

leaves and fruits of His Church throughout all ages. Accordingly, as our Lord appointed two orders of Ministers inferior to Himself, viz., the "Apostles" and the "seventy" (Luke x, 1.), so, after His ascension, we find the Apostles, from the very beginning, ordaining, by prayer and the laying on of hands, two orders of inferior ministers, presbyters and deacons. It is needless to enlarge upon the important consideration that the apostles were never weary of referring to the authority and commission which they had received from Christ Himself. They describe themselves as "stewards of God's mysteries," the "ambassadors of Christ," the "ministers of Christ," the "Apostles of Christ." A little later on when the rapid spread of the Church in countries far and near made it impossible for the apostles to personally supervise the whole field of work, and when, moreover, advancing age and the sword of the persecutor were diminishing and enfeebling the apostolic band, we find the apostles consecrating by prayer and the laying on of hands a special order of overseers or bishops, like Timothy and Titus (2 Tim. i, 6; Titus i, 5), each in his own district or diocese, to act as the Apostles representatives and successors in the ordination of ministers and the spiritual government of the Church. "There is no example in Scripture," wrote Bishop Jeremy Taylor, "of any ordination made but by Apostles and Bishops."

A three-fold ministry, endowed with special ministerial grace and authority, by the Holy Ghost, through ordination in due Episcopal succession from the Apostles, and so from Our Lord himself, is clearly an integral part of the visible Church of Christ as set forth in the New Testament."

BOOK NOTICE.

A third edition of the late Bishop Harris' now famous Bohnen Lectures on the Relation of Christianity to civil society will be published at once by Thomas Whittaker.

"IDOLATRY."

The controversy about placing "images" in Protestant churches, though it has recently revived both in Scotland and in England, has not, we think, much reality in it, or much interest, either spiritual or intellectual, for the great majority of their members. The General Assembly of the Established Church in Scotland has just refused, by a large majority, to condemn the erection of religious figures in the Cathedral of Glasgow; and Dr. Temple, though fiercely urged, has declined to remove the figures from the new reredos of St. Paul's. The dispute about such figures, as about the lawfulness of music, is, in truth, an anachronism, and we should content ourselves with recording it, were we not a little perplexed by the constant reiteration of a single word. That many excellent Christians should object to the introduction of statues, or pictures, or painted windows into their churches, we can easily understand. There are many men and some women whose minds are distracted instead of being elevated by the sight of any objects of art, or religious symbols, or memorials of the dead, in a building dedicated to religious uses, and it is most natural that when they have an opportunity, they should oppose their introduction, and while opposing, make their opposition look as religious as they can. They sigh, in truth, for bare walls, as tending to concentrate their thoughts on God—who, however, has not whitewashed His own Cathedral—and we have nothing to say against an impulse which, when sincere, is entitled to all the respect that any impulse towards devoutness should receive. We have not too many of them, and though this one is not shared by the majority of religious mankind, that is no reason of itself for

animadversion, nor should we condemn a sect that held it best to worship exclusively in the open air. We rather wonder that such a sect has never made its appearance. Nature is never irreverent, and we could quite comprehend the existence of a few minds to which any building made with hands seemed a kind of fence against the immediate outpouring of a divine influence. That has been the feeling of some pious individuals, and why not of a Church, which, moreover, by professing it would, in our climate at all events, display a certain, possibly most beneficial, superiority to the attractions of mere comfort. But we are, we confess, a little perplexed by the constant assertion of those who condemn the introduction of statues, or pictures, or painted windows into churches, that they are "idolatrous." What do they exactly think they mean by hurling that word as a sort of javelin at their opponents' heads? There must be some place for common-sense and ordinary truthfulness even in ecclesiastical controversy, and where is the common-sense or truthfulness in the charge implied in the misuse of this word? An idol, to be an idol, must be an object of worship; and what Englishman, or, for that matter, what human being in the present stage of the world's history, is ever provoked by the presence of a statue, or picture, or window, to worship it? He simply cannot do it, any more than he can worship a tree, or a volcano, or an oddly shaped piece of stone, or any other inanimate object. No teaching would make him do it, no fear and no hope of reward. The impulse which induced his forefather to worship a figure—if he ever did do it, on which we shall have a word to say presently—is dead, extinct, lost as much as the impulse to cannibalism; and he can no more worship anything made than a tree, or a fountain, or a rock. He may worship the object represented the more readily because it is brought by the figure to his mind; but then, that is precisely what the objectors wish him to do. The most furious iconoclasts will not acknowledge that they object to the crucifix because those who see it will be thereby tempted to worship Christ. They can only object because they think the worshippers will worship the actual figure, the stone or wood or metal carved into a likeness; and that, as we contend, is, at least in the world around us, a mere impossibility. Nobody does or can worship anything of the kind, as the objectors, if they would only reason quietly for an instant, could ascertain for themselves. They have only to ask their own hearts sincerely and without preconceived ideas, and they will know that they could not do it even if they tried, and their opponents are exactly like themselves. Now, a figure which is not worshipped and cannot be worshipped, is not, in any religious sense of the word, an "idol," and the use of the word "idolatrous" about such a figure is only religious calumny.

We have so far rather carefully confined the question to our own people and our own day; but we may now go a step farther, and express a doubt whether anybody anywhere, in any age since man could really think, ever did "worship" in the sense used by the extremists, any object whatever made by human hands. Many people thought, no doubt, that God resided in the thing revered, or part of God, or an effluence from God, and they worshipped that; but they did not worship the thing itself, did not believe in a life in the statue itself, or in the holy tree, or the sacred fountain. The Jews in the Desert knew quite well that the Golden Calf was dead; St. Paul's artistic enemies, who sold Dianas, did not think their statues of Diana supernatural; and a Hindoo knows quite well that the image of Juggernath before which he prostrates himself in an agony of faith is only painted wood. There is no cult in the world, and there never was one, so full of idolatry as Hindooism; but no Hindoo, however low in the scale of intelligence, ever consciously worshipped an idol, or believed that it was of itself capable of doing, or suffering, or being anything but just a figure. You might just as well say that Herr Joachim held that his fiddle was music. The figure might contain an influence from God, or convey one or stimulate belief in one, but it could no more be God than a trumpet could be a trumpet-call, or a china dish a dinner. It was a symbol, or a reminder, or a tenement, but that was all, even with the least intellectual or most debased of Hindoos. And it was because such symbols led the mind to the objects which they represented—that is, false gods, or unclean gods, or gods whose rites were evil—that the Jews of old and the missionaries of yesterday so bitterly and so justly abhorred and condemned them. The very object and life of monotheistic teaching was to lead human beings out of all those foulnesses, to make them forget their old philosophies and creeds, to drive into their minds that first and greatest of lessons, that if God exists, he must be a Spirit as much beyond the limitations implied in any representation whatever as the Universe or Space. The object of the Second Commandment was not to forbid a physical impossibility, the representation of the One God, but to forbid the limitation of the idea of him implied in any representation whatever, and with it

the rites which, as Moses knew from experience, the presence of any such representation stimulated, or caused. To the Jews idolatry was, until the Captivity, an ever-present temptation, for a very intelligible reason. They had lived for four hundred years as a barbarian and enslaved tribe of masons and working engineers among the most civilized people on the globe, a people who knew all that was known, and who built for eternity; they were always in communication with them, hearing of their wisdom and their ways; and they could no more shake themselves free of their intellectual influence than our barbarian forefathers could shake themselves free of the intellectual influence of Rome. The influence of Egypt was always on them, even if their wives and nurses were not, as we suspect, very often women like Ruth, natives of Moab or Canaan, full to the lip of Pagan superstitions, and any presentment of the old "idols," any repetition of the wild Pagan rites—which, remember, attracted white men in Southern Europe down to the tenth century, and perhaps later—woke up traditional reverences, beliefs, and desires which it was the one object of their long line of monotheistic teachers, the greatest line of inspired men the world ever saw, stretching down as it did through centuries, to subdue. There was reason for the horror of images entertained by the higher Jews, just as there would be reason for the horror with which a missionary in India would see a Kali or Siva set up among his Christian flock; but the reason was in both cases horror of a symbol renewing the memory of things evil, and thereby making the higher life more difficult. What the difficulties of that life are to escaped Pagans, what are the tendencies, the actual physical tendencies, to superstition seated in the very blood and brain, no man at once modern and English will ever fully know; but they are not the evils with which we have in England to fight. It is the emptiness, not the overfullness, of our spiritual cathedral that we have to fear, nor will even the Church Association venture to plead that in expelling the crucifix from St. Paul's, it is expelling the symbol which prompts to a false worship. No; its members will say that the symbol itself is worshipped,—that is, they will say their opponents commit an act of which they themselves know about themselves they are mentally incapable, if they wished to do it. It is as if the opponents of instrumental music, who still linger in many Christian Churches, accused their opponents of worshipping the organs whose strains lead their thoughts heavenwards. There is not the least objection to their avoiding music if they dislike it, or crucifixes, or pictured doves, or "images" of dead Bishops; but then, they should plead their own dislike, and not talk the ignorant foolishness they do about "idolatry."

—The Spectator, England.

SUNDAY LOITERINGS IN NEW YORK.

The day is very warm and sultry—humidly warm and stickily sultry—and that portion of Gotham which does not go to Church or meeting on principle is preparing to betake itself up the Hudson, or to the beaches or the parks, when the loiterer and reader start out arm in arm to visit the monastic Church of the Holy Cross at the corner of Avenue C and 2nd Street. This is the home of Father Huntington, of whom the secular papers delight to speak, with their usual infelicitous choice of expression in matters ecclesiastical, as "the Protestant Monk." The journey is somewhat tedious, for we have to go south as far as the 8th Street station and then walk far over to the east side of town.

Arriving at Tompkins Square and looking about us, we receive a number of impressions, the first of which is that the number of people housed here and hereabouts is greatly in excess of what it should be; impression number two—that the proportion of low grog shops and beer saloons to the other trades is unprecedently high, say 75 per cent.; impression number three—that whatever anarchy or communism there may be in the city has its home and headquarters just here; and impression number four—that we are right glad we don't live here. This is a neighborhood of bar-room brawls and street fights; a neighborhood that one would do well to keep away from after nightfall. From adjoining windows project a couple of frowsy heads exchanging vigorous compliments, while up an alley way a small boy is stamping a sick kitten to death. You would be inclined to think that we had mistaken the day of the week from the number of people who cross our path carrying market baskets, satchels, hand bags and other receptacles; but be content, they are only "working the growler." A hasty glance at all these things will suffice us, and at the same time serve to show among what class of people the Fathers of Holy Cross have their mission, and how natural it is for Father Huntington to be a champion of the Labor party and a deep and tender sympathizer with the laboring man, in whose wearisome life there is so very, very little that is attractive.