

world is not to have the "quietness" we speak of in the Collect. This would be to cry "Peace, peace, where there is no peace: to daub the wall with untimpered mortar." What we desire is the "peace which the world cannot give: the peace which human mind cannot conceive or sense afford." "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem, they shall prosper that love Thee. Peace be within Thy walls." The peace not of surrender, but of victory.

WISE WORDS FROM BISHOP THOMPSON, OF MISSISSIPPI.

(Convention Address April, 1894.)

THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY.

The Ministry is not a trade nor a living, and the man who conducts his ministry as if it were the one or the other, makes a dead failure of his work and imperils his own soul as well.

To be sure, a clergyman must live. He can't do his work otherwise. But if he put the cart before the horse, and works for the living, instead of living for the work he is in the ranks of the failures, and the abler and more prominent he be, the more shameful and scandalous is his failure. "Put me in the Priest's office for a piece of bread." Better break stones on the road!

My ministry, as time goes in our short life, is rapidly going up among the longest. On Trinity Sunday next it will be a ministry of forty-two years. I have labored in all sorts of fields, and at all work which belongs to my calling, and I have yet to see the man of consecration and devotion and average sense who ever suffered, or who saw those depending on him suffer, in the ministry of the American Church.

And still more, I have received "salary," so-called, from \$450 a year to \$10,000 and I was passing rich on the first amount, and miserably worried on the second! In plain words, the laborer is worthy of his hire—that he may be able to labor to-morrow as he has done to-day. But the end is the labor and not the hire. And if a clergyman counts himself a hireling, putting the hire first, let him not be surprised if people take him at his own valuation. I never yet knew the laborer "worthy of his hire" that did not get it. In this world, generally indeed, I have come to believe the most of us get about what we deserve. Some of us, owing to Christian charity, and the goodness of God, get a great deal more. For I think I have seen men, getting support, honor, place, esteem, as clergymen, who as cobblers or tailors, if they had shown no more earnestness, sense, or activity in those respectable callings, would have starved!

Pardon me, in this connection for very plainly saying that I believe our gratuitous education of men for the ministry has sometimes ruined a promising young man, and made the ministry of others sordid, covetous and wretchedly offensive to men. What it is to God I am not called to say.

As things are in this country, the cases are rare where a young man, if he amounts to anything, cannot educate himself to be what he will. Injudicious help hurts him. If he proposes to be a clergyman *spoils* him and hundreds have been so spoiled to their own deadly injury as American men, and to the dishonor of the ministry.

CONCIO AD CLERUM.

My dear brethren of the Clergy will surely excuse me here, if I am in all kindness and with love and regard for them, for I know and appreciated the loyalty, truth and faithfulness, and the profound unselfishness of Mississippi Clergymen, making something of a charge to

them, a sort of "*Concio ad Clerum*" after eleven years in this peculiar field.

It surely is not too much, if our lay-brethren should expect us to read the grandest English in the world the English Prayer Book and English Bible, as if we believed and felt, like honest men, what we were reading without trick or stammer, slobber or mouthing. Five minutes a day with a country School-master, could teach us that much.

Neither is it too much for them to expect that having given us a whole week to prepare, we should be able to talk to them, with manuscript, or without, for twenty minutes with some earnestness, sense, and clear and even vigorous enunciation, on some branch of a topic which we are not unreasonably supposed to be studying all the time, namely our duty to God and to each other!

Is it a wonder if they are sometimes queerly surprised that a clergyman, does not seem to care to make himself as effective, even in his public work as a shoe-black would find it necessary to be in his? That the Clergyman goes on for years reading and never learns how to read, goes on for half a century, what he calls "preaching" and has never troubled himself to learn how to preach? Would not be listened to two minutes as a public speaker, except in the pulpit.

"But we can't all be Elocutionists 'you say' nor 'pulpit orators!'" Well, I am not so sure of that! To be the one or the other of even a somewhat distinguished kind, as things go, requires no wonderful endowment. For myself let me frankly confess, I never heard but a few preachers whom I would again take much trouble to hear—The late Archbishop of York, Dr. Magee was one, and my dear friend Dr. Palmer of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, wonderfully like him, and still living, thank God! is another. The Bishop of Derry, another I may name. Nevertheless, there have been and still are splendid preachers by the thousand, whose words tell for the Lord and for Man, and in our own Church, grand readers of the Prayers and the Scriptures, who carry us up to the Throne where the Prayers go, and the Scriptures come from.

We can, at least, all of us little folk, do our best with our poor endowments; and earnest words have power when spoken from earnest hearts.

And we can all be *honest men*. And that is a great deal, dear Brethren just to be *honest*, to say what we feel and believe and no more, to impress on men who hear that we are poor sinners like themselves, but sinners who believe, and pray and fight, and whom it is safe to follow, because we are following in the footsteps of our Lord! Struggling, falling, failing, down on hands and knees, poor sinners that we are, but still sticking to the road and climbing!

Brothren we want money, and I have several times emphasized the want. But it is not our first want. We want men first of all, not tailor's lay figures, not *nominal* Clergymen, but *real*. We want men called, consecrated, ordained from heel to head, not cogs on a parish wheel to turn and squeak as the Vestry turn the crank and oil it or let it rust. Men who take a Parish to "run" and "run it" hard, drive the Parish and make it steam and sweat, not weaklings who sit down to let the Parish, or even a Woman's guild "run" them—the Lord have pity on their imbecile souls!

The people want, need, long for, pray for leadership! Everywhere they are asking, beseeching, yearning for a Priest, Preacher, Minister, even a tramp "Evangelist" with his tent his blasphemy, his ignorance, and his "Cracker" English, anybody who makes a divine claim for himself! Even Mormon Elders have had their success in our cow countries, after the

Evangelist has done his work to lead them, so they imagine, on and up. Shall it be our pitiful experience that we sit down imbecile, and ask the Diocese, Parish, or Mission to lead us? Each will take us at our word Brethren; and then what results, mean bickerings, complaining, fault findings, infinite meanness, infinite drivel, because the Grace of Orders has been conferred on an empty head, a weak will, or an unearnest heart! Better again stone breaking on the highway, than that a man ordained to lead, *can't* lead, or is too lazy and cowardly to lead!

When one of our "Parishes" calls a Clergyman he is its *Rector*, that is its ruler, guide, director. What imbecile complaints one hears from so called "Rectors" sometimes, because the Sewing Society, the Sunday School or the Choir won't be rectorized! Nothing is more pitiful than a steersman who can't steer, a governor who cannot govern, a man who can't do the thing he is set to do, and voluntarily, with his eyes wide open has undertaken to do. There is no help for such a one in this world or another world where God and Law exists!

Let me impress it upon the Clergy that they get out into the open. They must know the people. The work must be house to house, and face to face work. It is a shame, a shame and a sin when the Shepherd does not know his sheep. "I know my sheep and am known of mine" saith the great Shepherd. The poor mechanical officiation of reading Prayers and preaching, as the sum of a Pastor's duty, will kill any Parish or Mission—though the murderer were learned as a Lightfoot, and as elegant as a Vaughan!

The Clergyman is ordained to "seek for Christ's sheep scattered abroad in this naughty world." He won't find them among his books or crowding into his bedroom.

I have spoken of this before. I will speak of it again, no doubt, for I have seen cases of slaughter perpetrated by honest clergymen, who sat among their books, so they said, and sat down on their congregations. "Sat on by a fat woman," was once the verdict of a coroner's jury in Vermont on the death of a child put to sleep in an arm chair. "Sat on" might be the verdict on many a congregation flattened, collapsed, its breath squeezed out by a minister who has forgotten for what purpose his creator gave him legs, though he was not so generous in the matter of brains.

"HIGHER CRITICISM."

An English writer gives four marks of this thin edge of infidelity applied to the Bible as:

I. Minimising, if not rejecting, the supernatural in revealed religion.

II. Making much of such parts of *internal* evidence as in their nature must be doubtful or from which no *certain* conclusions can be drawn.

III. Building much in *theory* on the smallest possible basis or semblance of basis of *fact*.

IV. Ignoring any evidence pointing in an opposite direction.

It is hard enough at any time to lead men to be true Church Christians; but when we have to struggle against the horrors of Sectarianism and the follies of proud and learned agnosticism—though both take the garb of devout earnestness and deep religious feeling—our work and duty call for a firmness and a faith stronger and more energetic than even St. Paul required when contending with the trained intellects and philosophies of the ancient world. Yet on this same firmness and faith depend, humanly speaking, the foundations of Christianity itself.

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