

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## TOLL ON, OH! MOURNFUL BELLS.

Toll on! toll on! toll on!  
Oh, mournful bells toll on!  
So dearly sounds the breeze,  
As it moans thro' the leafless trees.

Toll on! toll on! toll on!  
Oh, sorrowful bells toll on!  
The world is dreary and sad,  
That erst was merry and glad.

Toll on! toll on! toll on!  
Oh, mournful bells toll on!  
The dead leaves whirl along,  
The robin has hushed his song.

Roll on! roll on! roll on!  
Oh, weary years roll on!  
Summer has come and gone,  
And left us sad and forlorn.

Toll on! toll on! toll on!  
Oh, mournful bells toll on!  
'Tis the wail of the wind I hear,  
That sighs for the dying year.

Oh, sad-toned bells, toll on!  
Oh, mournful bells toll on!  
For the passing of a soul,  
Solomnly, sadly toll.

Yes, sad is the wail of the breeze,  
But yet there are buds on the trees,  
Heralds of coming Spring—  
Sweet hope to our hearts they bring.

FRANK.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## BISHOPS.

## A SCRIPTURAL DISQUISITION.

We are told by those who ought to know, that there have been Bishops in the church—Bishops in the sense in which the word is ordinarily used—ever since the days of the Apostles; and further, that Bishops, at our time, occupy much the same place in the existing church as did the Apostles in the original Christian Brotherhood, the church in Jerusalem. As in the parent church, the Apostles were *overseers*, *Episcopoi*, so Bishops are *overseers* in churches which, as they hold, are alone entitled to the name, and that they not only discharge the duties and perform the functions of the original officers, but that they derive their own office directly and uninterruptedly from the primal *Episcopoi* of the church, namely, the Apostles; it is in this way that we get the theory of the Apostolic succession.

Thus, also, as in our days, it is necessary, from time to time, to choose a Bishop who shall take the place of one that has been removed by death or otherwise; so in the church at Jerusalem it was requisite to supply a vacant place, the original number of the Apostles having been diminished by the defection and suicide of Judas. The church, it seems, considered that the original number of the Apostles should be restored and continued for the time being; why it was not perpetuated as an institution, we are not informed, which, by the way, is rather singular. Paul was afterwards styled and recognized as an Apostle, though it does not appear that he was constituted one in the same manner that the others were; it is claimed also, I suppose, that he was likewise a Bishop—possibly, as an Apostle, he could necessarily hold no other office.

But, leaving all such speculations which might land us in wandering and inextricable mazes, it will be proper to examine the Record, and learn from it what was the action of the primitive church in analogous circumstances—for “all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for instruction.” The account will be found in Acts i, 23–26. From it we find that the church selected from their number two, whom they considered as possessed of the necessary qualifications, and that they “prayed” for Divine enlightenment that their minds might be directed to a proper choice. But this is not all they did; for, as we may suppose, they knew themselves so well that they feared they might interpret their own wishes as the answer to their prayers and the voice of God. There was suggested to this first council of the church a method of escaping the errors and dangers with which they were threatened; it was a method known to the church of their fathers, and sanctioned by God Himself, a method which would possibly, or almost certainly, in our day, be pronounced childish by graver, learned and revered divines, but what would unquestionably test the sincerity of the prayers professedly addressed to the Most High. The members of the infant church had read in their Hebrew Bibles that “the lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing of it is of the Lord.” Their simple faith embraced the intimation, and gave them light. “And they prayed and said—‘Thou, Lord, who knowest the merits of all men, show which of these two Thou hast chosen.’ And they gave forth their lots, and the lot fell upon Matthias, and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles.” All this is intelligible and unreasonable—that is, if we honestly believe in the efficacy of prayer and the intervention of God in the affairs of the church. But if we are determined to have a Bishop according to our mind, and of a certain party in the church, we shall never take this method of obtaining one; for the lot, although God may be solemnly invoked to control it, will be very likely to disappoint our wishes and expectations. It would be much more in accordance with the religion of the age to commit the appointment of the overseers and rulers of the church to a parliament composed of worldly and wicked men; and this is precisely what is sometimes done; for Archbishops are chosen by Prime Ministers, and Prime Ministers derive their position from the House of Commons—the last mentioned consisting not necessarily of

religious men, much less of members of the church whose dignitaries they appoint.

But it does seem strange that those who believe in the divine institution of Episcopacy, and who hold that the welfare and very existence of the church depend upon it, cannot trust God to inspire his people to a correct choice in the selection of their chief Pastor; and that they feel no safety till they denude themselves of the privileges and rights and duties which must appertain to them according to their professed beliefs. The church must learn to abjure worldly principles, and to be governed by a sincere, childlike and earnest faith, if she would prove her sincerity, and in the instrument of saving the world from error and unbelief, and restoring it to righteousness and God. With such a spirit, it will not be difficult to select and secure all the Bishops that the church and the world require.

Wolfville.

LAOS.

## A STORY OF HORACE GREELEY.

“Yes, I used to know Horace Greeley very well,” said a leading Ellsworth, Me., merchant in conversation the other day. “Of all the eccentric men I ever knew I think he was the most peculiarly so. I had occasion to call into the *Tribune* office often when Mr. Greeley was there, and I shall never forget a little incident that, fortunate enough, made a good mechanic out of a poor newspaper man. Mr. Greeley, you know, prided himself that the columns of the *Tribune* were always accurate, and that, too, the *Tribune* never got left on any important item of news.

On the reportorial force of the *Tribune* at the time I speak of was a dashing young Massachusetts fellow, a man, so New York newspaper men said, who had a good nose for news. The young man had been connected with the *Tribune* but a week, when one afternoon he was summoned into the editorial sanctum by Mr. Greeley himself. I happened to be chatting with Mr. Greeley at the time, and remember the scared look of the reporter's countenance when he ushered himself before the great Greeley and the conversation then took place.

“Young man,” said Mr. Greeley, “there is to be a dinner at R—s to-night, and I shall speak. Be there at 3 sharp and report me. I want a column and a half.”

## IN A DILEMMA.

The reporter bowed himself out of the sanctum. As further developments proved, the newspaper man had made arrangements to take his girl to the opera that evening. He was up a stump what to do. He was afraid of Mr. Greeley and, and he was afraid of his girl. He consulted with a reporter friend of his on a rival paper to the *Tribune*, and his friend thus talked:—“Oh, that's nothing. Guess you haven't been in New York long? How much did Greeley say he wanted? Column and a half? Oh, that will be all right. You just get into your claw hammer, and take the gal to the opera. I know what Greeley will talk about. I've been to dinners lots of times and heard his speeches. After the opera come over to my office, and I'll dictate Greeley's after dinner speech, you write it down, and I'll wager a \$5 note that the editor will compliment the report.”

The *Tribune* reporter took his girl to the opera. He didn't enjoy himself very much, and after the curtain fell and the girl was home, he sought his reportorial friend, and found him in his den. They “wrote up” Mr. Greeley, and put over the article the most breezy headlines in their newspaper vernacular. The speech was printed on the first page of the *Tribune*.

The next morning Mr. Greeley came down town and tumbled into the editorial chair at 7 o'clock. He took up the *Tribune*, and the first thing his eye fell upon was Horace Greeley's ringing speech at R—s last evening. He read the article to the end without a word.

He then threw the *Tribune* into the waste basket, and pulled the bell for the manager.

“Who wrote that article?” said Mr. Greeley, when the man had appeared.

“The new man,” replied the manager.

“Send him up!” roared Mr. Greeley.

“The reporter who took his girl to the opera the night before came up. Mr. Greeley was white as a sheet when the youth backed into the sanctum.

## AN ANGRY EDITOR.

“Did you write that article?” thundered Mr. Greeley, referring to the half column of headlines under which was Mr. Greeley's speech.

“Yes sir,” said the reporter, “I followed you the best I could. You know you spoke uncommonly fast last night, and there was a noise, and I had to stand up.”

“Spoke uncommonly fast, did I?” thundered Mr. Greeley. “Young man, you lie! I was sick last night, and didn't go within three miles of R—s, and didn't make any speech.”

Mr. Greeley grabbed the retreating form of the pencil pusher and actually booted him down stairs and into the street.

The editor tried to recall the great edition of the *Tribune*, but it was too late. He sent men all over the city with instructions to buy every morning *Tribune* in New York. Said he, “Buy them at any cost.”

Mr. Greeley paid as high as 50 cents a copy for some of the papers, but the speech that he didn't make was the gossip of all New York for a week. The reporter never dared to show his face to Mr. Greeley after that night. He dropped the scribe's pen like a boiling hot potato, and went west, I believe. He made a splendid mechanic.

On the way to the *Tribune* office every morning Mr. Greeley always stopped into a periodical store and bought the *Tribune* and every other paper printed in New York,” continued the Ellsworth merchant. “He told me one day that he always bought his own paper when he was within three minutes' walk of the *Tribune* building. He couldn't wait, as he said.

I've seen Mr. Greeley walk into church when the parson was praying,