

was deposed from King's College, when Hampden was denounced as a heretic, and Temple branded as an unbeliever. I have lived to see Pusey revered by all who love devoted lives hid with Christ in God, and to see Maurice beloved by all generous hearts who believe in the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. I have lived to hear the greatest scholar in England do justice to Hampden, and I have lived to see all men rejoice that the Church could call the great-hearted Temple to be the Shepherd of the millions of London. I can remember when our dear Church was torn with strife over the ordination of the holy Arthur Carey. I remember when the sainted Muhlenburg was deemed an impracticable enthusiast because of his teaching about free Churches and the reunion of all who love Jesus Christ.

"I am aware that many of the most stalwart representatives of party do believe implicitly that their definitions are the expression of the Catholic faith or of Evangelical truth, but I find that in the past it has been fierce loyalty to the opinions of party which has rent the Church of Christ and often deluged the earth with the blood of martyrs. Latimer, Ridley, and a host of others died as martyrs of Christ because they could not accept definitions of the sacrament of the Supper of the Lord which they believed to be idolatrous. The cruel persecutions of our own New England were all for opinion's sake.

"There have always been two classes of Christian men; the one magnifying the blessed orders and sacraments of the Church because they are the gift of Christ and His channels of grace; and the other magnifying the personal faith of the sinner in Jesus Christ and the renewal of the Holy Ghost, and seeing in sacraments witnesses of the love of the Saviour. Both hold opposite sides of divine truth, and ought to live together as members of one body.

"Strife is a great price to pay for the best results, but strife between kinsmen in the Lord's family is a grievous sin. If any man have a passionate devotion to Jesus Christ, if he has a soul hunger for perishing souls, if he holds the great

truths of Redemption as written in the creeds, if he preach Jesus Christ crucified as the only hope of salvation, count him your fellow-soldier. The deepest lines on my cheek and the heaviest sorrow in my heart have come from the lack of love.

"In my life as a bishop of the Church, I have never known of trouble between pastor and people, or alienation between brothers which the love of Christ would not heal.

"God has never given to any diocese a nobler field; no diocese in America has shared so largely in the bounty of His children. No diocese has a more blessed record of mission work in its red and white fields, and in no diocese in America is the Church more respected and loved by those without her fold. It is due under God to Christian love, which I have tried to make the bond of all our work.

"When I came to this diocese there were three warring tribes of heathen red men; there were sad divisions within and without the diocese among Christian men. Every bishop selects his own seal; I selected a cross with a broken tomahawk, with the motto '*Pax per sanguinem crucis*.' I have tried to live by the motto which I made the motto of the seal of the diocese. I have passed my three score and ten and am living on borrowed time, the gift of our loving Heavenly Father. These may be my last words; they shall be 'Love one another.'

"I believe in my heart that if this love shall make all men take knowledge of us that we had been with Jesus, and compel them to say, 'See how these Churchmen love another,' we may, in God's hands, be His instruments to heal these divisions which have rent the seamless robe of Christ. And when I plead for love, I plead for love for all who love Jesus Christ. Shall we not claim as our own kinsman, Carey, the English cobbler, who went as the first missionary to India, and translated for them the Bible; Morrison, the first missionary to China; David Livingstone, the Scotch peace weaver, who died for Christ in Africa; the Moravians, who offered to be sold

as slaves if the King of Denmark would only let them go and tell the poor black slaves in the West Indies of the love of Jesus Christ. We may and will, in love, witness for the blessed truths we have received from the Primitive Church, but we can never forget that there will not be one in that white-robed throng who shall sing the praises of the Redeemer who is not our kinsman in Jesus Christ."

#### "WAFTEO PERFUME."

A missionary gives the following as one trophy of divine grace in China:

"A woman was brought to a hospital for treatment, having an incurable disease. She was ignorant of her physical danger; she was ignorant, also, of the great salvation. Her gentle nurse hastened to tell her the 'old, old story of Jesus and His love.' It was new and wonderful to this heathen mind, but she at once believed the good news and accepted the freely-offered salvation. Then she was eager to go to her friends with this glad message of the Saviour's love. She said to her attendant:

"Will you ask the doctors how soon I shall be well?"

"The doctors say that we must tell you the truth—you will never be well."

"Please ask them how long I shall live?"

"The reply was, 'Three months, with the care and comforts with which you are now surrounded.'

"And how long shall I live if I go to my old home with this blessed message from heaven?"

"Possibly not more than three weeks."

"When the answer came, this new convert exclaimed, 'Get my clothes; I will start to-day.'

"Expostulation was useless, for she argued: 'Do you think I count the loss of a few weeks of my life anything when I have such news to tell my people who have never heard of the Saviour?'

"Is the love of Christ of so much value to us that we count not our lives dear unto ourselves, if we may but tell the story to those who never heard it?"—*The Parish Visitor*.