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City of which it written, "It hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof." "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

T. T. PEROWNE.

ART. V.—NOTES OF A MISSION TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES.

MORE than sixteen years have passed away since the memorable "Twelve Days' Mission," held in London in the winter of 1869, inaugurated the work of parochial Missions in the Church of England, and, as with a trumpet-voice, heard all over the kingdom, called the attention of Churchmen to the importance and necessity of making from time to time special and well-organized efforts to rouse our sleeping millions from the lethargy of spiritual death. The results of that original effort, very imperfect as was its conduct, and very limited its immediate apparent effect, were such as to astonish even those who had hoped much from the enterprise. At first there was a great outcry against the movement, coming from most opposite quarters. Stout Protestants lustily inveighed against the thing as the last and cleverest stroke of Ritualistic Jesuitry. Strong Churchmen condemned it with equal warmth as an audacious attempt to introduce Methodism into the sober system of the Anglican Communion. It usually augurs well for a thing when extreme men of opposite parties advocate it, but it also augurs well for a thing when extreme men of opposite parties decry it; for men are usually much more likely to be right in what they affirm than in what they deny; and every good thing as it arises must pass through its *minority period*, in which it will meet with but scant respect from things established and mature amongst which it has dared to intrude, without humbly asking them to permit it to exist. Years must generally pass before it comes of age and is able to speak for itself, to the edification of those who contemned it.

But in spite of this double attack, the early Mission movement soon began to show signs of being an infant Hercules, quite capable of taking care of itself, and of dealing summarily with the snakes of slander and prejudice that were writhing everywhere around its cradle. A year had scarcely passed away before Missions, and frequently general Missions, were

breaking out in all parts of the country, and those of us who had any sort of aptitude for the work were soon inundated with invitations. I don't think it possible that there can be the slightest doubt in the mind of any man possessed of spiritual discernment, as to the extraordinary influence for good that has been exerted throughout our Church by this agency during these sixteen years. It would not be too much to say that Missions have produced a radical change in the spiritual condition of individual churches in many places in which they have been held, and have most beneficially affected the tone and spirit of the English Church at large. To me, amidst the many annoyances of these times of party strife, it is no small comfort to find spiritual life asserting itself everywhere, both amongst High and Low, and I cannot but attribute this largely to the effect of Missions both on clergy and people.

This is so generally felt and admitted by spiritually minded men of all shades of opinion in our Church, that it seems at at first very surprising that the daughter-Church in America should have allowed sixteen years to pass over her without any considerable attempt to employ an agency that has proved so useful in the old country. The explanation of a fact that seemed perplexing at a distance, became less difficult upon closer acquaintance with Americans and with their habits of thought and action. Because as a nation they have shown such marvellous capacity for invention, and, what is perhaps even rarer, such astonishing promptitude in adopting really useful inventions, we are, perhaps, disposed to expect them to be equally prompt and expeditious in introducing into their religious systems whatever has commended itself to us here. But in thus concluding we underrate or overlook two important factors in American Church life: first, the patriotic independence, and second, the strong conservatism of the American character.

I was surprised to find how little way usages that have for years been pretty generally accepted amongst us, have made in this progressive country. Let me give an example or two of what I mean. Of all the changes introduced by the Oxford movement, none have met with more general acceptance than those which affect the musical element in our worship. The surpliced choir and the choral service have long since ceased to be with us regarded as the badges of a party, and it would occasion surprise if one met with a man of moderate Church views who did not adopt these usages. Now, taken man for man, American Episcopalians are on the average Higher Churchmen than we, and yet so far as I could find, even in New York, one would have had to go

either to Trinity, which is practically their cathedral, or to some of the most advanced Ritualistic churches to hear anything like a full choral service. And if this is the case in New York, where perhaps English influence is most felt, still less do these familiar usages prevail in the provincial churches.

I remember when I was a mere boy, just preparing for Oxford, it fell to my lot to spend a few months with a tutor in Bath. I can well recall my astonishment, fresh as I was in those days from hearty congregational singing in Cornwall, at the extraordinary performances that I had to witness in the west-end galleries of some of the fashionable churches of that city. I have often looked back upon the thing with a smile as one of those "portions and parcels of the dreadful past" which could no more be resuscitated here than could nature be expected to bring back the mastodon. Little did I ever think that a quarter of a century later I should find this particular mastodon flourishing in even greater glory than in the Bath of thirty years ago in the most "go-ahead" nation in the world; yet, strange as it may seem, that is exactly what I did find.

The scene is the most fashionable church in a large southern town. The vicar, a man of sense and culture, quite abreast of the times intellectually, and no inconsiderable orator. Ere we leave the vestry he observes apologetically, "It will be necessary to omit the Litany or otherwise curtail the service in order to give you time for even a moderately long sermon. You see, unfortunately, we have to submit to a vast amount of fantastic music which occupies quite a long time, and I can't curtail this without causing annoyance and ill-feeling." The next moment we had entered the church, and the *fantastic* music thus referred to commenced. A female contralto voice murmuring inarticulate utterances, sustained by an organ accompaniment scarcely more audible than would have been the tones of a musical snuff-box heard at an equal distance, made me aware that something was happening as I rose from my knees—I knew not what then, and I know not what now! Soon the organ put on a crescendo, and a soprano voice broke in with equally inarticulate utterances which presently culminated in a blood-curdling shriek, a bass and a tenor by this time assisting in the performance, which lasted for about five minutes and concluded without conveying any single idea to my mind, except one that I found to be in some degree sustained by fact, that I had been listening to very indifferent opera singers. Then came the reading of the service without any attempt at intoning, the four distinguished persons in the west gallery apparently taking no part until the *Venite* was reached, when their opportunity came again, and they made

the most of it! Here was performance the second, which occupied some eight minutes more; the large congregation standing meekly while the four gaily disported themselves up and down the diatonic and even the chromatic scale. At length we found ourselves reading the Psalms in our natural voices; fortunately the four did not dispute our right to do this, though I know not what might have happened if we had claimed the right to sing them. But here a new surprise awaited me. I was perhaps looking forward to being allowed to take a humble part in the worship of God by singing the *Gloria*, but I had reckoned without my host. The *Gloria* was another elaborate and operatic anthem twice or thrice repeated ere the lessons were reached. I should fatigue my readers if I went further; suffice it to say, the *Te Deum* was equally elaborate, and the *Jubilate* much more so; indeed here the four seemed to enjoy their wildest revel. And when a very solemn sermon came to its close, once again the collection had to be stimulated with a tide of song in an unknown tongue which no one attempted to interpret; and from first to last there was not one single thing that any but the four could join in except the hymns, and even these were only saved out of the hands of these inexorable performers by the intervention of the Mission.

This may read like a caricature, but it is really a description of what obtains in a great number of American churches to-day, and did obtain in Bath twenty-five or thirty years ago. I have mentioned it not merely to relieve myself of a little indignation, it may be righteous or it may be Pharisaic, against an evil thing which I thought had died a quarter of a century ago in conservative England, but which I was mortified at finding in a state of full vitality in progressive America, but because this illustrates as well as anything could the conservative tendencies which exist in America, and which perhaps surprised me as much as any of the many surprising things I met with there. I think that if the members of that congregation were to speak their mind on the subject they would probably say, "Well, we like it. If the performance is not as good as it should be, we must pay to make it better; but it is pleasanter to sit or stand in church and hear four professional singers doing their best, than to hear a whole congregation making an indifferent noise. And we really don't see why we should give up our little musical treat as we wish it to be, and conform to the innovations of surpliced choir and congregational singing introduced by foreigners."

Or let me give another illustration. At the time when the American Church was first formed, the bare proposal of such a thing as a prayer-meeting in connection with a Church of

England congregation or parish would have excited horror and alarm; but since those days we have had the great Evangelical revival, and have learnt that where the Spirit of the LORD is, there is liberty. Amongst ourselves to-day, prayer-meetings of one kind or other are common in most well-worked parishes, and are sanctioned by High Churchmen as well as by Low. But in the American Church in this particular, things seem to me to be just where they were with us half a century ago. A former member of my own old Liverpool flock whom I met in New York, but who resided in Brooklyn, told me that her younger sister had joined the Baptists; "and really," she said, "I find it hard to abstain from following her example. Things are worked here upon such very stiff Church lines. Why, sir, there is not, I believe, in the whole of Brooklyn, a church that has a weekly or even a monthly prayer-meeting."

Perhaps this conservative disposition is characteristic of the Episcopal Church in America rather than of the nation at large, though this, I think, is open to question. It should be remembered that our American fellow-Churchmen represent a reactionary protest, the protest of intelligence and culture, against much that must be regarded as savouring of religious extravagance. They cling with the more tenacity to old ways, because there has been so much to excuse their prejudices in many of the newer methods that they have seen rise and flourish for a time, and then sink into decadence around them. On the other hand, it seems to me that, in spite of this conservative disposition, Americans are singularly open to conviction; mere precedent does not weigh with them as it does with us; and when they are convinced that their prejudices have been wrong and unjustifiable, they part with them without a sigh.

The bearing of all I have said upon their attitude towards Missions is sufficiently obvious. For fifteen-years the mother-Church has been reaping spiritual harvests through the agency of Parochial Missions; for fifteen years the daughter-Church has looked on, not, I am disposed to think, indifferently, but dubiously. Did the good people in the old country really know what they were doing? Had they fully considered the consequences of introducing revivalism into their Church, and giving it ecclesiastical sanction? Did they know, as intelligent Americans must know, what evils spring out of the revival system? And was it really possible to utilize all that is best in revivalism without being affected as a Church with what is worst? These are grave questions, and questions requiring time to solve; and, for my own part, I respect my American fellow-Churchmen none the less because

they did not blindly follow our lead in this matter, but took time carefully to consider the thing in all its bearings.

They had also to consider whether, even supposing the agency to be satisfactory, it was adapted or adaptable to the conditions of the American Church, which are so very different from those that obtain on this side of the Atlantic. In facing these contrasted conditions, I must say that I think the American clergy showed great courage, and in actually combating and rising superior to them, American laymen, and most of all *laywomen*, exhibited still more. I confess that I, who had come across the Atlantic to preach to my fellow-Christians courage, and zeal, and devotion, felt myself humbled when I heard of their doing what some of them did. Backed with the authority of our parochial system, it would be no light matter for a Christian lady amongst us to undertake to call at the mansions of Prince's Gate, and not merely to leave a bill with the butler and to come away, but actually to ask, as a perfect stranger, to see the lady of the house, and to explain to her (be the family "Jew, Turk, Infidel, or heretic," or anything else) the nature of the Mission, and invite her and hers to attend. Yet this was what many American ladies did without being backed by any parochial authority at all, other than the direction of the pastor of one small denomination. It was remarkable that in the neighbourhood of St. George's Church, where I was working, and where this was done, even in the palaces of Fifth Avenue, several Jewish and Roman Catholic families actually did promise to attend the services; and if no other good had come of the Mission, I think my excellent friend Mr. Rainsford might have found a reward for all he did to further it in the fact that it led his people to be so brave.

But to resume our story: After fifteen years of observation, a favourable opinion with respect to Missions gradually formed itself; and I think it must be admitted that to the formation of this opinion the extreme High and the extreme Low chiefly contributed. Individual Missions here and there had already been conducted, chiefly by men of one or other of these schools, and in both cases, I believe, with satisfactory results; I say in both cases, for with whatever concomitants of teaching that would not commend themselves to readers of the CHURCHMAN, I believe from what I hear, and I judge from what I saw, that many of the most extreme Ritualists of the American Church are thoroughly spiritually minded men, and preach the Gospel as clearly as our own great ritualistic Mission-preacher, Canon Body, does amongst ourselves. The favourable opinion, however, at last was formed in the minds of that most important section of the American and every

other Church, Moderate men, and the result was a most cordial and brotherly invitation from the Assistant-Bishop and clergy of New York to several of the more prominent Mission-preachers in the old country to "come over and help" in the proposed work.

It was not the first invitation of the kind by any means that I had received. I cannot forbear referring to a similar proposal made to me by an American layman some four or five years earlier, as an illustration of the princely way in which American laymen sometimes act. The gentleman to whom I refer wrote to say that he was persuaded that a Mission was just what the Church in America needed, and that he had set aside £800 at his banker's for the purpose of enabling me to carry it out. This generous offer I was then unable to avail myself of, and both that gentleman and myself have since felt very thankful that I could not. The times were not ripe for it then, but I think they were fully ripe in 1886.

Dr. Pigou, in a recent article in this magazine, has dwelt upon the careful and elaborate preparation, extending over nearly a year, which preceded the Mission. I don't think he has spoken one bit too strongly. It was most hearty and careful and thorough, and carried with it the presage of success. But in addition to this, the fact that the clergy of the great metropolis were about to engage in this work produced a profound impression all over the States, and paved the way for work elsewhere.

I have promised by the heading of this article to give notes of a "Mission Tour," and therefore I shall not speak exclusively of the New York Mission. My first work after landing was to conduct a Retreat for the clergy. A lovely spot had been chosen for the purpose, about fifty miles from the great city, on the banks of the beautiful Hudson. There stands nearly opposite West Point, the famous Military Academy, a large hotel bearing the name of Garisons (but whether or not there should be an apostrophe before the "s" I never discovered). Here a really pretty little country church (and pretty country churches are rare in America) stands only a few yards from the hotel, and indeed the place seemed specially made for "a retreat." About eighty clergy took part in this season of retirement, though all could not be present the whole time. They represented every school of thought—I might almost say every shade of opinion. Extreme High, extreme Low, pronounced Broad, all were there; and yet, from first to last, nothing could exceed the harmony and good will that prevailed everywhere and amongst all. It was the general testimony that no such religious gathering of men of all parties

had ever before been held in the history of the American Church; and it seemed as if the God Who has promised His blessing where brethren dwell together in unity, fulfilled His promise there in a very remarkable way. I never met with a humility more genuine nor a teachableness more sincere than were exhibited by these reverend brethren, many of whom no doubt quite capable of instructing their preacher. But the spirit of the critic seemed laid aside; the man was to a great extent lost sight of, while all seemed eager to gain a real blessing from God.

Without binding ourselves too slavishly to the rule of silence, the Conductor suggested the expediency of abstaining during the retreat from ordinary conversation; and during our meals we read aloud Mr. Moule's very helpful little book upon sanctification, which was greatly appreciated. I will only add that when on the last evening I invited anyone who desired to do so, to confer with me about their own spiritual experience, so many availed themselves of my offer that my room was not clear till after two o'clock in the morning.

I shall be breaking no confidence if I say that my strong presentation of the doctrine of personal assurance of present salvation, as springing from the moral consciousness of distinct and definite faith in Christ as Saviour, was the thing that seemed most to strike those who thus conferred with me, and to awaken strong desires for a clearer apprehension of whatever can be apprehended in this respect. More than one testified to new light found here, and new peace and joy experienced in claiming all that belongs to faith; and scarcely any took leave without expressing in very warm terms their sense of the benefit received from the Lord in that quiet time. At our last meal together, I suggested that each one present should rise in his place and utter either a text or a verse of a hymn, or any other word that should give expression either to a lesson learned or a desire awakened or a blessing received; and I shall not easily forget the solemn influence of holy joy that seemed to pervade that gathering, as one after another rose and uttered familiar words, which seemed to carry with them quite a new significance, of personal testimony.

This is, perhaps, the right place in which to offer to the reader my personal impressions of American parsons and parties, and indeed of the general condition of the Episcopal Church in America. One of my friends—an Englishman resident in America, and one who should have some opportunities of judging—expressed his strong conviction that, taken man by man, the American clergy would compare favourably with the English—were in fact, as a rule, abler men. I should not say that this was altogether the impression made upon my

mind. On the other hand, I saw no signs of inferiority to the home average. It seemed to me, as far as I could judge, that the ordinary average American parson would hold his own with average men on this side. Perhaps, however, their *average* is somewhat higher for this reason, that "*sticks*" cannot hold their own in a purely voluntary communion. If a man be a stick in England, he may drop into a fat family living, and, like Pharaoh's lean kine, eat up the fatness of the land and still continue a dry stick; or he may attract the compassion of a kind-hearted Bishop, who will give him a church to empty, while he draws £300 a year for his services in this respect. But Mr. Stick has not the slightest chance in America—he simply fails; that is to say, he fails to obtain bread and butter; and then, as one of my hosts humorously observed to me, there is nothing before him but to go in for book agencies, quack medicines, or lightning-conductors! Exemption from sticks is certainly a great boon, but that it is purchased somewhat dearly at the price of voluntaryism, pure and simple, I think few intelligent observers will be prepared to deny. To me it seems as if *we* erred in one extreme in maintaining the absolute independence, and *they*, in the other, in *ordaining* the actual dependence of their clergy upon the goodwill of the congregation (as represented in their case in the vestry).

If efficiency depended mainly upon reading and educational training, their clergy ought certainly to leave ours behind at an almost immeasurable distance. Great was my astonishment at finding that a four years' preparatory theological training is demanded before a candidate can be admitted to Holy Orders, even when he has spent three or four years in taking an Arts degree. I may be wrong, but to me this seems a grave mistake, and one that has proved injurious to the Church. In the very interesting article which appears in the CHURCHMAN, for May, the writer, who is evidently as well informed as he is judicious and candid, points out that there is a great lack of candidates for the ministry; that the supply, in fact, by no means keeps pace with the demand. What wonder? In America there is nothing, or next to nothing, to prevent a man setting up as a doctor or a lawyer with no other qualification than his own assurance; and if a man possesses the gift of fluency there is nothing to prevent him "running" a place of worship in any township of the great West that wants one, without being possessed of any other qualification at all. Take Mr. Moody as an example of what I mean. He has never undergone any process of ordination nor any technical theological education, yet while still quite a young man, by virtue of his powers of

speaking and working, he becomes "Pastor" of the largest congregation in Chicago. Had he been a loyal Churchman how different would have been his career! At the age of thirty he would have been turned out of a theological seminary in which very likely he might not have distinguished himself, for I should not think that study of that kind would have proved his special gift, and then he would most likely have been buried in some remote Mission chapel where his unique powers would probably for years have remained unrecognised and therefore practically unemployed. Whereas, in another denomination, his services, however irregular, were at once recognised and turned to good account. How can we expect that young men will give themselves up to the ministry when this entails four years of technical education, where in other professions they may get at their life-work almost at once? I am sure that if we were to attempt anything of the kind here in England we might shut half our churches within a decade.

Nor am I quite satisfied that this long educational period renders men really more fit for fighting the practical battle of life. Suppose that the tone of the Seminary should be, as I believe is sometimes the case, narrow, one-sided and not very spiritual, will not the effect of such a training be most disastrous upon the embryo parson? By-and-by he is sent down to open a "tin" Mission chapel in a rising town amongst the wilds of Texas. He finds there a Baptist, a Methodist, a Presbyterian community, all engaged in what is practically missionary work amongst those who differ only in the slightest degree from heathen. If he could only meet these Christian labourers in a comprehensive and liberal spirit, he might soon win his way to a position of influence and usefulness. But the traditions of the Seminary are upon him, these earnest men who have hitherto been the sole representatives of Christianity in the locality are schismatics with whom a good sound Churchman must have no dealings. Schism is a deadly sin, and the few half-civilized folk that he succeeds in inducing to enter his chapel learn with astonishment that this new sect, as it appears to them to be, claims to be nothing less than the sole embodiment of Apostolic Christianity. Had our young friend spent only one year instead of four in the Seminary, possibly his spiritual instincts and his common-sense might have prevailed, and he might have dared to reflect, "How can these be schismatics when the ground has never even been occupied in the name of the Church, and when for a whole generation there has been no such thing amongst them as a church from which it would have been possible for them to secede?" But the four years in the Seminary have produced an artificial tone of

thought. Common-sense must yield to the principles of the doctrinaire, and the result is that in a place where union of spirit is above all things needed to induce strength against the common foe, our young friend poses as the sole representative of the schismatical spirit, while he condemns all his fellow-Christians around him as conscious or unconscious schismatics.

Of course I am as far as possible from bringing any sweeping charge against the theological seminaries in America. I doubt not, indeed, but that a first-class theological education may be obtained in them, but I gravely question whether there may not be a better training for the ministry than four years of theological study. Would not the Episcopal Church do better if she demanded only one year's purely theological study of those who have already graduated in Arts, but insisted vigorously upon a three or four years' diaconate in which several hours in each day should be devoted to a defined course of study, while the candidate for the presbyterate was practically learning his business during the remainder of the day. Is not this the recognised method of training doctors, who have to walk the hospital as well as to attend lectures on medicine and anatomy? and is practical training less necessary for those whose practice is to be, not with the bodies but with the souls of men?

In speaking as I have done of the possible influence of seminary training upon the younger clergy, I have not been merely drawing upon my imagination. My strong conviction is that the Episcopal Church has lost influence in America by nothing so much as by the exhibition of a spirit of ecclesiastical exclusiveness. "I don't know how it is," said Mr. Moody to me, "but in England the very best and warmest supporters I had, as a rule, were the clergy of the Established Church; in America the Episcopalian clergy, with some rare exceptions, won't have anything to say to me." This exclusiveness seems to me fatal; and I write this not as one who is without any distinctive "Church" views, believing only in the invisible Church, but as a strong Churchman who believes in the divine origin of the visible Church as an organic unity, and as one who would feel myself guilty of a grievous sin if I separated voluntarily from that great historical communion which has maintained its corporate existence unbroken from Apostolic days. But is it not quite possible to hold personally strong views upon this subject, and yet to maintain a very liberal attitude and feeling towards those whose conscientious convictions have constrained them to separate from our communion?

Two duties apparently we all must recognise as binding upon us, but our capacity to fulfil the one must be limited by our

obedience to the imperious claims of the other. We are bound to endeavour to maintain organic unity; but we are also bound to be true to what, to the best of our judgment, we regard as truth. I cannot believe that, in order to maintain organic unity, I ought to remain a member of the Church of Rome if I had happened to be born in Italy; and therefore I cannot maintain that those who have an equally strong conviction that the Episcopal Church teaches dangerous errors, ought to remain in her communion because they happen to be born in England. It seems to me that these deplorable divisions are the penalty that we pay for the unfaithfulness of the Church, and the presence of the unspiritual within her pale. It was no part of the design of Christ that this infusion of an evil element into the Church should take place, yet He foresaw it, and bade us let things be till the harvest should set all in their proper places. And even so these divisions, springing from the carnal mind in the Church, formed no part of His original design for the Church; but no doubt He foresaw them, and certainly He has nowhere called upon us to maintain our adherence to the organic unity at the cost of the sacrifice of our strongest conscientious convictions of truth.

If we cannot restore—as we certainly cannot till He comes—the organic unity, we may at any rate recognise that spiritual union which binds together all in whom Christ dwells, whatever their outward name, and which, after all, is the only thing that contains within itself the elements of eternity.

It seems to me that Episcopal clergy make a most grievous mistake when they hold off altogether from religious intercourse, and from co-operation, as far as such a thing is possible, with members of other denominations. For in doing so we are, in the first place, denying the spiritual union which underlies our ecclesiastical divisions, and this must be most displeasing to the Holy Spirit in Whom that union is effected; and in the second place, we convey to intelligent Nonconformists the idea that our Church, instead of being a witness for union, is the main cause of disunion—a body that shares with the Roman Catholics the dishonour of building up walls of division between Christian folk that reason is not allowed to undermine nor charity to surmount.

In a country like our own, where the Established Church embraces half the population within its fold, and where we were certainly first in the field, there is no doubt a show of plausibility in the adoption of the exclusive attitude affected by some strong Churchmen; but in a country like America, where in whole counties the very name of Episcopacy is unknown, while other forms of Christianity are strong, the thing becomes ridiculous. I was told by a clergyman that in the

huge State of Tennessee there are some ninety counties, in about forty-five of which no single Episcopal congregation exists. "Are there any Episcopalians in this neighbourhood, my good woman?" asked a vehement Churchman of a hospitable settler's wife in some remote region at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, as she watered the stranger's horse. "Well, now, sir," replied the intelligent dame, "I don't rightly know. My old man *did* say that he shot one last week, but for my part I thought it weren't but a chipmonk!" How absurd the claim of the rigorous Episcopalian seems to the ordinary American denominationalist may be judged from the following extract from a Southern Methodist newspaper. In the earlier parts of the article the writer speaks in very favourable terms of the effect of our Mission-work at New Orleans; he then proceeds as follows:

> Of course this work shows to many of the devout their Church in a new aspect altogether. Some who have long entertained the pleasing hope that the day may soon come when all the other Protestant bodies shall glide into the open arms of their gentle "Mother," ask, May not this be the day? Said a most amiable and intelligent lady to a Methodist minister, "Now what is to hinder the Methodist Church from coming to us? You see, we believe in revivals, as you do. Surely, now there can be no substantial objection to a union." The minister replied, "The trouble is, we are so large that, should we enter your Church, you would be entirely absorbed, and what forms were left we should toss out of the window." She thought a moment, and then answered: "I wonder how Jonah felt after he swallowed that whale!"

Let Churchmen believe and hold strongly that theirs is the more excellent way, let them fearlessly avow that they do not regard ecclesiastical relations as a matter of indifference, let them by all means instruct their people in the principles of intelligent churchmanship; but let them recognise facts and listen to history, and be as liberal and sympathetic in their attitude towards others as they are definite in their own convictions; and thus, as it seems to me, they will be far more likely to make good Churchmen of their people than by adopting an opposite course.

I was greatly cheered at the end of my four months in America, by an incident of the closing meeting. I shall have to speak of this meeting again, and so will here only say that it was devotional in its character, and therefore applause was not encouraged; but when Bishop Potter (Dr. Pigou's opinion of whom I very heartily endorse, "To know him is" indeed "to love him"), himself a strong Churchman, observed that one effect of this Mission had been to draw Christians of all denominations nearer to each other, and to enable them to understand each other better, the enthusiasm of that huge meeting of 3,000 persons could not be suppressed, the whole

multitude broke forth into an outburst of vehement applause. The Episcopal Church of America has, I believe, a magnificent opportunity before it. Her wealth, her culture, her form of government; the ability and zeal of her ministers, and their careful education, which no one wishes to see discontinued, but only rendered more practical; and above everything else, her Liturgy—all these are immensely in her favour; and if to this she can add a liberal and comprehensive spirit, neither latitudinarian in any sense on the one hand, nor too rigidly dogmatic on the other, she has every chance of becoming in the not very remote future the Church of the masses as well as of the favoured classes. God grant she may!

Let us turn now from her relations to those without her own pale, with respect to which I think she might learn something from us (alas, how little!), to the relations of parties to each other within her own fold, with respect to which I think we may learn a good deal from her. I should not judge from all I heard and saw that the differences of opinion, those on theological questions were at all less grave than those which separate us from each other; at the same time I don't think that party strife is anything like so fierce with them as it is with us. This I attribute chiefly to the almost entire abolition of shibboleths. Those brave lads who so gallantly gave their lives in the Zulu war in an attempt to save the British flag, illustrated by their heroic devotion the fact, which we might well lay to heart in our theological controversies, that when you give men flags you do your best to make them fighters.

If our object is to produce a church militant indeed, but chiefly militant against itself, then multiply shibboleths to the utmost; the more you manufacture the harder men will fight. If, on the other hand, you want the Church as far as possible to be an organic unity, and not an aggregation of discords, eliminate these symbols, or at any rate deny their significance, and then, before we fight, we shall be obliged to endeavour to understand what we are going to fight about, and that will be no small point gained. Any idiot can wrangle with another of the same genus about a coloured stole or an eastward position; but to discuss, or even understand, the profound and complicated questions involved in reasonable theological controversy, you require first to cease to be an idiot, so to fulfil the Apostolic injunction, "in malice be children, but in understanding *be men*." To me it appears as if shibboleths were specially designed to induce the maximum of "malice" and the minimum of "understanding." How often when they lay their shibboleths aside and begin with their definitions, do men find that their real differences are slighter than they had supposed! The only thing to be regretted is

that the abandonment of shibboleths should be somewhat one-sided; to make these concessions of full value they should be mutual.

In America, as far as I can judge, the eastward position, the use of coloured stoles, and of simple sacramental "vestments," of processionals and recessionals, of the mixed chalice, and perhaps several other things about which we fight in courts of law or otherwise, were looked upon as mere matters of taste, involving no necessary doctrinal significance. I only met with one man in America who wore the black gown, and yet I had not returned very long to England before I saw a letter in one of our Church papers of the true *mastodon* type, calling upon all sound Protestant Christians to stick to their colours bravely and well, and abandon the surplice altogether rather than give up this black "flag." I dare say my readers will smile when I tell them that this one black gown that I did see was none other than a vast *Genevan*, swathing within its ample folds the colossal form of the great New England preacher, Dr. Phillips Brooks. Of course no one could suspect him of antiquated Low-Churchmanship. It was rather, as he explained it, a little pet fancy of harmless Ritualism. "I consider this," said he, in response to my look of amazement, "the right thing for preaching in. It is the dress of a teacher, and so I prefer to wear it;" and really the didactic vestment seemed somehow to suit his unique personality and style of pulpit oratory. With characteristic liberality, however, he advised me to adhere to my own surplice, and so I escaped the peril of being buried alive (in spite of my six feet) in those tremendous sleeves!

I heard the most extremely Broad utterances and the most extremely High utterances at the American Church Congress that one could well hear within the limits of any one Christian Communion. I did not hear anything extremely Low, but then I was only there one day. It is my impression, however, that the old-fashioned Low-Church party, the party that was represented a few years ago by the late Dr. Tyng at St. George's, is in that Church very nearly as extinct as the dodo. Evangelicals there still are, and noble specimens, too, of that school; but they are of the moderate and liberal type. In the Church Congress meetings which I attended, the Ritualists made the most of themselves, as they always do at home, keeping well to the front, and apparently endeavouring to enjoy the sensation of making a sensation. But it seemed to me that they did not really carry the meeting with them, and I am quite sure, from all I hear, that their influence in the Church at large is very limited. It is a curious thing that while the old-fashioned Low-Church party seems dying or

dead, the old-fashioned High is perhaps better represented than any other. Perhaps this arises from the conservative disposition that I have already referred to. It must not be forgotten that the Americans received their Orders through the high and dry Episcopal Church of Scotland of a hundred years ago, and, I suppose, not only the Orders, but something of the spirit of the body through which they were obtained, remains to-day. But the hope for the American Church lies mainly in her moderate and comprehensive adherents both lay and clerical, and I rejoice to say they are many. Such men had much to do with bringing about the present Mission, and by the efforts of such mainly, I believe, will this sort of work be carried on. I do think, however, that amongst men of all parties there is a deep and earnest desire for an increase of spirituality, and far more of really vital godliness. It was this, more than the action of any party or of any individuals, that rendered possible that unique retreat at Garrisons, and that most remarkable Mission at New York.

In a subsequent paper, by the kind permission of the Editor, I hope to give some further impressions and experiences of my four months' tour.

W. Hay M. Aitken.

Art. VI.—PUBLIC OPINION.

"*WHEN we know that the opinions of even the greatest multitudes are the standards of rectitude, then*" (and not till then) "*I shall think myself obliged to make those opinions the masters of my conscience.*" These are the words of the greatest of English political writers, Edmund Burke. And it is my object in discussing public opinion to show that however useful it may be for many purposes, it is an unsafe guide for our own individual thoughts and conduct.

What is the analysis of public opinion? It is made up of the impressions and wishes of a multitude of men and women, very few of whom are better informed or have means of making a wiser judgment than ourselves. If all this immense series of units were perfectly independent, fair, unbiased, and impartial, public opinion would be a more trustworthy witness. But the great mass of mankind delight in having their opinions made for them, and in repeating them from mouth to mouth. Here is a fatal point. This tendency is the opportunity for those who are most determined, most selfish, most one-sided, most unscrupulous. Their voice is