

Title: *The Spirit of Missions*, 1874

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THE
SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

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Protestant Episcopal Church in the U. S. of America.

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CONTENTS FOR VOLUME XXXIX.

JANUARY.

Domestic.	PAGE.
Letter from Bishop Tuttle.....	1
Letter from Bishop Whipple.....	3
Church Missions in America.....	6
Deaf Adders.....	10
Church Growth in Louisiana.....	11
A Report from New Mexico.....	12
Work in Maine.....	14
Monthly Mail.....	14
Our History.....	18
New Year.....	19
The Young Christian Soldier.....	20
Money.....	20
Plain Words.....	21
Acknowledgments.....	23
INDIAN COMMISSION.	
Bequests.....	23
Fruits of Christian Work Among the Chipewas.....	24
Acknowledgments.....	24
Foreign.	
Epiphany Appeal of the Foreign Committee.....	35
The Summer Palace of the Emperor of China.....	37

	PAGE.
Appointments.....	40
Movements of Missionaries.....	41
Death of an African Catechist.....	42
China.....	42
The Failure of the Reactionary Movement in Japan.....	49
Haiti.....	51
Title Page of Vol. 38.....	52
Missions in India.....	52
Acknowledgments.....	54
Foreign Stations and Committee for Foreign Missions.....	56
Colored.	
The Colored People of the South.....	57
The Negro: His Past, Present and Future.....	60
Acknowledgments.....	60
Woman's Work.	
Fifth Annual Report of the Ladies' Domestic Missionary Relief Association.....	67
Report from a Foreign Missionary.....	67
Unrecorded Work.....	68
Acknowledgments.....	68

FEBRUARY.

Domestic.	
A Sunday with Bishop Morris.....	69
Letter from Bishop Talbot.....	72
Missionary Intelligence—How shall it be obtained and diffused?.....	75
Church Missions in America.....	79
Monthly Mail.....	84
Mite Chest System.....	85
The Breach Repaired.....	87
Acknowledgments.....	87
INDIAN COMMISSION.	
Missionaries and Teachers in the Indian Field.....	91
Help Needed.....	91
White Unto Harvest.....	92
Oneida Indian Mission.....	96
Gladly to Give of that Little.....	97
The Ponka Mission.....	97
Acknowledgments.....	97
Foreign.	
A Chinese Proclamation on Female Infanticide.....	99
The Present Ruler of Japan.....	100
The City of Yeddo.....	101
A Street in Yeddo.....	102
Tools for Artisans in the African Missions—Tools Wanted.....	104
China—Letter from the Rev. Robert Nelson—Temporary Absence of the Rev. Mr. Nelson—Letter from the Rev. Kong Chai Yung.....	104—106

Japan—Extracts from Bishop Williams' Letter—Letter from Rev. C. T. Blanchet—Letter from the Rev. W. B. Cooper—Extract from a letter of one of our Missionaries in Japan—Letter from Dr. Laning—The Rev. A. R. Morris.....	107—110
Mission School at Joppa.....	111
Home and Abroad.....	112
Day of Intercession.....	114
Missions in India.....	115
Natives who are the Peers of Foreign Missionaries.....	116
Give Liberally.....	116
Acknowledgments.....	117
Foreign Stations and Committee for Foreign Missions.....	120
Colored.	
Mississippi—Jackson Convocation.....	121
Maryland—Missionary Services at Annapolis.....	123
Superstition and Fanaticism among the Freedmen.....	123
The Negro Race in the South Increasing.....	123
Acknowledgments.....	124
Woman's Work.	
The Woman's Missionary Association of the Diocese of Long Island.....	125
Report.....	126
Address at the First Anniversary of the Woman's Missionary Association of the Diocese of Long Island, Nov. 25, 1873.....	127
Mrs. Stanforth and the Ponka Indians.....	130
Acknowledgments.....	133

MARCH.

	PAGE.
Domestic.	
Letter from Bishop Whittaker.....	132
Letter from Bishop Neely.....	136
Church Missions in America.....	138
Incidents of Mission Life.....	142
Monthly Mail.....	143
Home and Abroad.....	147
Our Magazine.....	148
Lay Help.....	150
Acknowledgments.....	151
INDIAN COMMISSION.	
Missionaries and Teachers in the Indian Field.....	155
Lent Appeal for Indian Missions.....	155
Christian Schools Among the Indians.....	156
Scholarships Already Existing.....	159
Extracts of Letters from Rev. H. Burt.....	160
Acknowledgments.....	161
Foreign.	
The Great Wall of China— <i>Illustrated</i>	163
A Burden laid on Weary Shoulders.....	166
A Pleasant Opportunity for some loving Hearts.....	167
Special Notice to the Holders of Missionary Boxes.....	167
Africa—Letter from Bishop Auer— <i>Ditto</i> , an- nouncing his safe arrival out.....	167—168
China—Letter from Miss Fay.....	168
Japan—Letter from Rev. C. T. Blanchet.....	169

	PAGE.
Haiti—Extract of Letter from Mr. Holly—Ex- tract of Letter from Rev. P. E. Jones.....	170
Palestine—Letter from Miss M. B. Baldwin.....	171
Commerce by Itself is a Decivilizer—The fore- most Obstacle to the Regeneration of China—Testimony of Consul Medhurst and the Rev. Mr. Moule—Testimony of the Rev. Dr. Williamson—How Commerce is Helpful.....	172—174
The Intellect of Japan thoroughly Aroused.....	175
The Civilizations of the Far East.....	176
What Five Missionaries in China have ac- complished.....	178
Giving in Secret.....	179
Day of Intercession.....	179
Foreign Stations and Committee for Foreign Missions.....	180
Acknowledgments.....	181
Colored.	
Want of Funds.....	185
Appointment.....	185
Washington, D. C., Rev. A. Crummel.....	186
Nebraska City—The Colored People's Christ- mas.....	187
Confirmation at St. Stephen, Petersburg, Va. 187	187
Desire to Learn.....	187
Acknowledgments.....	188
Woman's Work.	
The Every-day Life of a Missionary in China.....	189
A Letter from Bishop Whipple.....	194
Acknowledgments.....	196

APRIL.

	PAGE.
Domestic.	
Letter from Bishop Pierce.....	197
Letter from Bishop Atkinson.....	198
History of Church Missions in America.....	201
A German Prayer Book.....	206
Monthly Mail.....	209
The Domestic Committee and their Function.....	213
Thank Offerings.....	215
The Prior Claim.....	215
Hard to keep our Promises.....	215
Acknowledgments.....	216
INDIAN COMMISSION.	
Missionaries and Teachers in the Indian Field.....	219
Two Facts.....	219
The Rev. Paul Mazakute: His Last Words to His Friends.....	220
New Address for the White Earth Mission.....	221
Letter from the Rev. J. J. Enmegabowh.....	222
Acknowledgments.....	229
Foreign.	
Avenue to the Ming Tombs near Peking— <i>Illus- trated</i>	231
Enough to do at Home.....	233
Ordination in the African Mission.....	235
Appointment.....	235
Greece—Letter from Miss Muir—Second Let- ter from Miss Muir.....	235—237

Bishop Auer's Voyage from Germany to Cape Palmas—To Liverpool—To Tenerife—The Break-down—To Sierra Leone.....	240—244
China—Arrival of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hoehing in China—Rev. Mr. Yen (Yung Kiung) Disabled—Letter from W. J. Boone— Bishop's Visit—Baptisms, and First Mar- riage—Street Chapel—School.....	245—247
Japan—Letter from the Rev. J. H. Quinby— Daily Routine.....	247
The most Powerful Superstition in Japan— The Form of the Fox-myths—The Evil Spirit of the Fox enters into Men—An ex- planation of the Fox-myths—The Delusion is very Potential.....	248—250
Acknowledgments.....	250

Colored.

Danger of Heathenism.....	253
The Future of Our School Work.....	253
Dry Grove, Miss.—Rev. Wm. K. Douglas.....	254
Wytheville, Va.—Rev. D. F. Forrest.....	255
Monticello, Fla.—A. M. Roberts.....	255
Jackson, Miss.—Rev. W. C. Crane, D.D.....	256
Acknowledgments.....	256

Woman's Work.

Work at the Yankton Mission.....	257
Opening of the Girls' Boarding School at Crow Creek.....	259
Christmas at the Santee Mission.....	262
Boxes Received at the Niobrara Store Room, between Oct. 21, 1873, and Feb. 16, 1874.....	233

Contents.

v

MAY.

	PAGE.
Domestic.	
Letter from Bishop Spaulding.....	265
Letter from Bishop Vail.....	267
Minnesota Logging-Camp Mission.....	269
History of Church Missions in America.....	272
Monthly Mail.....	276
Bishop Spaulding and his Work.....	280
Will-Making.....	281
An Example that Should be Followed.....	282
Be Your Own Executor.....	282
"I seek not Yours, but You.".....	283
Acknowledgments.....	284
INDIAN COMMISSION.	
Letter from Bishop Hare.....	287
The Mission at Mendota.....	290
Mission and School Work at Crow Creek.....	292
Acknowledgments.....	293
Foreign.	
City of Allahabad and the Recent Missionary Conference There— <i>Illustrated</i>	295
Africa—	
Narrative of Bishop Auer's voyage from Germany to Cape Palmas—Letters from Bishop Auer.....	297—301

	PAGE.
Death of Bishop Auer.....	302
Letter of Rev. S. D. Ferguson—Letter from the Rev. L. L. Montgomery—Extracts from the Rev. S. W. Seton's Letter.....	304—307
China—Letter from Robert Nelson.....	308
Japan—Extract from Bishop Williams' Letter—Books for Library—Address of Letters—Girls' School House in Wuchang—Letter from Rev. C. T. Blanchet—Opening of a School—Sunday School—Great Temple Burned.....	308—310
Haiti—Report of Rev. J. T. Holly.....	311—323
Palestine—Extract from Miss Baldwin's Letter.....	313
Acknowledgments.....	314

Colored.

Confirmation among the Colored People.....	317
Letter from a Lady in Mississippi to a Clergyman of Philadelphia.....	319
Acknowledgments.....	320

Woman's Work.

Our Mission Girls—Report from a Parish Society—A Suggestive Diocesan Circular.....	326
Acknowledgments.....	328

JUNE.

	PAGE.
Domestic.	
Letter from Bishop Clarkson.....	329
Letter from Bishop Greene.....	332
History of Church Missions in America.....	333
Among the Scandinavians of Minnesota.....	336
Missionary Intelligence.....	338
Monthly Mail.....	341
Mission Work Among many Peoples.....	343
Bishop Green and his Diocese.....	346
Systematic Teaching.....	347
Summer Work.....	348
Acknowledgments.....	349
INDIAN COMMISSION.	
Further Enlargement of the Work.....	353
Letter from Bishop Hare.....	354
Letter from the Rev. Mr. Gillfillan.....	358
Acknowledgments.....	360
Foreign.	
Mohammedanism in Northern and Central Africa.....	363
The Present Inhabitants of Morocco—Mohammedan Propagandism in Central Africa—A Compromise of Islamism with Fetichism—Testimony Concerning the Numerous and Influential Fulahs—Not Fanatical as in the Barbary States—Testimony of Bishop Payne.....	363—366

Funds.....	367
Kind and Liberal Responses.....	368
Woman's Department and Foreign Missions.....	369
Contributions of Special Value.....	369
Africa—Bishop Auer—Memorial Service and Memorial Church Building—Death of Bishop Auer—Letter from Rev. G. W. Gibson.....	370—373
Greece—The Infant Lessons.....	374
Haiti—Report of Rev. J. T. Holly.....	375
The Healing Art a Powerful Auxiliary to the Preaching of the Gospel.....	377
Acknowledgments.....	380

Colored.

"The Spiritual condition of the Colored Population of the South and its claim upon the Church's care.".....	385
Need of Funds.....	388
Acknowledgments.....	388

Woman's Work.

Christmas Reminiscences of Missionary Life in China.....	389
Notes from the Bridgman Memorial School.....	392
Missionary Life in Japan.....	394
Acknowledgments.....	396

JULY.

	PAGE.
Domestic.	
Letter from Bishop Tuttle.....	397
Missionary Journeys in Dakota.....	399
History of Church Missions in America.....	401
Associate Mission work in Florida—Report of Rev. E. Root.....	404
A Report from Texas.....	407
Monthly Mail.....	409
How the Work is Done.....	413

Good News from Florida.....	415
Acknowledgments.....	416

INDIAN COMMISSION.

The Prayer Book in the Dakota Language.....	419/
Candid Testimony.....	423
Death of an Indian Catechist at White Earth.....	423
A Strange Scene on the Upper Missouri.....	424
Acknowledgments.....	425

JULY—Continued.

Foreign.	PAGE.	PAGE.	PAGE.
The Condition of Chinese Women—The Birth of a Daughter looked upon as a Calamity—How Partners are obtained for the Children—Meritorious for a Betrothed Girl to Commit Suicide if her affianced one dies—The Method of Self Murder—Monumental Gateways Erected in their Honor.....	427—430	Church at Aspinwall, Central America.....	441
Need of Episcopal Services in Africa.....	431	The Fetichism of Africa.....	443
Appointments.....	432	Memoir of Dean Alford.....	444
Arrival of Missionaries.....	432	Acknowledgments.....	445
Change of Position.....	432	Foreign Stations.....	448
Scholarships in some of our Foreign Mission Schools.....	432		
A Pleasant Letter.....	433	Colored.	
Africa—Letter from Mr. J. J. Blyden.....	434	The Colored Population of the South; Its Claim upon the Church's care.....	449
China—Letter from Rev. E. H. Thomson—Letter from Miss L. M. Fay.....	435	Mississippi—Ordination of Geo. H. Jackson.....	451
Japan—Letter from the Rev. C. T. Blanchet—Letter from the Rev. C. H. Newman.....	437—438	Acknowledgments.....	452
Haiti—Report of Rev. L. D. Ledan—Extracts from Journal of Rev. Alexander Battiste, Assistant Deacon of Trinity Parish.....	438—441		
		Woman's Work.	
		St. Mark's Hospital, Salt Lake City.....	453
		Mission among the Oneida Indians.....	456
		Acknowledgment from White Earth.....	458
		Letter from Miss Hicks.....	459
		Acknowledgments.....	460

AUGUST.

Domestic.	PAGE.	PAGE.	PAGE.
The Chinese on our Pacific Coast—A Letter from Col. E. C. Kemble.....	461	Return of a Missionary Teacher.....	496
History of Church Missions in America.....	465	China—Letter from Rev. E. H. Thomson—Increase of Excitement—Personal Risk—Services held as Usual—Certain Appearances Needed.....	496—499
Missionary Correspondence.....	469	Letter from the Rev. A. C. Hoehing.....	499
A Contrast.....	472	Letter from Rev. W. J. Boone—Bishop's Visit—Street Chapel—Opening Services—The Lane Lot—Plan for Church of the Nativity—The Bohlen Memorial Girls' School—Lady wanted for the Girls' School.....	500—502
Monthly Mail.....	473	Japan—Letter from Rev. J. H. Quinby—A Request Repeated.....	502—508
What shall be Done with Them?.....	477	Letter from Rev. C. T. Blanchet—The Work at Yedo—A Japanese Festival.....	504
Missionary Stipends.....	478	A Very Prosperous Year.....	506
Mite Chest Pamphlet—No. Two.....	480	India.....	507
Acknowledgments.....	481	Report of the Department of Education in Japan.....	508
INDIAN COMMISSION.		Books, etc., on Foreign Missions.....	508
Missionaries and Teachers in the Indian Field.....	483	Acknowledgments.....	509
Funds Wanted.....	483	Foreign Stations.....	512
Glimpses of Indian Boarding School Life.....	484		
Notes of Hospital Experience at White Earth.....	485	Colored.	
Contrasts.....	487	Ordination of a Colored Man as a Deacon, in the Diocese of Mississippi.....	512
Tokens of Progress.....	488	Acknowledgments.....	516
Mission Work on the Bazille.....	489		
Acknowledgments.....	489	Woman's Work.	
Foreign.		First Annual Report of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions, with the Report of the Special Committee on the Same.....	517
Wide-spread interest in a Great Unexplored Island—Supposed to be the Largest Island in the World—The two Strongly Marked Races which Inhabit It—Houses on Poles in New Guinea—A Mission from Holland in the Northwestern Part—The London Society's Mission.....	491—495		
An Honored Name.....	495		
Memorial Sermon.....	496		
Special Missionary Service.....	496		

SEPTEMBER.

Domestic.	PAGE.	PAGE.	PAGE.
Letter from Bishop Kip.....	525	Texas.....	547
Extracts from the Address of Bishop Gregg to his Council.....	531	Acknowledgments.....	547
A Shining Cross on a Dark Ground.....	535	INDIAN COMMISSION.	
Monthly Mail.....	539	Growth.....	552
What will the General Convention Do?.....	541	Mission Horses for Niobrara.....	553
Horses Wanted.....	546	Perils by Land.....	554
		Pleasant Incidents at White Earth.....	555

SEPTEMBER—Continued.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
The Oneida Mission, Wisconsin.....	559	The Intellect of the Western Africans.....	578
St. Paul's School, Yankton Agency.....	560	Chinese Fox Myths.....	578
Anniversary at White Earth.....	560	The Non-permanency of Roman Catholic	
Acknowledgments.....	562	Missions—The causes of the Non-per-	
		manency—Testimony of the Abbe Dubois	
		—Exaggerations of Roman Catholic	
		Writers.....	580—582
		Acknowledgments.....	582
		Foreign Stations.....	584
		Colored.	
Foreign.		Petersburg, Va.....	585
Temple of Agriculture at Peking.....	563	Rev. H. W. Wilson, Nebraska City.....	585
Funds.....	565	St. Louis, Mo.....	586
Subscribers to the Spirit of Missions.....	566	The Dark Cloud Rising.....	586
Result of Faithful Systematic effort.....	567	Acknowledgments.....	588
Greece—Letter from Miss Marlon Muir.....	567		
China—Efforts for the Benefit of Foreign			
Sailors—Extracts from Miss Fay's Let-			
ter.....	569—573		
Japan—Extracts from Bishop Williams' Let-			
ter—Death of Bishop Auer—Communion			
Set—Ordination.....	573—575		
Africa—Letter from Mr. J. T. Thorpe—Bishop			
Auer—Arrival of the Bishop—Ordination			
at Cavalla—Confirmation at St. Mark's			
Church, Cape Palmas—Confirmation at			
Cavalla—Ordination at St. Mark's—Con-			
firmation at Orphan Asylum, Cape Pal-			
mas.....	575—578		
		Woman's Work.	
		Annual School Examinations in China—A	
		Letter from Miss Fay.....	589—593
		First Annual Report of the Indian Aid So-	
		ciety of Providence.....	592—596
		Acknowledgments.....	596

OCTOBER.

		Domestic.	
Letter from Bishop Tuttle.....	597	Dr. Schweinfurth's Great Work on Africa—	
Missionary Journeys in Dakota.....	599	Geographical and Ethnological Facts	
History of Church Missions in America.....	602	Established—Mohammedanism Bane-	
A Grateful Clergyman.....	607	ful and not Beneficial—The Moslem	
Monthly Mail.....	608	Priests are Slave-Traders—Testimony	
What will the Board of Missions Do?.....	613	of the Rev. H. Townsend—Probable	
Acknowledgments.....	617	Reason for the Discrepancy in the Tes-	
		timony from Western Africa.....	637—640
		The Overland Slave-Trade in East Central	
		Africa.....	640
		Preaching Christ in a Japanese Prison.....	642
		A Reply to a Lecture on Buddhism.....	643
		Interesting Comparisons Between Primitive	
		Missions and those of our own Time....	644
		Acknowledgments.....	646
		Foreign Stations.....	648
		Colored.	
		In Memoriam.....	649
		Charleston, S. C.....	650
		Is the Colored Man Susceptible of being	
		Educated?.....	651
		Our Account with the Freedmen.....	651
		Acknowledgments.....	652
		Woman's Work.	
		The Girls' "Club" at Saverne, and its First	
		Missionary Contribution.....	653
		Indians' Hope Association of Philadelphia.....	656
		The Indian Aid Association of Baltimore.....	659
		Report from a Parish Society.....	659
		Acknowledgments.....	660

NOVEMBER.

THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL SERMON.—Preached before the Board of Missions, at St. Thomas' Church, New York, on Friday Evening, October 9, 1874, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, England.....	661
MISSIONARY MEETING AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—October 13, 1874.....	667
SERMON COMMEMORATIVE OF BISHOP AUER.—Preached by the Right Rev. G. T. Bedell, D.D., in Calvary Church, New York, October 15, 1874.....	694
Acknowledgments of the Domestic Committee.....	714
Acknowledgments of the Indian Commission.....	716
Acknowledgments of the Foreign Committee.....	717
Acknowledgments of Home Missions to Colored People.....	719

DECEMBER.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Domestic.			
Thirty-ninth Annual Report of the Domestic Committee	721	Arrival of a Missionary Teacher from Africa	783
Report of the Special Committee on the Domestic Committee's Report, etc.	731	Retirement of a Missionary from Japan.	783
Report of the Domestic Committee.	737	Progress in China.	783
Missionary Meetings.	740	<i>Acknowledgments</i>	784-785
<i>Acknowledgments</i>	741	Foreign Stations.	786
INDIAN COMMISSION.		Committee for Foreign Missions.	786
Extracts from Bishop Hare's Report.	743	Colored.	
Enlargement of the Work.	748	Late Meeting of the Board of Missions.	787
Letter from General Custer.	749	Washington, D. C.	788
Oneida Indian Mission.	750	Report of the Canfield School, Memphis, Tenn.	789
Visit to Mendota.	753	Fayetteville, N. C., St. Joseph's Church.	790
<i>Acknowledgments</i>	754	Woman's Work.	
Foreign.		Second Annual Report of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions.	791
Meeting of the Board of Missions, October, 1874.	755	Report of the Special Committee on the Second Annual Report of the Woman's Auxiliary.	797
The Greek Mission—The West African Mission—The Japan Mission—Division of Missionary Jurisdiction—The Haiti Mission—Haitien Episcopate—Palestine—Letter from the Honorary Secretary.	758-770	First General Meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions.	802
Death of Bishop Payne.	780	Extracts from the Sixth Annual Report of the Ladies' Domestic Missionary Relief Association.	805
Departure of Bishop Holly.	782	Change of Name of the Ladies' Domestic Missionary Relief Association.	806
One of the Needs of Parishes in Haiti.	783	Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions.	808
		<i>Acknowledgments</i>	809

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL SERMON.

Preached before the Board of Missions, at St. Thomas' Church, New York, on Friday Evening, October 9, 1874, by the Rt. Rev., the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, England.

ISAIAH LXVI. 8, 10, 12.—Shall a nation be born at once? for as soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children. Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her: rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her. For thus saith the LORD, Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream.

THE thought of Missionary effort, in the widest sense, must begin with the conversion of the Jews. "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest." So spake the HOLY GHOST by the prophet Isaiah, and so also by the same Spirit must the preacher speak. We have a double message to deliver, of mourning and of joy; to mourn with Jerusalem in her sorrow, and to rejoice with her in her joy.

"Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad with her, all ye that love her: rejoice for joy with her, all ye that mourn for her."

Why do we mourn for her? Because she filled up the measure of her iniquity by crucifying the SON of GOD; because the heathen have come into His inheritance, defiled His Holy Temple, and made Jerusalem a heap of stones. Those who are now exploring the Holy City can tell us how seven sieges have again and again fulfilled the LORD's sentence, that "not one stone should be left upon another, which should not be thrown down." We mourn for Zion because her house is left unto her desolate; her children scattered into all lands. But most of all we mourn, because "blindness is happened unto Israel." "The veil is upon their hearts." "God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear, unto this day."

And why do we rejoice with Jerusalem? Because "that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." "Comfort ye,

comfort ye my people, saith your God." "Hath God cast away His people? God forbid. . . . God hath not cast away His people which He foreknew." "Blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved."

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee." Here is a commandment with promise. Prayer for others comes back in blessing to ourselves. We pray for the Jews as the fountain head of the River of Life, the chosen people to whom were first committed the oracles of God. When we pray in faith and hope, our brook becomes a river, and a river becomes a sea. We pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and behold, God extends peace to her like a river. For a time God's chosen people, like Jordan, flows through the wilderness into the Dead Sea; but soon the bitter waters will be healed, when the glory of the Gentiles comes upon them like an overflowing stream. He Who came to be a light to lighten the Gentiles came also to be the glory of His people Israel. He came preaching peace to them which were afar off and to them that were nigh. This is His answer to our prayer for the peace of Jerusalem—"Glory, honor, and peace, to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile."

"God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." This was the charter of the Christian Church. Prophets and Evangelists bare witness to the same truth that salvation is freely offered to all mankind by the Death and Resurrection of JESUS CHRIST. This word of promise was confirmed by many miracles; but among them, the greatest of all was the conversion of multitudes by the outpouring of the HOLY GHOST. The LORD Himself had gathered a little flock, not exceeding, as it seems, a few hundred souls; but He had promised His Apostles that greater works than these should they do. They were to tarry in Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high, and then they were to go forth in the strength of the HOLY GHOST and preach the Gospel to every creature.

"Shall a nation be born at once?" The Roman Empire had been seven centuries in building. In a tenth part of that time, before the destruction of Jerusalem, it had been penetrated by the power of the Gospel in every part. "As soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children." As Rachel died in giving life to Benjamin, so the death struggles of Jerusalem were the birth of the Christian Church.

"Mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed. Believers were the more added to the LORD, multitudes both of men and women." The three thousand upon whom the SPIRIT came down on the day of Pentecost grew into a great multitude. Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, Cappadocia, Pontus, Asia, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Libya, Rome, Crete, Arabia, Macedonia, Achaia, Gaul, Spain, Bri-

tain, all received the Gospel, before Jerusalem was destroyed. Zion travailed, and brought forth children: and a nation was born at once.

That marvellous history of the First Century of the Christian Church has no parallel in the history of the world. That such a light should have shone in the midst of a darkness so gross; that such a SAVIOUR should have appeared in such a world; that Jerusalem, already doomed to destruction, should have sent forth the Evangelists of Life eternal—these are the convincing proofs which command our belief that the Gospel of the LORD JESUS CHRIST is not of man but of God.

Is it not evident that this great work of God is not completed? The Kingdom of CHRIST was born at once; but it has not yet grown up to manhood. It was born in the travail of Jerusalem; it was nurtured in the decay of the Empire of Rome: the development of its manhood is in the world at large.

The Babe Who was presented in the temple, has become a light to lighten the Gentiles, and be the glory of His people Israel. The little one has become a thousand, and the small one a great nation, but of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end.

Why does that increase now seem to be slow? I say, seem to be slow, because the work of God is neither slow nor fast, but done in His own appointed time. The LORD will hasten it in His time.

The increase seems to many to be slow, because they do not comprehend the magnitude of the work, or estimate rightly the means that are required. Impatience is the bane of faith. The Patriarchs died in faith, not having received the promises but having seen them afar off. We are in danger of coming back to the gross delusion of believing nothing which we cannot see. God worked miracles when miracles were needed to carry out the SAVIOUR'S lesson. If ye believe not Me believe the works. A nation was born at once. The Roman Empire, the then known world, became the kingdom of the LORD and of His CHRIST. Shall we go back to that first age of Christianity, and demand of God, as the price of our belief, that He should again work miracles for our conviction?

It is an evil generation that seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given them. There is the one sign, a sign like that of the prophet, the resurrection of many nations out of the very lowest depth of sin by the power of the Resurrection of JESUS CHRIST. Out of the travail of Jerusalem came forth many children; out of the dead lion of the Roman Empire came forth the sweetness of the Gospel.

And what now does GOD require of us who believe in the Resurrection and Ascension of the LORD JESUS CHRIST, in His justifying grace, and in the efficacy of His intercession? Has He not prayed to the FATHER, and is not the promise sure, that the FATHER will give Him the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His posses-

sion? The LORD is not slack concerning His promise as men count slackness. Is there no promise still in force for the lost tribes of the House of Israel, because the conversion of the Jews seems to be slow? Is the conversion of the world, and the final victory of CHRIST, less certain, because CHRIST no longer takes the nations of the earth by force, by special manifestations of the HOLY GHOST? Does the LORD forget His promise, because He does not now glance like the lightning which cometh from the East and shineth even unto the West?

His field is the world, and His ambassadors are men. He gives to every man his work, his talent, his pound, his stewardship, his place in the vineyard, his hold upon the net, his measure of the HOLY GHOST. He will not send angels to do the work which He has given us power to do. He will not rob us of the blessed privilege of being laborers together with Himself. For this purpose He has made us very members incorporate in His own mystical body, that we may do all such good works as He has prepared for us to walk in.

Here then, with the whole volume of prophecy unrolled before us, read by the light of the history of the apostolic age, with the scales falling from our eyes, that we may see the great sheet let down from heaven, and the great net let down into the sea, and learn from thence that God is no respecter of persons, let us draw near to CHRIST, and cast ourselves at His feet, and humbly ask Him "LORD, what wilt thou have me to do?"

The LORD's answer comes to every man, to every woman, to every child. To the child first. For He has given to the child in Baptism the spirit of adoption, to enable him to cry at the first dawn of reason, and with the first gift of speech, Abba, Father, Thy Kingdom come.

And the answer comes to every parent. The pains of child-birth, the care of the infant, the nurture and training of the child, all these are the lessons which teach us, that faith and patience and perseverance and prayer are the means through which the Spirit of God works to make the man of God perfect. So also is the Gentile world: it needs to be regenerated by the HOLY GHOST; it has its infancy, and its childhood, in which all Christians are its foster parents. We believe that our children have passed from death unto life: we teach them with the full belief that the HOLY SPIRIT will guide them unto all truth. The work is not done in a day; the seed which we sow in faith, we wait for in patience. So also is the conversion of the world. Be ye patient. Stablish your hearts: for the kingdom of the LORD draweth nigh.

Shall a nation be born at once? Is it possible that we can be men of little faith; or that we should be impatient at the slow conversion of the world? Look back eighteen centuries: what was Britain then? Look back twelve centuries: what was England then? Are not the signs of druidical superstition still on our hills and plains? Do not the names of our towns still bear witness to Roman subjugation? Do not the days of the week

still retain the names derived from Saxon idolatry? Do not the ruins of our castles remind us of feudal times, and the wars of the Roses, and of revolution after revolution—of days in short when every man's hand was against his neighbor? The authentic history of eighteen hundred years tells us how God's long-suffering grace brought us step by step out of darkness, anarchy, bloodshed, discord, into the light and joy and peace which has now made our nation a praise upon earth.

And then once more I say, Look into your hearts. Trace the influence of Divine grace, throughout the course of your lives. Was the work of God done at once? After you were regenerate and made God's children by adoption and grace, have you not felt the need of the daily renewing of the HOLY GHOST? The best among us knows to his sorrow, how the flesh lusting against the spirit has been a continual warning that the infection of our nature doth remain, yea in them that are regenerated. Warned by our tendency to fall, we cannot count ourselves to have attained anything, or to be already perfect; we can but watch in faith, and persevere in prayer, and run with patience the race that is set before us.

Shall a nation be born at once? God has given to us in India a stewardship of 180,000,000 of souls—a fifth part of the whole human race. What have we done to fulfil that stewardship? We have supplied about three Clergymen to a million souls; one Bishop to sixty millions—a population equal to twenty Londons to the care of one Bishop. Forgetful of the warning, that he who soweth little shall reap little, many open their ears to the cry that Missions have failed in India. It is enough to say that the measure of blessing granted to us there by God has been more than in proportion to our efforts. To expect the speedy conversion of India, by our Missions on their present scale, is as if we claimed of God to bring back again the age of miracles.

In each of two successive years we have had our great Day of Intercession, and already there is proof that our prayers have been heard. The hearts of many, who never thought of Missions before, have been enlarged to a better comprehension of that love of CHRIST, the measure of which is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea. Rich men are learning now not to give to CHRIST the crumbs which fall from their tables, but to cut down their expenditure, and give to God all that they save. Above all, they are learning to hallow their gifts by prayer; to place them at the feet of God in His own house. The silent offertory is fast superseding the ostentation of subscription lists and the declamation of Missionary meetings. Every week supplies its tribute. Every LORD'S DAY puts forth its claim; Missions abroad and Missions at home, schools, asylums, hospitals, relief of the poor, the fatherless and the widow, all have their stated period, and all find due support from the cheerful givers, whom the LORD loves.

Thus, by faith, and prayer, and almsgiving and self-devotion, the

work of God grows by the blessing of God upon those whom He permits to be laborers together with Himself. To us the work may seem long, the progress slow, the day distant: not so to God. To Him—with Whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day—a nation is already born; a nation which no man can number, of all kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, born at once in the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, foreordained to everlasting life, through the mercy of JESUS CHRIST, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

MISSIONARY MEETING AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

OCTOBER 13, 1874.

The Academy of Music was literally packed on Tuesday evening, at the meeting called by the Board of Missions.

A special feature of the occasion was the music, rendered by a chorus of over a hundred ladies and gentlemen of St. Thomas' Choir, including past members of the same, and also of Holy Trinity Choir, Brooklyn. This portion of the exercises was under the direction of George William Warren, Organist of St. Thomas' Church.

The stage was occupied by members of the House of Bishops, members of the Board of Missions, and the deputations from England and Canada attending the General Convention.

The meeting was called to order by the Right Rev. SAMUEL ALLEN McCOSKRY, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Michigan, who acted as Chairman.

The order of proceedings was as follows :

1. Hymn—"Onward Christian Soldiers!"
2. The Creed and Prayers, said by Rev. ALVI T. TWING, D.D., Secretary and General Agent of the Domestic Committee.
3. Hymn—"O Spirit of the Living God!"
4. Address by Rev. A. C. GARRETT, D.D., Dean of the Cathedral, Omaha, Nebraska.

Rev. Dr. GARRETT was introduced and said :

RIGHT REV. FATHERS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : It is necessary for me to lay down a few preliminary propositions in order to the true and proper handling of the subject entrusted to me. First of all, Christianity is a religion Divinely revealed, not wrought out from the inner consciousness of the human mind, not discoverable by human reason, not selected from the other religions of the world by a species of exhaustive eclecticism, but a religion sent to us by God through His Blessed Son for the salvation of the souls of men. It is a religion also exclusive of all others. It can admit no compromise, tolerate no rival. There can be no Christian Pantheon in which CHRIST may be placed alongside of Confucius, or Socrates, Buddha, or Brahma, or any other of the worthies of this world. It is a religion final also. If it be rejected, there is no more sacrifice for sins. It admits of no repetition, it admits of no addition, it admits of no complement or completion being added to it hereafter. It is the last message, the everlasting-

ing Gospel, knowing of no future and no further development of Divine communication. Besides this, this religion has this fact about it in addition, that it is entrusted for its propagation in the world to human agency by means of peace and of persuasion only.

It is a religion, therefore, which claims to be received upon its merits, which appeals to the reason, appeals to the intellect, appeals to the conscience, appeals to the affections, appeals to the whole spiritual nature, the wants, the woes, the sorrows, and the joys of human kind; and a religion which by virtue of its own inherent quality and by virtue of the grace of God by which it is to be conveyed to the human heart, is a religion carrying with it its main evidence, and having in itself the elements of demonstrative power.

This human agency by which this religion is thus to be conveyed to the world has further, by Divine appointment, been concentrated in a living organized body called the Church; a living body, therefore, able to absorb and to assimilate to itself all advancement, growth, and progress in human knowledge and human civilization; an organized body governed by fixed laws, having specific functions, having properly specified duties to perform and to be performed, upon a given and a Divine plan, a body having for its mission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" having for its jurisdiction, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained;" having for its guarantee of permanence, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

This living, organized body is not a mummy swathed in cerements of the dead past. This living body is not an old lady, as it has been affirmed that she is, living upon the laurels of her past achievements, and claiming respect from human kind because of the *prestige* of her ancient deeds; but she is living and full of life, the Bride, the LAMB'S wife, for ever young, the mother of peoples, kindreds, nations, and tongues. And this living organized body, thus young and thus for ever fruitful, and to be so for ever, is called the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church; and this Church, under whose auspices this vast assembly is here to-night collected, is a true and living branch of that One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. I thank God that she is the Church of my birth, of my baptism, of my understanding, and of my heart. And the main business of the Church (and of this Church) in the world is to save the souls of men. And this Church of ours, because of her organic connection with the Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church already referred to, has mission, has jurisdiction, and has guarantee of permanent life in this land of ours as the Church of God and the hope of the souls of men.

Having laid down for you these preliminary propositions, I now proceed as briefly as may be to the main work before me, and that is to

endeavor to show you, if I can, that the great West of this great country has special claims on you, the Churchmen of the East, as having received before it the inestimable inheritance and privileges of the Church of CHRIST. The population of these United States has increased, according to the official tables, during the ten years from 1864 to 1874, by the sum of 8,810,000 souls. The value of improved farms has increased, according to the tables of the Government, during the ten years from 1860 to 1870, by the enormous sum of \$25,810,379. The increase of the acreage of the improved lands in certain of the Western States and Territories, twenty-one in number, according to a tabular statement which I will hand to the Secretary after I have closed, is the enormous sum of 24,445,180 acres. This does not include the State of California. I have omitted it from the statement because of its known wealth, and because it might by being included prejudice my cause.

Now, sir, to come to a few more particulars than these, I have been credibly informed that when the State of Iowa first applied for admission into the Union they requested that their western boundary might be placed at the city of Des Moines, because all the country to the west of that was an inhospitable desert. We now know a little better. In the year 1854, when, as yet, Nebraska was the home of the children of the wandering foot, it was held to be of little value because it was but the entrance to the great American desert. Since that State was admitted we have these remarkable figures; the population in 1860 was twenty-eight thousand and some odd hundreds; in 1870 it was one hundred and twenty-two thousand and some odd hundreds, or an increase of over three hundred per cent. We have had no official census since then, but we have had an informal census taken there to ascertain the number of children of school-going age (and I will just put in here, in a parenthesis, that we have schools in that country, and take a little care of the education of the children). This informal census which has been made gives the increase of population in three years, from 1870 to 1873, at one hundred and twenty-two per cent., so that we still contrive to grow notwithstanding the fact that we are only the entrance to the great American desert! We find that the State of Texas claims also a vast increase of population. As I have been credibly informed, there is a stream of human beings pouring in there now at the rate of one hundred thousand souls per annum. I am also credibly informed that by calculations recently made from the books of the immigration agents and sources of that kind, the population of California, not before referred to, is increasing now at the unprecedented rate of two hundred and forty thousand per annum.

I might, of course, very easily, if time allowed, go through other States and Territories of this Western field, but I think I have said enough to show you, on the ground of population at least, that we have

there an immense country ; that it is not altogether a desert, or we would not have had twenty-four millions of acres of improved land increase in ten years in it ; and that it is almost impossible, if not altogether so, for the human mind to attempt to estimate what the future of that Western country is to be.

I may just give you one other fact of a statistical kind before I pass. The Union Pacific Railroad Company has sold in the State of Nebraska, according to late reports, the large sum of 1,070,000 acres, averaging 135 acres to the individual, and of which twenty-five per cent. is under cultivation. The Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company in Nebraska has sold, since it began its work, 94,633 acres, averaging 121 acres to the individual, of which thirty per cent. is under cultivation.

That will do for figures. I think I have the sense of the meeting with me when I say that we have there a country which, because of the greatness of its population, the rapidity of its growth, and the industry of its settlers, as proven by the increase of improved lands, claims your consideration, claims your respect, and will have further claims, I think, upon your aid.

But, sir, what is the character of the population that is teeming in there? We have in the State of Nebraska alone, on the increase which I have mentioned, twelve thousand and some odd hundreds of British subjects, a fact of interest to my Lord Bishop of Lichfield, and we find that this ten per cent. of increase, being thus British subjects, originally have very large claims, being possibly, in the great majority, members of the mother Church of England, upon the fostering care of us, the daughter Church in this favored land. And we find in the Territory of Utah a similar fact. A very large percentage, something like one-third, I am credibly informed, of the increase of population there were originally British subjects, therefore originally members of the Church of England to a very large degree, and therefore having also special claims upon the daughter Church in this America. But we have, beyond the fact that there are those having upon us special claims, this other fact, that we have all peoples, kindreds, nations, and languages represented in that country. They are pouring in, in a vast torrent, from the Old World to the east of us, all European nations, Scandinavians, and Germans, and English, and Irish, and Scotch, of course, and a great number of Spaniards and Italians, and large colonies, whole neighborhoods and settlements, of Russians. While we have this great diversity of nationality and great diversity of languages flowing in upon us from the Old World on the east, we have the same stream advancing westward until it is met from the other side by an ever-rising and swelling tide from that world across the Pacific Ocean, and already there are 63,000 Chinese upon your favored and fertile soil.

Here, sir, is our work; I claim, special in its character, vast in its capa-

bilities. Here, sir, is a work, I claim, which demands all the life, and energy, and power of a whole united National Communion; and I feel that this Church has a special claim upon it to meet the demands that are thus made by the ever-increasing population and the special character of that population; and I will specify a few instances wherein its character is special. We have, from the fact that so many different peoples come there, a great variety, of course, of mental calibre, of educational power and results, a great variety of religious tendencies and religious tastes. We have peoples of all sects of Christians, and people that are no Christians whatsoever—some that never pretended to have any affiliation with Christianity in any of its shapes or forms. What is the result of this? The result is that we have a population naturally disintegrated, and tending to disintegrate; a population which falls to pieces, religiously speaking, as a matter of course; a population which, from the diversity of its language, the diversity of its original education and early training, the diversity of its habits and religious sentiment, naturally, as I have said, falls to pieces; and what shall bind it and cement it into a common brotherhood? a Church confessedly that is an organic Church, a Church confessedly that is an elastic Church, a Church confessedly that is a comprehensive Church, a Church confessedly that is liberal while sound, and rational in all its requirements and in all its teachings.

And, sir, if I may be allowed one moment further, I would add that we have to view that country not only as Churchmen, but as Christian statesmen. What is it that will hold this vast continent together as a people? Can it be held while its languages and its religions and its manners and customs are all diverse? I think not. I think that it is the hope and prospect of the country that its language shall become one, and its religion Christian; that all its hopes and prospects and expectations and aspirations shall be gathered into a common centre—shall be heated by the common fire of a common zeal, and melted into a common mould, and cast into vessels meet and fitted for the MASTER'S use. It is this which shall give prospect of future greatness and prospect of future stability—not only to your Church organization in the world here, but to your national existence; and I hold that this Church, thus conservative in its principles, thus liberal in its ideas, thus comprehensive in its character, is the grand hope and the sublime and heaven-sent messenger of union, harmony, and peace, to cement and bind together the divergent and almost contradictory elements of the vast population that is swelling in upon your Territories.

But how—and I will not occupy you more than three or four minutes longer—how, may I ask, shall I induce this great Church of the East, rich in her privileges, rich in her accumulated honors, rich in her memories, and rich in her hopes, to realize the claims which this Western land has upon her? How shall I make her feel that it is her highest privileg_e

as well as her most sacred duty to aid in the advancement of the Gospel chariot, and aid in the spread of the glad tidings of the Gospel message throughout all the prairies and the rich valleys of the West? I will appeal to your chivalry. Will you send your Bishops out to that vast country to travel their twelve or fifteen thousand miles a year, and leave them unsupported and unsupported in the work to which you have assigned them? Will you commission them to go and preach the Gospel, to make it known throughout the length and breadth of that vast land, and give them no Ministry, no preaching messengers to publish the glad tidings which you have commissioned them to promulgate? Is it possible that in a land of chivalry, of bravery, of warlike sentiments, and of high culture and civilization, you will place your leaders in the breach and not a man to follow? Will you command the captains to head the charge, and every man turn renegade and leave them unsupported? No, sir, I am sure that this great Church here in the East will feel it to be a high and heavenly privilege to send forward men and means and life and zeal to help those whom they have commissioned to be chief Pastors and spreaders of the Gospel message in the West.

And further, sir, I will appeal to yet another sentiment, and close. Was it your misfortune ever to be lost in the world? Was it the misfortune of any that I address, ever to be lost? I was lost. It was my duty once in the past to preach the Gospel in a new camp of miners. As yet no road had been traced to that new place. It was reached only by steamer once a week, by a long and circuitous route, and then by a river's bed as the only mark or highway that I had. Having performed certain duties, it was imperative from the pressure of other duties that I should return home to attend to them without delay. With three companions with me I set out at daylight to steer by compass through the forest. Now, it is easy to steer by compass on the prairie, it is easy to steer by compass on the trackless deep, for there you have no obstacles or impediments in the way; but steering by compass through a forest, where you have fallen timber, crab-apple, prickly pear, and all kinds and species of difficulties of that sort to overcome, is no trifle, I assure you. I was taken ill when one hour out, and I do not know that there is a single day in all the past history of my life, whether among Indians and savages upon the one side, or among the civilized and cultured upon the other, that has engraved so deeply upon my soul and heart the memory of its anguish. There was, first of all, working upon my soul, the apprehension lest I should be outstripped by my companions, who were compelled to go forward, for they would have no food if they failed in a reasonable time to reach their destination. There was the sentiment of anguish, lest I, being thus left behind, should fall a prey to the wild beasts of that forest, through which I was endeavoring to steer my trackless path. There was all the horror upon the soul of bodily suffering and of terrible

apprehension, which I assure you may be very easy to listen to, but is by no means easy to experience. I had taken the precaution to get a single bottle of water and place it in my waterproof coat with my Hymn-book and my Prayer-Book and the other things that were necessary for a Clergyman to carry, and I very soon became unable to carry the burden from the weakness of my body. One of my companions took it from my hand and placed it upon his own manly shoulders and said: "Sir, the pallor of your cheek tells me that I must assist you in this extremity." But when at last those who had undertaken to guide us found themselves to be lost, and found that they were following the sun around, as everybody is very likely to do when lost, and instead of steering north-east as was their course, they were now steering due west, in the very opposite direction almost, they held a council, and waited until I was able with struggling limbs to reach them. The first thing to be done was to refresh those burning lips and that parched tongue with the cool water that was treasured in that little storehouse; and when I took from the back of my friend and companion of travel the little bundle and opened it, I found that he had in his hurry to aid me turned the thing upside down, and the precious water was spilt. O sir! then it was that my misery was greatest, for the fever was upon me and burning up my very veins and blood within their courses! The little pools in that waterproof coat were licked up by me and drank as far as I could catch them, and my lips were moistened upon its moist surface with a greater sweetness—aye, with a far greater relish—than ever I have since been permitted to enjoy. But, sir, my question is this; what would I have thought of my friend if, when the tug of war and difficulty came (and other lips were parched as well as mine) he had said: "No, sir; I have held possession of this precious fluid, and I shall drink it myself and give you none." Then there would have been sorrow and misery still greater. But it was not in his heart to do it. They denied themselves all, for they were well, and let me cool my parched lips upon the moistened surface of the coat. Now I apply the parable. Here are all the blessings of Christian civilization. The Water of Life flows in living streams through the midst of your great city and along all your beautiful and picturesque coastline. Every soul is refreshed, every heart is blessed, every affection considered, every desire met, every want is satisfied; but yonder in the Far West I see teeming millions of perishing souls advancing in, and still they come. There is no Gospel to be preached to those poor, perishing sinners. There are no Ministers to make known the glad tidings of salvation to those poor, thirsty thousands. We have one Clergyman to a hundred square miles of country; yea, I might say, with perfect safety and truth, to a hundred miles square of country, which is a good deal more, and over it all he must travel, else they are without the hope of life—none to baptize the children, none to bury the dead, none to marry the living, none to bless those that need.

blessing, or to comfort those that are in sorrow. And will you, brethren, sit under your vine and under your fig-tree, enjoy all your benefits, reap all your rich harvest, fill your souls to overflowing with the blessings of life and immortality, and deny to others, that are dying for lack of them, the same share in the mercies which you yourselves enjoy? It cannot be done. You must supply them. Your hearts will answer: "We will."

5. Anthem—"Selections from St. Paul" (Mendelssohn).

6. Address by the Rt. Rev. W. H. HARE, D. D., Missionary Bishop of Niobrara.

Bishop HARE, being introduced, spoke as follows.

RIGHT REVEREND FATHERS, BRETHREN AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: I understand full well that this kind welcome is not offered to me for myself, but for my mission, nay, for something even higher than that, for what you think is represented by my special mission—the mission of CHRIST JESUS to the hard places of the earth. The applause is meant for every Missionary who, in this city, tracking its haunts of vice, and seeing the fearful reproductiveness of pauperism, still maintains his faith in his LORD, and lovingly, patiently, faithfully, does his work. Your applause is meant for every Missionary in the Domestic field rushing out from the seats of learning here, with an enthusiasm in his heart, thinking that men are hungry for the Gospel in those distant fields, and laboring bravely on, though he finds the men whom he thought hungry for the Gospel are hungry for his Church and for his presence, because they think, perhaps, the most of them, that his presence and the presence of his chapel will enhance the value of their corner lots. Your applause is meant for every Foreign Missionary who, leaving these shores, suffers a twinge of his heart-ties that I never yet could have felt, stepping, as I do, on a train of cars, and keeping on my own land, however far that train may carry me to the West—the Foreign Missionary who, leaving his native land, and setting forth in a vessel upon the waves, finds his way to the shores of China or of Africa. Nay, the applause is meant for every human soul which has sensitiveness and tenderness enough to feel the weight of human misery and who cries out, whether from the streets of New York, or from Africa, or from the Indian country, or anywhere else, from his own chamber: "O God, how long, how long?" Yes, I know, Christian friends, your applause is offered to-night because you see gathered around me my dear brethren and sisters, from whom I would never separate myself, for many of them were there long before the Church sent me to that distant field. I think this moment, as you think, of Hinman, who fifteen years ago and more, ere yet out of his teens, went forth, a mere stripling, to be the Church's wedge into that vast, compact heathenism in Dakota; of Cook, who, living in a Western town, where the hate and animosity against the Indian raised its head the highest, could yet keep his own soul open to the truth of God, and, leaving his parish, could settle down

amongst the hated Indian tribes ; of Cleveland, who, laboring in a beautiful little stone chapel in the lovely valley of Wyoming, could yet go and settle himself among the very wildest tribe of Sioux Indians—the Brulés—without anything more than a log-house, without any chapel whatsoever ; and Swift and Burt, who, fresh from the halls of learning, having just taken Deacons' orders, thought that Deacons' orders meant orders to the front, and went out to Dakota ; of Young, later come, who watches for my health with a brother's care ; of Walter Hall, a child almost of this your city, who went out as a boy to minister to those people, that, learning their language in his youth, he might grow up amongst them, and be stronger to minister to them when he came to be a man ; of Robinson, a farmer's strong-armed son, who, dwelling for two or three years amongst those people, and now thoroughly familiar with their language and their habits, has come back for a year or so to fit himself the better to go back to that people full of the fulness of the Gospel of CHRIST, and of the power of a thoroughly completed man ; yes, of twelve native catechists, and two native Ministers, redeemed from heathen darkness, babes in CHRIST, out of whose mouths God is this day ordaining strength ; yes, better, of nineteen gentle Christian daughters of the faith, who, leaving tremblingly these parts of the world, have many of them gone out, utterly without male protection, that long distance to the Indian country, and who now, scattered throughout it, no matter where, where civilization has planted its foot, or where civilization is not known at all, in log-houses or elsewhere, are living the life of CHRIST, and doing, as He did, good among men. I see the winds of heaven taking your kind feeling and your applause to that far distant Niobrara Mission. I see the hush in the Mission house at Santee, and the blood mount to the pale face of Mary Hinman, the sick mother of the Santees. I see your kindness and your love hover over a little log-house among the Yanktons fifteen miles from any other Mission, where is one single woman with a body so frail that she must go upstairs and rest herself two or three times a day to do her duty. I see her needle stop, the stitch half made, as she listens to this sound of your kindness and your love. Yes, one hundred and fifty miles further up the Missouri River, I see the winds carry your cheers and your love to Sister Anna—living in a log-house among a band of Indians who eighteen months ago were utterly abandoned and wild—composed, peaceful, because she labors under the eye of her living LORD, and tracks as He did the homes of misery and sin.

Well may you rejoice in that ; and yet I am very much embarrassed, Christian friends, in appearing here in these haunts, yes, these intensest haunts of civilization—for this is the temple of the arts—for civilization to a half-wild man like me, though I never could define it, I know is a very dangerous thing in some of its elements ; and as a poor Irishman out in Dakota once said to me, "Indade, Bishop, it quite takes a man off his fate." Civilization! Men think it will do all

things for men. Men ask the question : " Why has not civilization done more for the Indian ? why is the Indian ever lifted up by it ? " Friends, have you ever stood in a narrow gap through which a railroad passed, and stood there as the train whizzed by, your hat held on with the force of your hand, trembling, and seeing the train move out of sight in an instant, felt your own utter nothingness, and, if a weary traveller, felt that the presence of that gigantic power only made your way harder and longer ? That is civilization to the Indian. Civilization to the Indian is the most discouraging thing under heaven by itself. Civilization is utterly pitiless. It never stops its onward, furious march to pick up the laggard or attend the sick and needy. Civilization as we see it out near the Indian country is that always. The vanguard of civilization is the very worst creatures whom civilization, unable to bear, seems to have thrown off from itself on to the most distant frontier. I never shall remember, without utter horror, my first visitation up the Missouri river. As I came with my travelling companion, the Rev. Mr. Hinman, to ranche after ranche, I found that every man almost who kept the ranche was a cut-throat and murderer, his fingers red with his brother's blood. I shall never forget seeing a grave back of a ranche, and hearing the story of its origin. I heard the story, and it did me good. The man who had kept the ranche there—a quiet man, as I heard of him—was found to be rather disagreeable to his neighbors, and so for that, or some other reason, they shut up his wife in one of the rooms, tied his hands behind his back, placed his body on a horse, led the horse underneath a telegraph-pole about a hundred yards distant from the house, tied a lariat around his neck, threw the other end over the telegraph-pole, then gave the horse a stroke with the whip, and left his rider dangling there. A hundred yards further on the road was the grave of a soldier who had come down the river, his pockets full of hard-earned wages ; with the same sort of men he had gambled, and then finding he would not give up his money to their wishes they brutally murdered him. These are the men whom the Indian first meets with.

Again, it was only a few weeks ago that I went out with companions to visit the celebrated—the notorious, perhaps, I should say—Spotted Tail and Red Cloud Agencies. Coming by the Union Pacific Railroad to a town which shall be nameless, I was met by an agent, with two or three employees, who had come to escort us over. The employees had been escorted to that town by an Indian named Thigh. I heard that this Indian had abstained from drinking, although that town is celebrated for vicious habits, except soda-water and wine, but my two friends the employees had drunk something stronger. They were only sober enough to know the Bishop was coming, and I had no sooner arrived on the train than they came up staggering to the platform, saying : " We are very glad to see you, Bishop. " We started off some

hours afterwards with a four-mule team, these two men being our drivers. We had not driven far before one of them took out his whiskey bottle to replenish empty stomachs, and my companion Mr. Hinman seizing the bottle, one of them protested: "I want to be drunk and I will be drunk, if the President of the United States says anything to the contrary notwithstanding. I will, I will." The bottle was put aside, however, and presently I pleaded with one of the men named Pat to let me have the bottle. He gave it to me, and it departed over the side of the wagon, and he said, as the bottle disappeared: "Well, I tell you now, if a saint came down from Heaven and came to the town of —, he couldn't help getting drunk. I tell you, Bishop, he couldn't now." I almost believed him. Three or four days over the prairie with its hard life sobered the men, and when we reached the Red Cloud Agency this good-hearted Irishman, who had been, however, desperately drunk, and in his drunken spree had lost a valuable watch, came to me wishing to apologize, and at last made bold enough to say: "Bishop, you must excuse me, but it has been so long since I have been in civilization that, indade, it quite took me off my fate."

Now, my dear friends, I do not think that anybody will wonder that civilization has no trophies yet from the Indians to hold up to the gaze of admiring applause. When these Indians turn upon me as the representative of a base and diabolical race, I can simply hold my tongue and blush, and nothing more. I remember lately at the Brulé Agency there was an occasion of great disturbance. The Indians, after keeping away, being unwilling to come and meet anybody who was a white man, at last, thinking perhaps that I, as a Missionary of the Gospel, might have some good word for them, came about five o'clock in the evening, and surrounded the little log-house, some fifty or a hundred of them. They tied their ponies in a quick way, seeming to mean business; and a little chief got up, and began by attacking his agent, a very common thing for them to do, whether the agent is good or bad. He said among other things that a great many things the Great Father sent there had never been handed over to the Indians. It was not true. He was an old man, and spoke in a high-pitched voice, and said: "I had a dream. I saw a fine wagon; it was painted red and yellow; I heard it rumbling, and it seemed to sing, 'Wagons are very nice things, my friend. The Great Father has been very kind to the Indians, and sent twenty wagons to them. There are plenty more like me at the warehouse. Go to the warehouse; you'll find them.' I went to the warehouse, but there were no wagons there. What my agent did with them I cannot tell." He then asked that a young man who had been arrested and put in the guard-house should be delivered to him. I took the agent's side, however, and told him that the young man must stay there until he learned wisdom. At this

one of his men sprang up, and approaching me closer and closer until his fist was almost in my teeth, spoke, with most vehement gestures, and ended his harangue thus: "You white men come to teach us! You white men killed the Son of God. Our people never did anything like that." Yes, Christian friends, these shrewd children of the wandering foot, as they are called, can make any man, Deacon, Priest, Bishop, President, I care not what, ashamed of his color. I mean not to say there are not many noble specimens of Christian manhood at the West. There are. Wherever men settle in towns and bring their wives and children with them there grows up immediately a noble, energetic, prosperous community; but I do mean to say that civilization has never yet offered to the Indian anything that had power in it to take hold of him in his misery, encourage his heart, and stand him on his feet and tell him: "Now you are a man."

People sometimes think that this generation of Indians is fast passing away, and I remember seeing, shortly after I was consecrated, an article which went about the papers intimating that, as the number of Indians on this Continent at the present time was only about 40,000, the time would soon come when each Missionary society in the land would have about one Indian to itself. I need not mention to this intelligent audience that the number of Indians on this Continent, nay, the number of Indians within the domain of the United States, numbers to-day over 297,000. I may mention here, perhaps, however, that the great Sioux or Dakota nation to which the Church is particularly turning its attention now is composed of vigorous men, whose fingers' ends are tingling with life and insolence and defiance. You cannot say, "Let them alone and let them die." They will not be let alone. If you do not attend to them they will swarm into your settlements and kill your wives and children. What is to be done with them? Sometimes, when some story comes of a brutal massacre, the public is so stirred up that it says: "Hand them over, men, women, and children, to the utter harshness of military rule; inaugurate a great war!" They are too human for that, friends. People ask me what I notice most in the Indian. I notice most that he is a human being like myself. You see that nowhere clearer than in that which makes us all brethren—death. There passed up the hill on which the school-house known as St. Paul's School is situated, some months ago, a funeral procession which somewhat illustrates this heart of the Indian. It was a long procession. At its head was carried, in a rude coffin, covered with a gay-colored cloth, the body of a young Indian. Behind the coffin was led his pony. After it followed wailing women, and then the friends of the deceased. It moved up the hill until it came to the top. The coffin was placed on a scaffold supported by four posts. At the head of the coffin was placed a little trunk, such as we give our children here for doll-baby things, but such as the Indian applies for purposes like this. In that trunk

were placed all the little articles the young man loved best when alive. Near by was placed some food, that the spirits, perhaps his own spirit, hovering near, might have somewhat to eat, and, leading his little pony to the foot of the scaffold, and tying its feet with scarlet cloth, for some superstitious reason, I know not what, the pony was shot, that the man might have some animal to ride on in the spirit-land; and all last winter that pony's body lay there at the foot of that corpse upon a high hill, so that every passer-by might see it, as if meant to proclaim to every one who came near there: "How common is our humanity, because how common is our mortality." Again, we sometimes have these Indians to bury in our own graveyards. What I saw as a Pastor here, I have seen many a time there, the women prostrated to the very ground and crying like little children, the men unable to stay near the grave through emotion.

Again, as an illustration of this humanity—this humanity which, wherever it is, has some spark in it of what is Divine—let me tell you of the story of a boy we had in one of our schools—St. Paul's School. The first day those boys were gathered in that school, I took them up to the dormitory and said to them: "Now, boys, you have no place here where you can go aside to say your prayers, but we will have to say our prayers before we go to bed; and now I want each one to kneel down and pray, and therefore for five minutes, there will be perfect silence." I did not tell them what to say. I had an object in that, viz., first, to make them do one single thing, kneel down in quiet. After two or three days, I was curious to know what they prayed in order to correct it if wrong, and I asked the boys one night: "What do you pray about when you pray?" I did not expect any answer, but one of the boys went to Mr. Hall, who was one of the teachers, and said: "I would like to tell you because I did not like to tell the Bishop, but he wanted to know," and then he gave his prayer to Mr. Hall, which I have here in a translation. Let me tell you that this was a native Yankton Sioux boy; that two years ago he was a wild boy, with his face painted, and decked off with a feather. The prayer reads:

"O Everlasting FATHER! Great SPIRIT! Thou dwellest in Heaven. Thou hast brought us safely again to the close of this day. Therefore, we truly give Thee hearty thanks. We do not know well what may befall us; but Thou knowest all things. Therefore, we want you to watch over us, and we humbly cry to Thee. O FATHER, Great SPIRIT, give us good dreams, and do not lead us into anything that is frightful, or whereby we may be lost, or into bad sickness, but give us sweet sleep. O God, bless all these Thy children. Bless all that are sick or lame, or in trouble, and to all walking in darkness give the road of truth and righteousness. O FATHER, Great SPIRIT, for the name of Thy SON JESUS CHRIST, we ask all of these things. Amen."

Mind you, Christian friends, that was a Dakota boy, who perhaps

two years ago had done as all his kindred do in their wild, heathen state, kneel down at any boulder they find on the prairie, considering it as a strange thing—for a thing so big as a boulder is a strange thing on the prairie—considering it as some wondrous manifestation of Divine power, and offer there their little pouches of tobacco, present there their prayers, and say, as I have known of one saying: “Here, Great Father,” offering his pipe, “you take a smoke first; I have got a favor to ask of you. I am going on the war-path. Give me a good many scalps. I hope to steal a woman. Great Father, give me good success.” I say these people are too human—they have got too much heart, and, what is higher still, spirit, God-given spirit, in them to be handed over to the mere force of military.

You will say, perhaps, hand them over to civilization; let the Interior Department, as the civilizing power, take them in hand with carpenters, machinery, millers, industrial schools, and farm schools, and train them. I tell you, Christian friends, they have got too much religion in them to be handed over to civilization. They are the most religious people I ever lived amongst in my life. I do not mean to say they are rightly religious, but I mean to say, in their sense of a something outside of them and above them, in their sense of the supernatural, in a thirsting after something they know not what, as a thirsty land where no water is, they are the most religious people I ever dwelt amongst in my life. Let me instance some illustrations of that. I sat once in the house of a very hostile Indian named Swan, who dwells near one of our furthest Christian outposts. I was speaking to him. He was exceedingly opposed to everything I had to say, but as I sat there, I saw one of his warriors take a pipe, lift it up as high as he could towards the blue sky—the top of the wigwam was open for smoke of the fire to be emitted—and draw the pipe back to his mouth and say, “I smoke to God.” Again, you will see these people sometimes as they take their meals put quietly a little morsel aside for the Deity. I know not what they think of. Perhaps if I knew and could tell you, it would be rather an exhibition, I believe it would, of all sorts of spirits, good and bad, whom they do not love, but whom they greatly fear. Nay, more than that, these Indians generally do not pass the age of sixteen or seventeen without getting in some way or other a deep sense, a vivid sense, of some particular spirit who shall be their patron god. It is very common for their boys of that age to go aside and seclude themselves, fast days and nights, until they have got their bodies in such condition that all sorts of strange hallucinations come over them. Then they think they see a muskrat coming to them, or an elk, and it is singing a song, and they hear the muskrat say if in the hour of extremity they will appeal to him and sing that song, this spirit will always come to them and be their guardian spirit. Our boys

of sixteen or seventeen here never—at least I did not—fast day and night for two or three days to get a keener sense of the invisible. I say these people are an intensely religious people. You must not hand them over to mere civilization.

You say, then, hand them over to the Church alone. No, not to the Church alone, because they are too wild, too barbarous, too savage, too cruel. I do not want Christian people in this part of the world to think that a mere sentiment about Indians is ever going to solve this Indian problem. All that was ever published in the newspapers about Indians is true in substance if not always in its particulars. There is no barbarity so great that they will not practise it. They will pin hundreds of babies to their mother's bosoms with arrows and leave them there, and glory in the sight. There is no barbarity too great. Let them once loose on our settlements, as you might if you drove them too hard by something like a general war, and they would make our whole country quiver, as they have done in the past, with horror and dismay. You must have something more than moral suasion, and I suppose that is meant by the Church. What we want for them is, brethren, all three; the military as the exponent of power put forth to maintain the right; civilization as a gentler training still; and the Church as the pitying mother who shall take them to her bosom. In other words, you want for them simply this; God—God as He is the Being Who has ordained governors "for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well," and hath ordered that "the magistrate shall not bear the sword in vain;" God as the Being Who has commissioned man all over the world to subdue the earth; Who means that he shall practise all the arts of civilization in order to subdue it and be a busy man, working with his hands the thing that is good; and God as He is the Being Who, looking down upon humanity, a dry and thirsty land where no water is, aching for Him, hath sent forth into this world His SON, and caused the light to shine in our hearts, so that we may give the light of the glory of God to heathen men in the face of JESUS CHRIST. The need of the Indian is a very, very simple thing; it is the Christian's God.

You will inquire of me perhaps what, as a Missionary, I would ask for. What does the Indian this day want? I do not say, first or most, that he wants that Christian men shall break up their indifference about Indian Missions. The only thing I wish to talk about to-night is this want; he wants, in one sense, to be let alone; that is to say, he wants that the white man's rapacity shall let him alone. We never begin a Mission—I say "we;" I mean all men who go among Indians, whether now, or men who have gone among them in the past—we never go among them, with all our ministries—of power rightly organized, of civilization, and of the pity of the Church—but there comes in the white man's greed to stir up our nest and break up our work. It was only a few years ago that the Osages sold their lands in Kansas to the white

man. The Government gave them in exchange a large territory, or a sufficiently large territory, in the Indian country in the Southwest. It had no sooner been made known that that land was the Indian's land than, as a very brilliant writer has said, there seemed to be a race between bad white men on the frontier and these poor Indians who had sold their possessions to see who would get there first. Five hundred white men were in that country before the Indians could get there. The United States Government gave them notice that they must leave. They begged that it would only be an act of common mercy to let them stay there the winter through—the winter was then upon them. They were permitted to stay. By spring fifteen hundred white men were on that Indian Reservation, the Indians were squatted down outside, and it was only when a company of military was sent there, and, as it were, took these scoundrels by the neck and shook them and turned them out, that the Indians could take possession of their own land. And within the last three months the newspapers have been full of another instance of similar high-handed outrage and rapacity, of which I the rather speak because it was a blow struck at the jewelled hand which this Church has stretched forth and placed in protecting love over what you in your Christian Missionary zeal call the Missionary Jurisdiction of Niobrara. I mean to say that unknown to almost everybody, unknown certainly to the Interior Department, without any encouragement, so far as I can learn, from the War Department—in some strange way a thousand cavalymen were led by their general into that country, marauding all through it, though the United States had declared, pledged its solemn faith, that that country was set aside for the sole and undisturbed use of the Indians—that no white man should so much as pass over it except by the Indian permission. I was lately met by a chief far in the back country. He described first in detail, the bounds of his territory, and when I differed from him about his southern bounds, he impatiently shook me off, and said: "Well, is the Black Hills my country, my father?" "Yes, the Black Hills is your country." "Well," said he, "I read that the Great Father's boys," meaning the soldiers of the United States, "are going in there. Is that so?" Said I, "My friend, you trouble me; I am afraid it is so." "Well," said he, "if my boys should go after them and steal their horses and wagons and kill a good many of them, what would the Great Father say?" Said I, "My friend, you puzzle me." "Well," said he, "mind, this is not council"—we were going to have a council, and what he meant was that his words were not official—"mind you, this is not council, but that is what is going to happen." Now what can be done, in the name of truth and righteousness what can be done, as long as the sentiment in this country is such that the people do not rise up as one man and condemn and put down such things?

The horror of my childhood was a story that I used to read of a poor

prisoner of state placed in a daintily-furnished room, and going at night-time to his bed thinking that he was kindly cared for though condemned, and waking in the night to see, to his amazement, in the dim light that was in his chamber, that the walls of his room were movable and gradually closing in with irresistible might and movement to crush him in his bed. The Indian is that man. Our civilization, nay, the men of flesh and blood that make it up, are those walls, not of iron or of stone, but of our flesh and blood. With these expeditions going into the Indian country and sending back their bulletins of its magnificent beauty and its attractive arable lands; yes, its millions of wealth, its precious stones and gold, held up before the rapacious population of the border, we seem to be saying: "Let the Indian perish; let him be kindly fed by the Government, kindly preached to by the Christian Church, yet find civilization too mighty for him, and crush him even when he thinks that Christian pity is kindly and fondly putting him to sleep in his downy bed." The story was the horror of my boyhood. The fact is the horror of to-day.

Now, my Christian friends, I have the great privilege of introducing for a few moments to you one of my dear brethren, the leader in this work of the Church to the Dakotas, and one of those terrible people who are incapable of civilization, who, however, I need hardly tell you perhaps to-night, will not endanger any of your lives, but is altogether a very decent sort of man—Henry Whipple Waumdixun, a Santee Sioux Indian.

Mr. HENRY WHIPPLE WAUMDIXUN advanced to the front of the stage, accompanied by Rev. SAMUEL D. HINMAN.

Bishop HARE. I beg to introduce my beloved brother, my Benjamin, my right-hand man, Rev. MR. HINMAN.

Mr. WAUMDIXUN addressed the meeting in his native tongue, his words being translated by Rev. MR. HINMAN:

My friends, I have come here for no other purpose but to see the Missionary spirit and the Missionary assemblies of the Church. Sometimes in our country we see a very large flock of white geese, and among these geese one black one, and I seem to be that black one in this large assembly. In what, then, am I different from the people that I see here? When I come to the East, I find that as I walk along the street, as I go into the houses, as I go into the church and sit down in the congregation, I am noticed because I am different. If an Indian were walking here in your midst without purpose, he might be ashamed of all this; it might confuse him; but I know that, although I am walking among strangers, yet all these I see before me are my brethren and sisters in the LORD. It seems improper that an Indian should arise in such an assembly as this to speak to them, but you have permitted me to do it, and in my heart I am very glad.

My friends, you desire to send the Church among the Indians of the

West, but it is a very difficult thing to do. All those people are sitting in great darkness. The Indians were in darkness at the West, and the Government, through its officers, promised to teach them how to live, and our fathers, the chief men, asked of the President that he would show them how to live like men, and they asked, among other things, that they should have a religion and a Church, and he gave it to them, and they received it not knowing what it was. They told the Great Father that if he would give them a Church they would give up all their Indian customs and dances and religions, and that they would turn themselves to the Church. But they were not faithful to their promise. They received the Church, and they kept also their Indian customs; and all at once a great judgment from God in Heaven fell down upon them. And so we came into great trouble, and it was while we were in trouble and distress, that we seemed to find ourselves in the same place that the prodigal of old found himself when he had wasted his father's goods with bad deeds and riotous living, and we were led from repentance to say: "I will arise and go to my Father, and say to Him, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son." And it was only when, from the grace of repentance, we had discovered the evil of our ways and returned unto God, and understood Him properly, that He has now received us into His arms, and we have received into our hearts the blessing of the Gospel. We have now, like the other children, the ring and the fatted calf. We have been through great trouble with the messengers you have sent out to us, but now that we have learned their ways, we mean to hold on to them, and to stand by them, and go with them to the end.

I am very thankful for the reception that I have had here this evening.

Rev. Mr. HINMAN. The Indian who has just spoken, it is proper to state, is a Deputy to the General Convention from the Missionary Jurisdiction of Niobrara.

Loud calls were made for Mr. HINMAN.

Rev. S. D. HINMAN. I have only one word to say, and that is that this man who has just spoken was twelve years ago a heathen man, as wild and as bad as any of those Indians that the Bishop of Niobrara has told you about—a man that one might be afraid of—and that he is not the only one, but one of hundreds that have been converted and turned by the Church not only to civilization but to a belief in and practice of Christianity; and we believe that the same work carried on in the same way that it has been in the years past will soon, although the problem now seems difficult, succeed in reaching and in bringing into the Church and into life all the Indians that are left upon the Plains.

I have only one more thing to say, and that is, that if the Church has any more men here at the East in the parishes or in her offices of trust, like the Bishop of Niobrara, the best thing to do, now that we are discussing

making new Missionary Jurisdictions, is to send them out there to take the lead in this work.

8. Offertory, during which were sung by the soloists selections from the Communion Service (in C).

REV. DR. R. B. DUANE. It has been thought, my brethren, that before the offertory some mention should be made of the great needs of our Missionary treasury. I will state briefly that owing to the financial disturbance of the last year, on the 1st of October the Domestic Committee was in debt \$20,000, the Indian Committee \$5,000, and the Foreign Committee \$18,000. It is not expected, of course, that at the offertory, which is now about to be made, the whole of this indebtedness can be wiped away. We trust that a large part of it may be wiped away; but this audience alone is capable in the next seven days of sending into our Missionary treasury the whole amount of this indebtedness. My brethren, we have need of this money; I trust that I am not irreverent when I say the Lord hath need of it. May God give you a liberal spirit, and then we shall be relieved of our anxieties and our liabilities.

9. Address by the Rt. Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD, England.

The CHAIRMAN. It is with great pleasure that I am permitted to introduce to you, my brethren, the LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

The LORD BISHOP (SELWYN) OF LICHFIELD was greeted with enthusiastic applause. He spoke as follows :

MR. PRESIDING BISHOP, MY DEAR FRIENDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN : At this late hour of the night it will be necessary for me to abstain from any long speech ; but I desire to take leave of you, for this is a leave-taking, with a very earnest exhortation to you to think more earnestly and to act more vigorously in this cause of Missions to which your attention has been drawn to-night. For every effect there must be a cause ; and for such a result as this, that your Mission Board is \$43,000 in debt, there must be a cause. In a city like this and in a country like this, there is no one single object which, if it be prosecuted with energy, can ever fail for want of funds. I conclude, then, that there must be some cause which leads to this result that your Mission fund should be in debt. What is that cause ? I am afraid, dear friends, it is in plain language a dulness, a coldness of heart with regard to Missions. Now, I am prepared to make a bold assertion, one that I think I could prove, that neglect of Missions is first a contradiction to the laws of nature ; that it is, secondly, a contradiction to the instincts of humanity ; that it is, thirdly, a contradiction to the course of Divine Providence ; and that it is, lastly, a contradiction to Divine Revelation.

That it is a contradiction to the laws of nature, I infer from this, that all nature and all science prove that the world has come to its present state by a continued course of improvement. Geologists tell us how many ages it has taken to bring the earth in which we live into the state

in which it now is. Those, then, who sit down and acquiesce in a state of things which admits of improvement without any attempt to improve it, do contradict that fundamental law of nature to which all science bears testimony, that everything we see around us is an evidence of a progressive tendency to improvement.

And then I say that the neglect of Missions contradicts the instincts of humanity, for there is no human being that I know of, who, from the earliest dawn of reason, does not endeavor to the best of his ability to improve those things of which he knows and feels and understands the value. Look, for example, at the care a parent bestows upon a child. It is no discouragement to a parent to look to a period of training of the child three times or four times as long as that which would be necessary to perfect the training of any one of the inferior animals. A horse comes to its maturity at five years old. A parent, when the child is five years old, then only, for the first time, begins to think that her real work in teaching her child is just approaching to its beginning. Now, then, I say, with regard to the neglect of Missions, a great deal of it arises from this—that instead of seeing that the more noble the animal, the more capable of improvement, so much the longer will be the period required to bring it to maturity, we try some miserable, puny, stingy experiment, find that experiment fails, then pronounce all Missionary effort useless, and give it up! Think only if a parent were to judge upon that principle; that a parent, finding a difficulty in teaching the child its A B C, continues that work for a few months, or until the child is five years old, and then pronounces the child utterly hopeless, incapable of improvement, and gives up the attempt! Such is the case of those who send out one of those starveling Missions which are the disgrace of our Church and of our Christianity, into the midst of vast masses of heathen nations, and, when the experiment has been tried for a short term of years, give it up in despair.

The third point is that the neglect of Missions contradicts the course of God's providence, for the course of God's providence, dear brethren, has always been to lay up in store in the bowels of the earth, from ages before the world was made, such things as in due time would be revealed and applied to the use of man, for his comfort and for all the purposes of his daily life. No country is more rich in these hidden treasures of Divine Providence than this; no nation is better able to avail itself of those treasures of Divine Providence laid up in store before the world existed in its present state. All your mines of coal, all your vast deposits of iron, all your mineral oils—everything in fact that is now ministering to the wealth and comfort of this people, was laid up by the Providence of God to be revealed in due time to minister to your wants. So it was in a most remarkable degree in the course of the fulfilment of that decree of Divine Providence that men should increase and multiply and

replenish the earth. When the day came in God's Providence that mankind should multiply and extend itself across the ocean, as our countrymen stretched under the guidance of Columbus into this great continent, at the very same time when that spirit of maritime enterprise arose which has peopled with our race this great Northern Continent, it pleased God to reveal in the bowels of the earth that loadstone which has since been found by a great philosopher, Franklin, to be identical with the very same power by which he drew down the lightning from heaven. At a time when mankind was multiplying in the Old World and needed expansion for its redundant population, it pleased God, I say, to reveal the magnet which should guide the mariner over the deep, bring him to new lands unknown before, open to him new fields for colonization and for enterprise, and so release him from that state of thralldom in which he was when he hugged the shore for fear of launching out into the deep, and drew up his ship over night for fear of a storm.

Here, then, was the first great alteration in our system, all laid up in the Providence of God, all ready to be made use of by an energetic nation such as this when the day came for the development of the purposes of Divine Providence. The next great step, of course, was this; when it became expedient that rapid communication should take place across the ocean, we had a philosopher in England—I think it was Dr. Dionysius Lardner—who wrote an article to prove that no steamship could cross the Atlantic Ocean. The ink with which the article was printed was scarcely dry before the first steamer crossed the Atlantic; and now, as you well know, we are all of us crossing in about nine or ten days from America to Ireland, backwards and forwards, with no more thought of it than formerly you used to take in going from New York to Albany by steamer. Such is the change that has taken place, and such is the marvellous facility which, by God's Providence, has been placed in the hands of an energetic people for carrying out the highest purposes of the life that now is, and so readily availed of by those who "go down to the sea in ships," who prosecute their business in great waters, who convey all the produce of the various climates of the earth to minister to your luxury and to your comfort.

And then comes the last of these developments, that when it became necessary that men should communicate freely one to another almost with the rapidity of lightning—that power which your same great philosopher that I spoke of developed, demonstrated, and brought down from heaven—that power now goes under the deep and connects you in a moment of time with the mother country, used, I am afraid, for ignoble objects to tell whether cotton rises or falls, or whether gold is at such a price or another, but intended no doubt for a higher purpose than that, and that is to show us that in the womb of God's Providence through ages back there have been laid up these treasures which God ordained to be

used in His own appointed time for the advancement of all the best interests of mankind, social and temporal, to minister to the comforts of the life that now is.

Of course, now I come naturally to the last point, and just to ask this very simple, and yet I must say very painful, question, when all these gifts of God, when all these laws of nature, when all these developments of God's Providence are so visible in our eyes, why is it that we stop short exactly at that point at which all our energies ought to be taxed to the uttermost? That is, when we come to Divine Revelation, and know that commandment which God has so wonderfully carried out by His Providence, by revealing all these methods by which men run to and fro upon the earth, and increase and multiply and subdue it, why is it that, when the time came for the fulfilment of that commandment resting upon Divine Revelation, resting also upon an eternal purpose of God that the LAMB foreordained to die before the foundation of the world, concealed for four thousand years in the language of prophecy and under types which could be understood only by those whom the SPIRIT of God specially enlightened—that when the time came after four thousand years that the visible manifestation of the SON of GOD upon earth was the signal given to all believers to go into all the world and preach His Gospel to every creature whom God in His Providence had scattered over the whole face of the earth; that when the confusion of tongues at Babel had done its work, and Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, all those who surrounded the site on which the tower of Babel was built, should all scatter themselves over the various lands into which God's Providence led them, when the Chinese in their junk, imitated probably from Noah's ark, and perhaps existing at a period very little after the deluge; that when the Chinese and other Asiatic nations did come, as I am certain they did, from the Asiatic continent, and peopled this great continent, built those cities which have been found in the bosom of the woods in Central America, representing a high state of civilization, when the ancestors of the Peruvians and the Mexicans carried with them many of the arts of social life and refinement which the Spaniards wondered at when they saw it; that when the time came that the Gospel was to be preached to these men whom God had thus planted in all the various parts of the earth, then it seemed as if all the energy of the most energetic nations of the earth failed to grasp that simple principle, that everything that God has given us to do, and every particular and means that God has given us of doing it, bind upon us a duty in proportion to the magnitude of the object to be attained by directing all our thoughts and energies and offering up our most earnest prayers for the fulfilment of that highest work of God, because it is the highest?

Now, if any Christian man here present will tell me that there is one single thing which he holds of more importance than that of which I am

now speaking—if any human being will lay his hand upon his heart and say: “I believe that all these purposes which are now being carried out by steamboats and railways and electric telegraphs and machines of every sort, by mines underneath the ground, or by manufactories above the ground—that any single one of all these things is of more importance than the converting to the faith of the LORD JESUS CHRIST one single child,” I should be glad if that man would stand up in the midst of this congregation and assert that. But I am sure it is not so. I am sure that every single person here present, man, woman, or child, is prepared to admit that all these other things are absolute vanity, compared with “the one thing needful,” which our Blessed LORD has given us to do, and has given us most abundant facilities for doing it; that He has given us the grace of His HOLY SPIRIT in our hearts; that He has given us these ample means, which we spend so lavishly upon our own luxury, and upon our own comforts, and upon our own locomotion; that He has given us the most abundant means of fulfilling this purpose of Divine Revelation. I ask, then (and I say it, I believe, without presumption), I ask in His name, why is that purpose not fulfilled? Let those answer me who can. Why is the one thing of all others which most clearly demonstrates the Divine Providence, why is that thing which of all others most clearly demonstrates the Divine Will—why is that the one thing of all others to be treated with coldness and neglect? Why are Missionary Societies to be left wanting these few thousand dollars, which are lavished in the streets of New York every day of your lives upon purposes utterly worthless compared with this great object?

I have spoken, dear friends, of the Providence of God. Let us consider what that Providence is. You have heard of the elephant's trunk, which has its double power of riving and tearing up an oak or of picking up a pin. Such is the Providence of God that the Ruler of the Universe, Whom the heavens and the heavens of heavens obey, numbers every hair of our heads, and that without Him not one sparrow falleth to the ground. I look then at these Indian tribes of which we have heard to-night, recognizing them perhaps the very smallest part of the subject upon which I shall address you to-night; but the smaller the work, so much the more pointed, I think, will be the argument. If some say that there be but 40,000 of these Indians, if the highest estimate that you hear raises them to 297,000, I ask of you, the representatives of some forty or fifty millions of Christians, is that a very great work for the elephant to undertake? Is this a very large pin for such a great nation as this—a nation, too, which is well aware of its greatness—is this too large a pin for such an elephant as this to pick up?

Well, then, I come to the manner in which the work is to be done, and here I feel deeply sorry in being obliged to differ from my dear friend and brother whom I respect so much—the Bishop of Niobrara; but of

course I have my own experiences, and experiences lead to thought as thoughts lead to action ; and, therefore, I am unable to concur with him in that kind of composite mode of operations which he seemed to think necessary under present circumstances. Perhaps the present circumstances may be the explanation of the different mode which seems to occur to my mind from that which appeared to exist in his. New Zealand, dear friends, happily began with the soldiers of the Cross. No soldier of the Crown of England set foot in New Zealand before the Missionaries had taken possession of the island from end to end. Hence I think the difference. If the soldier of the Cross be not foremost in the field, it may be impossible to say what may afterwards be necessary in the way of that composite system of physical force combined with moral suasion which your experienced Missionary Bishop seems to think now to be necessary. Happily in New Zealand we needed nothing of the kind ; happily in Melanesia we needed nothing of the kind. Not a gun was ever fired in New Zealand before the Gospel of God was preached from one end of the island to the other. Guns were happily unknown in our Mission vessels. We never had but one gun on board, and that was a fowling-piece for the purpose of giving signals ; and yet our decks were crowded from morning to night, by men quite as barbarous as the red Indians in their habits, but they were not provoked to retaliation in the same manner that I fear the red Indians of this country have been.

And that leads me to ask another pointed question, and, perhaps, it may be considered personal, and by some even deemed offensive. The question is this : "How can we account for the fact that the Indians in the dominion of Canada appear to be so different from the Indians in the dominion of the United States?" There is a difference. I have heard much about both, and I have seen something of both. There then must be a cause to be assigned for this effect, and the cause, I think, is this : that the Indian Missions in Canada were earlier in date than those Missions in this country ; and the reason probably was that there were too many attractions in your great cities here. The great cities rose more rapidly in population and wealth than they did in the neighboring dominion, and the natural effect was that your best men, I think, got too much anchored to the town—too much tied to their fashionable congregations ; and the very best word that I have heard to-night was that of Mr. Hinman, when he hoped that more good, comfortable Rectors—the most eloquent men in the city of New York—would soon be found in the forefront of the battle in the far West.

Of course, dear friends, I would not dare to say these things if I was not ready to put myself at the head, or, at all events, to go in company with you ; but old as I am, and partially unfit for the work, there is nothing I should like better, if I were not charged with a Diocese of a million or more souls, than to go out with a good, earnest deputation of good Rectors

of New York and all the cities in Northern America, and have a thorough good raid, without arms, without ammunition, without rations, and without anything else but the simple preaching of the Gospel, taking care, of course, to learn the language beforehand, because it is that which keeps us back from many of these Indians. Just as I could hardly find a single man who had crossed the Atlantic Ocean from England, though so many cross from this side, so I hardly ever meet a man that does not talk about the difficulty of acquiring languages. The difficulty is in setting about it. Do you suppose Bishop Patteson acquired a knowledge of seventeen or twenty languages, so as to be able to preach in half of them, and converse in all of them, without some effort? You may talk about natural gifts and the facilities for acquiring languages; but the real natural gift is to have in your heart a determination that you will do what is necessary to be done, that you will learn what is necessary to be learned, that you will give up everything that is necessary to be given up, and that you will go forth; and depend upon it, my good friends, if there be any young man here who wishes to be a Missionary, never let the difficulty of acquiring a language stand in his way. There is Mr. Hinman, who will teach him at once. Ask Mr. Hinman whether he would not have a class now of young Missionaries—twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty—and undertake to teach them the Dakota language in the course of twelve months. I would teach anybody the New Zealand language in twelve months, or less than that, if he is only willing to learn, because you know the old proverb, that one man can lead a horse to water, but twenty cannot make him drink. I will lead the twenty men to water, provided they will promise me that they will drink.

With that knowledge of languages, and with a stream of young men saying to themselves: "All this is very well; Wall Street and the Stock Exchange, and the cars and everything else, are all very well; but there is one thing which is better than all these; that is simply to do the work which JESUS CHRIST has given us to do, to do it with all our might, and face all difficulties and all dangers that come in the progress of it; to let nothing keep us back, not even death itself"—because what are the sailors and soldiers doing? They are putting their lives in their hands. There is no exaltation of a Missionary. Talk not about a Missionary's self-denial. It is the very thing men are doing for far worse purposes. All those men who are supposed to be necessary to coerce the Indians, all those generals and soldiers who are now following up the Indians with fire and sword, are submitting to privations; they are incurring risks greater a great deal than any Missionaries are likely to undertake.

I say, then, look at Missions in the plain common sense of Christian duty; look at them as the work which God has given us to do; let a fair proportion of all our population, those whose hearts God has moved, invited, and exhorted every year to devote themselves to this particular

branch of the work, and then you will see from this small work of which I have spoken, this conversion of these few hundreds and thousands of Indians in this country, our Missions will expand into a far larger work ; we shall take a higher and a wider range of thought ; and so, dear friends, I come to tell you.

You have heard, perhaps, that in the General Convention there has been a talk about what was meant by proposing that the Church in the United States should be organically united with the Church in England. What I meant by it is this ; that we should have a larger front to go forth into the realms of Satan—a larger power to make aggression upon heathenism ; that we should do it as a united Church ; that there should be no distinction between a Clergyman in the United States and a Clergyman in England. I do not want to interfere, and the Archbishop of Canterbury does not want to interfere, with your Canons or your Rules of Order. You may alter them again and again as much as you like. But what I say is, let us be united in heart upon this one point—that here is a great nation, thirty millions in England, fifty millions in the United States, all of them speaking the same language, all of them reading the same Bible, all the subjects of the same promises, all looking forward to the same account which we must give before the Judgment seat of CHRIST. This great stewardship, then, of the whole world is at this present moment, I believe, committed to our Anglo-Saxon race. If it be not committed to us, I ask to whom is it committed? Has the stewardship of souls, as a duty binding upon mankind, ceased to exist? Spain had it once. Spain neglected it. Spain has lost it. France had it once. Portugal had it once. There is no nation now that can be put in comparison for one single moment as a real effective Missionary power upon the earth to our own English-speaking race.

You have heard about the increase of population here. Now, it is perfectly appalling to think of what the population of this country may become. If you set to work and calculate the seven millions of square miles that there are in the territory of the United States, you will find that by the time the territory of the United States shall have been as thickly peopled as the territory of England, it will contain more than the whole present number of the human race ; that is, that if it please God to move the heart of this great nation to a sense of its true, its highest responsibility, there may be within a given time the whole number of the human race actually professing Christianity within the limits of the United States, and able upon equal terms, man for man, to do battle with the other remaining unconverted portion of the human race scattered over India and China and Africa, and all these other smaller countries which yet remain in heathen darkness. Now is not that an adequate object for a nation like this? Is not that a reason why England should be united with her daughter-country in America? Is not

that a reason why the Church in America should be united as with one heart and with one soul, with the Church in England? Is not that a reason why Bishops should go forth sometimes like Bishop Mackenzie from England to die in America; sometimes like Bishop Auer from America to die in Africa; sometimes like Bishop Patteson to die in Melanesia, and by their deaths to serve CHRIST as effectually as by their lives, by setting forth an example of Christian self-denial, of duties performed at the hazard of life? All these qualities of a Christian Missionary stir up the hearts of all real believers in CHRIST as effectually as the deeds of heroism that are done in war by our soldiers and sailors stir up the hearts of our young men to go and do likewise!

Now, dear friends, I must bring this to an end. I hope I have made sufficiently clear what I intended to say, and as I have spoken of Africa, and as all of you here have special reasons to be interested in our friend, a great explorer of Africa, Dr. Livingstone, I wish to end what I have to say to-night in the words that he used when he addressed the University of Cambridge, on the subject of the Central African Mission on the Zambeze. He ended in these most simple yet most affecting and touching words: "Gentlemen, I have said all that I have to say; I leave it with you."

The CHAIRMAN. My beloved friends, the only unpleasant part of the meeting is that this is the last time on his present visit that we shall see the face of our beloved brother of Lichfield. He leaves to-morrow in the steamer for his home. I am sure that every heart has been stirred by his burning words, and that we have been brought together, the Church there and the Church here, in stronger bonds of Christian love. May God bless him and take him in safety to his home, with a sweet recollection that he has not labored in vain. ("Amen.")

10. Hymn—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

11. Collect and Benediction pronounced by the LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

12. "Hallelujah Chorus" ("Messiah," Handel).

The vast audience slowly dispersed, well pleased at the rare intellectual feast of the evening.

SERMON COMMEMORATIVE OF BISHOP AUER.

Preached by the Rt. Rev. G. T. Bedell, D.D., in Calvary Church, New York, Oct. 15, 1874.

ST. MARK IX 23 —All things are possible to him that believeth.

SUCH believers are rare. But the grace of God has given some to the Church in every age ; and in this age a Gottlieb Auer. I am to tell you the brief story of his life ; the life of a man to whom nothing seemed impossible for CHRIST'S sake. I desire to magnify the grace of GOD toward him ; for the HOLY SPIRIT so exhibited in him faith in CHRIST and self-devotion to CHRIST, that he rightfully takes a place among the noble army of Missionary martyrs whose memory the Church delights to cherish.

A master of words has said that "The world of ordinary phenomena and the world of miracles are lying on two parallel planes. On the higher plane miracles are as natural as on the lower—they are extraordinary. Faith raises a believer from the lower to the higher, and makes his life—which other men call miraculous—an ordinary and natural existence."

Accordingly, I remember, once the disciples were out on the Sea of Gallilee by night. One of the sharp gusts from the mountain came sweeping down on their fishing boat, and they had hard labor to stand by their oars. In the darkness and turmoil the MASTER approached, walking on the sea. It was as natural for Him to walk there as it was for Peter to sink to the lower level. Yet when, at JESUS' call, Peter stepped on the rough water, his faith enabled him to walk on the same plane with CHRIST for a moment. I think Auer could have gone all the way to JESUS.

On another occasion, when the night wind from Cedron became entangled in the olives, but amidst the silence of nature, a storm of grief and fear was working wreck in the disciples' hearts, Peter, thinking that he was standing on the same plane with his MASTER, cried out : "LORD ! I will follow Thee to prison and to death !" But the waves of a spirit tossed by any divided love are more boisterous than Gennesareth in its wildest mood ; and Peter sank in them. I shall give you evidence of Auer's self-devotion to CHRIST. Perhaps you will decide that he walked so steadily along that higher plane, where conscious self-consecration to the SAVIOUR finds nothing impossible for His dear sake, that he is worthy to have a name among the mighty men who have gone with CHRIST through miracles of endurance, and have died for Him.

In November of 1854, seventy candidates for Missionary life from various parts of Switzerland and Germany were pressing their claims to be admitted to the school at Basle at the same moment. Think of it! we who prate of our Church's zeal in Missions. Seventy candidates for Missions at Basle coming in together on one day! Auer was among them. The authorities at Basle test every applicant at the outset, try the spirit that is in them, and the stuff they are made of, waste no money in experiments, and use no delicacy in expressing their judgments. Out of that seventy only eighteen were accepted, and Auer was among the chosen few; and so was Duerr of our German Mission in Cleveland, whose loving recollections of his friend Gottlieb furnish many particulars of this sketch.

John Gottlieb Auer was then twenty-two years old, having been born in Neubulach, in Wurtemberg, on November 18, 1832. His parents were respected citizens of that village in the Black Forest. His mother's name was Maria Margarita. The piety of the mother lived again in the son; and her name, therefore, so dear to him, he has perpetuated in the name of his only daughter—one of the Church's orphans—surviving him in Germany. His good mother laid strong foundations for that character, on which, in after years, God's grace built up that Christian whom we knew.

"In the village school," says his friend Duerr, "he was distinguished for his clear intellect, quick perception, and good memory, so that his father chose for him, at the end of his school term, the profession of teacher. When he had fulfilled his term of preparation for this office at college, he immediately received an appointment. He became a teacher at Geysberg, near Stuttgart, where his mental ability and personal amiability soon won for him the affection of the whole town." Those early associations never lost their power. When he was obliged to retire for a time from Africa in 1872, he found a home among these haunts of his boyhood; and near Stuttgart is now the chosen rest, where he has left his widow and three children awaiting whatever expression of sympathy his Church shall send to cheer their loneliness and poverty.

When he entered Geysburg as a teacher, he was not a devotedly religious man. The seeds of early training had taken root; and the silently sure process, under the HOLY SPIRIT was making itself seen in contests of nature with this grace. His strong mind and stronger will yielded reluctantly to the sovereign love of CHRIST. But the Great MASTER purposed to make of this successful village teacher, a teacher of men in the higher school of His Church, and so, as in a more noted instance, Gottlieb found it hard to "kick against the pricks." "A faithful Clergyman in the neighborhood was made the instrument of drawing this young man's affections to the SAVIOUR." His conversion was characteristic. He yielded reluctantly, as did St. Paul; but when he resolved to serve CHRIST, like St. Paul, he held nothing in reserve. Every gift and acquisition heretofore devoted to the ambitions of life, were now as decidedly consecrated to the LORD's ser-

vice. He became unmistakably a Gott-lieb, a lover of God. Immediately he applied for instruction and commission as a Missionary.

On the road to Basle, at Baden-Baden, Auer and Duerr first met. An affection sprang up between the two young students which was life-long. How singularly God often interweaves men's histories; sometimes, as by an irresistible affinity, drawing them into unity from apparently utter separation. I give a moment to this thought, for it belongs to the web we are unraveling. These two friends were members of the Evangelical Church of Germany. They were sent as Missionaries of that Church to distant fields; one to Africa, the other to America. In Africa, Auer was led to give himself to our Church. On his first visit to America he searched for his old friend, led him to our Church, and induced him to join the Mission in Africa. They met again after an interval of ten years at a Mission house, which Auer meanwhile had established at Gambier, in Ohio, formed on the model of the Mission house at Basle. Thence Duerr went out to Africa. But he was soon compelled to return, for *his* work lay among his German countrymen, settling in America. Duerr originated what we know as "the German movement" toward our Church—still progressing. This movement gave an impetus to the choice of Auer to the Episcopate. And then once again the friends met; for the earliest official act of Bishop Auer was to confirm a class of Germans whom Duerr had instructed, and to ordain a German Deacon whom Duerr presented.

At the Mission house in Basle young Auer devoted himself to study and prayer. "He distinguished himself in every department of learning, but especially by an original and practical method of preaching," which became characteristic. None who heard him will forget that peculiarity. His unexpected, pointed thrusts of Scripture texts, applied with a directness which none could escape, made his preaching as lively as a battle; kept every one busy in self-investigation or self-defence. During his third year at Basle, the LORD brought him to death's door by a painful and lingering disease. To him it was only part of the schooling in patience and submission, and he graduated in that department with a first degree. To the Mission house it was a time of anxiety, and a trial of faith. They watched over him as over a son or a brother, and Duerr among them, most devotedly, and they prayed for him as for a partner in their own life. He was restored; and in 1858 was declared, by the Faculty, thoroughly equipped as a Missionary.

The influence of the Basle Mission house on his character was direct and positive. It gave practical direction to his natural qualities, and completed his thorough engrossment in his calling. That system of instruction is directed especially to three points, namely, mastery of Scripture, spiritual self-control, and a knowledge of the way of doing things in every day life.

Often have I heard him thank God for the instruction which gave him a new possession in the Scripture. He read with ease and pleasure in the originals, both Old and New Testaments. He had investigated and had a

clear theory concerning not only the scope, but the detailed thought in each sacred writing. He had all the Epistles by heart. He could seize any passage in any one of them, and tell you—in his own favorite phrase—"all that went before, and all that came behind it." And this possession of Scripture gave him unwonted power as a Missionary teacher.

Self-discipline and spiritual control were wrought in him principally by means of a peculiar method of meditative prayer, encouraged at Basle; very like the better side of the old monastic discipline. Auer had so often spoken of it—and indeed of all his indebtedness to Basle—that, being in Switzerland in 1866, I made a pilgrimage to the Mission house to become acquainted with this wonderful system, and to see the prayer rooms. Passing out of an ancient gate of the picturesque old town, and turning to the left, around the walls, after a short drive within the suburbs, we came to an unpretending, scholarly-looking hall, without elegance or ornament, standing in a quiet enclosure among shrubbery and trees. Close behind it was a practical vegetable garden, and on one side a range of outhouses containing various shops. Unfortunately much of the expected interest in the visit was lost because it was vacation time; but we passed through the school-rooms (at which our American collegians would shrug their shoulders), and the dormitories (at which our theological students would demur, as being somewhat short of the modern ideas of separation and refinement). Every arrangement pointed to hard work, with only moderate comfort; yet there was nothing that might not properly be seen in any school which purposes to turn students into men. The chapel was plain and small, but had a big organ in it. Not here, however, these spiritual men grew strong. When we reached the attic, close under the eaves, we saw those sacred places where spiritual victories were won and nerves were strung for spiritual self-mastery. Shall we call them cells? They were solitary places for private prayer, for communion with God and with each one's own soul. Here, discreetly and with clear perception of the soul's need, every preparation indicated separation and solitary communings. Perhaps our religion in this Western world has lost something of individual strength by its perpetual sociability. A soul that is growing in God's likeness needs often to be alone with God, where passing objects may not deflect the rays of His gracious countenance, and whispers of the world may not disturb the communications of His will. So these prayer rooms at Basle were entirely individualized. Each student had his own room, or at least appointed hours in the use of it. There was no furniture except a little stool. The Pastor showed us the room whither Auer used to bring his Bible, and the stool on which he used to sit. There, spending an hour every morning, as the custom was, he grew strong through prayer. So deeply was he impressed by the value of this spiritual discipline, that the very first thought expressed in his arrangements for the little Mission house at Gambier was to prepare a set of these little rooms for private prayer.

The third distinguishing impression made on his habits at Basle was this—it is right, and a necessity, and respectable for a Missionary to know how to do useful things in daily life, how to help himself and others, how to turn his hand to anything. The students at Basle are taught carpentering, blacksmithing, bootmaking, gardening—these systematically; and a little of many other trades, so that they can teach natives in their Mission fields the arts of civilized life, and on occasion supply their own wants. Bishop Auer's experience satisfied him that this early lesson was wise. His facility in handicrafts added to his influence over the natives in Africa, and made him a desirable member of a Mission. He gained many converts to their views in America; not one too many: for, without doubt, the arts of civilization are true handmaidens of Christianity. The last time I met the Bishop, he was searching, not after a preacher, but for a Christian carpenter.

Thus furnished by habits formed in the Mission house at Basle, he went out in 1858 to Akrapong, among the Akrapim Mountains, a German Mission station in the rear of the gold coast, south and east of Cape Palmas, and became a teacher in their seminary.

About the same time there was crossing the Atlantic from America, to our Mission in Africa, on her second voyage, a Christian woman, whose influence was destined to be critical over the history of Brother Auer.

Miss Mary Ball of Philadelphia was singularly fitted for a Missionary, both by natural disposition and by grace. Solidly educated, cheerful, sprightly, a self-possessed and hopeful Christian, she inspired every one with her own confidence. She very quickly became a centre of influence in Africa. On this second voyage out, God's Providence tested her presence of mind and her quickness of resource; tested her vigorous resolution. She had embarked in a small brigantine. Square rigged on the foremast, this vessel carried a schooner's sail on the mainmast; and the boom swept over the quarter deck, so low as just to clear the head of the companion way. One evening, in mid ocean, with a brisk wind and a rough sea, the vessel going rapidly, every sail drawing steadily, the man at the helm the only seaman on the quarter deck, Miss Ball stepped up the companion way to enjoy a breath of air before retiring. Just as she reached the highest step, the vessel lurched, the boom swung over, and instantly she was swept outside the low bulwarks. So sudden was it, that the man at the wheel saw only something white passing over the side, which he hardly distinguished from the flapping sail; and was startled by hearing a familiar voice, apparently from the ocean, crying for help. In the moment of passing over the bulwarks her hand touched a small rope fastened on the boom, and grasped it. It held; she clung to it, her feet almost touching the sea, and as she swung at every rise of the vessel, she was thrown against its side. Yet there she held, until help came at last to the brave-hearted woman.

It was her influence that subsequently led Gottlieb Auer into our Mission, taught him to love our Church, and gave to us the best portions of his Missionary life.

In 1862 he dissolved his connection with the Missionary Society at Basle. Having been acquainted with our ecclesiastical system during a visit to Cape Palmas, admiring its coherence and practical efficiency, encouraged too by his Lutheran view of Episcopacy, he offered himself as a candidate for our Ministry, and was ordained by Bishop Payne, in the Church of the Epiphany, Cavalla. He threw himself instantly into our Missionary work, with his wonted undivided energy. It soon became wearing; for the climate of our Missionary coast is less salubrious than that of the Mountains of Akrapim. Soon he was subjected to trials also, and at last to bereavement. In February, 1863, his wife died; and shortly after, he sailed for America, sadly broken by labor and sorrow. This visit was a first acquaintance with the country of his adopted Church. He brought with him his infant son. This Willie—a bright active spirit, cheerful as his mother, energetic as his father—developed an intense love in Auer's soul, which thenceforth became a characteristic. His letters are full of it. Whether in grave or playful moods, Willie is on his heart, and his name slips from his pen. Giving a sketch of a Missionary meeting, or describing a Fair, or commemorating the precious graves in Africa—beside which now his wearied body rests—a parenthesis, surcharged with love for Willie, startles you as you read, by a flash of intensest affection, showing of what the man was capable.

This boy is now verging on years for College training. He is left (and two other children) to the compassionate care of his mother the Church. What do you mean to do with them, and for them, my brethren? The Church has no home for the orphans of its Missionaries; no restful refuge for the widows and the fatherless, whose natural protector has worn himself out in our service. What do you mean to do for this boy in whom the Missionary Auer's soul was wrapped up? It is a very practical question. It should have some practical solution to-night; for it is pertinent to this commemoration, and to the generous decisions of you who hear and feel.

On arriving in America, rest was a first necessity. But that necessity was a burden on his restless activity. The moment he felt the effects of the natural resiliency of his constitution, and encouraged by our temperate air, and the affectionate sympathy of his new-found home, he sprang to work. In every direction he awakened a new, strange interest in Africa, by a style of address perfectly original. He had a novel way of putting things. He had a confidence in the future of Africa, which was charming. There was a merry twinkle sometimes, between indignant flashes of his eye; and amusing bits of African nature, and African wit, were let in amongst his gravest pictures of that degraded heathenism, which were positively captivating. Smiling through their tears, his audiences caught a new, true view of realities in Missionary experience, and of possibilities for the Gospel in Africa. His statements carried conviction. His earnestness was contagious. Consciences which were idle or listless, could not repose when Auer was speaking; and there was an unmistakable

revival of Missionary spirit during the three years of his labors in our country.

As a specimen of labor, not unusual, he writes: "Last Sunday I preached in German in the morning, in the afternoon spoke a little in the Sunday-school, and then preached a very long Missionary sermon, and in the evening preached in English." Again: "I have had a splendid time here at Georgetown with Mr. Atkins, and at Richmond; also a pleasant evening at Bishop Payne's residence. Shall speak at Emmanuel Church, Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening. Sunday in Baltimore, Monday at Annapolis, Tuesday at Easton. Then a week in Philadelphia, then to New York." "I have preached nine times this week, and talked incessantly. My naps I take in the train." His constant correspondence during these busy days, surprised his friends, but the explanation equally distressed them. "I seldom shut my eyes before twelve." Nervous exhaustion follows such a mode of working with the pertinacity of an avenger of blood.

Auer was much engaged, during these years, in laying foundations here for a Mission house similar to that at Basle, feeling that our Missions, both Foreign and Domestic, lacked something, because of insufficient specific training. He held that specific fields, and specific sorts of Missionary labor, required instruction specially adapted to them. Sympathizing with him, I was privileged to enter into his plan, and in this association became somewhat intimately acquainted with his principles of conducting Missions, and especially with his great, frank, manly, confiding heart. Bishop McIlvaine, and my associates at Gambier, entered wholly into his scheme, and the Mission house soon began to have success. Encouraged by the number of students coming in, and by donations from individuals (such as a noble gift for building by the late Admiral Dupont), we had even laid the corner-stone for the house at Gambier. My regret is now unavailing, that, in submission to his hopes of entering on a larger sphere, the location of the school was changed. But although his particular scheme perished soon after his return to his foreign post, the influence of his eloquent zeal on the American Church long survived his departure, and still survives his death.

After another brief season of domestic joy, followed by another bereavement—joy and sorrow which linked him to our homes in Gambier, and gave us a grave that bears his name—he entered again upon his work in Africa. A renewed and better hope accompanied this return to Cape Palmas, for Bishop Payne's cherished schemes at last had assumed their rightful position, and Mr. Auer's settled convictions also had obtained the weight which they deserved.

The "West coast" is not a Paradise, but neither is it a desolate Sahara. The sun is not unmitigated, and pestilence and misery are not the nearest companions, or the most trying antagonists of the brave men and women who carry the Gospel there. Auer had taught us better; and from one of his first letters after touching the shore again, I give you a charming glimpse

of the scenery of his chosen home. It was at the Orphan Asylum on Cape Palmas. It stands on the extremity of that point, on a bluff seventy-four feet above the sea, where the coast turns sharply to the east. "This country," he says, "feels quite comfortable; rather warm when out walking or working. The weather is hot when one is exposed to the sun, but very pleasant in the house with windows open; never so sultry as your summer days in America, without a breath of air. Here in my study (the one which Mr. Hoffman built), the sea breeze comes in one window and goes out another. I have the sea on three sides, and the dashing of the waves against the rocks sounds in my ears all day. When I look up I see the 'rolling' sea, and beyond it the beach, and back of it extensive palm fields. When I look behind me, I see through the feathery branches of two cocoa-nut trees, a small island as green as a gem, and the endless ocean beyond."

Here Auer devoted himself to *two* definite objects; 1st, a higher education for the African Church; 2d, systematic preparation for giving to the African heathen the Gospel in their own tongue. His favorite scheme of a Mission-house education at home was merely preparatory to a completed education of the Minister on the Missionary field itself. He therefore entered heartily into Bishop Payne's design, that he should become the head of the High School at Cavalla, and develop it into a school for the highest education.

The other question presents more difficulties. This is not the time, nor this the place for discussing it. On either side it has tasked the wisdom, and tested the experience of able Missionaries of all the Churches in all parts of heathendom. For the question is the same under all suns. That question is, "In what language shall heathen natives receive the Gospel?" In their own imperfect language, unfit and incapable vehicles for Christian ideas, and various as are the infinitesimal varieties of tribes; or shall they be taught to use modern European tongues, to which Christianity has now become native, and which are the languages of civilization and of the highest human development?

Auer took the view most natural to him. Leaving that branch of the question which looks to ultimate Christian development, he felt that the shortest road that could be found by which CHRIST'S love could reach a heathen's conscience and affection was the road for the Missionary in Africa to travel. To the Grebo he therefore became as a Grebo. And on the path which that language opened to a Grebo's soul, he went, with a resolution, and at a pace, that soon took away his breath.

He thus illustrates one phase of this question:

"Clark was buried to-day," he writes. "It was an interesting scene. The wooden church (St. James') was full. The Christian men were dressed in black, with white scarfs and white hat bands. A great number of heathen people were present. The native Deacon read the Service. I had prevailed on him to have it in Grebo; for I am tired of the farce of reading our beauti-

ful Service in an unknown tongue. Only three weeks ago, I was at a native funeral on the same spot. A native woman was buried. All were natives except me; and the great majority did not understand ten words of English; and yet the whole Service was in English except the concluding hymn, 'There is a Happy Land,' which the boys sang in Grebo, whilst the grave was being filled. The excuse this native Deacon gave was, that he did not read Grebo very well, and that the Service was not good Grebo!" "Then we must make it better," writes the practical Missionary; and at once set himself to the task.

From the moment of his return to Africa in October, 1867, to the commencement of his brief Episcopate on the coast, he gave his whole intensity of spirit to this double work of teaching, and of translating or composing books in the Krou language and the Grebo. The first results were a Grebo Primer, and a Dictionary, and a revisal of the translation of our Prayer Book, which could be effected at that time under better lights of a larger experience. He also devised a method of writing the Grebo with vocal marks, so saving the use of multiplied vowels. A sketch of a day's labor given with the usual freedom of a home letter, will let you into a secret of Missionary toil. There are no sinecures in such a life. And it will give you glimpses of the hope that cheers a Missionary's soul.

"At 7 A. M. I conduct Morning Prayer with my twelve students. At 9 recitations begin till 2, with a recess at 12. At 6 Evening Prayer, then supper; then again prayers in the Bishop's family, where I am acting organist. The intervals of time from 6 in the morning, till 10 or 11 at night are filled out with,

1. Preparation for Recitations.
2. Studying Grebo.
3. Translations into that language.
4. Correspondence.
5. Directing the school people how to work.
6. Practising my trade as Carpenter.
7. Preaching to Christians and heathen.

"Teaching is my chief work, you know, and I like it; though the road is full of difficulties. Some people think that Missionary work in Africa is a plain and simple proceeding, and that Missionaries move on like a victorious army. No! Our work is not romantic or smooth. It is a daily application of all our powers to bring about the regeneration of this people. And indeed it costs all our life to do it. My twelve youths have considerable preparation; but it is no quick or easy matter to lift them to such a height that they can be the agents in lifting up their people. There is habit, superstition, habitual badness, original sin, stupidity, laziness, and a great deal of humbug, to be fought down and driven out. With God's help it can be done." There speaks the man of faith. "And every week brings progress." And here speaks the man whose hopeful spirit could not be quenched; in whom

also a sense of the ludicrous relieved not a few sad thoughts. "My school is young yet," he writes, "but my boys already stand one inch higher—I was going to say—in their shoes; but they have no such luxury. I always try to make teaching lively and interesting to my audience, whether young men or heathen people, school-boys or naked boys in town. But there is no lack of laughing and disorder, sometimes a little fighting. And although admonition or a change of exercises may restore peace for awhile, a box on the ear or something stronger still is often necessary in order that we may get along with the business in hand." "Lively and interesting!" "Teaching the alphabet to a set of wild, reckless children, who cannot sit quiet two minutes, is troublesome work and small work; but it opens the mind for a new light, and to a new world, and is the forerunner of better things. Little texts and short talks about the SAVIOUR and GOD'S heroes, and a little singing to make it spicy!" There is the far-seeing man of faith; the man who looks beyond the troublesome incidents into the grand results; the man who follows the Omnipotent thought, which out of atoms made a world, but first out of chaos formed atoms.

Such labors, and intensity of labor, could not long continue unbroken. Meanwhile, Bishop Payne resigned his Jurisdiction, thirty years of patient wrestling with difficulties; faithful toil in founding a Church, where the problem still waited a solution, how to combine three antagonistic elements; these had reduced that good Bishop's strength to its minimum. At last not a white Missionary was left on the coast except Auer. Then his strength gave way. He turned his steps to Germany, and to the old village near Stuttgart, where he was first apprehended of CHRIST JESUS. There, after the briefest pause, we find him at work again; translating, composing, and correcting for the press.

Here, on November 18 1872—on his forty-first birthday—the summons met him from the House of Bishops. He was called to gird himself for the highest responsibilities of his ministry. Without hesitation he accepted it as the LORD'S call to duty. He allowed himself just three short months' interval, during which he was to receive his commission to the Bishopric, to help the movement of his brethren according to the flesh who were then inquiring concerning our Church polity, and to consult with Bishop Payne and the Foreign Committee. The interval was reluctantly taken. With peculiar reluctance he touched the German movement, for fear that some complication might impede his return to Africa. A month later he writes from Stuttgart, "Nothing should have kept me from Africa." "By a knowledge of the language, and a few other things, I have come to feel more at home there than ever." "I cannot come to America yet, because I must finish two books at least, one in the press and the other ready for it. These are my tools for future work. About Easter I want to be in the United States, and to do all I can in pleading for Africa." "If I can do anything for the Germans, I shall be glad; but no earthly power shall keep me again away

from Africa for side purposes. *If I am to be something, I want to be that thoroughly!* There spoke the man! An undivided consecration to his work in Africa; that was his being; that was what the Bishopric meant to him. "I am a Missionary in Africa. No side issues shall keep me away from it." "If I *am something*, I want to be that *thoroughly!*"

He arrived in New York on Good Friday of last year. In Easter week (April 17, 1873) he was ordained a Bishop; the second for Cape Palmas; the one hundred and first in the succession of our National Church, and in direct line from Polycarp and St. John. The beloved Armitage preached on that occasion, in St. John's Church, Georgetown; the preacher so soon to be taken to his rest, so soon to be followed by the brother whom he welcomed! The venerable Bishop Payne laid his hands on the head of his successor, and transferred to him the weighty cares of an Episcopate in Africa.

Before the end of July, Bishop Auer was back in Germany, hurrying his books through the press, and urging his departure. By November 7, he writes from Stuttgart, "My work here is now finished." He had prepared and printed an elementary book in the Krou language, a Bible history in the same language, a translation of the Psalms, and a book of hymns in metre in the Grebo, a revised edition of the Prayer Book, also a tune-book in that universal language which utters emotions in all hearts alike. He added to the tunes a book of chants, not omitting the old Gregorian tones, without which it seems impossible truly to interpret the melodies of David's thoughts to Christian souls, cultured or barbarian. He had already completed the transfer of parts of the Scriptures and our Services into Grebo, a work which Bishop Payne had well commenced, and now he writes, "We shall translate the whole of the New Testament."

Alas! more truly than he knew, his "work was finished!"

On the 20th of November he separated from his family, going almost alone on his last voyage. On that day he wrote to me, "Rheumatism leaves me very weak, with a pain in my chest. I expect relief as soon as I get warm again." "I am weaker than ever, but as duty calls, I leave." "To-day I leave with two German lay helpers and three African boys, two of whom have learned trades here, and go back now to practise them." He was consistent to the last! "Rev. Mr. Davis, my Deacon, went out last month to the Hoffman Institute, our seminary of future teachers and Ministers. With this *one* Minister the Church sends me back to Africa!" It is ringing in my ears to-night—the reproachful cry, yet shrinking from despair, hoping yet at the verge of hopelessness; the farewell of an almost broken-hearted Bishop!

On December 29, last year, the Soudan anchored off Cape Palmas. But the moment the Bishop's feet touched the shore, it became evident to others, not to himself, that his course was nearly run. He immediately issued appointments. He intended to leave Cape Palmas in February for a thor-

ough visitation of Monrovia and other parts of Liberia. He was able to advance the Rev. Edward Davis to the Priesthood on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6, in the Church of the Epiphany, Cavalla, thus holding his first Episcopal act in Africa in the church where he was ordained a Deacon. He also confirmed twelve persons on the 11th, in St. Mark's Church, Cape Palmas. Before the day appointed for his general Visitation, he was prostrated. His life hung trembling whilst the Church prayed. He revived a little, yet not so as to leave his room. Then again he issued appointments. On February 11 of this year—I name the dates, for it is a marvellous record of a dying man's labor!—Wednesday, the 11th, he confirmed a class of twenty-five persons in Cavalla. He could not go through the short Service for Confirmation without help, nor could he walk without support. Assisted by his faithful Presbyters, he passed around the kneeling group, and laid his trembling hands upon their heads.

On Friday, 13th, he came up to the Cape (*i.e.*, west along the coast twelve miles), in a hammock, and arranged for examining the candidates for Orders. On Saturday afternoon, the 14th, the Examining Chaplains met in his bedroom. He lay panting for breath, occasionally asking a question, but exhausted by every effort. On Sunday, the 15th, Quinquagesima, he was carried to St. Mark's Church in a hammock. He lay in the Hon. Mr. Gibson's parlor, a few yards from the church, listening to and sharing in the devotions of Morning Prayer; then, with assistance, was robed in the Vestry, moved slowly into Church and took his Episcopal seat. After an effort, finding himself unable to exhort the two candidates, the Rev. Mr. Ferguson* took that duty. The dying Bishop then, with a struggle for breath, between "very short respirations," gave the two young colonists authority to exercise a Deacon's office, and with trembling hands and broken utterances administered the elements at the Lord's Supper, and pronounced the Benediction.

At 4 o'clock the same afternoon he caused the candidates for Confirmation from St. James' Church to be taken to the Orphan Asylum, where he held his last office. With a strong will resisting exhaustion, he laid his hands on fifteen, and then, at last, retired; rejoicing that the Lord had spared him to begin the work for which he had been consecrated.‡

On the next day, before the same hour of the afternoon, he was dead.

Thus died—sinking in the very steps of his Episcopal duty—a believer to whom nothing was impossible for CHRIST'S sake.

A man of indomitable energy; whom a nervous temperament constantly stimulated to activity; overtaken by choice, miserable unless at work. A patiently impatient man—patient in respect of God's will—impatient with the slowness of the instruments of it; impatient of his own exertions; never

*The Rev. Mr. Ferguson was happily in attendance, and read the Service on the occasion of this memorial sermon.

satisfied with what was done, because so much remained unaccomplished. His was a strong, healthy body originally; but overcome by disease not incident to or peculiar to Africa. His was a firm, steady, slow-working, positive mind. He was blessed with common sense, and much of it; with sharp—very sharp, mental observation; quick to comprehend character, he was a keen judge of motives; perhaps a little too quick and sometimes harsh in judgment, but so the better fitted for a position where to be easily deceived by men is a serious defect. His education was substantial and thorough, not broad, but eminently practical; developing practical habits of thought and investigation which became characteristic. He was a prayerful, loving student of Scripture—very prayerful. On one occasion he writes: "I am to talk to the students at the New York Seminary to-night, so I had better sharpen my arrows first, before God's throne." The blessed instructions of Basle had formed these habits. The Bible was his armory, texts his weapons, prayer kept them furnished, and an intelligent conception of the character of the men with whom he was dealing taught him how to aim his arrows so that they hit. His thrusts of Scripture were like the javelins of Joab, in the front of a foe; and if any man's conscience fell into the rear, hoping to escape, he could find a word as fatal to it there, as the butt end of the spear was to Asahel. Not imaginative, yet having a keen sense of the ludicrous, and an oddity in association of ideas, which is a fertile source of humor, his gravity never became heaviness, and his speech was well seasoned with sprightly sallies. There is a little bit of humor in his criticism of the Evangelical Alliance. It may serve as a suggestive thought for some other Meetings. "I fear," he writes, "that though the meetings were grand and comfortable"—*comfortable* is the word—"nothing will come of all this talking. Why don't the men go to Africa, and next to China, and try their talking there? Too much time and money is squandered for such meetings, while God's work is not done."

He loved music. He induced many colonists to import melodeons. He taught the advanced pupils how to play on this instrument. He thoroughly believed in music as a means of quickening the sensibilities of the heathen, of opening their hearts to religious impressions and making a broad and easy avenue for the Gospel. There is something pathetic in the following expression of confidence in music. "The time has come when African tongues praise the LORD for His love and salvation. The rising generation are growing up under the new influence. We have quite a number of baptized little folks who love the SAVIOUR; and oh! how they sing! When I walk out, some half-a-dozen tiny boys run after me, and put their tiny black hands in mine, and ask, 'Ana, shall we sing?' 'Yes! sing away!' And then they go at it strong. We have gained a great deal when we have succeeded in teaching a heathen to sing a hymn, or repeat a text understandingly. It is like *knocking a hole into the darkness of heathenism, and letting a ray of heavenly light rush into the blank, empty, desolate heart.* A

train of new thoughts and feelings is awakened; and it may become the beginning of a new life."

The creation of a Grebo Hymnal was commenced by the Rev. Leighton Wilson of the American Board, with gratifying success. Bishop Payne added many hymns, especially a very popular translation of our familiar, "There is a Happy Land." Bishop Auer followed them with abundant contributions to their Hymnal.

I do not know how much of the poetic fire burned within him. But in one of his letters he sends a Grebo hymn, to one, to whom since 1866 he always writes as to a sister; prefacing it thus: "This last month I have been able to make three or four hymns in this African language; some of them are becoming popular rapidly; even heathen children know and sing them in several of the towns. Here is a verse expressing a longing for heavenly life and rest; the tune is 'Home Sweet Home.'"

"Te siyu ake ko foda he nee?"

Not reading Grebo, it is not for me to say what inspiration may be lying within his translations of the Psalms, and his transfer of our hymns into that unknown tongue. But Tate and Brady fastened their interpretations of the sweet Psalmist of Israel on the Scottish heart. And without being able to read the Grebo—from only looking at it, I feel sure that Auer's translations are as musical as those. They will live in the native worship, and kindle enthusiasm, and waken the fire in their souls, and feed their spiritual life; and Auer, who has framed the religious songs of a nation, will never die in the recollections of their generations.

He sometimes tuned his reed to English measures. The harshness of our northern speech is not so favorable to melody, as the lazy flowing labials of the African coast; yet I think you will recognize the essentials for a Psalmist in the following sweet strain. He dedicates an ode on her birth-day to his mother—not the one who formed his childhood's habits—but one to whom he had transferred that hallowed title ever since his entrance into our Church household. I quote one verse:

"Speak, LORD! Thy servant heareth;
I will—I will obey.
'Go ye!' Thy servant heareth;
But *be* with me alway!
I hold the Hand that suffered
For me on Calvary;
I hold the promise offered—
I go—but go with me!"

And yet one other verse, the last, filled with the anticipations of a day which was ever the first of days in his longings:

"O joy! when from all places,
Thy gather round Thy throne!

O joy ! when endless praises
 Proclaim what Thou hast done !
 When they who went with weeping
 To sow the precious seed,
 Come at the time of reaping
 With gladness on their head ! ”

This is the man whose spirit the HOLY GHOST sanctified and educated for Missionary work in Africa ; whom the HOLY GHOST called to its Episcopate, and recalled at the very moment when he had set his foot upon that highest labor. His characteristics as a saintly man engage us most ; a man on whom the HOLY GHOST had set his seal, that seal which on every side bears the likeness to CHRIST JESUS. The SPIRIT'S marks in him were, a *faith* to which nothing seemed impossible for CHRIST'S sake ; and a *devotion* to his chosen field which was literally absorbing, and absolutely undivided. And from these two characteristics the valuable lessons of his life are to be drawn.

Confidence in a Master and Guide, and confidence in the duty assigned, are indispensable to a man who is to grasp all the possibilities of his life. If to this be added loving submission and absorbing consecration of will, such a man has every assurance of success according to the power of his MASTER and the worth of the service. That is what the text means. “All things are *possible* to him that believeth.” And this principle, applied in religion, to the mandates, and service, and sanctifying love of a trusted SAVIOUR, renders every Christian duty possible. I do not see in Auer's life a moment's hesitation in accepting duty, nor a moment's conception that any duty could be impossible. In the most ordinary manner, in a matter of fact way, he approached every obligation—even the most critical—not as a thing to be attempted, but to be done. This peculiarity is prominent in the brief record of his life of action, indeed its highest and truest manifestation. But it was equally the tenor of his thoughts. His letters are full of it. Listen to him : “Circumstances and trials have influence enough on us all, I know, but we have so much hope and joy and life around us, and in us, and before us, that trials can but reach our neck—no further ! God's purpose with us reaches far and wide and high, up, up into glory, into His own likeness, into His glorious life-giving presence. So great salvation, so full salvation, so thorough a salvation, ought to outweigh all—all that is apt to pull us down into shadows and fears. I know how the heartstrings ache, are often near bursting ; and when a man has wandered about much, and has been friendless and a stranger again and again, he is *so* glad that this *earth is* God's *footstool*, and *we are walking about His feet as little children*. His hand is over us and around us and draws us gently, but mightily—heavenward.” Again, “‘JESUS shall reign where'er the sun,’ sounded grandly through the large house ; and it came as a Hallelujah ! from the bottom of our heart. It feels so good to see God's kindness practically displayed. It shows, that we can't believe too much. We always find Him true to the smallest promise.”

It is refreshing to meet with such a Christian. Listen again. "As for myself, I can only say, 'I was foolish and ignorant; nevertheless I am continually with Thee, O GOD! Thou hast holden me by my right hand. GOD is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.' With this I mean to get ready for Africa. The more I think and live, the more I *must* go back and *soon*. Where the work is hardest, where the battle rages hottest, there is my place; and I have an ambition to labor, to endure, to suffer and to die for the name of my SAVIOUR. It is often poor work; but He is near by, and makes it look like something." Again in 1865: "One thing is sure, there is no greater force, and no sweeter comfort, than in the love of our GOD and SAVIOUR. Our true happiness is with Him and from Him, every day." And writing from Africa: "God's free grace is our stay, and daily reliance, for ourselves and the poor sinners around us. There is hope for Africa! And light *is* coming!"

When returning to his field, in 1867, his faith, though hardly tried, endures. "Missionary life begins again in earnest. I feel like a tree bereft of its branches, and rooted up—but ready to be transplanted." "*This* is nine o'clock—the last evening on American ground. So comes death, and that too is merely a going out of sight, a passing over the gulf into home. My path goes into battle and hard work; but I feel ready and strong for it."

This was *faith*. I have quoted, not from public documents, but only the familiar utterances of domestic letters, wherein hearts show themselves without reserve. And you see how entirely the chords are responsive to that faith which breathed in all his public utterances. How could it be else? for his life was of Faith.

The other element of his power and success was a devotion absolutely undivided and literally absorbing. "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up," might have been the legend on his seal, so true was it to his experience. The fire of that love actually burned him to ashes. He died when there was no vital power left in him for his devotion to Africa to feed upon. Evidence has lost its function, if this be not evident in his toils, in his wrestling with disease, disappointment, with the ignorance that surrounded him in Africa, and the apathy that chilled him in America; if it be not evident in the concentration of every faculty and energy to the one end; if it be not evident in the trembling hands that fell only whilst blessing Africa; and in the fainting voice that fulfilled its last duty to Africa only between its dying respirations. Yet add to this evidence, these words. They give the very spirit of the man. They are the breathings of the devotion which absorbed him—intended to be heard only in the intimacies of home and by his God. "As long as I live I will plead for Africa. And for her will I toil, and labor, and suffer, and perhaps die, so that our SAVIOUR'S name be glorified." "Silence! heart. The LORD'S work is greater, and *must* be sweeter than family love and joys." He underscores that "*must* be sweeter," as if

the thought came, with a pang; and the heart was compelled to an unwilling silence.

"Sometimes I envy people who have a home. But what is that to me? I have no part nor inheritance with my brethren. 'Go out to the highways and hedges!' storm and tempest must be endured. At last I shall also be taken home to the marriage supper of the LAMB; and then see the LORD, Whose I am and Whom I serve."

His social pleasures were inspired by one thought. Describing a delightful evening with a party of friends, he says, "we played and sang, and talked about poor dear Africa."

In the midst of his triumphant appeals for the one supreme object, he cries: "Oh! when shall I be able to get off to Africa again! I am sick with this kind of life—bumping and pumping people; whereas a heavenly spirit, a spirit of glory ought to flow through every heart, and home, moving hosts of evangelists, to get on high places, and cry loud and *louder*, until the world's ears open, and the LORD can enter with the fulness of His life, and the refreshing sweetness of His love!" And once again: "The trees are already bare and lifeless, and I think of Africa's beauty. No! I shall not keep much longer away from her. It will be hard to leave this land, and so many friends; but there will be pleasant remembrances, and, I believe, a communion of saints that knows no distance." "This New England is in great part an untrodden field for my feet, and I should like to make a more thorough work this time. But these weeks are very short. And I must not keep much longer away from my special work, and my special people."

Such is the man, the latest among our Missionary Bishops, whom our Church has lost, and the Church in Paradise has welcomed.

Our Mission in Africa is once more mourning, and we mourn with it. But what is to be *done!* If Auer were here he would answer as once he did at Gambier. Never will we forget it. Sitting in a side aisle of old Rosse Chapel, amongst his comrades from the Mission house, suddenly he began to sing, in his deep, rich German; and then, after one verse, turning the hymn to English, his boys took up the strain with him—

"The SON of GOD goes forth to war!
A kingly crown to gain!
His blood-red banners stream afar!
Who follows in His train?"

Who follows? Who takes up the staff that has fallen, and the step that has ceased? The Church will not desert her brethren on the Western coast, but who shall go for us?

The Bishop should be a man of cultivated powers, able to elevate that Church. He should be patient, discreet, having zeal tempered by common

sense, courage under control of faith, energy ruled by devotion. And he should know how to do things. He should have that skill which will enable him to get to the hearts of his people through their own language. And he should be able to sing, and love it. He need have no fear of the climate. There is no special danger to a man of ordinary health. Bishop Auer did not die of any disease incident to Africa, and Bishop Payne lived and labored there for more than thirty years, and lives among us yet, God be praised! to cheer the hearts of the Church and to plead for Africa. Besides, if Bishop Payne's earnest entreaties be listened to, and Bishop Auer's intentions be now carried out, the new Bishop will plant a Mission and fix a centre of work among the mountains north-east of Monrovia, and extend the everlasting Gospel among the native Mahomedans—a noble race—who occupy those hills. We shall see again the revenges of History. Mohammed overturned the Cross which St. Mark and St. Augustine reared in Africa. And now the Cross in the hands of our new Bishop, again going forth to war, shall place a converted crescent among the symbols of an African Church advancing her armies with banners. "Who follows in His train?" The House of Bishops will call, in the name of God and of His Church. May the HOLY SPIRIT give zeal and nerve to him who shall be called, that he may follow with faith and devotion of the same heavenly temper as that which armed Gottlieb Auer.

But we—what are we to do? You and I, brethren, who listen with sympathy and scarcely restrain our impatience to take part in this struggle for the regeneration of Africa.

Believe—first! Believe that CHRIST means it to be done.

Pray—next! Pray "*Our Father.*" You need not go any further until you have mastered that, until you have gotten these souls in Africa, for whom CHRIST died, into your hearts and alongside of your own filial thoughts, as you pray "*our Father!*" praying for them as Hoffman did and as Auer did. Then you can go on and pray "*Thy Kingdom come,*" as Hoffman prayed for it, and as Auer prayed, and as Boone prayed among his Chinamen, and as Patteson prayed for it among his islanders, and many another of the noble band who have given their lives in proof that they were praying in earnest. Then you will help this work, and the help will not be ephemeral nor impulsive, but a continuous, conscientious effort. You will not give only money, but you will be ingenious in devising gifts.

Auer wanted a *library* for his Missionaries, as well as a library for his scholars. Auer wanted maps, apparatus, pictures, means of illustrating and teaching physical sciences. Auer wanted tools and instruments in order to practise the arts, and to educate skill and industries. Auer wanted churches and civilized dwelling-houses, and one church especially, where colonists and natives might enjoy the amenities of worship; where they might be educated in the nobler class of influences of common prayer and praise.

Not a man or woman is in this audience, practising whatever trade or art, whatever profession or business, who cannot contribute in his or her own line, what would have caused Auer's heart to sing for joy. I do not ask for cast-off things, and old books, and worn out tools. CHRIST does not accept trash as gifts to Him. Nor would you offer them. (In the first age they gathered such stuff together as was no longer of use to the Church and burned it.) But what costs you something, give ; not to-night, nor at any time give to Missions what costs you nothing. The angel writes down *sacrifices*—nothing else. The gold and the silver, or their representatives, which drop into the plate, without thought, and without love, and without a sacrifice, are not seen in Heaven. For those who have it, it is easy to give money. But the larger number of the Church, whose hearts are warming to this charity, have little money to bestow, and must exercise some ingenuity in sacrifice.

Carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, gardeners—we ask you to club together and send out to our Mission in Africa the best specimens of the tools by which you earn a livelihood. Lawyers, physicians, scientists, litterateurs, Clergymen—send copies of the books which have proved themselves most valuable to you. Every intellectual strife in which you are engaged is striven there, and needs the use of books like yours to ennoble it. Every profession which you practise has its imitators there, and needs the books which guide you in order that the imitation shall be worthy. Instrument makers, booksellers—give what will furnish their schools and colleges. Why should not every Christian artisan, and every Church publisher, set out one copy of each valuable contribution to the market, to be given to the LORD'S MISSION? Architects, send them plans for churches, and school-houses, and dwellings—such plans as may easily adapt themselves to the peculiarities of their climate. Men who deal in church furniture and organs and bells—let them see and hear your love for CHRIST in Font, and Communion Services, in the grand concert of the pipes, and the melody of chimes. Merchants and tradespeople—encourage commerce with that coast ; exchange your products for theirs ; stimulate their latent energies by your experience in traffic.


It is a mighty, many-sided, broad-hearted, thousand-handed work—this work which we have undertaken—to convert a nation to the Gospel ; to civilize it for the highest developments of Christianity ; to create a Church in Africa which shall be sister to ours. It is not to be done by sending out a Missionary now and then, and a teacher now and then, and a Bishop to oversee his own labors. It will not be done by us whilst we sit here lazily praying, and hoping against hope. We must send the Missionaries indeed, and the Bishop, but we must send with them every appliance wherewith success is to be compelled, and we must render our sacrifices for their sakes equal to their sacrifices for CHRIST'S sake.

— Bishop Auer besought us for a church. He does not need it now, where "the spirits and souls of the righteous" are worshipping in the pres-

ence of the LORD. But his Mission needs it, and the rather because Trinity Church in Monrovia has been destroyed by fire.

Let us rebuild it, as a worthy memorial of Bishop Auer. For this object your contributions in money are invited to-night. God be praised! that by this offering of money each of us can do something to glorify the grace of God to our own souls. God be praised! that He permits us such an opportunity to express our gratitude to Him, for the example and labors of Gottlieb Auer.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

 **N. B.**—In remitting to the Treasurer, always mention the **DIOCESE**, as well as the **PARISH**, from which the Contribution has been forwarded.

All Money Orders should be drawn on Station D.

The Treasurer of the Domestic Committee acknowledges the receipt of the following sums from September 2, to October 3, 1874, inclusive.

ALBANY.			
<i>Hudson</i> —Christ, M. C.	34 55		
<i>Schenectady</i> —St. George's	20 00		
<i>Ticonderoga</i> —Of the Cross S. S., M. C.	9 10		
<i>Miscellaneous</i> —Miss S. M. L.	2 75	66 40	
ARKANSAS.			
<i>Batesville</i> —St. Paul's	3 50		
<i>Dardanelle</i>	5 85		
<i>Fayetteville</i> —St. Paul's	4 60		
<i>Helena</i> —St. John's	14 65		
<i>Hot Springs</i> —St. Luke's	5 65		
<i>Pine Bluff</i> —Trinity	10 35	44 60	
CALIFORNIA.			
<i>Santa Clara</i> —Ch. of the Holy Sa- viour, M. C.	8 65	8 65	
CENTRAL NEW YORK.			
<i>Constableville</i> —St. Paul's, M. C.	1 49		
<i>Fayetteville</i> —Trinity S. S., for Bp. Neeley	4 00		
<i>Greene</i> —Zion	7 00		
<i>New Berlin</i> —Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Moss	37 50		
<i>New Hartford</i> —St. Stephen's, M. C.	4 28		
<i>Oneida</i> —St. John's, M. C.	1 00		
<i>Oxford</i> —St. Paul's, M. C.	47 18		
<i>Seneca Falls</i> —Trinity	11 00		
<i>Theresa</i> —St. James'	1 00	114 45	
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.			
<i>Harrisburgh</i> —W. D. O., of which for Nashotah, \$9	19 00		
<i>Lancaster</i> —Miscel. for Bp. Morris ..	70		
<i>Summit Hill</i> —St. Philip's	2 50	22 20	
CONNECTICUT.			
<i>Ansonia</i> —Christ, M. C.	1 62		
<i>Greenwich</i> —For Bp. Morris	25		
<i>Hartford</i> —One half Int. on Smith and Kelly Note	406 78		
One half Tax returned (Bank Stocks)	8 50		
Rent on houses	43 58		
<i>New Hartford</i> —St. John's	4 50		
<i>New Haven</i> —St. John's	13 00		
St. Thomas' S. S., for Bp. Tuttle Scholarship	40 00		
H. C.	5 00		
<i>New London</i> —St. James', for Rev. Dr. Oliver	11 00		
<i>North Haven</i> —St. John's, of which from M. C., \$21.33; from Miss H. P., \$31.67	53 00		
<i>Stratford</i> —Christ	56 75		
<i>Waterbury</i> —St. John's, M. C.	54 00		
<i>Windsor</i> —Grace	19 00	716 98	
DELAWARE.			
<i>Milford</i> —Christ, of which for Bp. Morris, \$1.25	2 50		
St. Mary's	3 00	5 50	
ILLINOIS.			
<i>Chicago</i> —Grace	24 15		
<i>Peoria</i> , St. Paul's	4 87		
<i>Preemption</i> —St. John's Chapel ..	2 00		
<i>Rantoul</i> —St. Paul's, M. C.	3 00		
<i>Springfield</i> —St. Paul's	14 45		
<i>Waukegan</i> —Christ	20 00	68 47	
IOWA.			
<i>Durant</i> —St. Paul's S. S., for Bp. Morris	1 00		
<i>Keokuk</i> —St. John's, M. C.	20 00	21 00	
KENTUCKY.			
<i>Paris</i> —St. Peter's, M. C.	17 33	17 33	
LONG ISLAND.			
<i>Astoria</i> —Redeemer, M. C.	4 00		
<i>Istip</i> —Miscel., for Bp. Morris' Chinese school	10	4 10	
MAINE.			
<i>Wiscasset</i> —St. Philip's, M. C.	11 26	11 26	
MARYLAND.			
<i>Annapolis</i> —St. Anne's, towards making up deficiency	29 66		
<i>Baltimore</i> —Our Saviour	16 14		
Mr. Neale's, M. C.	3 88		
K. J. H., for Bp. Spaulding ..	50		
<i>Baltimore Co.</i> —St. Thomas'	38 50		
<i>Bladensburg</i> —St. Luke's	28 67		
St. Matthew's	6 50		
<i>Govanstown</i> —Redeemer	63 00		
<i>Havre de Grace</i> —St. John's	10 25		
<i>Herring Creek</i> —St. James', add'l, \$5; M. C., \$6.22	11 22		
<i>Huntingdon</i> —St. John's, add'l ..	5 00		
<i>Nanjemo</i> —Rev. Rob't Prout, for Bp. Tuttle	25 00		
<i>Washington, D. C.</i> —St. John's, add'l	10 00		
L. M., for Bp. Morris	25	248 57	
MASSACHUSETTS.			
<i>Amherst</i> —Grace	12 00		
<i>Boston</i> —Mrs. A. L. B., for Mis- sionary horses, \$50; for Bp. Spaulding, \$50; Rev. C. R. Bonnell, \$50	150 00		
<i>Dorchester</i> —All Saints', M. C.	4 18		
<i>Great Barrington</i> —St. James' ..	10 00		
<i>South Boston</i> —St. Matthew's, M. C.	5 00		
<i>Webster</i> —Reconciliation, M. C.	39 61		
<i>Worcester</i> —All Saints', for Bp. Spaulding	51 63	272 42	
MICHIGAN.			
<i>Battle Creek</i> —St. Thomas'	3 95		
<i>Grand Rapids</i> —St. Mark's, of which from Woman's Missionary Association, \$5.40; from E. T. for Bp. Morris, \$2; from M. C., \$22.33	29 78		
<i>Jackson</i> —St. Paul's, C. Smith's M. C.	28 09		
<i>Marshall</i> —A Churchwoman, of which for Bp. Green, \$1; for Chinese work in this country, \$2	3 00		
<i>Monroe</i> —Trinity, M. C.	20 84		
<i>St. Joseph</i> —Christ	5 00	90 61	
MINNESOTA.			
<i>Eden Prairie</i>	2 50		
<i>Minneapolis</i> —Gethsemane, M. C. ...	30 00	32 50	
MONTANA.			
<i>Virginia City</i> —St. Paul's	43 00	43 00	

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

NEBRASKA.		
Nemaha—St. John's.....	4 50	
Omaha—Trinity Cathedral.....	56 20	59 70
NEW JERSEY.		
Belleville—Christ, M. C.....	11 40	
Florence—St. Stephen's S. S., M. C	9 70	
Morristown—St. Peter's, M. C., \$4.	123 64	
Orange—St. Mark's, M. C.....	24 50	
Rahway—Holy Comforter, M. C..	2 05	171 29

NEW YORK.		
Bedford Station—Three Children.	3 00	
Beechwood—St. Mary's.....	19 00	
Glenham—St. John Baptist, M. C.	8 50	
Goshen—St. James'.....	75 50	
Harlem—St. Andrew's S. S.....	128 70	
Hyde Park—St. James'.....	40 03	
Marlboro'—Christ.....	5 00	
Morrisania—St. Paul's, M. C.....	1 50	
New Rochelle—Trinity, of which from A. G. H., \$100.....	204 53	
New York—Calvary Chapel, M. C.	75 35	
Grace, add'l.....	100 00	
St. Ambrose, of which for Bp. Morris, \$10.....	20 84	
St. Ann's, a member, for Bp. Whipple's Hospital.	5 00	
St. Bartholomew's, C. H. W. and s., payment of stipend.....	100 00	
St. Chrysostom's Chapel, of which from M. C., \$15.78.....	32 55	
St. Esprit.....	2 00	
St. John Evangelist.....	25 00	
Trinity, St. Nicholas and St. Agnes Guild, M. C.....	17 32	
Miscellaneous, O. B.....	5 00	
Peekskill—St. Peter's, of which for Bp. Morris, \$1.....	21 00	
Piermont—Christ, of which from Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith, \$50.....	62 70	
Rye—Christ.....	232 30	
Miscellaneous, for Bp. Morris.....	10	
Saugerties—Trinity, of which for Bp. of Illinois, \$25.....	53 10	
Sing Sing—St. Paul's, A. B. R., of which for Jews, .50; Midnight Mission, .50; Rev. J. H. George, .50.....	27 93	1265 95

NORTH CAROLINA.		
Oxford—St. Stephen's, from G. D. T., for Kansas sufferers.	4 00	4 00
OHIO.		
Cleveland—Grace.....	29 15	
Trinity, M. C.....	64 16	
Zanesville—St. James', M. C.....	3 65	96 96
PENNSYLVANIA.		
Philadelphia—From Rev. Jas. Saul, D.D., of which for Bp. Clarkson, \$100; Bp. Tut-		

tle, \$100; Bp. Whitaker, \$100; Bp. Spaulding, \$100.....	1400 00	
Chestnut Hill—St. Paul's.....	125 50	
(Crescentville)—Trinity Chapel	16 00	
(Germantown)—Calvary, of which for Bp. Morris, \$65.....	108 45	
F. K. F.....	4 00	
(Oxford Ch.)—Trinity, of which for Bp. Green, \$25; Bp. Vail, 25; Bp. Clarkson, \$25; Bp. Willmer, L.A., \$25; Bp. Tuttle, 25; Bp. Morris, \$25; from M. C., \$11.97.....	721 97	
(Roxboro)—St. Timothy's.....	7 50	
Woodcock—Mrs. M. S., for Bp. Morris.....	75	2384 17

PITTSBURGH.		
Miles Grove—Grace, M. C.....	29 74	
St. Philip's Mission, M. C.	5 82	35 56

SOUTH CAROLINA.		
Clarendon—St. Mark's.....	2 00	2 00

TENNESSEE.		
Somerville—St. Thomas, M. C....	2 91	2 91
VIRGINIA.		
Richmond—Monumental.....	27 20	
St. Paul's.....	20 00	47 20

VERMONT.		
Arlington—St. James', S.S., M. C.	12 38	
East Berkshire—Calvary, a mem- ber.....	5 00	
Sheldon—Grace, M. C.....	18 37	36 75

WESTERN NEW YORK.		
Albion—Christ, M. C.....	24 11	
P. A. F.....	4 00	
Belmont—St. Philip's.....	3 35	
Hornellsville—Christ.....	5 00	
Le Roy—St. Mark's.....	52 59	
Middleport—Trinity.....	9 00	
Niagara Falls—St. Peter's, a mem- ber.....	20 00	
Rochester—Christ, M. C.....	12 86	130 91

WISCONSIN.		
Oak Creek—St. Mark's M. C.....	8 50	8 50

LEGACIES.		
New York—Estate of Mrs. Mary E. C. Van Horn.....	1123 24	1123 24

MISCELLANEOUS.		
Conn.—A friend, for Missionary horses.....	350 00	
L. W., for Bp. Morris.....	50	
For Rev. E. C. Cowan.....	1 00	
Mites for Missions.....	10 00	361 50

YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.		
Receipts for the month.....	315 61	315 61
MITE CHESTS.		
Receipts for the month not credited to Parishes.....	91 53	91 53

Received for General Purposes.....	\$6,611 29
“ “ Special Purposes.....	1,313 53
Receipts for the Month.....	7,924 82
Amount previously acknowledged.....	129,784 73
Total Receipts for year ending Oct. 1, 1874.....	\$137,709 55

RECAPITULATION OF SPECIAL RECEIPTS.

Bp. Clarkson.....	\$25 00	Rev. J. H. George.....	50
Bp. Green.....	26 00	Rev. C. R. Bonnell.....	50 00
Bp. Morris.....	107 90	Rev. Dr. Oliver.....	11 00
Bp. Neeley.....	4 00	For Kansas Sufferers.....	4 00
Bp. Spaulding.....	102 18	For Nashotah.....	9 00
Bp. Tuttle.....	90 00	For Missionary Horses.....	400 00
Bp. Whipple.....	5 00	For the Jews.....	50
Bp. Willmer.....	25 00	For Midnight Mission.....	50
Bp. Vail.....	25 00	For Chinese Work in this Country.....	2 00
Bp. of Illinois.....	25 00		
Rev. E. C. Cowan.....	1 00		
			\$913 63

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Treasurer of the Indian Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following sums for the month of September, 1874.

ALBANY.				
<i>Albany</i> —St. Peter's, add'l.	\$30 00			
<i>Ballston Spa</i> —Christ Ch.	45 35			
<i>Schenectady</i> —St. George's.	45 00	120 35		
CENTRAL NEW YORK.				
<i>New Berlin</i> —Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Moss.	37 50			
<i>Utica</i> —Calvary.	7 00	44 50		
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.				
<i>Pottsville</i> —Trinity, Frihback branch S. S.	10 00	10 00		
CONNECTICUT.				
<i>Brooklyn</i> —Trinity.	9 98			
<i>Meriden</i> —L. J. Curtis, Esq., for education of Philip Deoria.	37 50			
<i>New London</i> —A lady of St. James', for Bp. Hare's Missionary team, \$100, gold.	109 37			
<i>Woodbury</i> —Woman's Auxiliary of St. Paul's.	12 00	168 85		
DELAWARE.				
<i>Wilmington</i> —St. John's "Indians' Friend".	10 00	10 00		
LONG ISLAND.				
<i>Little Neck</i> —Zion Church, for H. M. Beare, St. Paul's scholarship for 1874, \$60; same for 1873, \$60; a member, for Bp. Hare's Missionary team, \$5; for Santee enlargement, \$5.	130 00	130 00		
MARYLAND.				
<i>Baltimore</i> —For Bishop Hare, of which \$40 for a Melodeon for Ponka Chapel; \$13 from Grace Ch. Auxiliary, thro' Indian Aid Association of Baltimore.	53 00			
Memorial Ch.	25 00			
<i>Frederick</i> —All Saints, of which from a lady, for White Earth, \$5.	20 00			
<i>Oakland</i> —"Busy Bees" (\$60 for St. Paul's scholarship).	72 00			
<i>Washington</i> —Two friends, for Flandreau Chapel.	15 00	185 00		
MASSACHUSETTS.				
<i>Boston</i> —Ch. Advent, Mrs. A. L. B., for Bishop Hare's Missionary Team.	50 00			
<i>Brookline</i> —St. Paul's S. S., for John S. Stone scholarship, St. Paul's school.	60 00			
<i>Cambridge</i> —Miss S., for Anna L. Waring scholarship, Emmanuel Hall.	30 00			
<i>Dedham</i> —St. Paul's, thro' Dakota League.	4 00			
<i>North Cambridge</i> —St. James'.	10 00			
<i>Salem</i> —St. Peter's, thro' Dakota League.	31 05	185 05		
MICHIGAN.				
<i>Grand Rapids</i> —St. Mark's Woman's Missionary Association (for Bishop Hare, \$1.50).	3 23	3 23		
NEW YORK.				
<i>Fishkill</i> —Trinity.	5 00			
<i>Fishkill on Hudson</i> —"M. H. V."	100 00			
<i>Glenham</i> —St. John the Baptist.	2 50			
<i>Mamaroneck</i> —St. Thomas' S. S.	4 38			
<i>New York</i> —Sub Poena.	1 50			
St. Chrysostom's Chapel.	10 28			
Miss M. S. Mortimer, a thank-offering for Oneda Chapel.	30 00			
<i>Peekskill</i> —St. Peter's.	7 77			
<i>Saugerties</i> —Trinity S. S.	15 74			
<i>Sing Sing</i> —St. Paul's, A. B. R.	50			
<i>White Plains</i> —Grace Ch.	50 26	227 93		
PENNSYLVANIA.				
<i>Oxford</i> —Trinity.	150 00			
<i>Philadelphia</i> —St. Luke's, \$75; a member, for Bishop's team, \$100.	175 00			
St. Andrew's.	25 00			
S. S. of Ch. Redeemer, Lower Merion, by J. R. Whitney, Esq.	50 00			
"Friends," for Santee, \$10; for Crow Creek, \$20.	30 00			
Ury House School, of which \$60 for St. Paul's scholarship 2d year.	110 00			
St. Paul's, Chestnut Hill.	100 00			
Calvary, Germantown.	33 06			
Thro' Indians' Hope, Ch. Holy Trinity, per Mrs. E. W. Horner, \$100; Ch. Atonement, per Miss J. Knap, \$3; Ch. Redemption, per Miss Tiers, \$3.50; Schoolgirls of St. Peter's, Germantown, \$8; Mite Chests, Norfolk, Va., per Miss Taylor, \$3.25; "for the Indians," \$5.	128 75	801 81		
VERMONT.				
<i>Arlington</i> —St. James'.	5 00	5 00		
WESTERN NEW YORK.				
<i>Albion</i> —P. A. F.	4 00	4 00		
MISCELLANEOUS.				
Through Domestic Committee, for one-seventh of Mite Chest Receipts.	518 58	518 58		
			\$2,414 30	
Amount previously acknowledged			45,996 07	
Total receipts since Oct. 1, 1873			\$48,410 37	

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

FROM SEPTEMBER 10 TO OCTOBER 1, 1874, AND FROM OCTOBER 2 TO OCTOBER 10, 1874.

N. B.—With all remittances the name of the Diocese and Parish should be given.

☞ Checks, Drafts, and Money Orders should always be made payable to the order of JAMES M. BROWN, TREASURER, and sent to him, 23 Bible House, New York.

☞ All Money Orders should be drawn on STATION D, NEW YORK.

☞ Remittances in Bank Notes are not safe.

The Treasurer of the Foreign Committee acknowledges the receipt of the following sums from September 10 to October 1, 1874.

CALIFORNIA.			<i>Des Moines</i> —St. Paul's, Woman's Miss'y Assoc'n, towards Reed scholarship in Orphan Asylum Cape Palmas, Africa.....		
<i>Mare Island</i> —Navy Yard Chapel.....	5 00	5 00	18 75	31 75	
CENTRAL NEW YORK.			KENTUCKY.		
<i>Auburn</i> —St. Peter's.....	85	62	<i>Dayton</i> —St. John's.....	4 35	4 35
<i>Cayuga</i> —St. Luke's, \$1.58; Box 13762, 57 cents.....	2 15		LONG ISLAND.		
<i>Theresa</i> —St. James'.....	1 00		<i>Astoria</i> —Redeemer, a friend.....	5 00	
<i>Waterloo</i> —St. Paul's, Woman's Miss'y Assoc'n.....	15 00		<i>Brooklyn</i> —St. Luke's.....	44 14	
<i>Whitney's Point</i> —Grace.....	2 60	106 37	<i>Flushing</i> —St. George's.....	162 12	
CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.			<i>Little Neck</i> —Zion, S. I. R.....	11 75	223 01
<i>Athens</i> —Trinity Boxes.....	6 50		MARYLAND.		
<i>Montrose</i> —St. Paul's.....	3 35		<i>Baltimore</i> —St. Peter's Ladies' Foreign Miss'y Society, semi-annual pay't two scholarships Orphan Asylum Cape Palmas, Africa, \$75; three scholarships in Miss Fay's school, Shanghai, China, \$60; for support of two teachers for Boys' school under Miss Fay, Shanghai, China, \$40.....	175 00	
<i>Summit Hill</i> —St. Philip's.....	2 59		St. Paul's, a member.....	100 00	
<i>Tamaqua</i> —Calvary.....	10 00	22 35	<i>Frederick</i> —All Saint's five-cent collection.....	45 00	
CONNECTICUT.			<i>Mt. Savage</i> —For Mt. Savage scholarship in Bp. Boone Mem. school, Wuchang, China.....	15 43	
<i>Branford</i> —E. F. Rogers.....	10 00		<i>Retterstown</i> —Miss'y Society of the Hannah More Academy, for scholarship in Miss Savery's Girls' school Cape Palmas, Africa....	40 00	
<i>Hartford</i> —Interest.....	20 00		* <i>Washington</i> —Rock Creek Par.. Trinity Ch., for Africa....	55 00	440 43
<i>New Haven</i> —St. Paul's.....	43 56		MASSACHUSETTS.		
St. Thomas' S. S.....	20 00		<i>Boston</i> —Emmanuel S. H. H., \$10; M. E. B., \$5.....	15 00	
<i>Pine Meadows</i> —St. John's.....	4 50		W. S. Elliot.....	5 00	
<i>Waterbury</i> —St. John's S. S., \$3.50; Boxes, \$32.....	35 50		<i>Brookline</i> —St. Paul's, for Africa, \$50; for China, \$50.....	100 00	
<i>Woodbury</i> —St. Paul's, Woman's Auxillary.....	5 00	138 56	<i>Dorchester</i> —St. Mary's.....	4 18	
DELAWARE.			<i>Lawrence</i> —Grace.....	6 00	130 18
<i>Christiana Hund</i> —Christ Ch., Box 8774, \$52; five-cent coll., \$47.20 (of which \$40 for education of a girl in Bridgman Mem. School, Shanghai, China).....	52 91		*CORRECTION—The amount acknowledged in the September number from St. Paul's Church, Washington, should have been credited to Rock Creek Parish.		
<i>Claymont</i> —Ascension S. S., \$25; Mrs. Dr. Clemson, \$10..	35 00	87 91			
EASTON.					
<i>Talbot Co.</i> —St. Michael's Par.....	15 00	15 00			
GEORGIA.					
<i>Rome</i> —St. Peter's.....	14 85	14 85			
ILLINOIS.					
<i>Algonquin</i> —L. T.....	5 00				
<i>Chicago</i> —Grace.....	24 15				
<i>Dixon</i> —Box 8146.....	50	29 65			
IOWA.					
<i>Clinton</i> —St. John's S. S., on account scholarship in Bp. Boone Mem. school, Wuchang, China.....	13 00				

MICHIGAN.		
<i>Grand Rapids</i> —St. Mark's Woman's Missy Associa'n, for Bp. Auer Mem. Ch., \$110; for scholarship in Miss Fay's school, Shanghai, China, \$12.34	122	34
<i>Marshall</i> —Trinity, from Churchwomen	5	00
<i>Saugatuck</i> —All Saint's	1	10 128 44

MINNESOTA.		
<i>Duluth</i> —St. Paul's, on account scholarship in China	15	00 15 00

MISSOURI.		
<i>Louisiana</i> —Calvary	6	00 6 00

NEVADA.		
<i>Pioche</i> —Christ Ch.	15	54 15 54

NEW JERSEY.		
<i>Bergen Point</i> —Trinity, G. Z. G., to complete the amount of F. S. Rising and Trinity scholarships. Hoffman Inst., Cavalla, Africa, for 1874	25	00
Box 15327	5	31
Box 15026	4	26
<i>Bridgeton</i> —St. Andrew's, for Africa	16	50
<i>Jersey City</i> —St. John's, Box 10881	7	50
<i>Madison</i> —Grace, of which for Africa, \$25	70	00 128 57

NEW YORK.		
<i>Fishkill</i> —Trinity, for Bp. Auer Mem. Ch., Africa	5	00
<i>Glenham</i> —St. John Baptist, for Bp. Auer Mem. Ch., Africa	2	50
<i>Green Point</i> —Ascension	4	03
<i>Marlboro'</i> —Christ Ch.	8	00
<i>Monticello</i> —St. John's	6	70
<i>New York</i> —St. Ann's, a member, for Bp. Auer Mem. Ch., Africa	5	00
St. Ambrose	3	00
St. Chrysostom's Chapel	26	25
St. Esprit	3	00
St. Thomas' Chapel, Misses Ker	2	00
St. John Evangelist	25	00
Am. Bible Society, for support of Rev. S. I. J. Schereschewsky, Peking, China	2200	00
<i>Piermont</i> —Christ	65	90
<i>Saugerties</i> —Trinity	22	94 2379 32

NIOBRARA.		
Part of collection at Convocation for China	15	15 15 15

The Treasurer of the Foreign Committee acknowledges the Receipts from October 2 to October 10, 1874.

CONNECTICUT.		
<i>Brookfield Centre</i> —St. Paul's	11	31
<i>Hartford</i> —Interest	7	50
<i>New Haven</i> —Box 626	2	40 21 21

DELAWARE.		
<i>Claymont</i> —Ascension S. S.	42	69 42 60

MARYLAND.		
<i>Baltimore</i> —Mrs. Samuel G. Wyman, for two scholarships in Bridgman Mem. school, Shanghai, China	100	00

OHIO.		
<i>Oberlin</i> —O. E. B.	5	00
<i>Portsmouth</i> —All Saint's five-cent coll.	30	50
<i>Zanesville</i> —Box 9463	2	79 38 29

PENNSYLVANIA.		
<i>Germantown</i> —Calvary	67	71
<i>Oxford, Philadelphia</i> —Trinity	150	00
<i>Philadelphia</i> —Trinity Chapel (Crescentville)	15	40
St. Andrew's	25	00 258 11

PITTSBURGH.		
<i>Pittsburgh</i> —St. Andrew's, two members, for the Bp. Auer Mem. Ch.	7	00
<i>Untontown</i> —St. Peter's	25	00 32 00

RHODE ISLAND.		
<i>Providence</i> —Grace, a member	50	00 50 00

VERMONT.		
<i>Rutland</i> —E. S.	1	00
<i>Sheldon</i> —Grace, 8 Boxes	8	30 9 30

VIRGINIA.		
<i>Fairfax Co.</i> —Truro Parish	10	00
<i>Frederick Co.</i> —Middletown, St. Thomas'	7	54
<i>Fairmount</i> —Christ Ch.	3	80
<i>Gloucester Co.</i> —Ware Ch.	5	00
<i>Hanover Co.</i> —St. Martin's Parish, for Bp. Boone Mem. school Wuchang, China	1	42
<i>Huntington</i> —Trinity S. S.	12	00
<i>Rockbridge Co.</i> —Lexington, Grace	20	00
<i>Point Pleasant</i> —Christ	4	55
<i>Richmond</i> —St. Paul's	20	00
<i>Theological Seminary</i> —For Joppa	25	00
<i>Warren Co.</i> —Front Royal, Calvary	9	13 118 45

MISCELLANEOUS.		
Account Gordon scholarship in Bridgman Mem. school, Shanghai, China	20	00
T.	5	00
Mites for Missions, of which for Bp. Auer Mem. Ch., \$5	15	00
Cash	30	00 70 00

LEGACIES.		
<i>New York</i> —Estate Mrs. Mary E. C. Van Horne	1123	24 1123 24

Amount previously acknowledged	5,636	82
	94,363	56
Total from Oct. 1, 1873 to Oct. 1, 1874.	\$100,000	38

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

NEW YORK.		
Newburgh—St. George's.....	10 00	
New York (Harlem)—St. Andrew's.....	51 70	
Philipselown—St. Phillip's, five-cent coll.....	5 00	
Tarrytown—St. Mark's, Mem.....	40 00	106 70
OHIO.		
Glendale—Christ Ch., \$5; S. S., \$35.89.....	40 89	40 89
PENNSYLVANIA.		
Germantown—St. Peter's, Mrs. Rumney's Bible Class...	44 80	
Philadelphia—Ch. of the Nativity S. S.....	50 00	
Philadelphia (Mt. Airy)—Grace Ch. Boxes.....	5 29	100 09
PITTSBURGH.		
Brownsville—Christ Ch.....	20 00	29 00
VIRGINIA.		
Charlottesville—Christ Ch., for Chinese Boy.....	20 00	
Lynchburg—For the Wm. Kinckle scholarship in Boone Mem. school, Wuchang, China.....	10 00	

Point Pleasant—Georgie Knight and Grafton Tyler, for Joppa.....		1 05
Richmond—St. Mark's, Y. M. M. S., for quarterly payment scholarship in Rev. E. H. Thomson's Boys' school, Shanghai, China.....		10 00
St. Paul's, for scholarship in Rev. E. H. Thomson's Boy's school, Shanghai, China, \$40; do, in Miss Savery's Girls' school, Cape Palmas, Africa, \$40; for Joppa, \$25.....	105 00	146 05
JOPPA.		
Palestine—Miss Mary B. Baldwin.	200 00	200 00
MISCELLANEOUS.		
N. J., Orange—Cash for "Foreign Missions".....		50 00
"In Memoriam," for China.....	48 50	98 50
LEGACIES.		
N. Y., Tarrytown—Estate of Geo. Merritt.....	2500 00	2500 00
		\$4,424 04

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Treasurer of Home Missions to Colored People acknowledges the receipt of the following sums for September, 1874.

VERMONT.		
Arlington—St. James.....	5 00	5 00
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Boston Highlands—St. James', M. E. C.....	5 00	
Salem—St. Peter's.....	17 30	
Lee—St. George's.....	6 00	
Stockbridge—St. Paul's Ch.....	70 31	93 61
CONNECTICUT.		
Norwich—Christ Ch.....	57 84	
Brookline—Trinity Ch.....	7 98	
E. Haddam—St. Stephen's Ch.....	10 00	75 82
NEW YORK.		
Morrisania—St. Anne's.....	16 64	
New York—Mites for Missions.....	10 00	
St. Chrysostom's.....	9 90	
Piermont—Christ Ch.....	2 00	
Peekskill—St. Peter's.....	20 00	58 54
LONG ISLAND.		
Brooklyn Heights—Grace.....	15 00	15 00
CENTRAL NEW YORK.		
Binghamton—A. J. E.....	10 00	
New Berlin—Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Moss.....	37 50	
Utica—Grace Ch.....	40 00	
Syracuse—St. James'.....	5 00	92 50
WESTERN NEW YORK.		
Albion.....	4 00	
Geneva—Trinity Ch.....	50 00	
Niagara Falls—St. Peter's.....	7 00	
Hornellsville—Christ.....	4 00	65 00
NEW JERSEY.		
Trenton—Mrs. A. E. Abbott.....	5 00	5 00
PENNSYLVANIA.		
Philadelphia—Through Foreign Committee, from Rev. J. Saul, D.D.....	50 00	
Holy Trinity Ch.....	174 31	

42 shares united N. J. R.R. and Canal Company yielding guarantees Div. of \$420 per annum, presented by Rev. Jas. Saul, D.D., present value.....	5300 00	
Oxford—Trinity Ch.....	71 79	
Germantown—Cavalry.....	40 80	5636 80
MICHIGAN.		
Ann Arbor—St. Andrew's Ch.....	13 03	
Hastings—Emmanuel.....	5 00	
Grand Rapids—St. Mark's Ch. Woman's Miss. Asso'n..	75	18 78
VIRGINIA.		
For Work of Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Petersburg, Va., Rev. Dr. Andrews, \$5; Rev. Dr. Hanckel, \$10; Rev. W. H. Meade, \$10; Rev. Mr. Ingle, \$6; Rev. Dr. Norwood, \$5; Rev. C. E. Ambler, \$8.02; Rev. E. Boyden, \$5; Rev. W. H. H. Powers, 2d instalment, \$5; Rev. P. Wroth, \$3; Rev. R. J. McBride, 1st instalment, \$5; Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, \$12.50; Rev. Dr. Gibson, 1st instalment of 2d donation, \$10; Rev. Chas. Mann, \$3; J. H. Williams, Esq., \$5; A Communicant, \$4.....	96 52	96 52
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Mrs. Wright, through Rev. Dr. Haight.....	50 00	50 00
		\$6,217 70
Amount previously acknowledged..		21,501 52
Total.....		\$27,719 22

ADVENT APPEAL.

1874.

ADVENT, according to the usage and teaching of the Church, whether regarded in its origin and history or in its prophecy and end, supplies abundant material for the profitable exercise of the best powers of the mind and heart. The Incarnation of the Son of God for the Redemption of the race is the great fact of the ages, to which the Advent thought leads us in our study of the past; and the reappearing of the same Divine Person, to gather, for everlasting benediction and reward, the fruits of Redemption, is the great fact to which it conducts us in our contemplation of the future. Profoundest gratitude indicates the condition of heart with which we should look into the past, and profoundest anxiety that with which we should look forward to the end—anxiety not for ourselves alone, but for all whom we may possibly influence to accept the Gospel of pardon and peace. The Advent thought unfolds into the Missionary thought and the Missionary work of the Church. We have Christian Missions because we and all other men have been Redeemed; and we are called upon to sustain and extend Christian Missions, that Redemption may issue in Salvation. The former has come to all; the Church may not rest till at least knowledge of both and offer of the latter shall have been carried to all.

The Missions of the Church stand in intimate relations to the two Advents of the Son of God, and thus take on significance and solemnity which no words can adequately express. Yet, in these lofty and sacred relations, they have a human side; they call for men, consecrated and holy men, to go out and proclaim and teach how, and how only, the "good will" of the first Advent can find its completed utterance in the "well done" of the second; and a secular side also, for they call for money, that the Messengers may be fed and clothed.

The Domestic Committee, in past years, have not found the burden laid upon them by the Church altogether light, though by Divine help

they have been able to bear it ; and the present year, it is certainly heavier than ever before. In the place of six, *ten* Missionary Bishops will soon be looking to them for encouragement and support ; and the four new ones will expect, and must have, liberal appropriations, to aid them in providing helpers in their respective Jurisdictions. At the lowest estimate, the increase of our Home Missionary Episcopate will call for *twenty thousand dollars* in excess of the appropriations of last year. This, with a present large indebtedness, is enough to make the Committee not a little anxious as they stand confronted by the work which they are expected to do. Between October first, 1874, and October first, 1875, their receipts should not be less than *two hundred thousand dollars*. This amount they most earnestly ask for, assuring the friends and supporters of Domestic Missions that, if the asking shall, to any considerable extent, be in vain, sad disappointment, if not disaster, must be experienced somewhere.

The Committee will not take order for retrenchment except under the pressure of absolute necessity. The thought of re-enforcement and extension they will much more gladly entertain.

“Except the LORD build the house, their labor is but lost that build it.”

By order of the Domestic Committee,

A. T. TWING,

Secretary and General Agent.

22 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, *November 19, 1874.*

NOTE.—Copies of this Appeal, in any number desired, will be forwarded on application, as above, by letter or otherwise.