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

Third Paper.

THERE is no doubt that the American newspapers did much to help forward the Advent Mission at New York. Their comments were decidedly friendly, and very useful in attracting public attention to the effort. Curious productions these same American newspapers are to an English eye, with their meagre dimensions, bad type, shabby materials, grotesque "cuts," and sensational headings. The literary tone affected by our English "leaders" is nowhere approached; but on the other hand there is a piquancy and rollicking humour in their brief paragraphs which might shock the taste of a London editor, but is not always vulgar, though frequently amazingly personal. Indeed, the disposition to indulge in personalities is allowed to run to such lengths that it seems a wonder that newspaper editors are not for ever engaged in defending themselves against actions for libel. I am not aware, however, that such actions are frequent there; probably people look upon the editor as a man privileged to say whatever he likes, and the man who is "shown up" contents himself with making in his turn a counter-exhibition.

I remember being much amused at the explanation offered in one of the papers of the unwonted sight presented in the busiest part of New York, when hundreds were flocking to Old Trinity to attend the Business Men's Meetings. "What could it all mean?" inquired the amazed correspondent: "here were stock-brokers, and stock-gamblers, and merchants, and manufacturers, and shopkeepers, crowding into a church in the busiest hours of the day to say their prayers. A moment's reflection," he proceeded, "suggested the explanation which had not occurred to me at first. Jay Gould" (one of the leading commercial speculators of New York) "has just announced his intention of retiring from commercial life, and all these excellent people were crowding into church to hold a thanksgiving service for this great blessing!"

This disposition to be personal accompanies the reporter in his visits to religious gatherings. The first thing to be done is to give a pen-and-ink sketch of the preacher, his stature, tone of voice, manner, gesticulations, style, and so forth, while but little criticism is offered upon the matter and substance of the discourse. One journal observed of Canon Farrar that he did not the least know what to do with his hands in speaking. The Canon good-naturedly referred to the remark in his next lecture, assured his audience that the criticism was well founded, "and therefore," he went on to say, "by your leave

I will put my hands by my sides and leave them there." The notices of sermons were necessarily only brief epitomes, but even these were characteristic. There was no attempt made generally to get at the framework of the sermon and offer a digest of its contents; but on the other hand, if a smart thing were said, or a good epigram uttered, or a striking illustration employed, that would be almost sure to win the reporter's attention. But there are reporters and reporters in America as elsewhere, and I confess I was somewhat astonished when I heard from the sexton of Trinity (I don't think we have any clerks in America) that one reporter called on him regularly every day after church to inquire what my text had been, and then went cheerfully on his way, quite prepared to evolve my sermon out of his inner consciousness, for the next day's issue.

My evening services at St. George's concluded with two very interesting gatherings for young men, in which we were allowed to reap some very satisfactory fruit of the seed sown at Trinity. On the last night I had to retire surreptitiously from the after-meeting to catch my train, but did not, even so, escape the last attentions of an "interviewer," eager to obtain my final impressions of New York, and of my welcome there.

Disengaging myself from him, however, as best I might, I saved my train, and that night I proceeded on my journey to Boston, this time to hear as well as to preach. A hearty invitation had reached me from Dr. Phillips Brooks, my acceptance of which I made subject to the condition that I should hear him in the morning if he heard me in the evening. It is always difficult and frequently dangerous to speak of living men, and Dr. Phillips Brooks is now so well known in England that he could well dispense with any notice from my humble pen. Suffice it to say that I did not spend two nights under his roof without quite losing my heart to this most fascinating of men. One feels drawn to him, just as one is attracted to Niagara, by a certain sense of *bigness*. Everything about him is big. I should say he stood six feet four or five, and he is large in proportion, and his heart is, to my thinking, bigger in proportion than his body; his sympathies are big, and his thoughts are big, and above all his hope is big. We found plenty to differ about as we sat up there, not so much talking theology as opening our hearts to each other, till "far on in the small hours;" yet I think we both felt the presence of a strong bond of true spiritual sympathy amidst our intellectual divergencies. It would certainly be impossible to preach a broader sermon on the particular subject chosen than I heard from him that Sunday morning; for his subject was the Church, and his object seemed to be to show that the Church and the world were one, a position so broad that to exceed

it you would need to take into the pale the entire solar system! It was not, if I understood him right, that the Church ought to be rendered commensurate with the world by the world's conversion, but that the Church actually was commensurate with the world, owing to the universal Fatherhood of God; everybody who is born into the world being, therefore, of necessity born into the Church. He pictured in his own graphic way the baptism of a sick child, and then asked what did it mean? Was it a mere barren form, or was it a revolting superstition? With kindling eloquence he gave his answer, "It is neither! It is the Church's witness that every child born into the world belongs to her already, because it belongs to her Lord, Who has taught us that the field (that is to say the Church) is the world." I do not pretend to give the preacher's words, but I do not think that I have misrepresented him in thus paraphrasing what I understood him to say.

To me, I confess such teaching seems to imply a flat contradiction of the doctrine of Regeneration; and if that be so, it can neither be the doctrine of Christ nor of St. Paul, nor St. Peter, nor St. John. But I doubt not that the Doctor sees, or thinks he sees, some way of reconciling his position with the third of St. John, for his attitude towards revealed truth is distinctly reverential, and it is not easy to doubt the spirituality of his own inner life, or his personal devotion to the Divine Master. I confess too, as one grows older, one becomes more and more cautious of judging men by insisting upon what seem to be logical conclusions deducible from their positions. *Positions* are not always *premises!* "I know not," said an intelligent Bostonian, "what to think of the Doctor; he greatly puzzles me. It always seems to me as though he had the *life of the Spirit* without the *mind of the Spirit!*" I quote the words without endorsing them, because I do not know enough of this most remarkable man and of the system that he has worked out for himself to be able to offer an opinion; but the epigram exactly indicates the impression that would be made on most Evangelical minds by the exceedingly able and brilliant discourse that it fell to my lot to hear.

I have spoken thus freely of one for whom I have conceived the utmost respect and admiration, because it seems to me that one of the most important factors in the American Church life of the future will be the Broad Church party; and the great question is, how will the Broad Church party develop, or what line will it take? Ritualism in the States is an exotic, and I do not believe it will ever flourish to any considerable extent on American soil. There is too much independence of spirit in the nation ever to submit to Sacerdotalism. A ritualistic American is really one of the oddest

conceivable combinations, and impresses one with an idea of incongruity that is almost absurd. A retrogressive theology that seeks its ideal in the middle ages labouring to take root in this most progressive country, that is endeavouring to create an ideal for the twentieth century, seems almost as much out of place as would be a procession of camels drawing Joseph's waggons on the Great Western Railway and blocking the road for the "Flying Dutchman." This particular *mastodon* will never be revived over yonder, in spite of the pains some are expending on putting his dry bones together. But Broad Churchmanship is even more in harmony with the spirit of the age yonder than here, and must, one would think, become more and more influential.

What will its character be? Will it develop into a cold unspiritual Latitudinarianism, rich chiefly in negations but poor in all that is needed to warm the heart and inspire the life? will it be a reproduction of our own Georgian Arianism? will it fall into the hands of men who sympathize with the opinions of Mr. Stopford Brooke, but have not the courage or the honesty to follow his example and boldly proclaim themselves Socinians? If so, then, however great the gifts and however noble the character of its promoters, it will only be a blight settling down upon the fair promise of this Church of the Springtide, and killing all it touches, for Unitarianism has always been a failure, and in the nature of things always will be. Or will it be true to Christ? Will it, as Dr. Phillips Brooks himself so earnestly does, proclaim Him very God as well as ideal man? Will it retain the essence, though not what it may regard as the conventional form, of Evangelical truth? Will it encourage criticism without sacrificing reverence, and inculcate an earnest reasonableness without sanctioning a petulant and impatient rationalism? Above all, will it insist upon holiness as contrasted with mere morality, and spiritual devotion to God as the secret source of true usefulness, as contrasted with a merely philanthropic *Altruism?* In a word, will it preach supernatural religion as the basis of ethics, or will it preach ethics as a substitute for supernatural religion? Well, these questions must remain for the present unanswered, but the consideration of them should surely dispose the leaders of this great tide of religious thought, which is spreading rapidly through the States both in the Church and in the Denominations, to recognise the enormous responsibility that rests upon them in these respects.

It fell to my lot in my wanderings through the States to meet with one man, who more, I almost think, than anyone else I ever met, impressed me as combining in himself the intellectual independence of a thoughtful critic, thoroughly

abreast of modern thought and hampered by no narrowing theological conventionalities, with the reverence and spirituality of a truly evangelical Christian. Professor Ladd, of Yale College, is one of the leading spirits of what I may perhaps term the Broad Evangelical School in America, and his ponderous work on Inspiration well repays the mental toil which his somewhat heavy and not very lucid style imposes on the reader. But the man struck me even more than his work, and I am impressed with the conviction that it is to the directing and modifying influence of such men as these upon the ever-broadening religious thought and tendencies of the period that we must look, under God's directing Providence, for a development that we shall be able to contemplate not only without alarm, but even with satisfaction.

Amongst other happy memories of my visit to Boston, which was all too brief, I recall with much pleasure my intercourse with Dr. Gordon, whose name is known to many on this side of the water, while in his own country he stands in the foremost rank of those who are promoting evangelizing work and seeking to raise the Christian life of the period to a higher level of practical holiness. Dr. Gordon is much interested in a movement that has elicited a good deal of attention amongst ourselves—he is a devout believer in what is commonly called faith-healing; and no wonder, considering the testimony that he—a man all would say of unimpeachable veracity—was able to give as to what he had himself witnessed, and indeed had been used to accomplish. He was too well read and sober a man, however, to be carried away by any of the extravagant theories which, amongst ourselves as in America, have led sensible Christian people to look unfavourably upon the whole movement. He is far from affirming that no true Christian has a right to be sick! which is the surprising conclusion that some of the advocates of "faith-healing" have arrived at. He only mentions that there is no sufficient reason for affirming that "miracles have ceased," but that, on the contrary, it is inherently probable that if Christ performed miracles eighteen centuries ago, He may from time to time be expected to perform them still. For holding these moderate, and, as it seems to me, not unreasonable views, he has been exposed to much censure and criticism; but he has lived it down, and to-day is as sincerely respected as any minister in the country.

My afternoon on the Sunday of my visit was spent in preaching at Tremont Temple, a very large hall, where a huge congregation were assembled under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. This Association reaches, I should say, its grandest development in Boston. We have nothing to equal it in England, nor have they, I believe, in America. The able and active Secretary seems

specially designed for the place he occupies, and he is supported by quite an army of earnest laymen and ministers. It was truly refreshing, in a town which one had always heard spoken of as the stronghold of cold Unitarianism, to find something like (if I remember rightly) five thousand young men banded together in a distinctively *Christian* Association. Nothing could be more complete and well ordered than this most remarkable institution. It would have been worth while to cross the Atlantic for the sole purpose of visiting it.

A Mission sermon at Trinity (Dr. Brooks's Church), followed by a very hopeful after-meeting, the first ever held there, brought my day's work to a close, not without the most cordial expressions on the part of the Rector—expressions that manifestly were no mere civilities, but spoke to the reality of that spiritual sympathy which I am persuaded existed and exists between us. Another large gathering of business men and others was convened at noon on the Monday, the Rector of Trinity attending and opening it with prayer; and again there were manifest tokens of spiritual blessing. It was with the most extreme regret that I found myself obliged to turn my back upon a field that seemed so promising, but my arrangements had previously been made, and had to be adhered to. A hurried visit to the great waterfall, during which I had the privilege of preaching a Mission sermon in the little English church within sound of Niagara's roar, was followed by our journey to the far South. We found ourselves on Christmas Day at Louisville, where the hearty welcome and generous hospitality of our kind host and hostess did all that could be done to compensate us for the sacrifice of home-pleasures at that festal season; and then we pushed on (not failing to visit the amazing Mammoth Caves of Kentucky in passing) to the bright and pleasing little town of Nashville.

We could not but be struck with our reception here. The Rector and some six or eight of the principal gentlemen of his flock met us in "the cars," and treated us with an amount of deference and consideration that showed how profound an impression the New York Mission had made all over the land. I believe that we might easily have found work for four years instead of four months if we could have stayed in America and availed ourselves of all the invitations that came pouring in. Here the little Episcopal Church would certainly have been crowded out on the first Sunday, so we had to hold the evening service in a large hall or theatre; and during the remainder of the week thankfully availed ourselves of a large Presbyterian church that was most generously offered to us as soon as our need of accommodation came to be known. Very happy are our memories of Nashville, where, unfortunately,

our stay was only too brief; but ere we bade our friends there a reluctant farewell, our knowledge of American religious life was increased, first, by hearing a great deal about one "Sam Jones," a famous Southern Evangelist; and second, by witnessing ourselves a negro Watch-night Service.

"Sam Jones" seems to be a most remarkable man, and to be doing a very extraordinary work. Not even Mr. Moody can draw larger crowds or create a greater *furore* or enthusiasm in a place than does this man of great plainness of speech. Himself an educated man, with some pretensions to be what we should call a gentleman, he lays all semblance of this aside, and talks to the good, and more particularly to the bad, people of the South certainly in the vernacular. No doubt he is frequently vulgar and I am afraid coarse, and, as it would seem to us, irreverent. Possessed of a perfect fund of humour, he will produce a peal of laughter one moment and bring tears into the eyes of his audience the next. He is very wild, very eccentric, very rash, and very dogmatic; yet perhaps on account of these very characteristics he seems to possess an extraordinary power of reaching the people, especially the lower classes, and undoubtedly he has been the means of reforming some of the very worst characters in the towns that he has visited. He usually preaches in a huge tent that will accommodate some 5,000 or more, and in the summer weather the sides have to be "hitched up," so that an equal number frequently stand outside; and wherever he pitches his tabernacle, the whole country-side turns out to hear him.

Strangely at variance with each other were the different accounts I heard of his work. Some spoke of him as a mere religious buffoon, and one man actually described his visit as "a scourge;" others felt strongly that in spite of his peculiarities God was with him, and that he was doing a great spiritual work. The soberer sort of ministers of all denominations usually hold aloof from him; but then your "sober man" is so often a "*stick-in-the-mud*," that it would be unwise to form an adverse judgment upon that ground. In Nashville, on the other hand, all the ministers joined except the Episcopalian; and "Sam" is reported to have exclaimed triumphantly, "One by one the ministers have been drawn into the movement, until now we've got the co-operation of all the ministers of all denominations save one, and that's such a very small and select body that we really don't miss them!" It seems to me a thing so very probable in itself that this eccentric preacher will pay a visit to England before we are many years older, that I have thought it worth while thus to introduce him to my readers. My own idea of him is, that though no

doubt a sincere and earnest man, and unquestionably a man of power, he represents a very much lower type of revivalism than Mr. Moody has familiarized us with. No doubt all revival movements do harm as well as good, but the thing to aim at is the maximum of good and the minimum of harm, and this result is not by any means attained, I should say, by "Sam Jones's" ministrations.

As for the watch-night meeting of coloured folks, it quite defies any such powers of description as I possess. I could not have believed that anything so unreasonably extravagant could exist in a civilized community in the nineteenth century had I not actually witnessed it. I have seen plenty of wild revivalism in my time in Cornwall, but "never aught like this." There used ever to be some reason underlying the excitement and noise in those old-fashioned revivals; but here there *seemed* to be nothing but the most complete sacrifice of sense to sound, and of spirituality to animal magnetism. Some one from one corner of the room would shout out a single line in a monotone with an extraordinary, indescribable flourish at the end of it; then all would take it up in a tune which appeared to have neither beginning nor end, and which seemed to consist of alternately ascending and descending thirds on the minor scale. This exercise having proceeded indefinitely—during the whole of which I only was able to catch one single line of articulate sense (*i.e.*, "To save a wretch like me;" the rest may have been equally reasonable (!), but I failed to catch any intelligible word, and so did my friends)—we got on to our knees, when one coloured brother led in prayer. He began in quite a natural voice, and said just a few words of sense, but in a moment or two he was soaring away again in the region of minor thirds, and talking the most utter nonsense; while the audience, as soon as he reached the thirds and the nonsense, began to respond vigorously, as though he had touched a chord in their hearts, as no doubt he had in their nervous system.

The curious thing was that their responses were all in minor harmonics, and none of them articulate. They could not say "Amen," for there was nothing to say "Amen" to; and so they simply emitted a sort of inarticulate musical moan, rendered the more impressive (?) by a sort of *tremolo* effect, the women trembling on a high note such as D or E flat, while the men trembled through the tenor scale right down to sonorous agitations in bass, but all in harmonic intervals. By-and-by the preacher delivered himself of an address, in which also he talked sense for about two minutes, and then went off in a rhapsody of nonsense; and no sooner did he reach this point, than he also rose to the minor thirds, and for the first time in my life I heard a sermon intoned in regular musical intervals

before an audience that responded in musical ejaculations, and all alike nonsense! As the new year came in, the whole congregation rose from their knees, and began swaying themselves to and fro with their hands in the air, and perambulating the room, shaking hands with everybody, to the music of more minor thirds, shouted more vociferously than ever. At this moment a young woman suddenly shot up into the air, uttering a most piercing shriek. In the twinkling of an eye she was seized by half a dozen corpulent and elderly "coloured ladies," who did their best to hold her down, while she continued leaping and shrieking in a way that was most distressing to one's nervous system, the rest meanwhile paying not the slightest heed to her, but sailing majestically round the room with arms in the air, save when they lowered them for the purpose of shaking hands with everyone they came across. I am afraid to say how many swarthy hands I had to grasp that night!

I should not have attempted this imperfect sketch, which can only convey a very feeble idea of what I witnessed, but for the light it throws upon some of the great political, social, and religious problems that will have to be faced in that wonderful country. Two things equally surprised and impressed me in the South: the one was the completeness with which the past has been buried in oblivion—I mean so far as the great national quarrel and the ill-feeling arising from it is concerned. If a "Separation Bill" had been carried by the sword yonder, I have little doubt that bitter animosities and rankling antipathies would have prevailed to-day between the two nations all along the border-line. But the casting out of the "*Separation Bill*," though wrought by the sword, has left behind it nothing but good and kindly feeling, and to-day the South is as loyal as the North.

But it is otherwise with respect to the relations of the white to the coloured race. The white cannot forget that the negroes were slaves only a few years ago; and though they have been obliged to yield them political, they haughtily deny them anything like social equality. A coloured man may be wealthy, intelligent, politically powerful; it makes no difference. No Southern lady would admit him into her drawing-room, or let him dine at her table. Even those who work amongst the coloured people, as at Fisk University, meet with but slender courtesy from their compatriots, as though they were in some sense infected by their close relations with the negroes. The most painful feature of the case is that even good Christian men seem unable to rise above this feeling, and to lead the way towards setting a better example. If Bishop Crowther visited England he might possibly be enter-

tained with all the dignity due to his Episcopal rank by the Archbishop of Canterbury. If he visited New Orleans I doubt whether any American clergyman or any respectable layman would offer him a night's lodging. Will Christianity conquer a way for the principles of universal brotherhood here? If not, there is a very dangerous rock ahead in the course of this great nation's development. The peculiarities of the race, of which that meeting gave me some idea, offer the only excuse for this feeling of the white population; but I was glad to find in New Orleans and elsewhere that serious efforts are being made to raise the religion of the coloured races to something of a more reasonable type, and on two occasions I had the privilege of addressing coloured audiences who listened with quite as much interest and intelligence as I ever observed in a white congregation, and with only an occasional and a reasonable audible response.

The "Fisk University" at Nashville, to which I have already referred, and other similar institutions designed for the religious education of the coloured people, seem to me to point to the chief hope of the future with respect to the great problem. Education and culture accompanying genuine religion, must in process of time prevail over the senseless prejudice against a swarthy skin. Whether the two races will ever mingle, even unbiassed observers seem to doubt, while Southerners treat the idea of their doing so with immeasurable disdain. At the present moment in many of the Southern States, there are rigid laws against mixed marriages, which no doubt tend to keep up and perpetuate the very feelings which it is the true interest of the nation to overcome. I apprehend, however, that "old Father Time," who sets so many things right, will ultimately prevail here also, and that (if the world lasts long enough), the Southern States of the far future will only offer another illustration of the superiority of hybrid populations.

The "Fisk University" is the produce mainly of the successful work of the "Jubilee Singers," who from time to time have visited our shores. Most creditable to them are the material results of their enterprise. Two handsome buildings, capable of accommodating some hundreds of students, male and female, represent the headquarters of this educational work, and from this centre trained and educated coloured people go forth, not only to engage in religious work, but also, in other professions and callings, to exert an elevating influence upon coloured society. There are great differences in the negro types that you meet with in the South. I saw some faces that might have been selected by the late Mr. Darwin to demonstrate his theory of the origin of man, while I also

saw others whose splendid features and fine frontal development might have entitled them to sit as models to a Michael Angelo; and I gather it is even so with their minds—some are mere grown-up children, one might say babies, and some will bear comparison with the most cultured and intelligent of the white people. Where this intellectual superiority exists, social distinctions founded upon the colour of the skin must needs be condemned already by reason, and only linger to be swept away by time.

Our last Mission, before leaving America, was held in three of the churches of New Orleans, and continued for more than three weeks. A very extraordinary place in many ways is that city of the far South. Its history is as singular as its character, which, to a certain extent, it explains. Originally settled by the Spaniards, it afterwards fell into the possession of the French, and in the end was sold by these to the Government of the United States. It was the headquarters of resistance to the north during the great Civil War, until it was summarily captured by a naval attack. The strong feeling of its inhabitants may be gathered from the fact that the Episcopal Bishop of that time laid aside his lawn sleeves and took up the sword, and soon rose to the position of a Confederate general. A good man and true, no doubt he was, and brave to a fault. He died on the field of battle. At the close of the war the unfortunate city became a prey to the "carpet-bagger" form of government, as it was called, and place-men from the North, backed by the negro vote, brought things at last to such a pass that the respectable citizens of the place could stand it no longer, and the nuisance was cleared away by revolvers and a petty revolution.

There are those who say that things are just as bad now, and that a second petty revolution is at this moment required to save the city from being plundered and oppressed by unmitigated scoundrelism. As a stranger, of course, I could only form my opinion upon the testimony of others; but if this were anything like the truth, I should judge that certainly some sort of moral revolution was very urgently needed. All agreed in representing iniquity as abounding in this fair voluptuous city, and equally decisive was the testimony that the love of many who bore the Christian name had grown sadly cold. Certainly it was a place that needed a mission sorely, and yet it was generally admitted to be more hard to reach than most places. The very conditions of life there are undoubtedly unfavourable both to religion and morality. For one considerable portion of the year men have to work almost night and day with all their energies at the highest point of tension, and then there comes a time when there is really next to nothing

to do, and when abundance of food and abundance of idleness produce their natural results of immorality or dissipation. Yet were there not a few earnest souls there "to whom the reproach of her was a burden," and who were praying and hoping for a day of visitation.

The opening of the Mission was not encouraging. Great difficulties checked the beginning of the work. Such a frost as the oldest inhabitant did not remember kept the people, utterly unaccustomed to anything of the kind, shivering at their homes; and at other times such rain as I had never before seen turned the streets literally into canals, in which you might have punted a barge, and reduced our congregation to a mere handful. But frost and rain do not last for ever, and as our Mission covered three weeks, we were able to regain lost ground, and to enjoy perhaps the best reaping-time that fell to our lot in the States.

The churches became crowded, and the impression seemed to become both widely extended and profound, and the work with individual souls was most deeply interesting. One of the features of these later days of the Missions was the mingling of coloured people with white in the congregation. It was stated by some who were in a position to know, that such a thing had never been witnessed before in New Orleans. Usually the coloured folk either worship by themselves in their own churches, or keep together somewhere near the door in white congregations, but here in these closing services all were mingled together, as if to bear witness to the fact that it is the Gospel of Christ properly understood and loyally accepted that is to be the solution of all these race problems, as it gathers all together under the common Fatherhood of God in the brotherhood of man.

An incident that occurred during the Mission is worth relating, as showing how mightily grows the Word of God and prevails even in these prosaic days. Amongst other indications of a low tone of political morality in the government of New Orleans, the sensibilities of ordinary moralists are somewhat shocked at finding a great State Lottery in full working order here, under a monopoly granted by the Government. To salve the public conscience it is arranged, marvellous to relate, that the public hospitals shall be supported out of the tax on this monopoly, by which ingenious arrangement the maximum of evil is, I think, brought about. First, the public are debauched wholesale by an authorized system of State gambling; second, even more harm is frequently done to those who win than to those who lose, as they proceed at once in many cases to spend in profligacy what they have acquired by luck. Third, the unfortunate patients have the humiliation

of knowing that they owe their treatment to what most right-thinking persons regard as a public immorality; and fourth, the stream of public benevolence which supports such institutions both in England and in parts of America is completely dried up. During one of our after-meetings I was consulted by a man who evidently had some weighty matter on his mind. In a subsequent conversation it turned out that he was confidential clerk and manager to the lottery, and, although he shared in none of the spoils, but only received a fixed salary of some £600 a year, he didn't feel happy about making a livelihood out of that which he knew to be the cause of so much evil. It was certainly hard to advise a man without any private means to give up, under these circumstances, that which seemed the only means open to him of supporting his large family, but of course I could not disguise the fact that my conscience was at one with his on the point. At the same time I urged him to think the matter over and do nothing rashly. His decision, however, was soon taken, and the commercial community at New Orleans was electrified at hearing that this man had made up his mind to trust everything to God, and at all hazards to sever his connection with that which his judgment and conscience condemned.

Our work at New Orleans, as at Newburgh, curiously enough, was followed by a visit from Mr. Moody; and as one result of the Mission, he found, I understand, most of the Episcopalians of the place quite as ready to co-operate with him, or at any rate to attend his meetings, as in other places in America they usually show themselves reluctant to do anything of the kind. He was able to continue the harvest which seemed only beginning when our allotted time reached its close, and from all I heard I gather that it was indeed a reaping-time that God granted him there. Meanwhile, good news reached us from other quarters. Fired by the example of New York, the great town of Detroit decided upon a similar effort, but here they adopted that broader basis which I long to see more generally accepted, both on that side of the Atlantic and on this. Almost every place of Christian worship in the town joined in the effort, and I heard of "Ritualistic" clergymen taking part in prayer-meetings in Presbyterian churches, and all sorts of Nonconformists assisting in filling Episcopal churches, and in other ways co-operating. The most perfect harmony between all denominations prevailed; as the brethren were dwelling together in unity the Lord fulfilled His promise and sent His blessing, "even life for evermore." I do not think that in any Mission in which I was allowed to take part, so much general enthusiasm was stirred as in this Mission at Detroit. My friend Mr. Rainsford, for whom I

had been working at St. George's, New York, was the principal figure in this great movement, and the churches where he preached were besieged long before service-time by an "eager, anxious throng." But the feeling of interest and of general awakening was confined to no single congregation; it pervaded the whole place.

But I must bring my long story to a close. Three nights and two days of incessant express travelling brought us back to New York, where a great farewell meeting had been organized on a very grand scale by my kind friend Mr. Bishop, the Rector of East Orange. This place is a pleasant suburb of Newark, where it will be remembered the third of our Missions had been held. The Bishop of the diocese (Bishop Starkey) and Bishop Henry Potter, of New York, both attended, as did many of the clergy in the neighbourhood, those in whose churches I had officiated conducting the service. It was as miserable a night as even Liverpool could have produced when in one of its worst moods; the hall—a huge skating-rink—would hold 3,000; and Americans are much less disposed to face bad weather than we are. The population around was very scattered, and to fill the hall people would have to come good distances. I confess then that I was agreeably disappointed at finding the huge building crowded to the doors; and I mention all this because I think such a meeting under such circumstances speaks volumes as to the impression made by the Mission effort upon the mind and heart of the American people. The Bishops and clergy attended in their robes, which helped to give the gathering the devotional tone that we all desired; but, as I remarked in a former paper, not even this could prevent a spontaneous outburst of sympathetic applause when Bishop Potter, in well-chosen words, referred to the effect of the Mission in breaking down barriers and drawing Christians nearer to each other. Very kind and cordial were the addresses of the two Bishops, and very encouraging was their testimony to the value of the work done. After a few words of grateful acknowledgment from myself, the local choral society sang with much feeling Mendelssohn's beautiful chorus, "How lovely are the messengers that bring us the Gospel of peace:" and then I preached my last sermon on American soil, and our four months crusade (as I think we were entitled to call it) was over. The next day we sailed for England, many of our dear Trans-atlantic friends accompanying us to the ship.

As one practical result of this Mission I am happy to be able to say that there has now been formed in the States a Church Parochial Mission Society similar to ours at home. One of the clergy with whom we worked is its secretary, and I hope

and trust that with the blessing of God it will be even more useful to the Church of America than the similar Society at home has been to us in England. "We are boiling over with enthusiasm," says one of the Committee, "and yet at the same time we are weighted with discretion, so I think we ought to do!" I hope they won't be *too discreet!* Already I have received a most cheering account of the first Mission held at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the new Society, by Dr. MacKimm, of New York, and I trust that the evident blessing attending that effort is an earnest of great things in store for that Society, for the Church, and for the land. I have no doubt but that the winter of 1885-86 will ever be regarded as marking an epoch in the spiritual history of the Episcopal Church of America.

W. HAY M. H. AITKEN.

ART. VI.—AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THERE is a very natural but very erroneous idea prevalent just now, that the struggle of the Elections has ended in victory, and that after victory we enter on well-earned repose. Only in the most limited sense is this idea correct. The defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Scheme in the House of Commons was, it is true a protest of the House against a mischievous, uncalled-for, and extravagant measure; and it was also, and even more directly, a challenge of Mr. Gladstone's supremacy. Had the constituencies gone in favour of Mr. Gladstone, we might or might not have had to pass his Irish Bills in their old shape; but we should certainly have had his yoke firmly fixed upon our necks for the duration of another Parliament. From Mr. Gladstone and his schemes we are happily delivered. What the Elections have done for us most effectually is to thrust Mr. Gladstone from power, and from the possibility of regaining it without another Dissolution. Setting aside the Unionist Liberals, the Conservative reaction—amounting to a gain of some sixty seats—has been so considerable as to give the Party the possession of nearly half the House, and to make any Government impossible without their acquiescence. The other gain secured by the Elections is that whatever course may be taken with regard to the Irish Question, we shall not have to accept a measure imposed upon us by Mr. Parnell, paying for his political support by a surrender to his wishes. By the union of Conservatives with the revolted Liberals the balance of power has been taken from the hands of the Par-