, with practical common sense, high wisdom, and great faith in, and hope for, things yet to be, became the wisest man of his age in the wonderful, new, ever-growing geography of the time, and the Englishman who knew the very most about all matters relating to the New World. His book, called *Principal Voyages*, full of poetry and thrilling in interest, contains the exciting accounts

of the bold journeys of Frobisher, Drake, Gilbert, and the other sailor-kings of Elizabeth's day; and its stirring, inspiring tales roused many to sail away to the great mysterious Western land.

Also, at the request of Raleigh, and especially to arouse the Queen's interest in the new country, Hakluyt wrote his famous *Discourse of Western Planting*, in which in his quaint way he sets forth many sound reasons for the planting of colonies by England in North America, declaring that "Virginia was the door that God had opened," and that "this Western discoverie will be greatly for the enlargement of the Gospel of Christ." "It remaineth," he writes, "to be thoroughly weighed by what means and by whom this truest Christian work may be performed and multitudes of simple people be led into the way of their salvation. Preachers should be sent by those who have taken on themselves the defence of the Faith, and this ought to be their chief work. The way to send help is to plant colonies and learn the language of the people, and instil into their minds the sweet liquor of the Gospel, not thinking of gaining filthy lucre, but gaining the souls of millions of wretched people. The people of America cry out to us, their next neighbors, to come and help them, and unto those who shall do this worthy work God shall give of His riches."

While the wise Hakluyt and others were thus writing and teaching to help on the planting of the

Western land, the naval heroes, Drake, Hawkins, Fro-bisher, and Howard, and the keen statesmen, Bur-leigh and Walsingham, were working together, and “behind them the wayward, wilful, but always brave and patriotic Queen Elizabeth”; and close at hand was an event which, under God’s guidance, was to make safe and sure the planting of England and the Church in the New World.

In the summer of 1588 came that event the story of which we read even now breathless with excitement. Up the English Channel sailed one hundred and thirty black ships-of-war from Spain, with three thousand cannon and thirty thousand men, and carrying ninety executioners with racks and thumb-screws, to set up the Inquisition on English soil. We know the thrilling story, how “the intelligence of English freemen fought against mediaeval chivalry”; how, with a frightful loss of ships and men, the great Armada was destroyed, and how the English sea-ings pursued their victories until England ruled the sea, and so was free to plant her colonies in America and leave them there in safety, for colonies cannot live if the line is cut between them and the mother country.

So the day of the defeat of the great Armada is one of our memory days, since this was the event in the glorious history of England that made it possible for her people and her Church to be planted in North America.

III.

IN VIRGINIA.

WHEN, by the defeat of the Armada, the ocean road was quite safe for England, Englishmen of the highest character and intelligence hastened to make the best use of it by sending over its broad waterway new companies of colonists to America. Especially, Sir Walter Raleigh never forgot Virginia, and though his efforts to make an English settlement there had exhausted his fortunes, and troubles and imprisonment in the grim tower of London came to him, still his zealous labor kept alive the interest in Virginia. In 1606, one of his friends, a stout sailor, Capt. Christopher Newport by name, was placed in command of an expedition which set sail in three vessels, the *Susan Constant*, the *Godspeed*, and the *Discovery*, on New Year's Day, 1607, three hundred and four years ago our very latest New Year's Day. A true memory day for our nation and our Church that was, marking the beginning of wonderful new years for the Mother Old World and its daughterland, America.

As the colonists sailed away from England, a

farewell was wafted to them in the verses of the poet laureate, Michael Drayton, who sang :

“You have heroic minds,
Worthy your country’s name,
That honor still pursue;
Go and subdue.

“And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
 Virginia,
Earth’s very paradise!
In kenning of the shore,
Be thanks to God first given.”

The colonists carried, for their help in the new land, careful instructions, supposed to have been written by the wise Hakluyt. They were advised to choose a strong, wholesome, and fertile place for their settlement; to take great care not to offend the natives; to “make themselves all of one mind for the good of their country”; and to “serve and fear God, the giver of all goodness; for every plantation which our Heavenly Father doth not plant shall be rooted out.”

After a long and trying voyage, on April 26, 1607, two years before the French settled Canada, and thirteen years before the Pilgrim *Mayflower* sailed into Plymouth harbor, the three little vessels with their precious freight, the seed of the Church, came to the American shore at Cape Henry, Vir-

ginia. Taking shelter from a storm in Hampton Roads, the colonists named its promontory Point Comfort, and, sailing up the broad river, they chose a place for their settlement on a little peninsula, where they landed, May 13, 1607. A glorious memory day this, for the triangular fort at once built by the Englishmen was that which was called Fort James for their king, and soon the settlement was known as Jamestown, that sacred place where "first the Old World permanently touched the New, where the white man first met the redskin for civilization, and where the English cut the first tree for the first log-cabin. Here was the first capital of our empire of states; here was the first foundation of a nation of freemen; here was the first successful planting of the English and the English Church in the New World, the garden of our infancy in the West; and here the English race first came into possession of their portion of the New World and began to shape the destiny of this continent," for the men who settled Jamestown brought with them English liberty and the English Church.

Among the leaders of the colony were men chivalrous and pious, longing to enlarge the realms of their king and the bounds of the Kingdom of God; and valiant soldiers, and men of gentle breeding and spiritual enthusiasm and devotion, of whom Hakluyt wrote: "If gentle polishing will not serve to bring the Indians of Virginia to civil causes, our

old, war-trained soldiers will be hammers to prepare them for the preacher's hands."

In the Letters under which the colony was sent, we read of the desire for the "furtherance of a work which may tend to the glory of God's Divine Majesty, by bringing the savages to knowledge of Him"; and the instructions directed that they should with all diligence provide that the "true word and service of the Christian Faith according to the religion of the Church of England should be preached and used not only in the plantations, but also among the savages."

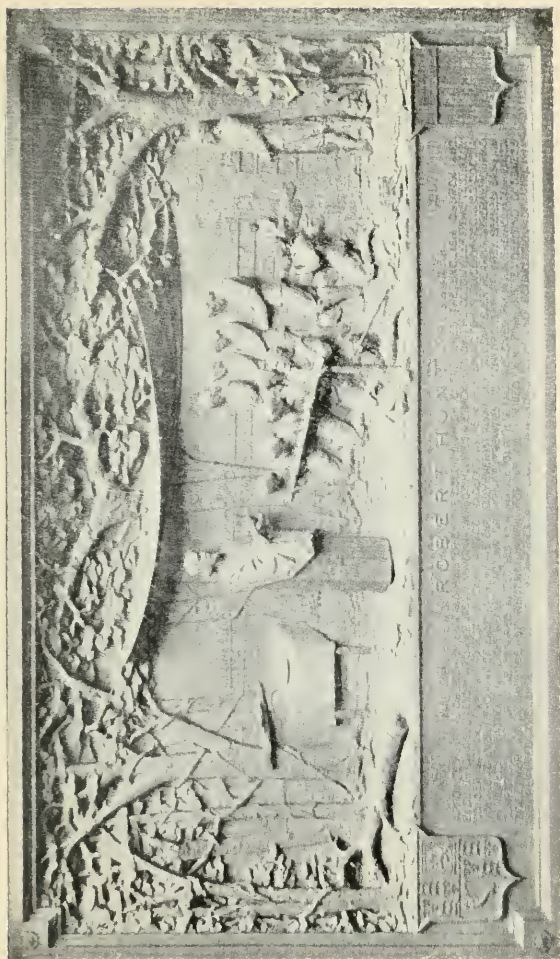
The men who founded Virginia were men loyal to England and the Church. Belonging to no party and having no grievances, but coming in full sympathy with all that was best behind them, they built a noble new establishment upon the old foundation. Thus the "Mother of States" was by God's grace planted with the precious seed of the old Church, brought across the ocean in the brave little pioneer ships, *Susan Constant*, *Godspeed*, and *Discovery*.

Prominent among the Jamestown colonists were Master Edward Wingfield, the Honorable George Percy, Captain John Smith; and there were other men, with the "boys," Nat Peacock and Dick Mutton; and in their midst moved that man of God, the Rev. Robert Hunt, whose courage, wise counsel, self-sacrifice, and devotion often made peace in times of disagreement. With patient meekness he dis-

armed all opposition, and his cheerful faith maintained the sinking spirits of his flock; and "when, in a fire in the rising town, he lost his library and everything that he had, no one heard him murmur."

On the day after the landing, a sail was spread over the heads of the people, and a board was nailed between two trees for a reading-desk, and there, in the flickering sunshine and shadows of the forest, with the wondering Indians lurking in the background, and men armed with blunderbusses guarding the congregation, the colonists knelt with their devoted pastor (the first English pastor in America), to offer God the "sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving," and to receive the Body and Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. As they prayed in the Psalms of that fourteenth day, we may think of their strong faith when they spoke the words: "In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust. Thou art my house of defence. I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God, and will make mention of Thy righteousness only." And we may be sure that their hearts beat high with hope, as they read on: "His dominion shall be also from the one sea to the other, and from the flood unto the world's end. They that dwell in the wilderness shall kneel before Him. . . . All the heathen shall praise Him. And all the earth shall be filled with His Majesty."

The first building that these English Churchmen put up, after their fort, was a small log church, the



BAS-RELIEF MEMORIAL OF ROBERT HUNT'S FIRST CELEBRATION OF
HOLY COMMUNION, JAMESTOWN, VA.

mother church of America, which was burned by the Indians, but replaced in 1619 by a second, and that by a third and larger structure. The tower which, half-ruined, still stands at Jamestown, may be a part of the second church; its form shows that once sentries, watching for Indians, patrolled its roof, and that soldiers used its loop-holes for the defence of the town.

Although the colonists landed in the sunshine and among the bright flowers of May, they had as hard a time as the Pilgrims, who, thirteen years later, landed amid the snows of a New England winter. The impure river-water which they drank caused violent sickness; and there were attacks by the Indians, and "starving times" when food nearly failed, and the day's allowance for each consisted of a half-pint of boiled wheat and the same of barley, all spoiled from being twenty-six weeks in the ship's hold. To the unwholesome food and water were added hard and unfamiliar labor, the frightful summer heat, and "fevers lurking in the air." One of the men wrote, "There were never Englishmen left in a foreign country in such misery as we in this new-discovered Virginia. If it had not pleased God to put a terror in the savages' hearts, we had all perished; men were groaning in every corner of the fort, most pitiful to hear."

Only Captain John Smith's keen, alert activity in trading with the Indians for corn saved the col-

ony from actual starvation. How eagerly the lookout must have watched for his small, active figure coming out of the shadowy forest, accompanied by Indians bringing baskets of golden maize!

Captain Smith was a born leader of men, a rigid disciplinarian and of a noble nature. He believed that men were made to help each other, and justice was his guide; hating sloth, pride, and baseness, he would send his soldiers into no dangers where he would not lead them; he would starve rather than not pay; he hated falsehood more than death, and it is believed that, but for his superb courage and ability, the Jamestown colony would have perished, like that of Roanoke Island.

It was on one of these corn-hunting trips that Captain Smith was taken prisoner and carried into the long wigwam of the chief called Powhatan, who sat as judge, dressed in a robe of raccoon skins with the tails still hanging from them. Beside him were his squaws, with faces painted bright red and chains of white shell-beads about their necks; and in front of these stood a line of grim warriors, ready with clubs to dash out the brains of the prisoner, who was already thrown down upon a great stone, when the chief's thirteen-year-old daughter, Pocahontas, rushed up and threw herself upon Captain Smith, protecting him, and inducing her father to spare his life. Now this day of the rescue of Captain Smith, January 5, 1608, is one of our memory days, for on

it began the friendly interest of the Indian girl, and her visits to the Jamestown colony which her kind services more than once saved from destruction, as we shall see later.

While Captain Smith was securing corn from the Indians for the hungry colony, Captain Newport was sailing back and forth between England and America, bringing new supplies of men and provisions. In the second supply, in September, 1608, came the first English women who dared go to the great western wilderness, a Mrs. Forrest, and her maid, Anne Burroughs, who soon married John Laydon, and whose marriage in Jamestown church, in December, 1608, was the first English Church wedding in America.

Many of the settlers were gentlemen quite unaccustomed to manual labor, but their will was good, and the old records tell us how they cut down trees and made boards, and how the axe blistered their tender fingers, yet how thirty of these gentlemen would do more in a day than a hundred of the less willing "rest." But they did not find, as they had expected, golden pans and kettles in the Indians' wigwams, nor big pearls upon the river shore; and there were attacks by the Indians, and another starving time when famine was warded off by the young Pocahontas, who brought corn and venison, and again saved Captain Smith for the colony. This time the gentle Indian princess, with love for the

white men, came "in a dark night, through the irksome woods," and warned Captain Smith that the treacherous Indians were planning an attack, and "bade him begone." When they wished her to take as a reward anything that she liked, with tears running down her cheeks she refused everything. At a later day Pocahontas was held in Jamestown as a pledge for Powhatan's good behavior, and there she was converted to Christianity, and baptized, receiving the name of Rebekah, in Jamestown church, in April, 1614, before a great friendly gathering of white men and Indians. Here, also, she married an English husband, John Rolfe, so here are two memory days for us, commemorating the first baptism of an Indian in English America, and the first Christian marriage of a white man and an Indian in the territory of the United States.

The bride, who is said to have been a handsome, dignified young woman, went to England, and was received with much honor as a princess, and called the Lady Rebekah; but the child of the forest sickened and died in the foreign land, and was buried in the church at Gravesend. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, who was educated in England, but who, years afterwards, went back to Virginia to become the ancestor of many Virginia families, faithful to the old Church which led their noble foremother from darkness into light. How little Pocahontas' Indian people understood of God who is



POCAHONTAS.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

Spirit, we may see by the mission given by Powhatan to Tomocomo, a chief who went in Pocahontas' company to England, and who was commanded to "observe carefully the King and Queen and God," and to report his observations to Powhatan. Poor Tomocomo could never understand why no one among all the surprisingly many people in England would ever take him to God's wigwam and let him look at God.

In the spring of 1609, twenty houses had been built at Jamestown, a well of pure water dug in the fort, thirty acres of ground planted, and seines set for fishing. Also, Captain Newport had left some swine and fowls, and the squealing of sixty pigs and the peeping of five hundred spring chickens might be heard, when there came a new calamity. Rats from the ships increased rapidly in numbers and devoured the little corn that was left, and the people were again near starvation, keeping themselves alive through the summer by living like the Indians, picking berries, roots, and herbs in the woods, and catching fish and crabs. A terrible winter followed, when many of the colonists died from cold and famine, while the Indians, watching with savage glee, shot at them "flights of arrows tipped with death."

Of the five hundred persons at Jamestown in October, only sixty feeble, tottering men, women, and children crept out to meet the *Deliverance*, when

she sailed up the river in May, bringing indeed deliverance for the time, but enough food for only one month. Then the leaders, with tears in their eyes, decided that Virginia must be abandoned, for what could brave men endure more than they had endured?

So June 7, 1610, was a sad day, when it seemed certain that the seed of the Church had been blighted and would never live and thrive in American soil; for then the Jamestown people determined to go back to England, and to the melancholy roll of drums they stripped their cabins of their furnishings, buried their cannon in the earth, and embarking on the pinnaces sailed away down river, leaving the deserted Jamestown in the sombre silence of the forest.

But next day, as the boats sped on, "a black speck was seen far below on the broad waters of Hampton Roads, no red-man's canoe, but, Heaven be praised, an English long-boat," coming with the glad message that Lord Delaware, the newly-appointed Governor of the colony, was close at hand with three well-stocked ships. Three days later, the people stood once more in Jamestown, drawn up in military array, while Lord Delaware, landing, fell upon his knees and thanked God that he had come in time to save Virginia.

The new governor devoted himself with zeal and wisdom to strengthening the colony and the Church: the men were kept at work: the Indians were driven

back; new fortifications were built; the houses were repaired, and the church was made more dignified with a new walnut altar, a tall pulpit, a font, and a full-toned bell, whose clear voice called over the water and through the forest; and, as the governor loved flowers, the church was always decorated with the abundant bright and fragrant blossoms of the fields and woods. The colony, as was needful for the best good of all, was governed strictly; men were forbidden to stay away from Church services or to speak against the Faith, or fail to honor a clergyman, to take a voyage on Sunday except to church, or fire a gun except for defence against Indians, and every man had to bring to church a gun with plenty of shot. Each colonist was given land to cultivate for his own use; and thrift and order prevailed, while great efforts were made to pacify the Indians.

By 1624 the colony had spread up the James River as far as Richmond; there were plantations on both banks, with stout block-houses and palisades at exposed points. The wooden houses were made with rough-hewn beams, but were roomy and comfortable, and here and there was a handsome mansion. Oxen and cows, sheep and goats, pigs and chickens were innumerable; pigeons cooed and bees hummed over the broad fields now grown with tobacco, wheat, barley, and tasselled Indian corn. The University men of the colony were beginning to send to England for books for their homes, and to think how their

children should be educated in this western world, and, as early as 1621, some of these resolved to found a public free-school to "educate the children and to ground them in the principles of religion."

This school was designed not only for white youths, but also for missionary work among the Indians; but the leaders in the movement were killed in an Indian massacre, and it was not until years later that the College of William and Mary, all but established in 1622, and the oldest after Harvard in the United States, came into being. Thus these men of the English Church, with high aims and intelligent foresight, put their faith in education as a hope for the future good of the land; nor did they wait for the College of William and Mary before providing by their legislature for the education of the Indians, provision being made for "securing by fair means Indian children to be educated in true religion, of whom the most forwardly in wit and graces of nature should be fitted in an English college, from thence to go to convert their own people." And from time to time, acts were passed for the preservation of the purity of the doctrine and unity of the Church, directing ministers and people to obey the old teaching of the Church of England.

Jamestown was not only the first home of the Church in the western wilderness, but there religion and wise government were bound together in sympathy, and in the second-built of the Jamestown

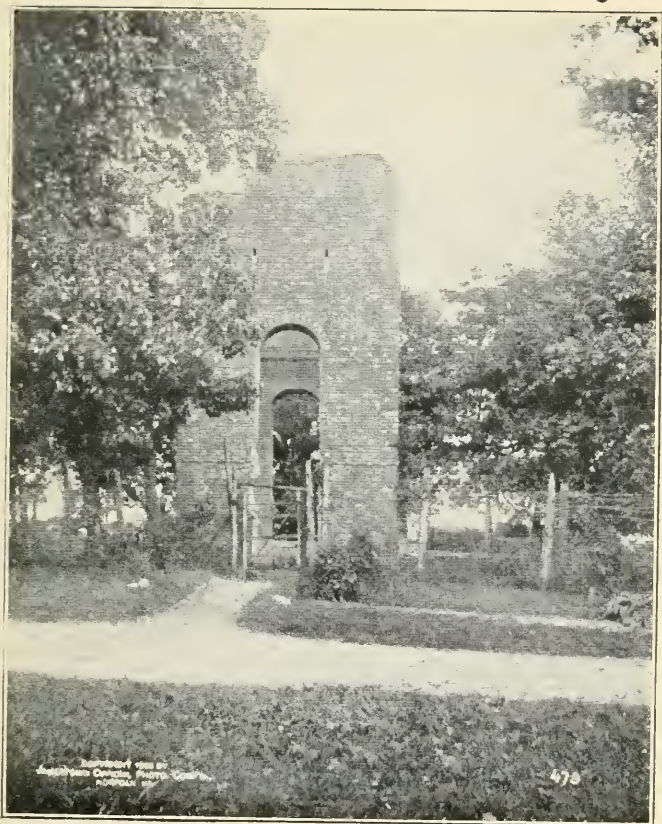
churches met the first representative legislature of America, called the House of Burgesses. A memory day for us of this dear country is that day in 1619, a year before the Pilgrims landed, when the first free government on this continent was set up in a church, the first Congress of America representing one thousand colonists. The settlement, with its palisaded fort, sixty cabins, storehouse and magazine, remained the capital of Virginia until, in 1699, it was moved to Williamsburgh.

But, though Jamestown lost its pre-eminence, the final success of the colony impelled other settlements in the country, and its triumph in governing solved the problem of our free country with its government by the people. And, meantime, English settlers were rapidly making homes for themselves on the banks of the Virginia rivers and building churches wherever they built homes. In 1639, nine years after the settlement of Boston, the Church was so strong in Virginia that in Jamestown alone three churches had been built; and in closely following years churches throughout Virginia were fast rising, built of imported bricks, and still standing on the banks of creeks, half-concealed by ancient pines and sycamores, houses of worship wherein man has met his Heavenly Father for more than two hundred years.

“Across Jamestown fields in later years tramped the armies that brought into being our nation, and

on them are remains of the fortifications built in the later struggle that confirmed the unity of the nation" which is to-day a great power of the earth, grown from the feeble little colony of 1607. Cornwallis' last fight was at Jamestown, and American independence was won at Yorktown, nineteen miles from the place where English civilization was first planted in America.

But to-day Jamestown is gone; partly buried in the earth, and partly eaten away by the ceaseless pounding of the giant hammer of the broad river, which is gnawing away the island at the rate of six feet a year. Scattered over the fertile fields and in the noble groves of pines and oaks, we may find pieces of brick from the foundations of the homes of the pioneers; beads, striped like gooseberries, with which they traded with the Indians, and fragments of red and white clay pipe stems. We may see the earthen walls of a fort built in 1681; a few lonely gravestones and the ruins of one large house, the Ambler mansion; and if we explore this buried city carefully, we may unearth memorials which bring vividly before us the age of Captain Smith and the pioneers—scraps of rusty armor, a bit of a halberd, a spiked ball, silver and copper coins, a pewter basin, a glass bottle beautifully iridescent from long burial, or a fragment of stained glass from the church windows. And while we gather up our mementoes, there soars above us the best memento of all, and the best



RUINS OF THE JAMESTOWN (VA.) TOWER.

representative of the old colony to which the Church was the first and dearest love, for not far from the river-bank is still standing the venerable church-tower, the oldest piece of masonry in the land of the American colonies. It is thirty-six feet high, with walls three feet in thickness; and above its always open door and arched windows are loop-holes, made nearly three hundred years ago for the guns of the soldiers who guarded Jamestown and the infant home of our Church from the lurking, threatening Indians.

Jamestown, that was once on the now deserted island, still *is* in the warm, living hearts of the American people; and the nation celebrated noble memory days in 1907, because at Jamestown three hundred years ago began her free institutions and government; but the Church kept these memory days also, because the Jamestown settlers were Church people, and then and there planted the Church in America.

IV.

IN MAINE AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.

IN THE years when Sir Walter Raleigh and his associates were struggling with zeal and devotion to settle English people and the English Church in the southern part of our land, other Englishmen were taking a northern course across the Atlantic, and were sailing in the fragrant shadows of the spruce trees through the passages among the beautiful wooded islands of Maine, skirting the picturesque, cove-indented rocky coast, and making their way up the deep, broad tide-rivers, always wonderful and charming to those who had known only the small streams of England. Among these early voyagers were Captain Gosnold and Martin Pring, who came, in 1603, in the *Speedwell*, fitted out by Richard Hakluyt and others, and who were greatly pleased with the "high country full of great woods," and the fine fishing.

In 1605, Captain George Weymouth, skirting the Maine coast, "fell in with fair land richly grown with vines, currants, angelica, and divers gums," and caught plenty of fish of "great bigness." As he ascended the noble rivers in his pinnace, he carried

always crosses to set up as a sign of the possession of the country for England and the Church, "a thing never omitted by any Christian travellers"; and in the June days he was delighted with the verdant earth and the wide, glassy waters, bordered by pretty coves and green grass, and melodious with the notes of the wild birds.

Also Captain John Smith, the hero of Jamestown, in one of his adventurous voyages, came to the island Monhegan and to the Isles of Shoals, and sailed up the Kennebec River, trading with the Indians, exploring the shores, and writing a short history of the district.

In 1607, the year of the Jamestown settlement, the Plymouth Company in England, whose leaders were Lord John Popham, Chief Justice of England, and Sir Ferdinando Gorges, sent out a small company of emigrants who, sailing from Plymouth in the month when Jamestown was founded, landed on August 11th upon an island of the Maine shore, and "immediately assembled to give thanks to Almighty God and to listen to a sermon." This was the first Church service of New England, then taken possession of for the Church and the Faith. The commanders of this expedition were George Popham, a brother of the Chief Justice, and Raleigh Gilbert, a nephew of Sir Walter Raleigh. After building a fort and some cottages, and sinking a well which still may be seen, together with fragments of English

brick, the colonists found the island too small for a settlement and the water bitter, and so removed to the mainland where they built a new fort and block-house. In December the ships sailed for England, leaving a little company of forty-five men between a waste of waters and an unbroken wilderness; but the severe cold and the unfriendly Indians were too much for even the splendid courage of these men, and drove them back to England in a vessel of their own handiwork, the first vessel built on this continent, leaving only the traces of their building and the memory of one winter when the children of the Church, first upon the ground in the North as well as in the South, worshipped God in the great wilderness, speaking to Him in the words of the English Prayer Book.

One of the noblemen who for long years struggled constantly to make English settlements in the northern part of this country was Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who, in 1620, from King James, and again in 1639, from King Charles I., obtained a charter of the Province of Maine, making him the proprietor and governor of a great extent of territory and many islands. In all this province, the government and articles of Faith of the Church of England were established by law; and Americans should justly remember with deep gratitude Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the devoted Churchman, the man kind to all who, faithful to his king, died, fighting, at the age of

seventy-four, and who by God's grace established the old Faith in the northern part of our country. His son, Thomas, came over as deputy-governor and settled at York, where, in 1642, rose a little city called Gorgiana.

In 1643, another portion of Maine, called Lygonia, was purchased by Col. Alexander Rigby, a gentleman of education, wealth, influence, and piety, who became the friend of the poor and of the clergy, and made generous exertions to give religious instruction to the people of his province, the islanders, and the fishermen.

Among the pioneer workers of the Church in New England was the Rev. Richard Gibson, who, in 1637, settled as the first rector on Richmond's Island, Maine, where probably also a church was built. In 1640, Mr. Gibson removed to Portsmouth, to become the first rector of the Church in New Hampshire, at a dark and troubled time when the Church was persecuted in New England and her Sacraments were forbidden by law. So it was that Mr. Gibson was summoned before the court as a criminal, because he baptized children on the Isles of Shoals, and for the offence of "being wholly addicted to the discipline of the English Church," and because "he did marry and baptize" he was thrown into prison.

Mr. Gibson's successor at Richmond's Island was the Rev. Robert Jordan, "a gentleman equal to any

in Boston, and a divine of the Church of England," who came to this country in 1640. He was a man "of great parts," active, enterprising, and "by education placed above the people about him." He was faithful to his calling, and journeyed through the wilderness from place to place, carrying the grace and comfort of the Sacraments to the scattered settlers, many of whom were Church people. For this, and for baptizing children, he, like Mr. Gibson, was called before the court and imprisoned; but, when he was freed, he continued to be true to his office, and his descendants have to-day a precious memorial of his faithfulness in the little silver christening basin which, 250 years ago, held the pure water "sanctified to the mystical washing away of the sins" of many children born in the western wilderness, far from the parish churches of their fathers, but still, through baptism, in the heart of that dear Church.

Mr. Jordan's talents and his determination, perseverance, and self-reliance were of great service to the people of Maine in other ways than the ministrations of the Church; he was prominent in business affairs of the district, and conducted difficult enterprises and administered important trusts in a country largely unsettled and in terror of hostile Indians, who destroyed his own house, from which his family barely escaped.

This good man's sound judgment and elevation above the superstition of the age are believed to have

saved Maine, at a critical moment, from the witchcraft madness. In the days of the delusion of the Salem witches, a man whose "way was contrary to the Gospel of Christ" boarded at the house of Goodman Bayly, near the rector's farm. One day Bayly's wife gravely told her boarder that he must reform or leave her house, and he was very angry; and, as a cow of the rector's chanced to die just then, and this man knew that Goody Bayly was to go that way on a journey, he declared to Mr. Jordan's servant that the cow had been bewitched, and that by burning the carcass the witch would be brought to the place. So they burned the carcass, and lo, up the road came Goody Bayly!

Wonder and excitement were great among the people, and poor Goody Bayly was "called up" for a witch. But the rector interposed, explaining that the cow had died because of the negligence of his servant, who, to cover his own fault, had been ready to attribute the misfortune to witchcraft, and that Goody Bayly's boarder had known that she was to come that way, and without permission had burned the cow to suit the time of her coming. Thus he unravelled what had seemed a great marvel, exposed the wicked, delivered the innocent, and by his clear-headed common-sense and justice averted from Maine the infamy and pitiful sufferings of a witchcraft persecution, causing that state to stand luminous in the dark days of the strange delusion which

shadowed other parts of the young country with dreadful gloom; for in Maine no poor soul was ever again "called up" for witchcraft.

Captain John Mason, who was associated with Sir Ferdinando Gorges in the grant of the great Province of Maine, took for his share the part which is now New Hampshire, and sent out a colony which settled, probably, in May, 1623, near the mouth of the Piscataqua River. When the colonists in their high-sterned ship sailed on the bright May morning into the wide river, with islands green to the water's edge "like emerald bubbles floating on the sea," and stately pines and oaks and flowering shrubs, and the wild birds singing welcome, and the timid deer looking out from their covert, all seemed new and wonderful and grand, and they were glad to find such a peaceful haven after the fogs and storms of the voyage. It is said that they met the Indians in council, and, in exchange for beads, knives, and fish-hooks, obtained their good-will and permission to take all the land that they could use. The beautiful country seemed like an old-world land to these settlers, who, moreover, found abundance of food in the cod from the ocean, salmon and trout from the brooks, clams from the shore, and game from the forest. The men were self-reliant and law-abiding and able to found and govern a state for themselves and their children. Captain Mason sent out skilled mechanics to his colony at Dover and Strawberry

Bank (now Portsmouth) and built there a large fortified house and the first saw-mill and corn-mill in New England.

Moreover, many of these New Hampshire colonists were Churchmen, and early made provision for the establishment of the Church at Strawberry Bank, where, in 1640, a glebe of fifty acres was deeded to the Church wardens; and in the royal charter of New Hampshire is the clause: "Our will and pleasure is that the religion of the Church of England shall be ever preferred and established with as much convenient speed as may be."

So the Church of our fathers was first in the field in New Hampshire as well as in Maine, and one of our memory days is the lovely May day of 1623, when Captain Mason's English colonists sailed up the Piscataqua River, to plant the precious seed of the Church in this part of America, and built on the site of Portsmouth a "chapel and a parsonage-house as a free and voluntary act."

But after the Rev. Richard Gibson, the first New Hampshire rector, left Strawberry Bank, and after the Rev. Robert Jordan, who in 1679 was living in Great Island, the only priest in all New England, died, we do not know much about the Church there, until 1732, when, under the auspices of the English Missionary Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and with the help of two generous Englishmen, was built in Portsmouth and named in

honor of Queen Caroline, old St. John's Church, Portsmouth, which stood on the hill by the river on the site of Queen's Chapel. Queen Caroline gave the infant church a Bible, a Prayer Book, "printed on the best of vellum," and the silver Communion service, which is used in St. John's to this day.

The first rector of Queen's Chapel was the Rev. Arthur Browne, a man of "real culture, unpretentious goodness, and eminent worth," of whom Longfellow sings as marrying Governor Wentworth and his maid, Martha Hilton:

"But I must mention one, in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Browne,
Of the Established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the governor and said grace."

The present St. John's Church was built just a hundred years ago, after "the holy and beautiful house built by the fathers" had been destroyed by fire. Within its old brick walls are many interesting articles to remind us of the church in other days. The bell, ringing Christmas peals from the belfry, was brought by Sir William Pepperell from Louisburg, and recast by Paul Revere: upon its metal are engraved these words:

"From Saint John's steeple
I call the people
On holy days
To prayer and praise."

A carved chair given by Queen Caroline, and occupied at one service by General Washington, stands

in the chancel; the thin, sweet notes of the old Brattle organ may still be heard—the organ brought from England in 1713, and said to be the “first organ that ever pealed to the glory of God in this country.” Queen Caroline’s Bible and Prayer Book lie in glass-covered cases, and the Bible on the reading-desk was a gift from the grandson of the Rev. Arthur Browne; while in the chancel stands the strange font of dark porphyritic marble, brought in 1758 from Africa, and upon this, beneath a fair white cloth, are placed each Sunday twelve loaves of bread, the weekly dole given out to the poor all these hundred years. So old St. John’s stands on its hill by the swirling river, binding new times to old, and calling us to remember that nearly three hundred years ago the English settlers at Strawberry Bank planted there, with the foundations of a state, the seed of the Church to bless their children’s children.

V.

IN MASSACHUSETTS.

IN VERY early days there were Churchmen in Massachusetts also. John Morton came from England in 1623, bringing thirty servants, with furniture of all kinds, and cattle, and settled at Merry-mount, near Boston. Bluff and merry, but generous, devout, and true to the old Faith, he lived the life of an English squire, and read daily prayers and the Sunday service before his large household, who celebrated the Church festivals and feasted at Christmas on abundant roasts of venison and mince pies.

In Salem, whose stern people had turned from the Faith of their fathers and even had forbidden the use of the Prayer Book, two brave brothers, Browne by name, and called "men much respected," refused to forsake the Church, and in their humble cabins with their families read daily prayers, and gathered a company of their neighbors to join with them in the dear, familiar worship of the Book of Common Prayer.

In these same days where now is Boston a Church clergyman, the Rev. William Blaxton, "a man of very

loving and courteous religion," was quietly living on a broad farm surrounded by pleasant apple orchards, and having for neighbors Thomas Walford and Samuel Maverick, also Churchmen, and known through the then wild country as always kind to strangers.

But on a memory day in May, 1686, the first rector for Massachusetts, the Rev. Mr. Ratcliffe, an Oxford graduate, sailed into Boston harbor on the frigate *Rose*, and on the following Sunday, May 16th, read service and preached in the Town House, to the joy of many of the Boston people who had been long without the services of the loved Church of their birth, and who now, on June 15th, formed the first Boston parish, for which soon was built the first Boston church, "established for the sole purpose of the worship of God." This was the modest first building of King's Chapel, which was a missionary enterprise, and in which the first service was held on June 30th, 1689.

The founders of the Church in New England, like those in Virginia, earnestly wished to do missionary work among the Indians, and one of the King's Chapel clergy begged for an assistant to stay in Boston while he, "having learned the Indian language, went out among these unhappy people, to try to do their poor souls good."

In 1710, King's Chapel was enlarged, and to it came gifts of furnishings, books, and Communion silver from the English sovereigns, from William and

Mary to George III. Its organ is said to have been selected by the great musician Handel, and the bill of lading states that it was "shipped by the grace of God in good order." King's Chapel was the only place in Boston where the forms of the English Church could be seen, and the same noble anthems heard which resounded through the cathedrals of the Mother country. The uniforms of the little Boston court brightened the doorways, and the escutcheons of the royal governors hung against the pillars of the splendid canopied pew in which sat three of the royal governors of Massachusetts; and at Christmas-time the walls were garlanded with evergreen, and joyous hymns for the first time broke upon the silence of the day in New England.

In Christmas week of 1723, the first service was held in the second Boston church, Christ Church. This church, still standing, but little changed, was considered a grand building in its day, with its two-and-a-half-feet-thick walls and soaring steeple. Within are balconies supported by pillars and arches, deep window-seats and lofty windows, each containing seventy-five tiny panes of ancient, greenish-white glass. The chancel wall is adorned with tablets on which are traced in golden letters the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and Scripture passages on which many looked and found comfort in the trying times of the old colonial days. Four curious wooden images blowing vigorously on long pipes adorn the organ-loft,

and the worn silver tankards and chalices of the Communion service bear inscriptions to the effect that they are the "gift of King George II. of England to his faithful subjects." The old hour-glass pulpit is gone, but the oldest chime of bells in this country still rings in wonderfully sweet tones on Sundays and at Christmas, when thousands of persons listen with delight to hear the silvery bells calling joyously, as they have done since Boston was a little English colonial town in 1744, "O come, all ye faithful, come, let us adore Him."

The first rector of Christ Church congregation, which was called "very devout and conscientious," was the Rev. Timothy Cutler, a Harvard graduate, afterward President of Yale College, and a man of "profound learning and dignity." About the year 1710, when Mr. Cutler was a youth, and far away from the Church, a Prayer Book was given him by a Mr. Smithson, whose name should be among our honored memory names because of this one kind missionary deed which led to great results: for young Timothy Cutler read his Prayer Book to good purpose, learning to love it and the Church to which it belonged, and he gathered a group of men who, for some years, quietly studied, seeking the truth, and finding it at last in the Church of all Christian ages. It was a wonderful day for this good man when, after learning to love the Church whose outward form he had never seen, he came to his first service. In his

diary for that day is this entry: "I first went to Church. How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts!" And of his first Communion, he wrote: "How devout, grand, and venerable every part of the service is, as becoming so awful a mystery."

Cutler and two of his friends went to England for ordination, and on one of our memory days, Passion Sunday, 1723, in the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Field, London, were advanced to the priesthood. Then they returned to America, Mr. Johnson to go to Stratford, Conn., for a long career of service and influence, and then to be President of King's College, New York, now Columbia University; while Dr. Cutler was called to the new Christ Church in Boston.

These men were the first of the earnest, native-born American clergy who in a few years taught New England the nature of the Church, into which they drew large numbers of sober-minded, thoughtful, and devout people.

The third Boston parish was Trinity, founded in 1728, and ministered to first by one of the King's Chapel clergy and later by Dr. Samuel Parker, in whose long, faithful pastorate came the Revolution, with its "days that tried men's souls," and especially Churchmen's souls, who were distracted between their duty to their king and to their country. In the beginning of the war, Dr. Parker called together his people, and explaining how he would no longer be permitted to use the prayers for the king, secured their consent

to omitting these for the sake of the Church, which thus continued in existence through the struggle, and gave to all the Church people of Boston a home, strength, and comfort in Trinity Church.

Among other old Massachusetts churches in which Churchmen still worship God, are Christ Church, Cambridge, built in 1711; St. Paul's, Newburyport, and St. Michael's, Marblehead, built in 1714, and ministered to at first by the chaplains of English frigates which touched at Marblehead on their way to Boston.

VI.

OTHER BEGINNINGS.

BY 1699 the Church people of Rhode Island had begun to hold public worship, and, being poor and scattered, they petitioned the English government to aid them, saying that, "though they were disposed to do all they could toward supporting a pious minister, they were not in a capacity to contribute as much as was requisite." This petition to the King and Bishop of London had two memorable results: the building of Trinity Church, in Newport, and the impulse it gave to the originating of the venerable missionary society called the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, known as the S. P. G. The first Trinity Church was built in 1702; and in 1726 was built the present venerable house of worship, almost unchanged from its first days, with its spacious square pews furnished like sitting-rooms, its lofty pulpit, old-time sounding-board, and clerk's pew, high galleries, and even the royal crown of colonial days still glittering on the steeple. In the soaring pulpit Dean Berkeley often preached, and in Trinity churchyard was buried his little daughter, who died in America.

In 1706 was built the Narragansett church at East Greenwich, now the oldest church building in New England. And in these long-ago times Church services were begun at St. John's Mission, Providence, under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Checkley, once of Boston, who, after long years of brave service as a layman, was ordained in the year 1739, at the age of sixty, and "greatly desired and received with joy" at Providence, where he labored faithfully for fourteen years, for Indians and negroes as well as for the white people of his parish.

In the closing years of the seventeenth century, among certain good men in England, lived one Dr. Bray, whose name should be among our honored memory names. He was the hardworking rector of a parish in the heart of England; studying the needs of the people, and grieving at the ignorance of the clergy of the time, he interested his Bishop and some others of wealth and generosity in founding the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the first purpose of which was to furnish religious libraries for clergy and people, and beside, to provide libraries for the Church in the colonies. In 1695 Dr. Bray was sent by the Bishop of London (who was, in a way, Bishop of all the English colonies in America) to examine the condition of the Church in America. After five years of faithful toil, Dr. Bray returned to England to report the pressing needs of the American Church, and, with his heart full of

love for America, to write and circulate pamphlets and letters, to appeal to Parliament and the Bishops, to engage the warm interest of the Queen, and finally to rouse the good people of England to the organization of the first missionary society of the English Church, the S. P. G., formed by one hundred of the noblest men in the land, including the Archbishop of Canterbury. The popularity of the new society was great, and splendid gifts of money, books, landed estates, and even whole townships came pouring in. All Bishops were asked to choose fit persons for colonial missionaries, men of prudence, learning, zeal, and loyalty to the Church, men who would be examples of piety and virtue on the ships which should take them, and who would endeavor to induce the ships' captains to have daily prayers, men frequent in private prayer, familiar with the Bible and Prayer Book, and ready to preach against vice, teach the nature and need of the Sacraments, visit their people, and "bear themselves as gentlemen and as Christians." These men, as a rule, made a great impression by their high character and faithful Churchmanship, and greatly raised the zeal and spirit of the American Church. The first of these missionaries were George Keith, once a Quaker, and John Talbot, who went from place to place, and probably held the first Church service of Connecticut in New London, on September 13, 1702, and soon gathered together in Philadelphia hundreds for the Church and "to build

houses for her worship." Then more missionaries were sent, whose letters, written from seaboard cities, backwoods, and Indian encampments, gave a vivid picture of life in our Church in America during the seventy years when such a noble work was done for it by the venerable society and its faithful missionaries.

In 1729, a noble and good friend of America, one of the first to discern the future greatness of this Western world, Dean Berkeley, came to Newport with a plan to establish a Church college on the two foundations of religion and learning. Learned men of various religious views went to see him and came away impressed in favor of the Church that produced and held such a man. "They went to see a philosopher and found a Churchman." Dean Berkeley was not able to carry out his plan, but, nevertheless, he accomplished much for the Church which he loved and served; for he left his library of 1,000 books to Yale College, and his farm to found a scholarship in the same college, and from this came a constant stream of earnest men who, influenced by the spirit of their benefactor and his Church and books, have moulded the lives of many seekers after truth. Dean Berkeley's wise counsel also fixed the union of religion and learning in the University of Pennsylvania and Columbia University, and thus the good man's wisdom and love for the Church have left a deep impression not on one small college, but on three great universities.

The Dutch who settled on Manhattan Island were not Churchmen, but, when in 1664 the fleet of the Duke of York dropped anchor in the bay, bringing the English flag, it brought also the English Church, and the chaplain at once began to read prayers in the little log chapel of Fort James. By 1690 the Church in New York was growing fast and winning many of the younger Dutch people who had become young Americans and had learned to love the English tongue and the English Church; and, in 1697, these joined in organizing Trinity parish and building its first church, which is described as standing pleasantly on the banks of the Hudson, with a churchyard, as now, on either side, and in front. "a painted paled fence."

In New Jersey the Rev. George Keith did noble service for the Church, holding his first service as mission priest at Amboy. Another brave missionary to New Jersey was the Rev. Thomas Thompson, a fellow of Christ Church, Cambridge, who, "fired with pure zeal for the work of God," left his high position in England to labor for years in America, and then to leave his post there to become, in 1751, the first missionary of the Church to Africa.

While Trinity and other parishes in New York were fast growing, the Philadelphia people were beginning to hold Church services in a wooden shed, with a bell swung from a neighboring tree. Here, in

1700, Christ Church was organized, and its brick church built; and, in a short time, hundreds of the people were baptized into the Church, which grew rapidly in Philadelphia, greatly helped by the earnest labors of the Rev. George Keith, who, going from Philadelphia to England, had returned to his old home as one of the first missionaries of the S. P. G.

In the year 1700, in the territory which is now the United States, there were not quite sixty clergymen, and these were scattered, from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to Charleston, South Carolina; there were a few substantial brick churches, but in country places were small log chapels to which the people came on foot, in canoes, and on horseback, from twenty, thirty, and forty miles away. Prayer Books were scarce and costly, and few of the smaller ones found their way to the colonies, so the clerk had to make all the responses, except those the people knew by heart. It was a day of small things; still many souls in English America were finding shelter and joy beneath the spreading branches of the tree which had already grown from the precious seed brought by the first settlers across the Atlantic, and planted by the broad river of Virginia and on the rock-bound coast of Maine.

VII.

IN THE SOUTH.

WE HAVE seen how, among the spring flowers of Virginia and in the northern "land of the pointed firs," the first settlers worshipped God with the prayers and Sacraments of the Church of England, and how the Church was planted all the way from the Kennebec river in Maine to the James in Virginia. The settlement of this colony was rapid after the self-sacrificing people of Jamestown had obtained a foothold; and a pamphlet printed in 1649, called *A Perfect Description of Virginia*, tells us that there were fifteen thousand English settled there, owning twenty thousand oxen, bulls and calves, and thousands of sheep, goats, and cows, with swine and poultry innumerable. In the woods were deer and many kinds of game, including "raccoons as good meat as lambs," and wild turkeys weighing sixty pounds, beside many sweet song-birds, "most rare-colored parraketos and mock-birds which imitate all other birds' cries, yea, even owls and nightingales." There were fifteen kinds of wild fruit, "rivalling the fruits of Italy." In less than a hundred years after

the starving time at Jamestown, the farmers had hundreds of acres of wheat, barley, and Virginia corn, "which made good bread and furnity" (porridge), and in their gardens grew potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips, onions, artichokes, asparagus, beans, and peas, with herbs and "physic flowers," flourishing greatly in the rich soil, watered with fine springs and "wholesome waters."

Some settlers sowed hemp and flax, which were spun at home, and they kept weavers and shoemakers, "living bravely" on their great plantations of thousands of acres, made up of vast cultivated fields and woodlands with noble forest-trees. The rude log-cabins of the slaves made a hamlet near which were great barns and granaries, stables, cattle-pens, hen-coops, dove-cotes, malt houses, dairy, brick-ovens for curing ham and bacon, and sometimes a country store. In the garden grew all the English vegetables, besides "roots, herbs, vine-fruits, and salad flowers" peculiar to Virginia; in a fine orchard grew fruit in great variety, and near the Great House were flower-beds gay with color and vine-clad arbors. From the porch you could look down at the blue river, with pin-naces moored at the landing, and canoes darting over the water. Inside the house the rooms were clustered about the great hall, with its long dining-table, flanked by benches and covered with brown holland linen, set with pewter mugs and platters. Upon the

wall hung family portraits, and about the room were spinning-wheels, great linen-chests, guns, swords, powder-horns, saddles, and riding-whips, in cosy confusion. Huge logs of oak and hickory burned in the fireplace, and at night the room was lighted by flickering candles made of beef-tallow, deer-suet, or the wax of myrtle berries which burned with pleasant fragrance. In some of the homes were libraries, sometimes small, but sometimes large and valuable.

There were some free schools founded by benevolent men, of which the Symms School, dating from 1636, seems the earliest recorded; after 1646 the Virginians were compelled by law, in a measure, to furnish primary education. Nor was the spiritual welfare of the people neglected, for there were some twenty churches with "doctrine and orders of the Church of England, and ministers' livings toward which each planter paid his share, for in Virginia all lived in peace and love." The great planters were often justices of the peace, burgesses, and vestrymen: and on Sundays, they with their families went faithfully to their parish churches, often starting very early in the morning upon the long journey, by boat on the tide-rivers, or on horseback upon the bridle-path through the deep, shadowy forests.

We remember that in North Carolina the Church was first in the field, when Raleigh's colony lived for a time on Roanoke Island, where the first American-

English baby was received by Baptism into the Household of God. But after this colony was lost North Carolina remained for many years a frontier to all the English settlements, a wild border-land where English, Spanish, and Indians met each other in war. Its settlers lived lonely lives, scattered about among the pine forests; yet to them also came, in 1703, a missionary of the Church of England.

In 1607, King Charles II., who is remembered in the name Carolina, granted the territory of these states to eight lords who had done him great services. Among these was Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, in whose family one of the greatest men of England, John Locke, lived as "physician, private tutor, adviser, and guardian angel." He once saved Shaftesbury's life by skilful surgery; he taught the boy Greek, and "being so good a judge of men was believed to be also a judge of women," and was entrusted with the choosing of a wife for his charge, for whom he made the good selection of Lady Dorothy Manners of Haddon Hall.

In this same summer, while the philosopher was thus engaged, he was also drawing up a constitution for the new colony, Carolina, which was thus closely connected in its beginnings with Englishmen of noble family and noble minds.

Already, on April 19th in 1660, which was also Maundy Thursday, a company of English, accom-

panied by their chaplain, had landed in South Carolina; and there is little doubt but that the solemn services of Good Friday and the joyous celebration of the Easter Festival marked the occupancy of that state by the English.

In 1670 Governor Sayle, with the first permanent colonists, began building a village near the junction of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers. This was soon afterward removed to the site of Charleston, into which it grew. The first church, made of black cypress, was built in 1681 upon land given by Original Jackson and his wife Melicent, who made the gift, "being excited with a pious zeal for the propagation of the true Christianity which they professed"; and they desired that "in this church divine service should be established to be solemnly performed by Atkin Williamson, cleric, and his heirs and assigns forever." In 1710 this old St. Philip's church became too small for the congregation, who built the new brick St. Philip's, which is still standing, a cherished memorial of colonial days. In 1751 was built St. Michael's, which also to-day is one of Charleston's beautiful and honored memorials.

The successor of St. Philip's first rector was the Rev. Mr. Marshall, one of the many self-sacrificing missionaries who left honorable positions in the old home for the sake of the struggling young Church in America. Like many of the early clergy of South

Carolina, he was a man of fine education and high character, and his unusual ability, pure spirit, and faithful ministry won the support of the Charleston people and built up the Church on sure foundations.

The missionaries to South Carolina were sent out by the S. P. G., not only to the white population, but also to convert the Indians and instruct the slaves, and they were faithful in this work, toiling sometimes for years to prepare these poor people for baptism, and afterward watching over them with loving care. One missionary, the Rev. Dr. Le Jau, was especially devoted to this work, and wrote to England of these people: "The Indians, our neighbors, come to see me and I admire their sense of justice and their patience; and when we converse with them in language they can understand, we see that their souls are fit material which can be polished." With a feeble frame and suffering with a painful disease, Dr. Le Jau toiled on, faithfully visiting his own flock as well as his "Indian neighbors," taking great care to go to the sick, "though not sent for," and struggling to lift up the colored slaves of the colony.

There was strong interest in public education in South Carolina, and a number of free schools were established, the first one of which was built in 1711 or in 1712, by the S. P. G., for the benefit of the youth of Charleston. They were there taught not only the "Three R's," but also the "learned lan-

guages," *i.e.*, Latin and Greek, and there they were to be instructed in the principles of the Church of England.

1715 the Yamassee Indians rose against the white settlers, and the country missionaries were obliged to flee to Charleston, leaving all that they had to the pitiless foe. So did the missionaries to our very own land suffer, as our missionaries to other lands have suffered in our day.

In 1720 the new royal Governor of South Carolina received from the king instructions to "take especial care" that God Almighty be devoutly served throughout the colony; that the book of Common Prayer be read each Sunday and Holy Day, and the Blessed Sacrament administered. "The Governor was also required to see that the one hundred and thirty-one churches were orderly kept," and the ministers given a "competent maintenance and a convenient house and glebe; that schoolmasters should be provided, and that vice should be punished and good living encouraged." All this was ordered nearly two hundred years ago, under the guidance and protection of the Church in South Carolina.

Georgia was the last settled of the thirteen original colonies, and, while English settlements were growing rapidly in America, Georgia was still a frontier wilderness of woods and swamps, teeming with alligators and other reptiles. Much of the credit of

taming this great wilderness and opening the state to settlers is due to the valiant General James Oglethorpe, who arrived on the shore in January, 1733, and purchased from the Indians a large tract of land upon a high bluff which afterward became the city of Savannah. General Oglethorpe, with his gallant Highland regiment, protected the country, until, in 1742, the Spanish were defeated and the frontier became quiet.

The principal object in settling Georgia was the providing an asylum for the unfortunate but honest debtors who for no fault but poverty were suffering in the wretched English jails, a place where, in a genial climate, these poor people might earn their daily bread by labor. The movement won its success largely by the support of the clergy and the Church in the motherland. "Not for themselves, but for others," was the motto of the leaders in this noble work. The charter of the crown lands granted by King George II., in 1732, was to trustees who were mainly Churchmen, and who decreed for the colonists liberty of conscience, and with rare self-denial declared that they themselves would receive "no grant by land or salary or fee or profit of any kind from the undertaking"; and this act was an act of faith and charity of the Church of England.

About one hundred and twenty-five colonists, known as "sober, industrious and moral persons,"

were gathered together in England, as the first body of Georgia settlers. On one of our Memory days, November 12th, the Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, in 1732, these colonists met at the church in Milton for a solemn farewell service and for the blessing of the Holy Communion, praying "God, their refuge and strength, to hear them, and to grant that what they asked faithfully, they might obtain effectually." Never would they join again in the prayers of the Church in the old home, yet the Church was to go with them to the new home beyond the ocean, for with them went a chaplain, the Rev. Henry Herbert, who, without fee or reward, gave his life to these poor people in the spirit of the Master whom he served.

The colony landed on a pine-covered bluff near the mouth of the Savannah River, in January, 1733, and made the next Sunday, Sexagesima, a day of thanksgiving for their safe voyage across the winter seas in their little ship, the *Annie*, which brought with the colonists a precious freight of Bibles, Prayer Books, Catechisms, books of devotion, and a religious library. Thus the settlement of Georgia began guided and blessed by the teaching and the prayers of the Church. The first chaplain, Dr. Herbert, after only three months of service in the colony, was succeeded by the Rev. John Wesley, then an enthusiastic young clergyman of the Church of England, who gave up

brilliant opportunities at home to engage in hard and self-sacrificing missionary work among the poor people in the Georgia wilderness. Thus, in about a century and a quarter from the May day when the first Church service was read beneath the trees of the Jamestown forest, the precious seed of the Church of England, brought by the Virginia settlers, had taken root in the thirteen English colonies of America.

VIII.

A GROUP OF EARLY MISSIONARIES.

WE HAVE seen how, in the very first years of the settlement of America, there were English clergymen who rejoiced to give up all for the cause of Christ in the New World, where they ministered both to the settlers and to the Indians: Master Wollfall in the snow and ice of the far North; the priest who, at Roanoke Island, baptized the Indian chief Mateo and baby Virginia Dare; the devoted Richard Seymour, of Popham's Maine colony; the saintly Robert Hunt of Jamestown; Whittaker of Virginia, and the persecuted Richard Gibson and Robert Jordan of the Maine coast.

The first missionary to Maryland was, probably, the Rev. Richard James, who, zealous for the extension of the Church, came in 1629 to Kent Island near the present city of Annapolis. In 1650, the Rev. William Wilkinson, with his family and servants, settled in a forest glade of the Patuxent, and there won for himself and for the Church the regard of the pioneers, "gaining by his integrity the care of the orphan, and making his home a refuge for the sick

and dying," while he went about doing good to the lonely, scattered people in the wilderness.

In 1696 the Rev. Hugh Jones, "a faithful, learned, and devoted man," came to Maryland. He left to become a professor in the College of William and Mary, doing for sixty-five years a double service for the Church in the new land, adding to pastoral duties the instruction of the young, and gaining the name of being a "man of earnest piety, sound learning, and devotion."

The Rev. George Ross, sent out by the S. P. G. in 1705, went on a famous missionary journey with the governor of Pennsylvania, and in one week's time he baptized more than a hundred persons. His son, another George Ross, was a devoted patriot and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The Rev. Jacob Henderson was a missionary in Delaware and Maryland, and built a chapel on his own farm.

To South Carolina came the Rev. Gideon Johnstone, rector of St. Philip's, Charleston, and the Rev. William Gay, missionary to the great St. Helen's parish, which included the territory of the Yemassee Indians. Having no church building, he went about untiringly, conducting divine service and administering the Sacraments in the lonely homes of the planters, barely escaping with his life in a terrible Indian massacre. He spent his later years as rector of St. An-

drew's, thirteen miles from Charleston, where he gathered throngs of worshippers into the Church.

The Rev. James Honeyman, missionary of the S. P. G., during forty-five years worked devotedly for the Church at Newport, R. I., making also many missionary tours in the country settlements, which he longed to have "beautiful nurseries of the Church." He was an "excellent scholar, an accomplished gentleman, sound and strong in the faith, yet holding in love all followers of Christ." A prominent Rhode Island missionary was the Rev. Robert McSparran, who, after being ordained by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1720, went to the mission field of Bristol and the surrounding towns in Rhode Island, where he soon gathered three hundred persons into the Church. He worked, meantime, in Connecticut also, where his influence won for that state her first missionary, the Rev. Samuel Seabury, father of the first Bishop of Connecticut. A book written by Dr. McSparran gives us some notion of the hardships of life in America as it seemed in those days to the English. The book is called, it is believed by the publisher, "America Dissected," and the sub-title sets forth the "intemperance of the climates, excessive heat and cold, and sudden violent changes, terrible murderous thunder and lightnings, bad and unwholesome air destructive to human bodies, badness of money, danger from enemies, but above all to the souls of the poor

people that remove thither from the multifarious pestilent heresies of those parts, published as a caution to unsteady people who may be tempted to leave their native country."

For half a century the rector of St. Michael's, Bristol, R. I., was the Rev. John Usher of the Harvard class of 1719. His son, whose baptism is the first recorded act of the father upon his entrance into his charge, was graduated from Harvard in 1743, and though a lawyer, when his father died, as no clergyman was at hand, he assembled the scattered congregation and held together the parish. He officiated as lay reader many years, until at the age of seventy-one he received Holy Orders from the first American Bishop, and continued in the parish which was so truly his for God's cause, working there always with great piety and untired devotion to the Church.

Henry Caner was a student at Yale College, where Rector Cutler made his declaration for the Church, and the seed of his courage and devotion to truth fell on good soil in the youth, who, immediately after graduation, began to read the Church service at Fairfield. When he had obtained Orders, he was appointed by the S. P. G. missionary to this same town, where he worked faithfully, winning many to the Church, until he was called to King's Chapel, the leading parish of New England. Here, also, under his ministry the Church gained greatly in numbers

and in honor, while he gained the deep affection of his parishioners and the townspeople in general.

The Rev. Arthur Browne, who was ordained by the Bishop of London in 1729, was first sent to King's Chapel, now St. John's Church, Providence, and afterward gave thirty-seven years of service to St. John's parish, Portsmouth, where he was honored and beloved.

The Rev. Thomas Cradock, who left all in the home country to go to a frontier post in the Maryland wilderness, even after his limbs were helpless by disease, was carried regularly to church, and, set in his accustomed place, officiated at the services.

The Rev. Thomas Bacon, another Maryland missionary, labored zealously for the poor colored folk of the colony, saying that he found them as sheep without a shepherd, living in ignorance of Christianity, and considered them a part of the flock which God had placed under his care. He taught them by friendly conversation and advice when he met them on the way, and had services for them, and visited them in sickness. This faithful priest also sought to educate and improve the condition of the poor white people, and, securing the aid of friends, he established a free school, the brick building of which is still standing, a memorial of the Christian charity of the good missionary.

To Georgia the ardent young missionary, John



REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Wesley, was sent, to minister to the spiritual needs of the colony, speeded on his way by the prayers of his devout widowed mother, who said, "Had I twenty sons, I should rejoice to have them all missionaries, though I should never see them again."

John Wesley and his brother Charles set sail, beginning the voyage with prayers and the Sacrament, and saying that their whole motive in going was the glory of God. On Quinquagesima Sunday, March 7, 1736, Mr. Wesley began his ministrations in Savannah, establishing many Church services in English, German, French, and Italian, that he might reach the people of various nationalities, and studying Spanish that he might converse with the Jews of the town. Also he walked many miles through swamps and thickets to distant plantations, in order to minister to their inhabitants, often on these journeys lying all night out-of-doors, exposed to storms and destitute of food. He taught the children of his flock to read and write, and catechised them twice a day, and on Sundays in public before the congregation.

In later years, the Rev. John Wesley and his brother gathered about themselves a new and independent religious society, but we are glad to remember that it was as sons of the Church that they did their first missionary work in America; and John Wesley, when a very old man, declared that he was and had always been a child of the Church of England,

Another Georgia missionary sent out by the S. P. G. was the Rev. George Whitefield, who also joined a new religious body later, but who began his missionary work as a minister of the Church of England. He was a famous preacher, who drew great crowds and touched the hearts of all who heard him; yet this young man, before whom great honors seemed to lie in England, turned aside from all these to minister to a few colonists on the edge of the great wilderness in America.

It was a fair May day, Rogation Sunday in 1738, when Whitefield came to the Church in Savannah, warmly welcomed by the people, who were glad to have a pastor once more. On the next day, he began to read "Publick Prayers and to expound the Second Lesson"; and, in a few weeks, he was preaching to large congregations, visiting from house to house, catechising and teaching, and gaining, by his faithfulness and devotion, happy results for the Church in Georgia.

By unwearied efforts he collected more than a thousand pounds, and also secured a grant of five hundred acres of land for an orphans' home which he longed to found. The orphans were at first sheltered in a temporary building, and together with these, the children of the colonists were gathered for free instruction, while an infirmary was established wherein the sick were cared for without charge. On the Feast

of the Annunciation, 1740, the first brick of "Great House" was laid, and "with assurance of faith, the home was called Bethesda, in the hope that that might be a house of mercy to many, whose foundation was laid in Georgia in the name of our dear Jesus."

In this old-time missionary school the children were aroused by a bell ringing at sunrise, and in their sleeping rooms they prayed and sang a hymn, then went downstairs to bathe, and then, at the call of the bell, to go to public worship. After breakfast came work in the trade-schools, or lessons, and more prayers. Before and after dinner the children sang a hymn, and they had a recreation hour before afternoon school, which was followed by public prayers and supper. At bedtime the little pupils went to their rooms attended by the teachers, who prayed privately with them. On Sundays all dined on cold meat, prepared the day before, in order that none should be kept from public worship, which was attended four times, the children "between-whiles spending the time in reading."

So, in these old days in Georgia, good missionary work was done for poor and ignorant children and for the sick, beside that work which is the missionary's first care—the ministering to the spiritual needs of the people.

IX.

THE CHURCH AND THE NATION.

THE history of the Church in the United States is closely bound up with the history of the nation. We have seen how many of the original settlements were distinctively Church colonies and how the first representative Congress met in the first church at Jamestown. When, in 1699, the seat of government was removed to Williamsburg, where the House of Burgesses met, Bruton Church became the court church of colonial Virginia, and a part of it was built with public money by the House of Burgesses. There the Governor, his Council, and the House of Burgesses attended Divine service, the Governor occupying his elevated pew, canopied with gold-embroidered red silk. The present Bruton Church was built in 1715, and contains, among other articles brought from Jamestown it is believed, the baptismal font, the first in the United States. This old church has been restored, and in the work Massachusetts and Virginia clasped hands, as in the old days of the Revolution, when John Adams, a Massachusetts man, urged that Washington, a Virginia man,



AN HISTORIC FONT.

[Presented by George III. to St. Andrew's
Church, Mount Holly, N. J. Now in use
at Christ Church, Columbus, Ky.]

should be chosen for the chief post in the great struggle. King Edward of England gave a memorial Bible, made under the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and which rests upon a lectern given by President Roosevelt to the restored church. The Bishop of London was invited to preach the consecration sermon, because, when the church was built, all colonial churches were in the care of the Bishop of London.

In this church worshipped five of our Presidents, when they were students at the College of William and Mary, or members of the House of Burgesses: Washington, whose name appears eleven times in the parish register; Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Tyler. Here also worshipped Chief Justice Marshall, Patrick Henry, Randolph, Benjamin Harrison, the Lees, and General Winfield Scott.

The very constitutions of the Church and of the country were "rocked in the same cradle," for, in the same year, 1789, and in the same state-house at Philadelphia, called the "Cradle of Liberty," were ratified the Constitution of the United States and that of the Church, now independent of England; and many of the same men were in both conventions. Thirty-four of the fifty-five signers of the Declaration of Independence were Churchmen, and perhaps for this reason the organization of the Church and the nation are very similar. In the Church are the Bishops, the

Cathedral, the House of Bishops, and House of Deputies, while, corresponding to these in the State, are the Governor, the State-house, the Senate, and House of Representatives. The nation is a group of states welded into a union, and the Church is a group of dioceses welded together; and the Church has ever given noble help in establishing, organizing, and preserving the United States. So, if we are worthy the inheritance we have received in both our Church and our nation, and if we faithfully exercise our privilege of membership in both, we shall have a spirit of deep gratitude to the self-sacrificing fathers of our country and our Church, and to God who has graciously given increase to their labors; and thankful as Churchmen that the early settlers planted in this dear land the precious seed of the Church, we shall rejoice to join in the great offerings which are to extend in other lands this same Church, first established in this continent by the Jamestown colonists.

During the Revolution, Patrick Henry, General Harry Lee, Randolph, the Morrises, Pinckney, Livingston, and many others whose names rang through two continents, were working, planning, and praying in the Church which gave so many high-souled leaders to the American side in the great struggle. And General Washington, baptized in the Church, and a devout communicant, prepared himself for the almost crushing burdens of his high position by seek-

ing the strength of God in His Church. In the year of the battles of Concord and Bunker Hill, just before Washington went to Massachusetts to take command of the colonial army, he made this entry in his diary: "Williamsburg, June 1, 1775. Went to church and fasted all day." And throughout the struggle Washington was ever true to his Church. Some of us have looked with awe and reverence at the very places where he knelt, humbly seeking wisdom from God in many parish churches of the land; in Christ Church, Cambridge, where he worshipped at the beginning of the years of stress; St. John's, Portsmouth; Trinity, Newport; Christ Church, Philadelphia, and others in the Middle and Southern states, besides the old Bruton church and the home church of his later years in Alexandria, where he was churchwarden and vestryman, chosen as being one of the "twelve most able and discreet men of the parish."

Many of the Church clergymen took the American side in the great struggle. The Rev. Henry Purcell of South Carolina became the chaplain of a regiment; the Rev. Robert Smith (afterward first Bishop of South Carolina) served as a soldier in the American ranks; Dr. Muhlenberg donned a soldier's uniform, and putting his gown over it, preached an earnest sermon on the duty of the hour, then, laying off his gown, marched out of church, stood at the door as a

recruiting sergeant, and enlisted a battalion of continental troops on the spot. Dr. Provoost of New York was an ardent patriot, and Dr. White (afterward Bishop White) became chaplain of the Continental Congress.

At the first meeting of the Continental Congress. Peyton Randolph, a Churchman, was chosen president, and Samuel Adams, who was an opponent of the Church, yet made the motion that the inauguration of the cause of the colonies should be by the use of the prayers of the Church. Mr. Duché, a minister of Christ Church, Philadelphia, preached a patriotic sermon, said the prayers of the Church, at which it is said the noble Washington alone knelt, and read the service for that day, a solemn memory day, September 7th, including the thirty-fifth Psalm, with its earnest appeal so suited to the time: "Plead Thou my cause, O God."

On June 23, 1775, Dr. Smith (animated as he was by the purest zeal for interests of both England and the colonies) preached in Christ church, Philadelphia, before the Congress and the militia, a thoughtful sermon which made a remarkable impression on the civilized world, being translated into several foreign languages, and printed in an edition of 10,000 copies at the expense of the Chamberlain of London.

Shoulder to shoulder with the clergy, many laymen, some of the Church, took part in the American

cause, like the brave, energetic Captain Blackler, a parishioner of St. Michael's, Marblehead, who, accompanied by his strong Marblehead sailors, commanded the boat in which, on that bitter December night when the cause of the suffering Americans was at its lowest point, General Washington crossed the icy Delaware river to fight the battle of Trenton.

Through the eight terrible years of war, the prayers and sacraments of the Church endured, and, when in 1783 the new nation stood on the threshold of its life, Washington, the father of the young country, knelt to thank God and to seek new grace for new needs in the old Church in whose communion he both lived and died.

After the separation from England, when public prayers for the king might no longer be said, the Americans, having no Prayer Books but those of the Church of England, quietly pasted over the prayers for the king and royal family a sheet on which were printed prayers for the President of the United States. Many of these remodelled pages may be seen in the huge leather-bound Prayer Books of the colonial churches from St. John's, Portsmouth, and Christ Church, Boston, southward. But as soon as was possible the English Prayer Book was altered to suit the changed circumstances of this country, while it was left entirely unchanged in all essential points of "doctrine, discipline, and worship," and in these it

still remains unchanged to this very year of memory days which connect our Church in America with its own true Mother Church in England.

And now Christianity is a part of the land. In the Constitution we read: "Done in the year of our Lord"; and so the United States dates the ratification of its form of government from the coming of Christ and declares Him to be the Lord of the nation. Also, in the Constitution, the observance of Sunday is directed by Congress and the Supreme Court of the land. By a law of the Congress of the year 1800, the government maintains chaplains for the army and the navy; commanders in the navy are ordered to have divine worship conducted in a solemn manner twice daily, and to have a sermon preached on Sunday; all possible of the ship's company are obliged to attend public worship, and there are laws providing for the punishment of any irreverence at service. Also, the cadets of the military and naval academies are obliged to attend divine service, and chaplains are appointed for both Houses of Congress. When Michigan was a United States territory it was provided that in it the first day of the week should be observed as a day of rest.

In many of the States of the Union, the Christian Faith is still further recognized. In Massachusetts, certain legal provisions were long ago made for the reason that "these tend to the honor of God and the

advantage of the Christian religion." In North Carolina, an old law decrees that "no person who denies the religious truths or the divine authority of the Old and New Testament shall hold office in civil departments of the State"; and many of the States have stringent laws in regard to Sunday.

While our country thus remembers and honors the Christian religion, and the God who is the Lord of the Church, the Church constantly in prayer and thanksgiving remembers our country. Daily the Church prays for God's blessing on the President of the United States, the Governor of the State and all others in authority; she prays for the country in time of sickness and war and tumult, for the "harvest and labors of the husbandman," for persons going to sea, including—or perhaps mainly meaning—the men of our navy, since the prayer asks deliverance from the "violence of enemies." She thanks God for deliverance from our enemies, and for "restoring public peace at home"; and in the daily service of Prayer at Sea, she prays not only for the safety of the ships' crews and the fleet in which they serve, but also that these may be a "safeguard unto the United States of America, and that all the inhabitants of our land may in peace and quietness serve God." She prays for God's mercy in time of storms at sea, and His defence against the enemy before a fight; she praises Him for deliverance from the

tempest and after victories, declaring that "the Lord hath done great things for us"; and she beseeches that God will give the nation "grace to improve this great mercy to His glory, the advancement of His Gospel, the honor of our country, and the good of all mankind."

Thus divine blessings are daily sought for the country by the prayers of the Church in the United States in all her holy places from ocean to ocean, and in every ship that carries with the starry banner of the nation our fathers founded in this land the Prayer Book of the Church that the same fathers planted on these shores.

X.

THE FIRST BISHOPS.

THE Church was planted in America, and devoted and self-sacrificing missionaries, clergymen and laymen, were working zealously and lovingly to spread the faith, but there were no chief shepherds of God's flock in the new Church. As early as 1716 a missionary to America wrote to a friend in England: "The poor Church of God here in the wilderness! There is none to guide her." In 1718 some of the American clergy sent a petition to the S. P. G., saying that, "for want of the episcopacy and because there has never been any Bishop sent to visit us, our churches remain unconsecrated, our children are grown up and cannot be confirmed, and for want of the sacred power the vacancies in the ministry cannot be supplied." In 1724 the Rev. Samuel Johnson of Stratford, Conn., urged the Bishop of London to appoint a Bishop for America, because the young men here could have the divine grace of ordination only by crossing the seas "with all their dangers, and," he continued, "many thousands of souls do patiently

long and pray for Bishops and for want of them do extremely suffer.”

But this cry of the American Church received no answer until the long war of the Revolution was ended; then, among the first fruits of the happy peace, the Church “sprang up with beauty,” arising to new life with the gift of the episcopate. And one of our memory days is the Feast of the Annunciation, 1783, when ten clergymen, feeling deeply the need of Bishops to minister to the now feeble and scattered Church in the United States, met in the quiet village of Woodbury, Conn., at the house of the Rev. John Marshall, the rector of Woodbury, and a missionary of the S. P. G., and selected two men, the Rev. Jeremiah Leaming and the Rev. Samuel Seabury, as suitable to go to England, to obtain, if possible, consecration.

Mr. Leaming, weary and worn by long services to the Church, and weakened by age and infirmities, shrank from the burden, and so it was ordered by God that Mr. Seabury, simple, grand, conciliatory, and uncompromising, a man of boldness, zeal, and unflinching adherence to truth, should be the man to seek the apostolic order in England. Provided with letters from prominent clergymen to the Archbishop of Canterbury, pleading America's need of Bishops, Mr. Seabury, embarking his entire property in the enterprise, set sail for England in the flagship of

Admiral Digby, while behind him in America the Church prayed earnestly that God would keep him under His protection and conduct him in safety to his desired end. Dr. Seabury arrived in London on July 7, 1783; but he sought in vain to obtain there the precious gift of the Apostolic Succession for the struggling Church in America; for certain political reasons, the boon was denied. So the zealous and kind-hearted Dr. George Berkeley and other friends of the American Church urged the Bishops in Scotland to consecrate Mr. Seabury, and after long deliberation these consented, one of them writing, "I do not see how we can account to our Lord and Master if we neglect such an opportunity of promoting His truth and enlarging the borders of His Church."

Because the Church in Scotland up to that time had refused to disown the royal House of Stuart and give allegiance to the House of Hanover, she had been forbidden to hold service except in private dwellings; hence, Bishop Skinner of Aberdeen had found a retired spot in a narrow close (alley) and there rented a house, the upper floor of which was a chapel. This is a place of precious memory to the American Church, for in that humble chapel, on the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, November 14, 1784, by Bishop Kilgour, the Primus of Scotland, assisted by Bishops Petrie and Skinner, Samuel Seabury, in the presence of a large number of persons, both clergy

and laity, was consecrated to be the first Bishop of the Church in America. Solemnly the congregation prayer God "to keep His household the Church in continual godliness; that through His protection it might be free from all adversities, and devoutly given to serve Him in good works, to the glory of His name," and fervently they sang the impressive words of the nineteenth psalm:

"To all Thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wondrous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn
Thy glorious power be shown.
Let Thy bright rays upon us shine.
Give Thou our work success;
This glorious work we have in hand.
Do Thou vouchsafe to bless."

Deep and holy interest in this consecration was felt, and many blessings were invoked upon the new Bishop and his work by the members of the Church in Scotland, that "small branch of the true Vine to which God's Providence had given the power of transplanting to the vast vineyard of the West a shoot which should fill the land."

Like the Church in America, the Scottish Church stood for earnest convictions and sacrifices, and it regarded the episcopal order not on the temporal side, but on the spiritual. Its clergy, as one said, had "ventured for a long time to show more regard to the Acts of the Apostles than to the acts of Parliament." So the Church in America is closely bound together



BISHOP SEABURY.
[First American Bishop.]

with this free and spiritual Church in Scotland, to which the Connecticut clergy sent an address of thanks, containing these words: "Wherever the American Episcopal Church shall be mentioned in the world, may this good deed which they have done for us be spoken of for a memorial of them."

After a wearisome homeward voyage of three months, Bishop Seabury arrived in Newport on June 20, 1785, and on the next Sunday he preached in old Trinity church the first sermon ever preached in this land by an American Bishop. His text was Hebrews xii. 1: "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses—let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

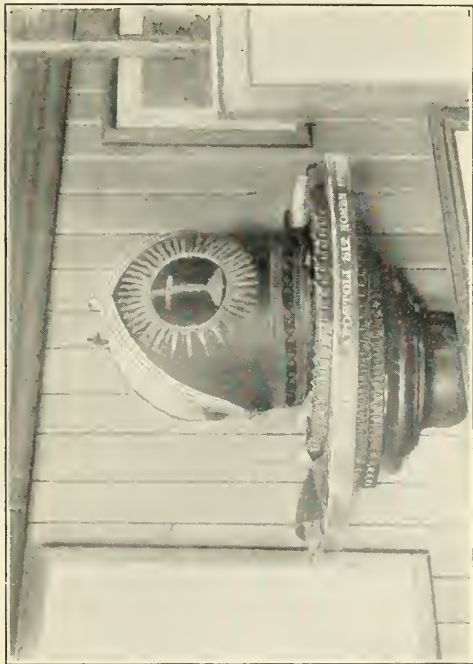
It was granted to the Bishop to be greatly blessed in the "race set before him," and to see the Church in America united and firmly settled on the foundations of the apostles.

In August, 1785, the first diocesan convention of Connecticut met at Middletown, and acknowledged Bishop Seabury as the ecclesiastical head; and he sat in his chair before the clergy, while one of these read a formal recognition, thanking God "that He at last permitted the Church in America to enjoy the long-desired blessing of a pure, valid, and free episcopacy," and declaring, "in the presence of Almighty God, that they acknowledged Dr. Seabury as their Bishop, su-

preme in the government of the Church; also, they thanked the Scotch Bishops," faithful holders of the apostolic commission, who gave freely that which they had freely received. The Bishop then celebrated Holy Communion, ordained four deacons, and gave the congregation the apostolic blessing.

A truly memorable day was that, August 3, 1785; and on the following day the new Bishop gave his first charge to his clergy, reminding them that they were to use the precious gift that they had received for the glory of God and the good of His Church, and urging them to teach the nature and meaning of confirmation and its benefits, for hitherto the members of the American Church had remained unconfirmed for want of a Bishop.

Thus Bishop Seabury began the noble apostolic work in which he continued many years, taking journeys, long and hard in those days, by boat or on horseback, over rough, hilly roads, going throughout New England, ordaining clergymen and administering confirmation to great numbers. On one summer Sunday in 1791 he confirmed seventy-two persons in old St. John's church, Portsmouth, and a few days later he gave to thirty-three more the gift of the Holy Spirit, beside ordaining the Rev. Robert Towle, the first priest to be ordained in this part of the country. A few days afterward he preached in Newburyport, to a congregation of two thousand persons, and con-



BISHOP SEABURY'S MITRE.

[Preserved at Trinity College, Hartford.]

firmed a hundred persons. As the Bishop travelled, he gained much influence among the people by his readiness to use for their benefit his knowledge of medicine and of new discoveries in science. A story of him which was widely circulated and which added much to his popularity is that of a certain hot summer day, when he was sailing on a packet to New York, and some of his fellow-passengers were sighing for a cool drink. The Bishop hung up a covered jug of the lukewarm water of the boat, and dashed fresh water over and over it. "What is the foolish man up to?" whispered a youngster. The Bishop continued his work, and after a time poured water from the jug and gave it to his companions, who to their surprise found it cool and refreshing. "You see," he said quietly to the lad, "I am no fool and you are no philosopher."

Bishop Seabury's one great desire was to promote the cause of Christ's Church and of pure religion, and for this cause he was ready to yield his own opinions in non-essentials; but he was firmly fixed in all vital matters, and in his generous, self-sacrificing life, he lived not only as a faithful Christian Bishop but also as a true friend of the people.

Now, in these days, God had given to one of His servants the special gifts needed at this critical time in America, and the name of William White, of Philadelphia, will always be gratefully remembered

by our Church of the West. Dr. White was a man mild in manner, meek in spirit, tolerant of others, a peacemaker, and so kind and gentle that men would hear from him what they would not from another, an advantage which he used for the good of the Church. He was humble, trusting in his Redeemer and seeking the guidance of the Holy Spirit; and through a long life he never shrank from any known duty. When the yellow fever appeared in Philadelphia, three-quarters of the terror-stricken inhabitants fled from the city, but Dr. White remained with the sick and dying, spending with them his days and nights, for, "where," said he, "should a pastor be but with his suffering flock?" And long afterward, when he was an old man of eighty-five, and Philadelphia was smitten with Asiatic cholera, the aged shepherd of his people was seen daily in the hospitals, praying at the bedside of the dying. With gentle manners, love for his fellows, and respect for their opinions, he lived without an enemy.

At the beginning of the Revolution, Dr. White, from the conviction of his conscience, took the American side and became chaplain of Congress, and the end of the war found him the rector of St. Peter's Church in Philadelphia, and of Christ Church, where General Washington worshipped.

This good man used his influence in gathering together, in 1785 and 1786, an assembly of the Church composed of delegates from seven of the

thirteen states, who urged that every effort should be made to obtain more Bishops, securing the apostolic order, if possible, from the English Church. It was decided that Dr. White, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Provoost, of New York, a man strong in the Faith and fearless, should be recommended to the Archbishop of Canterbury for consecration, and these chosen men sailed in 1786 for England, arriving in London on November 29th.

The petition of the American Church to the Archbishop of Canterbury had been presented in person by the American Minister to England, Mr. John Adams, who, though not himself a Churchman, bravely and generously gave great aid to the Church, and who is therefore to be held in grateful memory by us all. Mr. Adams presented Dr. White and Dr. Provoost to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who received them cordially, as also did the king.

Matters in England had changed somewhat since Dr. Seabury was consecrated in Scotland, and it is also believed that the English Church was deeply influenced by the action of the Scottish Church in giving freely to America the gift of the Apostolic Succession, and the English Bishops now agreed to grant the request of the American Church. So, on a glad memory Sunday, February 4, 1787, in the chapel of Lambeth Palace, by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishops of Bath and Wells and Peterborough, the two Americans were

consecrated, and the Mother Church of England gave to her daughter Church the great and greatly needed gift of the Apostolic Succession. It is interesting to remember that in the congregation at Lambeth Chapel on that February Sunday was the Rev. Mr. Duché, who had years before said the first prayer in the first American Congress, and who, though long ago returned to live in England, had always loved and worked for the American Church.

Then, rejoicing, the two newly consecrated Bishops went back to their own land, carrying the office of the first apostles. Solemnly glad was their landing on Easter Day, April 7, 1787, coming as they did as special witnesses of the Resurrection, the joyful memory of which the Church throughout all the world was that day keeping.

It was an important day for the Church in America when, on July 28, 1789, its representatives met in General Convention in Philadelphia, for the first time gathering as when of old the "apostles and elders came together at Jerusalem," for now as then the Church met with Bishops, presbyters, deacons, and the laity, "the multitude of the faithful." In this convention and in its adjourned session, together with much other important work, our Prayer Book was established practically as we now have it, fulfilling its profession that the "Church in America is far from intending to depart from the Church of



Wm. White

BISHOP WHITE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

England in any essential point of doctrine, discipline, or worship.”

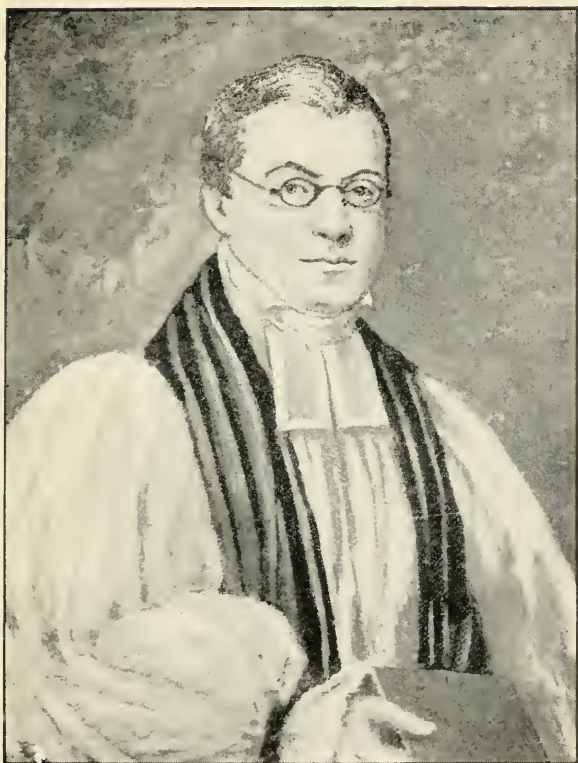
In 1790 Dr. Madison was elected Bishop of Virginia and was consecrated in England; thus one hundred and eighty-four years after her first planting, Virginia had her own Bishop.

On the memory day, September 17, 1792, took place the first American consecration of a Bishop for Maryland, Dr. Claggett, upon whom were laid the apostolic hands of all the American Bishops, Bishops Seabury, White, Provoost, and Madison. So at last the Church in America was complete in all her functions and powers, and able to expand as God might give grace and opportunity, to meet the ever-increasing needs of the young but rapidly growing Republic of the West.

XI.

THE ADVANCE.

AT THE close of the eighteenth century, the Church in the young Republic at last was firmly established under the care of its own chief shepherds, the Bishops who had received their commission in the line of the apostles; and the tree from the seed planted at Jamestown was growing in the thirteen states, at the mouth of the great rivers along the Atlantic shore. But the country was already beginning to widen its boundaries. There was activity on the frontier where the roads ended and the axe had but begun its work, leaving huge stumps standing in their native soil around the rude log huts of the settlers, on the border of the great wilderness with its unending shadows, wild animals, and wild Indians. Constantly the black line of the forest was moving away from the ocean shore toward the sunset. In this border-land, where the bold frontiersmen were building up their homes and their nation, the claims and comforts of religion were often forgotten; in the lonely settlements no church-spire pointed toward heaven, and no calling bells reminded men of prayer and praise; the children of



BISHOP HOBART.
[New York.]

these homes grew up unbaptized and with no knowledge of God or faith in Christ.

Over this matter the hearts of faithful men were stirred, and especially good Bishop Hobart, of New York, filled with love for souls, felt the pressing need of the people on the frontier, and urged the Church to send laborers to plant in these new lands the knowledge of Christ and the sacraments of His grace. Men heard and obeyed this call; but often it was the humble, faithful lay-worker who first went to the frontier to prepare the way for the Church. Among these devoted men was one who bore the honored memory name, Samuel Gunn. He was a Connecticut man, baptized by a missionary of the S. P. G., and one of the first to receive from Bishop Seabury the blessing of Confirmation. As the town in which Mr. Gunn lived had no clergyman, the Bishop, noticing his holy life, appointed him lay-reader to a small band of earnest Christians who worshipped God according to the service of the old Church. Now and then a priest visited the people to administer the sacraments; but for years they depended principally upon Samuel Gunn for their religious teaching and inspiration. After a time Mr. Gunn with his family moved away to the then distant land of Western New York, and in his new home he gathered together so many worshippers that they soon formed a parish and called a minister.

In 1805 Mr. Gunn removed still farther west.

In this journey through the great wilderness, one of his children was suddenly taken from him, and the little body was laid away to sleep in the silence of the deep forest until the Resurrection morning. With his family and his goods, Mr. Gunn floated down the Ohio River, then a wild and little known river, until he came to a place settled by a dozen families. Then began the prayers and praise of the Church on the banks of the Ohio, where a little band of worshippers gathered with Mr. Gunn.

The good man was filled with joy when, in 1819, he heard that Ohio had been made a diocese and that its new Bishop was the very missionary who had often been in his home in New York. He wrote to Bishop Chase of his needy little flock at Portsmouth, to which a clergyman was sent, while soon the Bishop himself came to the company, upon whom his simple piety made a deep impression. The Bishop organized a parish here, making Mr. Gunn the senior warden, and leaving him still the lay-reader, in which office he was now greatly assisted by the discovery of a number of Prayer Books that had long been lying unregarded on a dusty shelf of the village store, but now were in such demand that the people, who had little money, paid twenty bushels of corn for a single copy. In 1831 a room was fitted up for the worship of God, and the aged lay-reader handed over his work to a clergyman. He urged his neighbors to build a church, toward which he gave one-



BISHOP PHILANDER CHASE.
[Pioneer Missionary in Ohio and Illinois.]

third of his whole little property; but before this sacred church was built, the faithful pioneer-missionary was received by the Master whom he had long served into the peace of the Church at Rest.

Dr. Chase, the first Bishop of Ohio, was himself the son of parents who were pioneers when the frontier was farther east and had the Connecticut for its boundary. He had intended to spend his life on the farm of his parents, but God planned for him another career to which he was called, at first, by the path of pain from a maimed and broken limb, which shut him out from the active life and led to his going to college. There he first saw the Prayer Book, which won him by its showing of the sure claims of the Apostolic Commission and by its spiritual tone, and he went back to the farm on the Connecticut River to lead his old father into the Church. With their own hands the old man and the young man built a little house of worship, to which they welcomed their neighbors on the occasional visits of a priest from a distance, and in which Philander Chase, as layman, read prayers and sermons. The youth's heart was set upon the ministry, but how could he obtain education and ordination? There were no theological seminaries in the land, and there was no Bishop near to direct him. With hesitation, Chase set out for Albany to seek there the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Ellison, who received the country boy with

a hearty "God bless you," and settled him in his vocation.

In 1798 Mr. Chase was ordained deacon by Bishop Provoost, of New York, and sent as home missionary to the forest district in the western part of that state. Here, among the immigrants on the outskirts, he labored with his whole heart, thinking nothing of the privations of the rough life, ready to live in a cabin of unhewn logs, with scarce a pane of glass to let in light enough to read his Bible, but he soon had the joy of seeing large congregations gather for worship.

At the advice of his Bishop, he went for a time to New Orleans, where he formed the first parish of the English Church in that city; then, after serving the Church in Hartford, where he was much loved, his thoughts turned again to the lonely clearings and the rude villages of the new West, and he set out for missionary work in Ohio, where settlements were beginning to straggle through the wilderness. Other clergymen went to his aid; the diocese of Ohio was organized; he was chosen Bishop, and on a memory day of the American Church, in February, 1819, he was consecrated in Philadelphia by good old Bishop White and three other American Bishops, and became the first Bishop of the great advance of the American Church.

Bishop Chase, though now a leader, was still the self-sacrificing missionary, and from his rude log-

cabin home, the first "Episcopal palace" of Ohio, he travelled hundreds of miles yearly, through burning suns and drenching rains, visiting his scattered flock. Meantime, he lived in great poverty, cutting and hauling his own wood and thrashing his grain. The ignorance and wickedness of the settlements pressed heavily on him, and by great efforts he collected from friends of the work money to buy land, on which he built Kenyon College and the village of Gambier. Rising at three o'clock in the morning, he directed the work himself, and soon had students gathered in his college.

The young men were trained for the especial work of missionaries for the West. They rose very early, and, provided with books and simple food, they went out silently through the ancient forest of tall trees, oak, hickory, maple, sycamore, walnut, chestnut, with the wild vine gracefully festooned over their branches. They passed clearings where cattle fed upon the rich grass about a log-cabin; passed the rude mill upon a stream, stopping to talk with the miller and interest him in the Church and accept his loan of a horse to help them on, and in another hour came to a log-cabin village with a schoolhouse, around which was built a rustic arbor of green branches. Here the village children were gathered, with now and then their parents. The student missionaries gave out a hymn and knelt to pray, repeating the service from memory, with a regard for the untrained people who

would turn away if they saw a Prayer Book; and then, after instructing the children, the teachers would begin their journey home, unless, as sometimes happened, a poor man would beg them to tell him more about the Church, and would take them to his cabin and give them a good dinner of chicken, hot bread, apple-pie, and milk.

On their homeward way, they would find waiting, under a great tree by a stream, another congregation, and there in the forest would be said the same prayers of the Church which were being said in the grand minsters of England. One place of worship was an orchard with its apple and peach blossoms filling the air with perfume, and with the Communion Table in its snowy linen standing on the green grass beneath the trees. After their long day of missionary work, the weary students walked home through the dark shadows of the woods in which the little lamps of the fireflies glistened. In this way the Gospel reached the lonely homes of the pioneers, and by and by straggling parishes and a great, though poor, diocese were formed.

Meantime, work was begun among the Indians. In 1815 the attention of Bishop Hobart was called to the Oneidas, of whom four thousand were settled on a reservation in New York. The Bishop, trying to find a man to go to them in a spirit of Christian love, was guided to one of their own blood, Eleazar Williams, who had received a Christian education and

could speak to his people in their own tongue. Years before, in an attack of the Indians on the Massachusetts village, Deerfield, they had carried away the wife and children of the minister. One of the daughters married an Indian, and it was her son who was now to carry the good news of God to his own brethren of the forest, going first as a teacher and carrying the Gospels and Psalms translated into the Oneida tongue.

God gave great blessings to his labors, as we may see from some letters sent to the Bishop by a Christian Indian. "Right Reverend Father," he wrote, "we rejoice and give thanks for the favor you have bestowed on our nation in sending Brother Williams to instruct us in the religion of the blessed Jesus. He shall remain in our hearts so long as he shall teach us the ways of the Great Spirit above. A great light has risen on us; we see that the Christian religion is intended for the good of the Indians as well as the white people, and we feel that the religion of the Gospel will make us happy in this world and in the world to come. We have assisted our Brother all that was in our power; you know he has lived very poor, and we wish to do something for him, but we cannot now, for we have just raised between three and four thousand dollars for a little chapel. We intreat you as the head of the holy apostolic Church in this state to take special charge

of us; we are ignorant, mean, and poor, and need your assistance."

In 1818 Bishop Hobart made his first visit to his Indian children in their home of open pastures and deep forests, where there were no roads except narrow paths, and where the rude but sometimes neat houses were scattered about in the full sunshine or in the shades of the woods. With those who flocked about their Bishop came one old Mohawk warrior, who, among heathen companions for fifty years, had been true to the Christian faith in which he had been baptized by an English missionary, when the United States were still colonies of England. Mr. Williams, being acquainted with the language, customs, and disposition of the Oneidas, had been able to interest them in the Prayer Book in their own language, and by it to teach them the ritual of the Church; and the Bishop found that they made the responses with understanding and chanted the hymns with fervor. At the confirmation, the eighty-nine prepared by Mr. Williams received the apostolic laying-on of hands with grateful humility and shared in the Holy Communion with loving devotion.

In the South as well as in the North, faithful laymen and clergymen were carrying the seed of the Church farther and farther west. In Kentucky the prayers of the Church were heard long before the state had parishes or a diocese. Near the state line there stood for many years, upon a plain of fine

white clover, a noble elm with large branches extending regularly in all directions from its massive trunk, making a green circular roof above the greensward below, where on Sundays some two hundred persons used to gather to worship God in this church of living emerald, wrought by His hand and called the Divine tree. In 1830 Kentucky welcomed Bishop Smith, its first Bishop, and afterward Presiding Bishop of the American Church.

The pioneer priest of Tennessee was James Otey, who was brought to the knowledge of the Church by reading the Prayer Book. Going first to the state as a teacher, he was moved by the spiritual need of the people to combine his ministry with his school-work. After a week of hard labor, teaching the whole round of primary and academic studies, and preparing his sermons by the light of a tallow dip late at night, he served two parishes on Sunday, travelling between these, eighteen miles, on horseback. In 1834 this pioneer priest became the first Bishop of the state, and such were his zeal and success that he was soon appointed Provisional Bishop of Mississippi and Florida, and Missionary Bishop of Arkansas, Louisiana, and the Indian Territory. Years of continuous toil, exposed to the hardships and dangers of long horseback journeys in an unsettled country, broke the brave Bishop's health, but in the delirium of sickness his mind was fixed on his high and holy work, and he would pray, "Let me go to the people, they

are perishing for the Bread of Life." The Church of the great Southwest stands to-day as the memorial of this man's devoted labor and the answer to his prayers.

Into the territory of Minnesota, with almost the first immigrants from the East, had gone that apostolic man, who, after founding Nashotah in Wisconsin, sought new work in a fresh field and laid the foundation of the Church, the schools, the mission work among the Indians, and the diocese, which are now a witness to the faith and love of James L. Breck. The Chaplain at Fort Snelling, the loved Father Gear, had already given the first English service in Minnesota, but the real work of the Church was not begun until the year 1850, when, on the memory day which was the Feast of St. John the Baptist, Mr. Breck with three loyal associates organized the mission for Minnesota, kneeling together in the celebration of the Holy Communion beneath a spreading elm, and there offering to God their "body, spirit, and soul." There followed long journeys on foot and services in the shadow of a great rock on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi, in the forest, on the prairies, in the rude huts of the settlers, or in school-houses.

In these years the people of the Church in the East began to look with anxious thought at the many people settling rapidly in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and the other states of the Middle West, and to



REV. JAMES LLOYD BRECK.
[Pioneer Founder in Wisconsin and Minnesota.]



BISHOP KEMPER.
[First Missionary Bishop in the Great Northwest.]

see that it depended upon them and their children to save America for Christ, and to send out shepherds to seek the wandering flocks; and the Church began to push westward with the company of immigrants and the advancing frontier line. Accordingly, on September 25, 1835, the Rev. Jackson Kemper was consecrated Bishop for the West and sent out to find and lead the ignorant who did not know the name of the Lord. The aged Bishop White, the apostle of love, had the joy of laying his hands in consecration upon this Missionary Bishop, forty-eight years after he had received in Lambeth Chapel the apostolic gift from the English primate. Bishop Kemper, wise and courteous, unwearied in effort and unsparing of his strength, went to his great field as a witness for Christ and the Church, following the scattered settlers into the wilderness, and carrying the message of the Gospel to the red Indians.

Thus, as the army of pioneers marched on and on to the sunset, with them went loyal sons of the Church, planting the seed of the old Faith by the rolling rivers and great lakes of the continent, upon the almost boundless wheat and corn fields of Kansas and Dakota, beyond the snow-crowned mountains of Colorado, in the wild mining camps of Idaho and Montana and the other states and territories. When the discovery of gold drew restless adventurers from many lands to California, where law was scarcely heeded and everything was swallowed up in the haste

to become rich, into the mad excitement was sent the first Bishop of that diocese to carry the peace of God. On a Sunday in July, 1849, Divine service was celebrated in the home of John Merrill in San Francisco, and the parish of Holy Trinity was organized, and in the same year a church was built.

Dr. Kip, of Albany, was consecrated Bishop of California in Trinity Church, New York, on the Feast of SS. Simon and Jude, 1853. After a stormy morning, during the Communion service the clouds broke, and a gleam of sunshine fell upon the altar; one present said that so the Church in California, with a beginning of gloom, had the promise that the Sun of Righteousness would shine upon the land and bring forth fruit from it.

In 1851 the Rev. William Richmond was appointed missionary to Oregon; and at his farewell service, in St. Bartholomew's Church in New York, was read an ode by Martin Tupper, beginning with these words:

“Push on to earth's extremest verge,
And plant the Gospel there;
Till wild Pacific's angry surge
Is soothed by Christian prayer.
Advance the standard, conquering van,
And urge the triumph on,
In zeal for God and love for man.
To distant Oregon.”

Mr. Richmond, with the devoted missionaries, St. Michael Faekler and John McCarty, a former army chaplain, did valiant and self-sacrificing work in their

field, travelling widely through the forests and over the wide plains of Oregon, Idaho, and Washington.

In 1866, Bishop Tuttle was sent to the newly-formed missionary district of Montana, Idaho, and Utah, and we are told that "in the mining country of Montana, the simple explanations and loving invitation of the missionary won people of all Christian names to join gladly in that prayer which is common to minister and congregation; and the dignity of the holy worship of the Church, the strength of her historic position, and the power of her Divine nature rendered her fit to do lasting work for the Master."

Hero-stories might be told of many brave, devoted pioneers who patiently and persistently sowed the seed of the Church through the western land until, in about sixty years from the days when Samuel Gunn and the other first missionaries turned their faces toward the sunset, the banner of the Lamb had been carried across the continent, and the same Church, once planted at Jamestown and on the Atlantic shores, was also planted where the green, foam-crested waves of the Pacific roll up on the western coast of the great Republic.

XII.

THE MISSIONARY CHURCH.

WE HAVE seen how, from the very first, among our English forefathers in this land, there were those who came here with all their hearts desiring to widen the borders of Christ's Church and to carry His Gospel to those who knew Him not; and we have seen how the American Church, as soon as she received the apostolic gift and had her own chief shepherds, the Bishops, began in her turn to go out into the wilderness after the wandering sheep of the Good Shepherd, and to do for the new settlements in the ever-widening borders something of what had been done for her by her benefactor, the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Soon, also, came the desire to the Church to spread the good news in the world outside the country, as indeed was necessary, for the soul of Christianity is missionary, progressive, and world-embracing; and at a meeting held in St. James' Church, in Philadelphia, presided over by Bishop White, on a memory day, November 21, 1821, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church was organized. The people of the Church

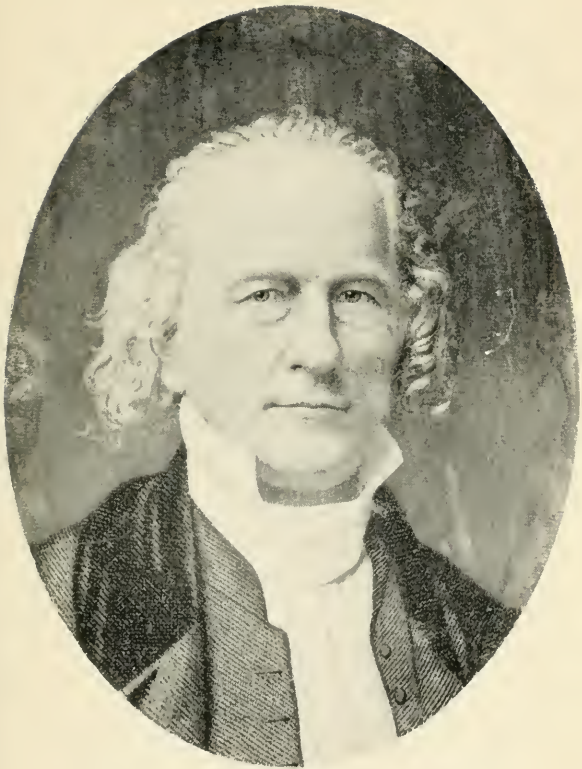
everywhere were deeply interested, and auxiliary societies sprang up all over the land.

In 1822, Ephraim Bacon and his wife were appointed catechists to Africa, but they could not find a passage to that country, so that they were foreign missionaries in will only. A little later, the Rev. Norman Nash was appointed missionary to the Indians at Green Bay, Wis.; and on October 1, 1830, the first foreign missionaries sent out by the American Church set sail for Greece. These were the Rev. Dr. Robertson and his wife, the Rev. Mr. Hill and his wife, and Solomon Bingham, a printer. Next, the needs of China were recognized, and the death of Augustus Lyde, the first young man who eagerly offered himself for this field, did perhaps more for the cause he loved than his life would have done. His early death roused great sympathy throughout the Church, and great interest in the land to which he had dedicated himself, and in 1834 the Rev. Henry Lockwood was appointed missionary to China.

In organizing the missionary work of the Church, Bishop Doane of New Jersey did noble service; and he and his associates first declared that principle which is now one of the missionary watchwords of the Church in America. One day, in 1835, when Bishops Doane and McIlvaine and Dr. Milnor, a committee of the directors of the Missionary Society, came together, Bishop Doane and Dr. Milnor almost at once proposed reporting that *the Church is the Missionary*

Society; whereupon Bishop McIlvaine exclaimed that this was the very plan he was going to speak of in his sermon that day. Thus it was that in the General Convention of 1835, the great Army of the Baptized was incorporated into the Missionary Army of the Church, since, as Bishop Doane showed, this was a part of the original constitution of the Church by the plan of her Divine Head, and the duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature was placed on every Christian in his baptismal vow. The Board of Missions became the agent of the Church; and the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Committees were the two hands reaching out into the world to carry the Gospel. Then and there the Church in America placed herself before the world as a Missionary Church, with her Bishops as apostles, her clergy as evangelists, and her baptized members as enlisted helpers, to do all in their power to hasten the coming of the Kingdom of the King of all nations.

We should consider briefly the present work of this Missionary Church in this year of memory days, as we look back to Jamestown and the tiny band of worshippers on the margin of the unknown continent, where in no other place were heard the words of the English Prayer Book, and then at the home Church of to-day in her strength and beauty, with great numbers of splendid as well as simple houses of worship, schools, colleges, divinity-schools, hospitals, and charitable homes of many kinds for the relief of the poor



BISHOP GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE.
[New Jersey.]

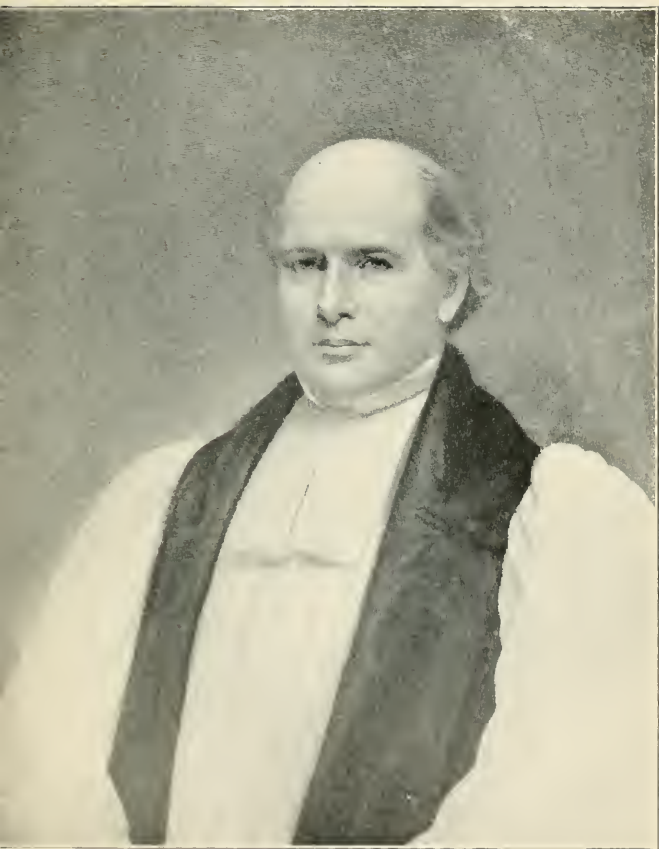
and suffering, and her army of Bishops and other clergy and baptized lay people, all in a great measure the result of the missionary labors of the faithful in the days before our day. The Domestic or home mission work of the American Church is carried on by twenty-one missionary Bishops with about 1,130 other workers, and for this part of her enterprise the Church gave last year more than \$762,000.

We should have a wonderful sight-seeing tour, if for one day we could travel with the sun, and look at the home missions of the American Church. We might begin our tour among the lovely forests and hills of Porto Rico, where the dark-eyed Spanish-speaking children would be going through the bright flowering thickets to the American schools and churches. Then we should fly across the blue sea-water to Florida, to see the colored children gathered in the schools, and the suffering Indians going from their wretched homes in the Everglades to the hospital for healing. Then, to the southern hill country, where, from many lonely mountain cabins, boys and girls, eager to learn, walk long miles to our schools and Sunday schools. Then, swiftly toward the West, where many earnest men and women are lovingly working, sent by the Church to Indian reservations, dreary mining camps, desolate sage-brush plains, and widely-scattered farm homes on the great prairies.

On and on we should go, across snow-covered mountains, to sail along the glittering glacier-fringed

shore of the Pacific northward, to see our little round-faced Alaskan wards and the white and Indian patients in the hospitals. We should take a peep at our missionary toiling cheerily at lonely Point Hope, and Bishop Rowe and his brave helpers ministering through the grim Alaskan winter, and making the people understand "that they are for the Church, the Church is for the people, and the people are all who fare over the trail." Then we sail out again on the Pacific, this time to visit the girls in the Priory School in Honolulu among the lovely flowers, and the other school children, native, Chinese, and Japanese; then on again, to the Philippines, with all the varied work that we should like to linger over, the work among the English-speaking people, the Christian Filipinos, the Chinese, and the pagans.

Still travelling on with the sun, we should come to other mission fields of the American Church, in lands over which the flag of the great Republic does not float, in districts under the care of nine missionary Bishops and hundreds of American and native helpers. In China we might see our brothers and sisters of the yellow race gathering in some seventy-five places of worship maintained by the American Church. We should like to linger in the strange walled cities with their thronging multitudes of people, so different in face and dress and customs from those whom we generally see; we should like to look at the earnest young men of Boone College and St.



BISHOP BOONE, SR.
[Pioneer Bishop in China.]



BISHOP CHANNING MOORE WILLIAMS
[Pioneer Bishop in Japan.]

John's University, students of arts and science, of medicine and of theology; and the girls of St. Mary's Hall, learning to love study so well that some of them are looking forward to further study in America; and the happy little ones in St. Mary's Orphanage; and the thoughtful women in the Church Training schools, studying the Bible and Prayer Book that they may in turn teach these to their own people. We should like to see the nearly 25,000 people who in a year go for health and healing to St. Luke's Hospital, and the other thousands at St. Elizabeth's, St. Peter's, St. James', the Elizabeth Bunn, and the various dispensaries.

In Japan, with its millions of earnest, intelligent people, we should find other groups of schools and hospitals; the Divinity school in Tokyo, St. Paul's College, St. Margaret's, St. Agnes', and the other schools, and Holy Trinity Orphanage. We should see Trinity Cathedral, and some eighty-seven places where God is worshipped in the prayers and praises of the Prayer Book which we love; and we should see thousands of sick skilfully cared for in another St. Luke's Hospital, and other thousands of out-patients, and still other thousands cared for at St. Barnabas' and St. Peter's. And we should see the catechists and Bible-women going from house and house among the people, and teaching them, one by one.

Then, travelling over the vast distances of Asia and the heart of the dark continent, we should come

to the Cape Palmas district, where the African boys and girls are gathered in schools, and where the dark-skinned men and women are humbly worshipping God and serving Him in our sixty-one mission stations; while the children of some whom our earliest missionaries found in darkest heathenism and barbarism are teaching Christ to their own people. Sailing away from Africa across the Atlantic, we should come to other African children in the Sunday schools and churches of Haiti. And then we should see Cuba with its patient, persevering missionaries ministering to English-speaking, French-speaking, and Spanish-speaking congregations. Still travelling west, we should come again to America, and see the sixty-one congregations in care of the Church in Mexico, and the beginning work of the Church in the Panama Canal Zone; and south of the equator, we should find the great mission field of Brazil, with its numerous mission stations, its theological school, and its beautiful churches built in a large part by the people of the land. For in all these foreign lands the American Church is trying to plant the seed of the old Faith and to bring the different peoples within the sound of the Good Shepherd's voice.

We may not thus travel with the sun to see the Church at work in many lands, but from month to month, in *The Spirit of Missions* and in the Church press, we really do see true pictures of that work drawn by the pens of the mission workers, and faith-

fully printed by the sun that daily visits every part of the missionary field. We see also pictures of places where work ought to be done, but is not yet; and as we see these, we seem to hear the pleading call that our Missionary Bishops in the home and foreign fields are always hearing and repeating to us, the call of many nations, saying by their needs, "Come, help us also; for we are yours, and you are Gods."

To the General Convention of 1880 in New York came the Missionary Bishops from the home and foreign fields and the Bishops of the western dioceses into which people from many foreign lands were pouring, and the Church, stirred by the appeals of these devoted and enthusiastic men, awoke to a greater desire to become the Church of the people, and entered with greater vigor into the work of missions and so became a more earnestly living and giving Church, and began to grow in every way more rapidly, with added numbers, greater charities, and deeper spiritual life.

The General Convention of 1883, marking the end of the hundred years of laying the foundations of the Church in America, met in old Christ Church, Philadelphia, where the General Convention first took form, where the Rev. George Keith, the first missionary of the S. P. G., preached again and again, drawing back many to the old Faith, where the noble Washington worshipped, and the saintly Bishop

White was baptized and ministered as priest and Bishop. To that Convention the venerable Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, told the thrilling history of the Church in America, and reminded the people that this Church, linked to the past by ties that can never be broken and in full sympathy with the present, was called to do a greater work than ever before in this land and in other lands in the century to come, this twentieth century of ours.

The Church whose foundations were laid by the few Englishmen who knelt before God in the Jamestown forest, now covers a territory more than double the size of the great Roman Empire, and the faithful members of that Church have it for their duty and joy to hand on to ages to come the gifts that, given to them, have made the Church in America what she is to-day. Even so will our dear Church remain a Living Church, for it is a law of the Kingdom of God that power must not spend itself within, but must bear fruit without; the fountain upspringing sends its pure, sparkling water away in a clear stream to bless other lands. So it has always been in the Church, which, like her Divine Master, has gone abroad, teaching the ignorant, healing the sick, and calling strangers and wanderers home to God; always praying Him to send forth laborers into His harvest, and waiting on Him while He gives wisdom and courage and the gift of the Holy Spirit, that most ex-

cellent gift of love which has inspired her to become a Missionary Church.

In a special way, this Church is fitted for her high calling to go into all lands, since she is quite separated from the state, and free to send out Bishops at need, while she has in her membership the Anglo-Saxon race with its energy and that love of adventure which longs to go out into all quarters of the world. And because of this high station of the Church in America, she has high responsibility, and is called to noble self-sacrifice and labor. We are in trust of the Gospel for the people of the many nations at our doors and in other lands: the white man, the black man, the red man, the yellow man, the brown man; for nothing is foreign to the Church that belongs to humanity, and that carries on the work of Christ who lived in the world and worked for the world. Prayers and alms and lives are demanded without limit for the missionary work of the American Church which she sees waiting to be done, as she looks from Maine to Florida, from Mexico to Alaska, to China, Japan, Africa, South America, and the Islands of the sea; while, at the same time, she looks upward and hears the marching orders of her Captain, and the Voice from Heaven, saying, "Go forward."

Is it not a glorious vocation—this of the apostolic Church in America, and of all her children: this call to go on and on, leading the nations of the

world to listen to and obey the voice of the Good Shepherd; to go on and on, until the many peoples shall all be the people of God and of His Christ, and the Church Militant of the earth resting from her labors, shall be the Church Triumphant in the beauty of holiness, still forevermore serving her Lord and her God?

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