

greater burden laid on shoulders often, that, but for a solemn sense of duty, would refuse the load. It is no post of mere honour or dignity, and not at all of ease; but one of work, and care, and anxiety, and often of poverty and self-denial.

She magnifies the *office*. She loses the man. The Bishop or the Priest is here for his work. He is worth just the work he does—nothing more. The man himself disappears in the duty he does, and in the place he fills. All Deacons are equal. All Priests are Equal. All Bishops are equal. The struggling missionary or the painfully working parson of some obscure parish, who brushes his threadbare coat and wonders "will it do to wear *once more* at Convention?" is the peer, in Church Councils, of the popular city Rector, in his elegant Parsonage, and with his liberal salary.

The Bishop on the frontier, in pain, and sorrow, and weariness, laying foundations on which others will build fair structures, and breaking wastes whose harvests others will reap, is the peer, in honour, dignity, and place, of his brother who presides over the largest and wealthiest Diocese, with all appliances of Episcopal Fund and Residence.

For a body under law is the only body secure from favoritism and the tyranny of usurpers. The Church knows nothing of wealth or popularity in her clergy. She holds every man to the law of his place; and honours none above another for anything merely personal.

The consequence is as we have said. The Church is the last place in the world for seekers after notoriety, for popularity hunters, for egotists. She absorbs out of sight—just quietly *smooths*—the restless souls whose aim is to magnify the great "I, by myself, I."

But she is by no means without just such eager souls for her clergy, like her laity, are but human. She, indeed, represses this "sacred thirst" for notoriety. She allows little chance to satisfy it; but the thirst often remains and the thirsty ones will seek to cool their fever with water from any well—or, indeed, "not to put too fine a point upon it," from any puddle.

There is one method in which this burning greed and thirst for personal notoriety may be satisfied by a clergyman. It has been tried many times, and yet not half so many as one might, beforehand, have expected. It really speaks well for the good sense and modesty of Church clergymen, as a class, that it has been seldom used among them. For it requires neither ability nor skill, neither brains nor tact. Any man among us—the feeblest and most obscure—may have his name in all the newspapers, and his picture in the illustrated ones, and enjoy the sweet incense of wonder and curiosity for nine days, or even longer, by a very simple process, and yet a very certain one—for it has never yet failed.

It is this: Let him deliberately violate the common courtesies of clerical intercourse, and break some Canon in doing so; or let him arise in some enthusiastic "meeting to promote Christian Union," and abuse the Church whose bread he eats, and whose uniform he wears; and forthwith he is "the fearless," or "the brave," or "the liberal," or "the truly evangelical Mr. Diotrephe," and his praises are echoed in every sectarian paper in the land!

To be sure, he has vowed obedience to the Canons. He has pledged himself before God to abide by the laws, the discipline, and the worship of his own Church. Moreover, he was under no compulsion in giving the promise. It was perfectly of his own free choice that he sought Orders. It was of his own motion he made the vows before God and the people. It is of his own choice he stays. He may leave