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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
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An Address.

In behalf of worn-out preachers, delivered at the Conference Anniversary, March 8th, 1888.

BY REV. T. E. MARTINDALE.

Mr. President:—I am asked to introduce the topic of the evening with a few remarks. Averse as I am to speaking upon Conference Anniversary occasions, I feel that I should be faithless to my own convictions, and guilty of a grave wrong, to a class of men whom I hold in special honor, (I mean the superannuated preachers) if I should refuse to lift up my voice in their behalf. To me there is something *pathetic* and touching, about this Anniversary. We are here to-night, to plead for those who cannot, without violence to their feelings, plead for themselves. They are our elder brothers, endeared to us by long and loving association in the joys and sacrifices of the itinerancy. In other days, we were accustomed to see them, with glowing faces and uplifted hands at the battle's front. They have been our counsellors in the Conference, and our teachers in the pulpit. They led our parents, in many cases, to the altar, and rejoiced with them in their newly found treasure. They toiled like men with a Divine call ever sounding in their souls, and did not spare themselves anywhere. They braved exposure and hardship, that they might lay deep and broad the foundations of Zion, and gather into her fold, the souls among whom their lot was cast. In the white memory books above, they are surely written down, as heroes. But they are *laid aside* now. The trying hour came in their history, when, broken in health and worn with service, they stood before their brethren and asked for a final change of relation. Who, but those that have experienced it, knows what it means, to hear the list of appointments announced, and one's own name left out for the first time, and to go forth from the Conference without a pulpit, a parsonage, or a charge? There is a sense of loneliness about it all, which we who are younger cannot realize. We see these brothers, now and then, sitting silent in the churches, which once echoed with their appeals, and dreaming possibly of the days that shall return no more. By so much as they were consecrated and men of one work, they have grown away (as God designed they should) from secular pursuits, and it is now too late for them to venture upon unfamiliar activities. And thus they wait day after day on "the border land," listening for the voices from "the other side." It would seem, that we should scarcely need to plead at all, for the support and comfort of such as these.

There is also, something *prophetic* about this Anniversary. We are speaking, it is true, for others on this occasion, yet there is a sense in which we are, by anticipation, speaking for ourselves. A few more years, and we shall repeat in our own lives, the experiences which I have just described. Slowly and surely, the strongest of us are moving on toward the period of superannuation. At present, we speak lightly those familiar words, "worn out," yet a time will come, when they will be full of a saddening significance to us. Will it then be necessary for somebody to stand and plead for us, while we sit needy and silent? Let us hope not.

Before that, let us trust that the Church shall have recognized her duty, and provided worthily for her servants. In order that it may be so, let us while we can, lift up our voices and beseech the Church to create an ample and permanent Fund for this purpose; and let us also, for their sake, and because their needs will soon be ours, have such a ministerial offering to the Endowment Fund, as shall be an indication of our faith in the movement, which we, as a Conference, have set on foot.

It may also be well to speak plainly as to another matter. I refer to the pressure of a peculiar *temptation*, which sometimes comes upon the most faithful ministers, and operates as a hindrance to their highest efficiency. If our prosperous laymen could view it from the clerical standpoint, there would be more kindly judgment rendered in regard to many cases. Let me state it. Ministers love their families just as other men; do the future is as much a matter of solicitude to them as to other husbands and fathers; they read in the Book that "if any provide not for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." At present, their salaries are only barely sufficient to meet recurring necessities, and in some cases, not even so much as that. They think of the rainy day that is coming, and of the inadequate provision the Church is making for them, and in view of it all, they are *tempted*; tempted to be secular, to seek outside of their calling for chances to lay up a little for their loved ones. It is not worldliness that urges them, but affection and prudent fore-thought; and the Church, which could remedy all this, if she chose to do so, is slow to understand. Take another kindred case. Here is a minister, who, after long years of successful work, has come to the period of declining powers. He is as devoted as ever, but churches do not rally under his touch, and complaints float into the Bishop's cabinet. It is urged, that he should take a superannuated relation. No doubt he ought, and quite possibly he feels, that it would be best for the work. Why then is he so unwilling to do it? You know the reason. There is darkness ahead for his family. It is that spectre of domestic need, from which he draws back. Even in favored Conferences, it will be a matter of only two hundred dollars on the average, for house rent and living, and he shrinks from it, for the sake of those who, like himself, have given their best years to the Church. I wish it were otherwise. I think if the Church could only know these things—could feel them burned in, on her great heart, she would spring to the task, and give us such an ample Endowment Fund, as would make these sufferings impossible in the future. The Church is not unkind. She needs only to realize the necessity, in order to meet it. More still, she ought to have the best work, of which her preachers are capable; it will therefore pay her, to release them from these dispiriting anxieties, and leave them free, to concentrate all their abilities upon the one sublime task of "spreading scriptural holiness through out these lands."

Now the duty of the Church in this matter rests, as it seems to me, upon the broadest possible grounds.

Here for example is the *quality* of work, performed by preachers of the gos-

pel. All labor has its more or less clearly defined value, but who shall tell us the value of soul-labor? The responsibilities that cluster about it, the anxieties which it involves, the burdens it ties about the heart, and the results it secures for time and eternity, these are known only to God. There is nothing comparable to it. This teaching function,—this beseeching in the place of Christ, is the loftiest calling below the skies. Carlyle says this of it:—"That a man stand and speak of spiritual things to men, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the earth." In a peculiar sense, the men who perform this labor are ordained of God. A dispensation of the spirit once came to them, and they went forth like Isaiah, with the Divine fire-mark on their lips. It is the very *sacredness* of such service, that lays so strong a claim on the support of the Church.

Again, we may rest this obligation, on the provision which God himself made, under the old Hebrew economy. Here is the Endowment Fund of the Jewish Church. God did not allow his servants to be put on allowance, or into straits, during their active ministry; and mark you, He commanded that they should be retired at the age of fifty, and that their support should be the same as when they were in full vigor. Ought it to be less, under this new and better Covenant?

We have before us also the example of early Methodism. It was in the spirit of this very provision, that our fathers legislated for the maintenance of their superannuated comrades, and the families of those who had departed. The later councils of the Church may profit by their example. At the General Conference of 1800, held in Baltimore, the following significant paragraphs were adopted: "The annual salary of the traveling preachers shall be 80 dollars and traveling expenses. The salary of the superannuated preachers shall be 80 dollars annually. "The annual allowance of the wives of travelling preachers shall be 80, and the annual allowance of the wives of superannuated preachers shall be 80 dollars." They covenanted to give to these disabled ministers and their wives, an amount equal to that which they themselves received. The same provision was also made for the widows and orphans of deceased preachers as for the wives and children of the living. This was Christian legislation, with a broad, brotherly justice breathing all through it. Thirty-six years afterward, a change was made in the amount, but none in the appropriation of it, and the paragraph read as follows:—"The annual allowance of the traveling, superannuated, and superannuated preachers, shall be 200 dollars and their travelling expenses." We are alas! far enough away at the present time, from the equities of that distribution. If our fathers were right, and they were, then we need the uplift of a mighty impulse, and the immediate inauguration of such a broad movement, as will bring as forward to their standard. I am sure, that the God of the Levites will smile upon it.

The example of the Government of the United States ought also to spur the lagging Church. These are the days of pensions and Soldier's Homes. Honorable senators vie with each other in eloquent advocacy of the claims of the veterans. They bared their breasts

to the enemy. They built a barricade, with their living, fearless hearts, around the nation's shrine. They preserved it, they delivered it, and it is gratitude, that votes them a living out of overflowing treasuries. What the government pays them, is far coarser coin, than that which they paid for it. We may go further, and say, that it is in *debt* to them, for its very life, and is only transferring to them in pensions, what is their just and rightful claim. Now, I ask, is it right, that the Church of God should be *second*, and the Civil Government *first*, in such work as this? We think of the veterans of the cross, they have stood with equal courage in the forefront of the Church's battles, and saved it from defeat a thousand times. They have stormed the heights, and stood in the imminent deadly breach "against principalities and powers." The scars of a holy warfare are on them to-day; and the Church is what it is, in numbers and influence, because of their exploits. Let us then have a revival of gratitude; rather, a revival of debt paying; for our grand old Zion owes them more than she can ever pay.

But why *argue* the cause of our worn out preachers? The *spirit* of our Christianity demands, that we shall care for them. Our profession before the world calls for it. The example of the ministering Jesus, and the Gospel, out of whose great mother-heart have sprung all our Orphan Asylums, Hospitals and Homes for the Aged, urge us to make this provision. More still, the *judgment of the last day*, I verily believe, will have to do with this matter of our worn-out preachers, their widows and orphans.

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; naked, and ye clothed me not." How is this Lord? When saw we thee so? and He will answer, "Here are my servants and their needy families; inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, ye did it not to me."

The fact is, if we do not amply care for these necessitous ones, we are, in effect, *slighting* Christ himself, and he will condemn us for it.

It may, however, be said, that as a church, we are not liable to this charge, since we do already provide for our brethren. I am aware of what has been done, and thank God for it. I am especially proud of the record of our own Conference, in this direction; yet the fact remains, that the needs are not met, the supply is not adequate. Ask our Board of Conference Stewards, before whom all the facts in each case are brought, and they will tell you, that they are not able to respond to all the appeals for help. Indeed they have so said, in their recent circular letter to the Church. This is their language, "We are oppressed and embarrassed by the urgency of many cases, and the insufficiency of the means placed in our hands for distribution." Have you examined the general statistics of the M. E. Church on this subject, and are you aware of what is the average amount paid to our necessitous cases? I confess, that the discovery pained me. I quote from the year book of 1886. At the beginning of 1887 there were 2050 superannuated preachers in our Church, and probably a like number of widows and orphans of deceased ministers. There were 1045 supernumerary men, many of whom are claimants upon our funds. These to-

gether make a total of over 5000 beneficiaries. Now, that the estimate may be safely within bounds, let us drop out 1000; this will give us 4000 claimants. The amount raised last year by collections was \$187,000. Dividing this by 4000, we find that the average sum paid to our necessitous cases was only \$46.75. Think of it! Bring it home to yourselves, and consider how you could provide for your families, on such a pittance. If the Church could do no better, we might be silent; but the Methodist Episcopal Church is able. The dangers of adversity are not those of a which threaten her to day, but the greater dangers of her phenomenal prosperity. Much is being said at present about the perils of unconsecrated wealth. And it is indeed time to sound the alarm. Here, however, stand at our gates, plead for recognition and help, a worthy cause. It is the Endowment Fund Plan of our Wilmington Conference, and it furnishes just the opportunity that is needed, for the consecration of a part of our means, to the glory of God, and the relief of his honored ambassadors.

The Annual Collections are good, but they are inadequate, subject to fluctuations, dependent upon many contingencies, and liable at any time to be crowded out in the increasing pressure of other claims. We need a *permanent safely invested fund*, which shall yield its revenue, no matter what local depressions may occur. At a great meeting recently held in New York City, a movement was inaugurated, to raise one million of dollars as a Centennial offering, for the benefit of the superannuated ministers of the Presbyterian Church. On that occasion Dr. Howard Crosby said, "other benevolences should live on the annual contributions, of the Church but this should not live on any fluctuating support. If we believe, as we should believe, that the ministry is ordained of God, then this object is one that appeals to every honest Presbyterian heart." Our plan is simple, and easily worked. It proposes to raise \$50,000 by legacies, bequests &c. It asks for subscriptions, payable in four annual installments, to the Board of Stewards of the Wilmington Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is a corporate body, and has already its beginning, in the legacies of Hons. Martin M. Baths and James Riddle. Let us push it forward at once. There is no time to be lost. If a "Million for Missions" has aroused the Great Church of Wesley, why should we not add that other watchword, "A Million for worn-out-preachers." All honor to these glorious toilers, for the work they have done, and a helpfulness and sympathy for the families of those who have gone up to their reward.

The subject of the treatment of strangers by the churches is up periodically for complaint, and we are glad that it will not down. We have long been confident that in no one phase of church effort is there such great neglect and consequent loss. A practical way of curing this matter, is for the pastor to announce from the pulpit, a mixed committee on welcoming strangers, selected with care, and appoint an hour for conference with this committee, when they shall report specifically the results of their efforts. Many pastors in New England have made faithful and persistent endeavor on the line suggested, and excellent results have followed. The pastor and committee, in thus cordially co-working, gradually stimulate others to seek and welcome the stranger.—*Zion's Herald.*

Temperance.

Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Scripture.

Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.—Shakespeare.

THE DAUGHTER'S GRIEF.

MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL.

Just six years to-night,—and remembered too well,
Since the blackest of shadows across my path fell,
A life that was dear to my own life went out
In the terror of fear, in the anguish of doubt!
They brought father home from the gilded saloon,
And said he had suddenly fallen in swoon.
We watched by his bedside, my mother and I,
And sorrowed and prayed, as the hours went by.

Dear mother, sweet mother!—not till then did I know
How many long nights she had watched by him so,
Not till then did I know the dark secret which lay
In the cup where the serpent is lurking away.
My father was kindly, and noble, and good,
And never before had my heart understood
How the club-room could draw him from mother and me.

When we were so happy together, we three,
What lightning-revealings there came that dread night!
They filled my whole being with anguish and fright,—
Their memories still are buried deep in my brain.

O God, must I bear evermore their keen pain?
My father awoke, and his mournful brown eyes
Looked into my own with a tender surprise,—
I covered with kisses his beautiful face,
He whispered—how fondly—"My dear little Grace!"

Then throwing his arms round my mother,
he cried:
"O, faithful and true, still here at my side!"
What self-reproach then, and what penitent tears,
Confession of weakness, revealing of fears!

He sank on his pillow—a pitiful sight,—
No hope in the future, or faint gleam of light;
No comfort or solace his soul found in prayer,
But deeper and deeper it sank in despair.
Then suddenly over his features there fell
The silent precursor, life's closing to tell.
"I'm dying," he whispered, "I'm dying I know."
"And my soul! oh, my soul! tell me, where will it go?"

My mother assured him of welcome in Heaven,
Said even the thief on the cross was forgiven,
That Christ never turned from a penitent's prayer.—
He answered: "No drunkard can ever go there!"

He spoke nevermore, and his last uttered thought
In the overcharged brain of my poor mother wrought
A ruin most fearful! And I—how bereft I
But God and His promise were still to me left.

Where now is my mother? Ah me, dare I tell?
She spends these long years in a maniac's cell.
And this strain she weaves in her songs mourn and even.
"No drunkard inherits the kingdom of Heaven."

O fathers, I plead for your dear ones to-night;
Oh, shield their glad hearts from all risk of such blight.
By the grief I have borne, by my mother's dark life,
I plead for each daughter, I plead for each wife.

—Northern Christian Advocate.

"The object of the Citizens' League of Chicago, organized just ten years ago, is the suppression of the sale of liquor to minors and to drunkards. Hardly anything shows the devil-like character of the liquor business more strikingly, than the necessity which exists for a league of this kind. During all this time the organization has had all it could attend to and more. The league is composed of a large number of the best and most influential citizens in Chicago, and has been fortunate in having as its general agent, Mr. Andrew Paxton, a man of providence clearly raised up on purpose for this work. It is hard to believe what is affirmed as to the state of things ten years ago. At that time it is said 30,000 boys and girls were in the habit of visiting the various saloons of the city. The law was right enough, but there was nobody to enforce it. The mayor of the city at that time, had but little moral force anyway, and the mayor who succeeded him, remaining

in office for eight years, earned for himself a record which even he will hate to look back upon, making himself participant in crimes innumerable by his open sympathy with the vilest, and his refusal to enforce the laws he had sworn to execute, and giving only left-handed support to the friends of law and order. The present mayor, Mr. Roche, it is believed, is a man of totally different temper. He has expressed the greatest interest in the work of the league, and promises to do whatever he can to assist it. The sale of liquors to minors has not been wholly stopped, but the saloon-keepers have at least, come to be very respectful. There has also come about a wonderful change in the sentiments of the people. The police also are ready to do everything in their power to aid in the enforcement of the law. But there is a good deal more yet to be done within the limits of the law, than has as yet been fairly attempted. It is comparatively of but little use to get up societies, however splendid their motive, "to save the boys," unless an aroused public conscience shall insist upon, the enforcement of such laws as would prevent them from becoming criminals. It takes the wary, and bold, and persistent putting together of a good many agencies, to save a city.—Advance.

The Giant Evil of America.

We cannot walk abroad in town or country without seeing with our eyes and hearing with our ears the most convincing proofs of the prevalence of this evil. It is an evil that lays waste society, that fills our streets with such shocking and disgusting objects that we are almost ashamed of our own nature, and blush to think that we bear the same nature with those who have degraded themselves below the beasts that perish, a sin that is secretly devouring the substance of many, that is a poison drinking up their vitals, that destroys the peace of families and dissolves all tender bonds and charities of life, that fills our work-houses with paupers and our jails with criminals, and that has brought multitudes to an untimely end. A sin so desolating, producing such terrible consequences, ought certainly to rouse our benevolence, and call forth even what might be deemed chivalrous effort against it.

King Alcohol is the giant evil of today, the minister of hell, that has come to blight and curse this lovely earth and this already oppressed family of man. It is against alcohol that we raise our remonstrance, and, as Christians, we count it nothing more than our duty to be upon the battle field, however severe the contest, fighting this terrible evil, and be amongst those to make this bad world better than it is.

Intemperance is demoralizing; for it destroys the sensibilities of our nature. It is degrading; for it lowers the dignity of man. It is prolific; for it is the parent of every vice and the fosterer of every crime. It is cruel, for it alike disregards the entreaties of the parent, the sorrows of the wife, and the cries of the helpless little ones. It is ruinous; for it begets its victims. It is poisonous; for it impairs the physical forces and brings to a premature grave. It is destructive; for, unrepented of, it involves the soul in eternal perdition.

It is a well known fact that the liquor-traffic is the thief that robs the life of trade. How can we expect anything better while \$900,000,000 are spent yearly for strong drink. The annual bill for meat, bread, cotton and woolen goods of this country is \$1,250,000,000; but its annual bill for whisky, beer, and taxes thereon is \$1,400,000,000. It is unnecessarily drinks \$150,000,000 worth more than it necessarily eats or wears.

GEORGE C. COOKE.

—Religious Telescope.

The cause of missions is spreading throughout the world as never before in the history of the Church. Let all contribute to its furtherance.

Youth's Department.

Five Lumps of Sugar.

BY MARY H. GROSVENOR.

When Ethel May waked Monday morning, her mind was filled with an idea given by her teacher in Sunday-school the day before.

She had that rare style of teacher, who managed to interest her class in the lesson, and who gave, in a bright, cheerful manner, many hints which lodged firmly in the minds and hearts of her young hearers.

Yesterday she had said to them: "I think almost everybody in this world is either sugar or lemon. They sweeten things for other people, or make them sharp and sour. Now I want every girl in this class, to make up her mind to be sugar; and whenever she sees any one in trouble, or cross, or tired, or in any way wrong, just pop a great, big lump into that person's mouth, and see what will happen."

The girls had laughed, but the impression remained; and Ethel May, waking that dismal, cold Monday morning, had quite made up her mind to try the plan. Being an imaginative child, she improved upon the idea in her mind, and, by the time she was dressed, had decided to take five lumps of sugar with her that day, and, if success warranted it, to double the number to-morrow.

She soon used her first lump. Tom, her younger brother, was grumbling away, like an ill-natured bear. It was hard to go to school in this sleety rain, and, somehow, things always seemed harder for Tom than for any one else; at least, he thought so. Just now it was his books he could not find, and he was dashing about in that helpless masculine manner, which develops so early.

Although a good-natured child, Ethel never concerned herself much with Tom's worries. There was always something for him to grumble over; but this morning, with a little feeling of curiosity as to the result, she decided to give her first lump of sugar to Tom.

"I'll help you find them," she said, cheerily. "I think they are on the table in the library."

Notwithstanding his emphatic assurance of having looked there "a dozen times already," the missing books were found, and given into his hands without the tempting, "I told you so,"—that slice of lemon, we slip so often into the mouth of our neighbor.

His looks of relief and gruff thanks were her only rewards; but she did not mind that, and started off with a cheery "good-by" to mother, who stood watching her from the window.

It was not pleasant out of doors; for the sleety rain beat against her face, and she had a long walk before her. So she scarcely heeded a little child who was timidly trying to cross a swollen drain, and the "Please help me over" struck her as rather an unpleasant interruption. Suddenly she remembered the sugar, and took out another lump.

With ready hand and strong arm, she jumped the little girl over the gutter, and helped her to cross the slippery pavement, landing her safely on her own door-step; then, not waiting for thanks, she hurried off to school.

We all know how many opportunities of sweetening are given there. A kind word, a lesson helped, a lunch shared, and you will not be surprised to find that when Ethel started for home, she had but one lump left of the five she had taken with her in the morning. Thinking of this, as she walked slowly along, determining to save it up for some great occasion, she was startled by such a prodigious roar near by, that she nearly dropped her books in the street. The explanation was ludicrous. In the middle of a sloppy, half-frozen pool, a little boy was seated; and it was wonderful to see how so much noise could

come from such a small cause.

Farther up the street ran a larger boy, dragging a sled, and prancing in imitation of half a dozen wild horses, apparently unconscious of the fact, that there was "a passenger aboard, who had been left behind."

"Oh, dear!" Ethel thought, half regretfully; "must my last lump go to comfort that little rascal?"

Her hesitation was but momentary; then, stooping down, she lifted the small traveler to his feet, and sent a call after the runaway steed, which brought him to a full stop.

But it was not easy to comfort the little fellow; he was completely under way, and his mouth opened again for another roar, which closed abruptly; for into the yawning cavern was pushed something soft and sweet, and the yell could be postponed until that was settled.

The other boy now joined them, and to him Ethel delivered a little lecture, sweetened with another chocolate drop, then started the pair off again, seemingly on the best of terms.

"Now I am out of sugar," she said to herself, "and must hurry home as fast as I can, for fear of seeing some one I cannot help."

That night, while talking things over with her mother, she told her of the teacher's idea, and her own manner of carrying it out.

"But, dear me mother," she added, with a merry laugh, "it will never do to limit one's self to five, or ten, or twenty lumps. One must carry the whole sugar-bowl along."—S. S. Times.

What My Little Boy Taught Me.

"Tommy, come to mamma." A sullen little face, with scowling brows and pouting lips, appeared at the door. "What have you got to do?" "I've got to stay in bed all day." And with the words Tommy jerked off his jacket, and kicked one boot across the chamber floor. "What naughty thing have you been doing?" "Spoiling the calla lily." The words, tone and manner of the little boy of six were so hard and defiant, that a vague alarm seized me, and I said gently: "Come here, my poor little laddie, and get in mamma's bed. You look very cold." The downcast eyes were lifted in a strange, glad surprise, and the remaining garments were laid aside softly. Slowly, shyly and questioningly the little fellow crept in by my side, and lay quite still. "Now, Tommy, tell mamma all about it." "I only just pinched the littles leaf. I wanted to see what it was rolled up so tight for. There's ever so many more." "Yes, Tommy, but no more like this one. All the year you have seen these little rolls unfold into broad, glossy, green leaves; but this one, Tommy, was a bud. If you had watched without touching it, you would have seen it grow larger and lighter in color, until some bright morning you would have run down stairs, to shout and clap your little hands over the most beautiful flower you ever beheld. It would have looked up lovingly into your face from its heart of gold, and its pure velvet lips would have smiled upon you for letting it live and bloom. I am so sorry you hurt the dear little bud that now can never be a flower." "Can't it be mended, mamma?" "No, dear." "You mended the cup I broke." "Yes, darling, a broken china cup may be made whole again; but a sweet little bud, waiting to become a rich, golden flower, pinched and torn by cruel fingers, can never be restored." "And God cannot mend it, mamma?" The penitence, pathos and despair of the child's face were indescribable. I drew the little form to my breast in silent awe. "I'm 'most as bad as Cain, mamma," sobbing heavily. "How is that, dear?" "I've killed something. But, mamma, I did not mean to, truly. I didn't know I was hurting the little bud. I'll never touch a plant again—only look at it, mamma, and love it, and wait for the

morning when it'll be a great, beautiful flower."

Precious little teacher! What a lesson for us mothers! In the hurry and worry of this toiling, madding world, are we not in momentary danger, as we walk in the garden of our homes, of pinching, if not killing, something? Think of the tragedy it would be if, through our haste and heedlessness, we should crush and destroy the bud of tenderness—so full and bursting in the heart of a child—and give to society a callous, unfeeling man or woman! There are such in every community. Did the good God, whose name is Love, make them so? Who, then, is the wretched culprit? And where shall he or she be found in that great and awful morning when the Lord of the garden shall demand the full and glorious flower which was to have been developed and perfected from the sweet little bud given unto the bosom of father and mother.—The Home Guardian.

Who is Responsible?

Who in this great nation shall answer before God for the sad fact, that in this second century of the life of this mighty Republic there are still 200,000 Indians unchristianized, within our borders? It is stated that there are only eighty-one missionaries at work among 184,000 Indians; or one missionary to 2,200 Indians; "17,000 Navajos whom Christianity has not touched; 5,000 Apaches in Arizona absolutely destitute of Christian light; 17,000 Indians in Washington territory still heathen." How great is the ripe harvest even before our very doors to say nothing of the vast fields of foreign heathenism! What a call is here for prayer, self-sacrifice and earnest labor on the part of the Christian people of this favored land! How small and contemptibly trivial seem all petty contentions and strifes, in the face of this solemn demand of God upon the church! Oh, that all the available forces of the kingdom were in active service for God and his cause!—The Evangelical.

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The Sunday School.

LESSON FOR SUNDAY, APRIL 1st, 1888;
Matt. 22: 1-14.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.
[Adapted from Zion's Herald.]

The Marriage Feast.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb" (Rev. 19: 9).

1. *Jesus answered*—the thoughts, apparently, of His hearers, for no words of theirs are recorded. *Spoke unto them*—the rulers and elders who had questioned the "authority" by which He spoke and acted, and who, though they may have retired to the outskirts of the crowd, could yet hear what He had to say. *By parables*—Farrar calls this a "day of parables." *Kingdom of heaven*—the favorite subject of His parabolic teaching. *A certain king*—referring to the Father. *Made a marriage* (R. V., "marriage feast") for his son—a wedding feast, in which the espousal of Christ the Son, to the bride, representing the Church or entire body of believers, was celebrated. Believers as individuals are depicted as guests; the Church as an ideal whole is the bride. This imagery is common, both in the Old and New Testaments (see Is. 54: 5; Ezek. 16: 4; Song of Solomon throughout; Rev. 21: 9). "The union of the Divine and human natures in Christ, underlies the other union, but is not prominent here" (Schaff).

"The fact that the guests, i. e., the disciples of Christ, constitute Christ's bride, exemplifies the fact, that no figures borrowed from human life are adequate fully, to illustrate spiritual truth. Observe that the Bible, by the symbol of the feast, represents the religious life as one of joyousness, and by the symbol of marriage, as one of a most sacred and intimate fellowship with God. Observe, too, that the espousal takes place on earth; the marriage is completed in heaven" (Abbott).

3. *Sent forth his servants*, etc.—the earliest messengers of the Gospel—John the Baptist, the disciples, Christ Himself. *Them that were bidden*—the Jewish people. They had been invited (bidden), and now, in accordance with the Oriental custom of announcing that the feast was ready, they were again invited (called). They were therefore expected. *They would not come*—As this was a marriage feast given by a king, and as sufficient time for preparation had been granted, the refusal of his subjects to attend could have but one meaning—deliberate disloyalty and rebellion.

4. *Other servants*—The king is forbearing and patient; he might have commanded attendance, but he had simply invited. Now he sends out a more pressing and urgent invitation. As this parable is prophetic, these "other servants" may refer to the proclamation of the Gospel after the day of Pentecost. *I have prepared* (R. V., "made ready") *my dinner*—the early, midday, introductory meal, with which the series of wedding feasts was opened. Alford applies it to "those preparatory foretastes of the great feast which the Church of God now enjoys." Schaff refers it "to the beginning of privileges which culminate in the marriage supper of the Lamb. All things are ready—It was "the fullness of time." Every provision had been made. In the killing of the "oxen," and "fatlings," many commentators find an allusion to the great Sacrifice, the slaying of Christ whose death was necessary to make "all things ready." *Come unto the marriage* (R. V., "marriage feast")—a plainer and more direct invitation, which they cannot decline without palpably insulting the host.

"The king graciously assumes that these guests deferred their coming through some misunderstanding, unaware, perhaps, that all the preparations were completed, and instead of threatening and punishing, only bids the servants whom he now sends, to press the message with greater instancy and distinctness than before. Something of this same gracious overlooking of, St. Peter in his discourses after Pentecost: 'And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it.'" (Acts 3: 17) (Trench).

5, 6. *They made light of it*—treated this third invitation with contemptuous neglect. *Went their ways*—gave their minds to their own business, and soon forgot the invitation and the inviter. *Farm . . . merchandise*—Some were farmers, some were traders; both classes represent the indifferent and the worldly, people engrossed in their own private pursuits, and utterly unconcerned at hearing Gospel invitations. *The remnant* (R. V., "the rest") *took his servants*—If the former class represent the pre-occupied, busy classes among the Jewish people who were simply heedless of the offers of Christ, "the remnant," must refer to the wicked rulers persecuting Pharisees, whose murderous hatred literally verified this verse.

"In our own day it does not require extraordinary sagacity, to perceive the same spirit in the relish and readiness with which certain classes catch up a cry against any one, who, not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, has discharged his commission in full" (Arnot).

7. *Was wroth*—as he had reason to be at this outrageous treatment of himself and his son. *Sent forth his armies*—Just as the Assyrian was called, in the Old Testament, the "sword" or "rod" of God's anger, with which He executed judgment upon His rebellious people, so in this case, the Roman army was predicted, which, forty years later, visited upon Jerusalem the destruction which God had decreed for its guilty rejection and murder of His servants and His Son.

8, 9. *Bidden were not worthy*—Similar language was used by Paul to the Jews at Antioch—"Seeing that ye judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life." Worthiness and unworthiness here plainly turn upon the acceptance or refusal of the Gospel. *Go ye therefore into the highways*—the places of concourse, the intersections of the streets; not in the city, for that was burned, but out in the high roads of the world. The evident allusion is to the call of the Gentiles.

"In the first instance the invitation was limited to the class who had a prescriptive right to appear at court; when these by their perversity had excluded themselves, the king in his sovereignty extended the invitation generally to the common people, to persons who previously possessed no right of admission" (Arnot).

10. *Both bad and good*—The Gospel summons all, without reference to moral character. None are too "good," and none too "bad," to come to Jesus. Cornelius was "a devout man," charitable and upright, but he needed to "come," just as much as the Magdalene. "The bad are invited, that they may be made good" (Abbott). *Furnished* (R. V., "filled") *with guests*—The feast was not allowed to spoil, because those first invited proved unworthy and ungrateful.

"The Jews, by their rejection of the Gospel, did not frustrate the grace of God. Besides the remarkable fulfillment in the early Christian centuries, there is a reference to the Church, as gathered ever since from all parts of the world" (Schaff).

11. *The king came in to see the guests*—after all are gathered, and the feast is fully furnished. This dread inspection in which every guest passes under scrutiny, can refer only to the day of judgment. *Had not on a wedding garment*—Not because of his poverty, for such garments were furnished from the host's wardrobe; but either because he neglected to supply himself, or because he was conceited enough to suppose that his own robes were goodly and equal to the occasion. He evidently preferred to be arrayed in his own righteousness, which is "as filthy rags," (Isa. 64: 6), rather than to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ." "What this guest lacked was righteousness, both in its root of faith and flower of charity" (Trench).

"We may and ought, when God calls, to come as we are; but we may not, if we would see His face and enjoy His feast, remain as we are (Stier)—We are not without examples in the modern history of the East (and eastern manners so little change that modern examples are nearly as good as ancient), of a vizier having lost his life through this very failing to wear a garment of honor sent to him by the king" (Trench).

12. *Friend*—better rendered "companion" or "associate." The original word does not imply friendship. Jesus used the same word, in addressing Judas in his act of betrayal (Matt. 26: 50). *How camest thou in hither?* etc.—a searching inquiry into the motives of his conduct, in thus presuming to despise the king by wearing his ordinary dress; an intimation, also, of what they may expect, who, while associating with the church, spend their time in weaving their self-righteous robes, and refuse to array themselves in the heaven-provided livery. *He was speechless*—the terrible silence, which a conviction of his unutterable folly enforced.

"It is the terrible silence of conviction. Hardly the most thoughtless have failed to be struck, with the force and significance of this part of the representation. Of all the multitude of excuses that now pass current to justify the world's forgetfulness of its Maker, not one rises to his lips" (Archer Butler).

13. *Then said the king to his servants*—not the guests, but the ministering attendants, who, in nearly every portrayal of final judgment, are the angels. *Bind him hand and foot*—that he may not escape. He is singled out before them all, and compelled to endure the shame of being fettered like a culprit. Vain his attempts to resist the king's judicial sentence. *Cast him into outer darkness*—outside or outdoor darkness; he is excluded rigorously from the light and splendor of the feast, and driven into the black night of despair and grief. *There . . . weeping and gnash-*

ing of teeth.—Says Schaff: "The intense sorrow and the rage, consequent upon such expulsion. The same phrase occurs six times in Matthew and once in Luke. A hint at the wretchedness of a future state of punishment. The figures are fearful; black night, grief, and rage."

14. *Many are called, but few chosen*—The called are many, the elect, few; but, as the parable clearly teaches, the rejected are those who refuse to be elected.

"Myriads are not chosen, because they do not come. And we know not how many who come fall of being chosen, because they have not accepted salvation by Christ. The dogma that they are not chosen, because they are secretly predestinated by God's decree not to be chosen, affirms simply what is not said or implied" (Whedon).

A Sermon.

We recently heard a sermon in Boston, which made so deep and helpful an impression, that we desire to report it for larger service. It was not preached from a pulpit, nor, indeed, was it intended for a homily. The preacher had neither gown, rubric, nor holy orders upon him. This made but little difference with the impression made, for we have learned that only God makes preachers. We have seen many in orders that God never "clothed upon," and many without orders "having his Father's name written in their foreheads." It was not in the spacious audience-room of the church, but in a small room in the tower. The congregation was not large, only a few receptive souls with sympathetic and spiritual discernment. It was a grand place, therefore, to begin to preach.

Modestly, after some little delay, a man arose, perhaps thirty-six years of age, with an open Bible in his hand. He just talked, with the open Bible before him, and he talked about what he had discovered in that Book while searching it, and while in prayer to God about it. That is why we call him a preacher and his talk a sermon. Why not? If that is not preaching, what is? You shall read in Luke's Gospel, at the 4th chapter and the 16th verse, that Jesus went into the synagogue at Nazareth, opened the book of "Esaiah, the prophet," read from it, "and began to say unto them, This day is this Scripture fulfilled to your ears." Was not the Master preaching then?

This man was a Norwegian, and he had been only one year a disciple of Christ. His dialect and language were simple and broken, but still he preached with great unction. Moses wist not that his face shone as he came down from the Mount, after such long communion with God. This humble, innocent disciple did not know of the white gleam of light in his face, as he came from his mount of holy exaltation and experience to talk to us of what God had revealed to him. We turned ourselves about that we might see the divine light flash on his countenance. He said something like this; we were too much in the rapture of responsive delight to hold his exact words:—

"I think much of this meeting to-night. I pray about it. About five o'clock I leave my business a little, take this Bible, read it, and pray to God about it. I came to be very happy. I read this word." It was the 103 Psalm: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name! Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases." Here he paused in his reading and said, exultingly: "God did forgive me. I used to feel so guilty, but it is all gone." And then he read: "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." How glad," said he, "I was, to read that! I had never read it before. 'As far as the east is from the west'" he repeated; and then spreading his arms their whole length, he added, "so far He hath removed our transgressions from us." I have sometimes feared that my sins might come back to me, but I learned in this book that God has put them so

far away that they never can come back to me."

Is the true test of preaching the holy unction, carried to the soul of the listener? Then this man was indeed a preacher, for every eye was upon him, every ear open, and we felt that God was speaking through him.

But there was one better verse, he said; and he read slowly as if feeding upon it: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "I know what that means," he continued; "God is my father, and He pities me." How glad we were that he had learned that lesson, and that God was not a tyrannical autocrat to him as He is to so many. "I became a Christian," said he in closing, "in this church. The minister he helped me to come to Christ, and this class-leader he helped me by his counsel, and I am very happy in the Lord."

We have heard many sermons in this city, but we never heard better nor more helpful. The whole Gospel was preached, the Bible was honored, the minister, the church and the ordinary means of grace were commended. But, most of all, the man was the best illustration of all that he said. We held him warmly by the hand as we told him how much good his sermon had done us.

That was Methodism, pure and simple. That was the fruitage of a church taught to believe that the Gospel has lost none of its savings and edifying efficacy when rightly applied.

Reader, are you such a preacher? You may be. You will be, if you use the samemans to an end. This sentence, from the pen of a distinguished divine, lies in a fresh, open page before us: "Every calling in which a Christian is engaged is his pulpit, from which to preach Jesus Christ and His righteousness, and send forth a testimony for Him."—*Zion's Herald*.

The following exhibit of the Gospel work in Mexico, was made at the late General Conference of Evangelical workers, convened in the Trinity M. E. Church in the city of Mexico, consisting of representatives of eleven evangelical denominations. The first figures represent the mission work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the second, the grand total of all the Protestant missions in Mexico:—

"Centres of operation, 28, 86; congregations, 51, 393; whole number of foreign workers, 28, 125; native workers, 74, 300. Number of church societies, 33, 177; communicants, 1,646, 12,444; probable adherents, 5,500, 26,947. Number of training and theological schools, 1, 10; pupils in same, 16, 66; boarding schools and orphanages, 3, 15; pupils in same, 94, 687; proportion of those supported by missionary board, 70, 242; proportion supported by indigenous resources, 24, 158; common schools, 20, 71; pupils in same, 840, 2,187; total under instruction, 950, 2,953; Sunday schools, 28, 199; teachers and officers, 42, 367; scholars, 637, 4,817. Number of publishing houses, 1, 8; papers issued, 2, 10. Number of church buildings, 13, 73; approximate value of same, including furniture, \$75,500, \$333,400; parsonages, 14, 39; approximate value of same, including society furniture, \$34,900, \$93,260; educational buildings, 8, 16; approximate value of same including furniture and utensils, \$86,350, \$206,050; value of entire publishing outfit, \$16,000, \$39,500; total value of all missionary property, \$238,850, \$653,110; chapels or churches built without aid from board, 10, 16; receiving only partial aid, 8, 19."

Health and House Plants.

Georgia correspondents may tantalize readers with stories of winter Jasmine and Gloire de Dijon Roses, while their own gardens are sleeping in snow, but where are flowers treasured and cared for as at the North? The more difficult

to grow plants, the more devoted people are to their culture. Scotch gardeners and amateurs come in mind at once, but a more striking example is found in Sweden, which has given the most ardent botanists and florists to the world. There botanical gardens are favorite resorts of the cities in the long summer evenings, and the streets show in winter, behind its double sashes, every casement gay with Geraniums, Myrtles and the choicer blossoms of southern climates. Where human beings thrive, plants can flourish, and where these do not blossom humanity contests poor conditions. The house where plants freeze every winter is not a safe one for a family to live in. Its alternate freezings by night and heating by day will end in breaking down the health of its best and most susceptible members. Or the hot, close, sitting-rooms, where plants turn yellow and lose their leaves for want of ventilation, will surely weaken and poison the women and children living in them. I never knew healthy people in rooms where plants would not live, and I have known rheumatism, pulmonary diseases, neuralgia and diphtheria follow unerringly where quick fading leaves and dying plants ought to have given significant warning of bad air and racking extremes of heat and cold.—*VICK'S MAGAZINE* for February.

It is a hard case when it becomes necessary for a man to die to know how many friends he has in the world he just left. Then alone the law of selfishness seems to be reversed and the noble and generous get their meed. In every society, in every home, there are those who give and help and bear burdens. The willing mind prompts to action. The human sponges in the same relation simply absorb. They lie around with health, and gifts patent to every one; but they make no expenditure except under persuasion, and coddling and flattery. They volunteer, never. Their position plainly is—if I am wanted send for me, name your price, and my service is at command. It comes to be understood that, even in church work you must handle them delicately. Give them posts of honor, blow a trumpet before them, and you may succeed in squeezing a little service out of these sponges. Not unfrequently there are all the elements of true leadership in them and they know it. But their selfish love of soft sodder, the taffy of compliment, and the titillation of deference overweighs all generous proffer from them. They set themselves to know their worth before they die.—*Methodist Protestant*.

This grace is the same now as then—its effects are the same, and it is not possible to attain it but by the same simple present, immediate faith in Christ. I thank God that it is so. Its gracious results I know and feel at the present moment. Through its powers I have been graciously preserved from every anxious care. Not one doubt or fear has arisen to darken my sky, or hide for one moment the Saviour from my eyes. At times my peace is so full that I have felt myself to be as a mere mote floating in an ocean of light and glory. The will of God is my will I desire to be governed altogether by it.

I attribute this state altogether to the enjoyment of perfect love, which now pervades my whole being. To God be all the glory! O, that his people would suffer the Divine Being thus to fill and rule them! I have no desire to make a choice between life and death, but for my will to be entirely lost in that of God. Death to me has no sting. The grave has no desolation.—*Dr. G. M. C. Roberts, in Guide to Holiness*.

"The regret is, that Mr. Gladstone should be induced to waste his time on a subject which, so far as it concerns Ingersoll's opinions, is not worth a moment's debate. If Ingersoll had ever stood for anything, but a hither of the absurdities which weak people indulge in, in the name of religion, he could be met in the open field of debate, or on the platform, but the truth is, that the moment a sensible man undertakes to see what his negotiations and ridicule amount to, there is nothing to take it up."—*Boston Herald*.

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Easter.

"And did he rise, did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! Hear it, O ye dead,
He rose, He rose, He burst the bars of death
And triumphed o'er the grave.
Then I rose. Then first, humanity triumphant,
Passed the crystal ports of light
And seized eternal youth.
Man, all immortal, hail.
Hail heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man.
Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss."

More than twenty centuries have succeeded each other since that memorable dawn, on the first day of the week, when the entombed Nazarene, whose death upon the cross, three days before had extinguished all hope of Messianic triumph in the minds of his disciples, awoke to conscious life, and came forth from his sepulchre, wearing the trophies of *Hades'* conqueror.

Every first day of the week since then, most significantly and appropriately called the Lord's day, have devout believers in a risen Christ accounted as holy time, and in acts of worship through all these centuries has this memorial day been consecrated to a weekly proclamation of the resurrection of the crucified Christ. Thus we have an indisputable proof of this vital fact in the history of our adorable Saviour. In all lands, among all peoples, through all ages since that first morning, whatever differences of creed or polity, social condition, or culture, there may have been, the recurrence of the first day of the week has repeated in Christian ears the glad evangel of the angel, standing beside the empty tomb,
"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."

For centuries, a special commemoration of this stupendous fact, has been made in annual Easter services. As nature's spring time succeeds the drear and lifeless season of winter's frosts, and vernal leaf and bud and blossom proclaim the revival of vegetable life, it is fitting that we have our annual Easter-tide, and with gladness and gratitude offer worship to Him, by whose resurrection power, we are raised from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. "Because I live ye shall live also," said the blessed Christ before his sacrificial death, and now we have these words of precious comfort from his own apostle, "if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him;" and again, "we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things into himself."
Blessed Easter! With flowers and

fragrance, with song and praise we hail thy return! For thou dost irradiate the shadowy valley with the beams of celestial day, and to the hearts surcharged with sorrow at the relentless ravages of death, thou dost bring the balm of tenderest healing, in the assurance of the coming hour, when
"All that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth."
"Oh grave where is thy victory? Oh death where is thy sting?"
"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Honor The Book.

A venerable divine of the Presbyterian Church, in a recent conversation with the writer, expressed surprise that he so seldom heard the Scriptures read in the evening services he had attended among his Methodist brethren, and inquired if it was a general practice in our churches. We certainly hope that such omission is very exceptional. For ourselves, we consider any religious service, whether public worship, or the more private social meetings sadly incomplete without the reading of at least a brief selection from the Word. If the service is to be abbreviated, better far omit some part of the human utterances, than fail to give what comes direct from its Divine author.

When the sermon or the song, the experience or the exhortation crowds out the expository reading of the Word, not only do the people lose the benefit which the Word alone can give, but the Word itself is remanded to a secondary place, and we virtually say the rest of the service is more important.

The great secret of Mr. Moody's efficiency as a gospel laborer, lies in the honor he puts upon the Bible as the book of God. The people are hungry for the Word; and there is little doubt that our preaching would not only be more effective, but also more popular, were it characterized by more of clean cut, sprightly and intelligent exposition.

The ignorance of the public in respect to the Bible is deplorable, and if all possible instruction is not given from the pulpit, where are the people to get it? While the aim of every true sermon is to set forth divine truth, the Word itself should be made familiar to the hearers, by formal and impressive reading at every service. It were well if the pews were furnished with copies of the sacred book, that either by following the reader or by responsive reading, the hearer may participate personally in this act of worship.

Much too depends upon the quiet and attention secured before the reading, and the impression made upon the congregation, that the minister is now to speak God's own words, and they are to listen as if God himself were speaking. Just so far as we fail to appreciate our lofty status, as ambassadors from the court of heaven, and the people fail to hear us as such, do we dwindle to the proportions of ordinary men, and our message carries little, if any, more weight than the deliverances of those, who make no claim to a Divine commission.

The Banner Conference.

Amid our rejoicings over the grand advance in collections for missions reported at the late session of the Wilmington Conference, an advance of \$2,317.63, we learn with regret, that the noble record of the parent Conference that has so long showed steady and large advances is not maintained by this year's returns. At the 67th anniversary, Monday night, March 19th, the treasurer reported receipts amounting to \$59,886.73, a grand collection indeed, but yet \$3,472.89 less, than that of the previous year. We are glad to report as an offset, that one district reports 2319 conversions during the year, and the three others rejoice in similar tokens of the Divine approbation of the work of his servants. Philadelphia still leads the column.

Mutually Helpful.

The subjoined clipping from the *Baltimore Methodist* is applicable to other "local" papers, in their relation to "general" Church papers. It is so just, so common sense, and from so high authority, that it may be considered conclusive. Dr. Buckley, the accomplished editor, of our "Great Official," said to the writer, in a conversation on the subject, it is impossible, for a general Church paper to do the local work, so necessary to be done in the several conferences. We congratulate Brother Cornelius on the high commendation of his paper, so publicly expressed, and in behalf of the fraternity of "locals," we tender our thanks to Bishop Hurst for his manly deliverance. (Ed. P. M.)

"When the Report of the Committee on the *Baltimore Methodist* was about to be adopted by the Conference—Tuesday 13th inst—Bishop Hurst said:

Some persons think, that local Conference papers interfere with the general Church papers. But my experience has not been so. I have attended many Conferences, where Dr. Buckley and other official editors have spoken on these subjects. Their information is, and my knowledge from other sources is, that the local paper and the general papers mutually help one another. I am particularly pleased with the *Baltimore Methodist*. I like it, because it gives me information from Baltimore and the Baltimore Conference. I like it because it has opinions. You don't have to wait till everybody else has spoken, to find out what its opinions are. As soon as an important moral subject is in the public thought, as a living question, your paper expresses clear convictions on that subject. I generally agree with its views; but if I do not agree with them, I am glad that the editor speaks; for even if we dissent from the views expressed, the discussion of the subject helps to form correct public opinion.

We thank Bishop Hurst most heartily for such voluntary commendation, publicly made to our Conference, and to the large and representative assembly of persons present from all parts of our Conference. No compliment has ever been passed upon the paper during its present management, which was more spontaneous, more timely, and more truly appreciated by the publisher and by the entire Conference. This utterance of Bishop Hurst shows that he, too, has opinions, and that he is not padlocked in the expression of them, by official position."

"As Clear As Mud."

The *Michigan Christian Advocate* in its issue of the 17th inst, makes a facetious allusion to the views of Judge Lawrence of Ohio, on the subject of our missionary Episcopacy, as given in the *Western* and in part furnished our readers in our issue of last week. The learned jurist's deliverance, Dr. Potts characterizes, as being "as clear as mud." We confess that our *Michigan conferee's* putting of the case is far from pellucid, but the trouble is, that the limpid waters from the Ohio fountain, became turbid by passing through the Michigan conduit. The clearest liquid may easily become muddy, if terrene ingredients be infused.

As we understand the Judge, and we think he touches the pivotal point, on which turns the entire question, the concurrent action of 1856, instead of merely appending an additional clause to the Third Restrictive Rule, providing for the creation of a new species of the genus bishop, a view that as wise and astute a man as Dr. Warren of the *Northern* maintains in his recent editorial on the ecclesiastical status of Bishop Taylor, in point of fact did effect a radical change in the powers of the General Conference, with respect to the plan of our general superintendency. So that the restriction upon those powers, which had inhibited the Delegated Conference from its origin, from limiting the juris-

diction of a bishop, was removed, and since 1856, it has been within the constitutional authority of the General Conference, to place such limitations upon the territorial jurisdiction of our bishops appointed to our "foreign missions," as not only limit the missionary bishops, but, per necessary consequence, limit their associates in the superintendency, who are not appointed to such mission fields. The clear-headed Bishop Merrill, evidently saw the force of such logic; for in his valuable treatise on "Methodist Law," referring to "Missionary bishops" he says, "they are truly bishops, but local and subordinate." (The Italicizing is ours.) Just so precisely; unless subordinate, of course they are the peers of their brethren, and the authority that shuts them in, shuts the others out. It is unquestionable, that so far as the General Conference has committed the episcopal supervision of that part of the Church which is in Africa, to Bishop Taylor exclusively it has thereby limited the jurisdiction of every other bishop, to such parts of the same church as are outside of Africa. As by custom, there is an annual distribution (appointment is the conventional word) of the Conferences among the several bishops not missionary, and an invasion of such temporary assignment of jurisdiction, contravenes the principles of courtesy and agreement, upon which depend the harmony, and the avoidance of unseemly collisions of authority, in our episcopal administration, precisely so by appointment of the General Conference, Bishop Taylor has been assigned to his field; and it is for that body to say, what field he shall hereafter supervise; whether, removing all territorial restrictions, it shall extend his supervision to the rest of the Church, in common with the other bishops, and thus extend their's to Africa, or whether, missionary bishops shall be multiplied, and the other bishops have their jurisdiction correspondingly still further restricted.

As a matter of fact, the general superintendency of our Church, since the early days of Bishop Asbury's administration, has been effected by the concurrent superintendencies of the several bishops who have been elected from time to time, as was deemed expedient. However fond the conceit, that each bishop is equally with every other bishop a general superintendent of the whole church, practically and historically, each bishop has found it impossible to spread his episcopal proportions over the wide expanse of our Methodism, and has been obliged by the rapid and vast growth of the Church, to do a large part of his general supervision by proxy. The sum of these several superintendencies make up "our general superintendency," and in this way every part of the Church, at home and abroad, is supplied with episcopal supervision; not by one man spreading himself out so thin as to cover the entire church, but by a wise assignment of supervision to the several members of the Episcopal Board.

In this view, a bishop is one of the general superintendents, not because he has an unrestricted jurisdiction, for no bishop has had such, since the days of Asbury, and even he had to divide with Dr. Coke, Richard Whatcoat, and Wm. McKendree, but because his jurisdiction with the several jurisdictions of the other bishops, makes up the entire jurisdiction, which is denominated, our general superintendency. Hence we say with Judge Lawrence, that Bishop Taylor, having his part of this general superintendency of the Church, is one of the general superintendents.

In the Disciplinary use of the terms, "General Superintendent" and "Bishop" are synonymous and interchangeable titles. The former occurs but three times, if we have counted accurately, while the latter is used throughout the book, without another exception. It follows therefore, that when that little

book of law says, "One of the General Superintendents shall preside in the General Conference," paragraph 70, it means "one of the bishops shall preside;" and, "one of the bishops shall preside;" and, "one of the bishops shall preside;" and the Disciplinary rule makes no discrimination, between big bishops and little bishops, "regular bishops and missionary bishops" it follows, that Dr. Taylor, who is truly a bishop, though a missionary bishop, may take his turn with the other bishops in presiding over the General Conference as one of the bishops, alias General Superintendents.

It is worthy of note, that the title "missionary bishop" occurs but twice in the Discipline; once in the Restrictive Rule, which extends the powers of the General Conference over the Episcopacy in the case of our foreign missions; and again in paragraph 162, which contains the present rule for "constituting bishops, a rule which can be changed, as any other rule can be, at the pleasure of the General Conference; being simply a regulation, without any constitutional restriction whatever.

But the significant fact in relation to "Missionary bishops," as well as in relation to General Superintendents, is, that the universal title is "bishop. Every duty, every function, every prerogative, every provision for amenability, every provision for support, even the formula for the solemn service of Consecration, are all predicated of bishops. Unless "a missionary bishop," therefore is a bishop" in the Disciplinary sense of the term, he is so absolutely nondescript an officer in the Church, as to be without any prescribed duties, functions, prerogatives, amenability, or claim for support; literally is he, with such a construction, "a law unto himself." The absurdity, of such inevitable conclusion from the premises assumed by those who insist, that a "missionary bishop" is something different from "a bishop" missionary: and that a simple extension of power over our Episcopacy did authorize the creation of a new kind of bishop is so manifest, that without any lack of charity, we may suspect the presence of some particles of mud in the visual organs of our excellent brethren, who persist in their invidious discriminations.

Wilmington Preachers' Meeting.

Rev. Dr. Todd, the president, called the meeting to order, last Monday morning, and after singing the hymn beginning, "Forever here my rest shall be," Presiding Elder Murray led in prayer. The other brethren present, were Revs. J. E. Bryan, A. Stengle, E. L. Hubbard, J. D. C. Hanna, L. E. Barrett, J. Dodd, and Rev. Dr. Spence, President of Grant University, Athens, Tenn. The routine business having been disposed of, Rev. Bro. Dodd read a discourse on the text, "We preach Christ crucified unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called both Jews and Greeks, Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God." 1 Cor. 1-23-4.

After some criticisms by Bros. Bryan, Barrett, Stengle, Murray and Hubbard, Dr. Spence made some remarks explanatory of his special work among the poor whites of the South. The Dr. is a delegate to the General Conference, and we are glad to find, takes a very common sense view of the question of mixed schools. The two races don't affect enforced conglomeration there, any more than they do with us; and with equal educational facilities, each race prospers most satisfactorily in its own schools. The Doctor thinks it would help matters to drop the title Freedmen's Aid, and include our school work among the whites and blacks there, under the designation of "our educational work in the South."

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The condition of the people in countries which have not been able to break away from the dominion of Rome is pitiful in the extreme. Read the following: "A recent number of the Record, published by the venerable Rev. Dr. Trumbull, of Valparaiso, Chili, in speaking of Peru and Bolivia, says:

"The day of the redemption of these republics from the thralldom of ignorance and error touching the Gospel seems far distant. Every expectation that is raised recedes like the mirage of their deserts. Millions sit in darkness, some civilized and luxurious, some half-civilized, some quite barbarous, but all without any knowledge at all of the Holy Scriptures and without any thorough education of the people that deserves the name; while still the years pass without even an attempt being made by any one to reach them in order to evangelize them. The extreme forms of idolatrous practice may be seen in the churches of their inland towns and villages. People there are without God and without hope. So-called Christian ceremonies are really orgies of dissipation; revels, instead of acts of devotion; feasts, not of piety, but of intemperance. This is the condition religiously of dwellers on the northern shores and in the inland towns of the coast; and, in spite of any feeble calls we utter on their behalf, the streams of Christian interest and attention flow past them indifferently; if not indignantly. As Missionary fields they are neglected, not sown, not irrigated, but positively shunned."

No nation can rise with the mill-stone of Romanism hanging to his neck.

"I hate the idea of conjugating Christ's success in India in the future tense," wrote Chunder Sen, only a brief season before his death. "It is a thing already largely achieved—yes, I say most emphatically, the Spirit of Christ has already gone far into the depths of India's heart; and I declare on my solemn, deliberate conviction that the sanctifying saving influences of Christ's life and teachings have already wrought wonders in this land. Jesus Christ brings more than a system of morals; He imparts the germ of a new life; this is His wonder-working power."—Free Church Monthly.

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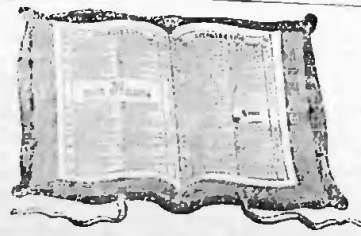
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