

The Living Church.

A Weekly Record of its News, its Work, and its Thought.

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WHOLE No. 55.

Bishop Potter's Anniversary.

Other Notes.—*Religious Bigotry.*—“*Old Trinity.*”—*Methodist Missionary Work.*—“*Reformed*” Orders.—*Bible Revision.*

From our New York Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15, 1879.

Arrangements for the celebration of the 25th Anniversary of Bishop Potter's consecration to the episcopate are nearly completed. A Commemorative Service is to be held on the 22nd at Trinity Church. The Address to the Bishop on the part of the clergy will be made by Dr. Morgan Dix, President of the Standing Committee and Chairman of the General Committee of Arrangements, which consists of twenty-three distinguished clergymen and laymen. Bishop Potter will reply to the Address. The nave of the church will be reserved for the clergy, who with the exception of the clerical members of the General Committee, will appear without surplices. It was intended to have the Services of the occasion conducted by the five Bishops within the State of New York, but some of them are unable to be present, and that part of the plan will be somewhat modified. The occasion will be a notable one, and many of the Bishops will avail themselves of the opportunity to manifest their respect for one of the most honored of their brethren. All the clergy of the five dioceses have been especially invited, and the whole body of the church will hardly hold them and other clergy who will be in attendance.

On Tuesday evening, the 25th, at the Academy of Music, a reception will be given to the Bishop, the Rev. Dr. Dix presiding. The Hon. William M. Everts, Secretary of State, will deliver the Address of the Laity; and the Address, upon the presentation of the magnificent memorial gift of silver, will be made by the Hon. John Jay. To these addresses a suitable reply will be made by the Bishop; and there will then be an opportunity for personal introductions and felicitations. In order to confine the attendance to the capacity of the Academy, and to prevent a crush, the admissions will be made by cards, elaborately gotten up and distributed according to certain rules adopted by the Committee. The Rev. Dr. Wildes, Secretary of the Church Congress, is Chairman of the Committee of Reception, which consists of seven clergymen and laymen. The gentlemen who compose the Committees, represent the intelligence and wealth of the city; and the commemoration will be an event long to be remembered, as well for the notable people it will call together, as for the historical reminiscences it will suggest. A very general interest is felt in the matter, and the only criticism we have heard made, is a suggestion that in part it might have taken some other form, and served to endow a professorship, or a bed in a hospital, or to build a church for the poor and destitute, instead of putting the money into a costly piece of silver, which can have only a personal interest.

In that criticism we should see much wisdom, did we not regard it as premature. The Committee are men of wealth and worth, and will not be content with bestowing a mere ephemeral honor upon their Bishop. They have read the text, “This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.”

These anniversaries give one a very striking idea of the rapidity of the growth of our city, they bring out the comparative statistics of the past and the present, and we are amused at the contrast. Stewart's retail store is within two blocks of the Church of the Ascension, and is in what may be called the center of the city. When the church was built—less than fifty years ago—it stood in the midst of open fields and cow-pastures. At that time it was thought to be very far out indeed; and it was regarded as a matter of questionable wisdom to build a church so far away from the population. All the fine churches, St.

Thomas, Grace, Christ, St. Esprit, St. George's, Zion, St. Clement, and many others were far down town. Bond and Bleecker streets were the avenues of fashion, where the belles and “swells” took their daily walks. The churches we have named, with perhaps one exception, have been moved up town, miles beyond the Ascension; the population has followed them, and nothing in the vicinity remains the same but the church itself. That, in the almost fifty years, has undergone hardly any change, externally or internally. The pulpit has a modern look, but otherwise so few are the variations, that it might almost serve as a type of the rock upon which it was founded, or of the word of God, which abideth forever. The congregation is not the same however, for many have gone to the silent land, many others have moved away. It is still large, others have come in to take the places of those who have removed. But the hand writing is on the wall, and the Ascension, like Trinity, must minister to the poor in the heart of the city; and to that end it should be properly endowed. When it was built, Bishop Eastburn was its Rector, and to him have succeeded Bishop Bedell and Dr. John Cotton Smith, the present Rector. According to the age of churches it is still in its youth, but it has been witness to a wonderful growth in our city, both in population and territorially.

During the week, Trinity Church has buried her chime-ringer, Dr. Dix officiating. There have been two chime-ringers only, since the chime of bells was placed, and both of the same family. The death of the last one was very sudden; on Sunday last he was at his post, as usual. The ringing of chimes is an art, and Trinity has met with a serious loss, which it will be difficult to make good. Very likely the clerical staff might not think so, but it would be easier to replace them all, than to find one skilful ringer of Trinity Chimes, who would always make melodious music and never discord.

It is one of the curiosities of Trinity, that its clergy are seldom, if ever, found upon the platform, or taking part in clerical gatherings. You may attend many a Conference and Congress, and never meet one of them. A parish so large, with so many interests and ramifications, is full of work. That work is done by method and rule. To each is assigned his proper duty, and the time for its performance; and to leave it unperformed, or to postpone it, deranges the parochial machinery.

We can get some idea of the extent and ability of the Methodist Body from its missionary work. During the week, a meeting of the proper authorities has been held in the city, and the sum of \$600,000 has been set aside for Missions, of which \$47,000 is appropriated for Domestic Missions. These are large sums for a Society, which, in this country, is not yet able to celebrate its centenary. Dr. Coke and Asbury had little idea of the great things to come of their movement in Baltimore, when they attempted to transform the Society, which Mr. Wesley had organized, into a Church. Dr. Coke seemed to feel that there was something wanting to a real success; and so, applied to Bishop White, and afterward to the English Government, to be consecrated a real Bishop. One thing we like about the Methodists, and that is their willingness to acknowledge the spuriousness of their Episcopacy; that it is a name and nothing more. In this they differ from our “Reformed” friends, who cling with undying pertinacity to something which they profess to disbelieve. We notice that some of the English Church journals, in discussing the question of their episcopacy, take the ground of the late Bishop Whitehouse, that their Orders are void, because of irregularity; the men upon whom they pretended to confer the episcopal office being ecclesiastically dead, and incapable of any religious function.

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A Transcendental Ratiocination.

The Relation of the Absolute to the Four Seasons!

A PAPER FOR THE NEXT CHURCH CONGRESS!!

Nothing possesses a profounder *a priori* verisimilitude than the manner in which the less occult faculties of the intellect gravitate to a question so brilliant and attractive as this. It meets every condition of the new thought. It is so entirely enshrouded in the non-ephemeral consciousness of the later seers, that one could almost dream it to be the sighing of a Platonic soul through the calm atmospheres of the subjective. With great diffidence, but with positive conviction, we submit that a philosophy of the absolute which provides for no radiant alternation of the seasons, is unworthy a place in the almanacs of our intellectual alchemists, nor can the Socratic principle of authority rescue a philosophy so negligent of the symmetry of things, from the charge of contempt for special investigations.

We are not prepared to venture any clear and distinct exposition of the meaning of our subject. There is nothing so unphilosophic as definition. It is reserved for the vulgar adherents of defunct beliefs to dwell upon the low plane of perspicuity. There is much wisdom in those words of our worshipful Plato, in the *Phaedo*, “firmly to assert that this is exactly as I have expressed it, befits not a man of intelligence, yet that it is either so or something like it must certainly be assumed.” How gorgeously these glorious words go ringing down the grooves of change, tempering the ancient philosophy to the habits of our free modern thought! The spectacle is too grand to be understood. It reminds the thinker of the old yet ever new truth, that essence is sublated being, or being mediated with itself, i. e., reflected into itself by negation; and when we speak of the thinker, we refer particularly to the illuminated few who have learned that the truth of the finite is its ideality, while the qualitative *annus* must ever assume the quantitative form of the four seasons.

The openness of the year developing into the otherness (the Hegelian word is *anderssein*) of the seasons, reveals one of the more abstruse problems of the empirical philosophy, and really demonstrates how intense, deep-reaching and phenomenal is the decadence of the old dogmas and institutions. They fade; they disappear; they become tenants of thought-tombs on which the merciless flakes of white oblivion are descending. Around their shrouded forms, the ghastly spectres of superstition, haggard, toothless, tremulous, gather to grin, gibber, and groan.

But the truly philosophic brain at once secretes the rational inquiry—Why should they grin, and gibber, and groan? The old year passed with the four seasons, but out of its embryonic duration another year was evolved. The old faiths have died. The voices which cried “Great Pan is dead!” now cry “Dead is the ecclesiastical Christ!” But as Pan bequeathed the persistence of his force to the ecclesiastical Christ, so the ecclesiastical Christ shall die to rise again in the self-conscious ethical substance of the all-enveloping spirit of our time. The old is the matrix of the new, but the new gospel organizes no memorials to the old. It holds itself breathlessly ready to be evolved into yet other systems of first principles which may displace those it now proclaims.

Through all these determinative but representative developments, we can trace the law of the action of motives. Here the theoretical egoism of Kant becomes the actual *can*. The motive lies in the soaring faculty. No man is worthy to identify himself with the aristocracy of thought who cannot soar above the line of the intelligible and float in the calm atmosphere of mental *Nirvana*.

Since the ultimate end of art is some-

times described as “the annihilation of form through the perfection of form,” so we may reasonably infer the annihilation of faith by the perfection of faith. The natural antithesis is seen in the differentiation of the four and the one. The one year becomes the four seasons. The inference is immediate, that the faith once delivered now becomes the faith's multi-form, present spirit, unfolding itself into innumerable organic actualities of smoke, as peremptory as the categorical imperative.

Shall we dismiss the four seasons without speaking of their environment? The conception of the permissible, held by the supernaturalists, would justify the omission. But the broader thought of our best thinkers would embrace the non-ethics of Schopenhauer's pessimism quite as readily as they would permit that dear delightful formula to fall into disuse. The seasons have their environment in the *metaphysique* and equally in the *meteorologique*. Distinct conceptions in philosophy are always suspicious, and few philosophers will suffer themselves to be pressed by definite aims, or by any coördination of categories. It is enough to say that the environment realizes itself aesthetically in the form, and anaesthetically in the content.

With such Kantians as Hoffbauer, Krug, Fries and Mistoffen, we conclude that the year and the seasons are but different modes of the solar potentiality, a fundamental formula dangerously approximating comprehensibility, and mainly objectionable as countenancing the exploded fallacy of a definite faith. But the conception passes over at once into the philosophic, when with Marcus and Schelling we separate the word from the thought, (the noble and soul-elevating purpose of the newer schools of speculative inquiry,) and realize the interpenetration of the word with the absolute. Here, finally, is the identity of the subject and the object. Upon this primordial basis of the universal *non-ego*, we predicate the relation of the absolute to the four seasons. Its essence, like that of all the manifestations of the philosophic reason, is its ABSOLUTE UNINTELLIGIBILITY!

The Old World.

The Public Debt of Italy—The Jews in Russia—Siberian Exile—The Late Prince Imperial—A Lay Sermon to Clerics—Colenso and the English Bishops.

The Italian Kingdom is groaning heavily under the burden of debt which every year weighs down more heavily on its shoulders. Those who used to growl under the despoticisms of Modern and Tuscan Grand Dukes and old King Bomba, often sigh now for the light taxes of those abused times. The interest upon the public debt is \$84,000,000. We should think it tremendous over here, for a population no greater than that of Italy; and, moreover, Italy is not a rich country like ours; taxation is far harder to bear. Naples, about as large as Brooklyn, owes \$21,000,000, and is on the very brink of ruin with it; for Naples is a miserably poor city. Indeed, the taxation in some parts of Italy is so heavy, and one tax—the grist tax—so oppressive, that a terrible disease, like leprosy, caused by eating bad corn, is spreading rapidly; and yet the insane folly persisted in, of keeping up an army of 500,000 men. Of course, with such a state of things, revolutions are imminent.

It seems that Judge Hilton and the Manhattan Beach Hotel are not the only people who do not care to deal with the children of Israel. The late news from Russia informs us that it is proposed to expel all Jews from the country of the Don, Cosacks, in the course of the next two years. Hilton & Co. took their stand on account of the Jewish bad manners and the Israelitish cheek; but this is from a higher cause. It is said that the chiefs of that military people have requested the Supreme Gov-

ernment to take this step, in consequence of the shameful way in which the Jews defraud and cheat in all their dealings. Their brethren of Odessa have just been accused by one of the local newspapers—the *Pravda*—of buying up the corn at the exorbitant prices of 15, 16, 17, and even 20 roubles the chetwert, or Russian quarter, in order, in the expectation of a scarcity, to get as much of it as possible into their own hands; the grain crops of South Russia having proved a failure this year.

The Rev. Mr. Lonsdale, of the English Church, lately visiting Chicago, confirms a statement made a week or two since, in the columns of the *LIVING CHURCH*, about imprisonment in Siberia. That statement was, that there is a great deal of “gush” and mistaken pity in what we hear about these Siberian prisons and the exile there. Mr. Lonsdale has visited nearly all the Siberian prisons, and says that, instead of working too hard, the prisoners complain of the *ennui* which arises from not having enough to do. The authorities have not work enough for all. The food is good and plentiful, the prison cells comfortable enough, and the working hours not as onerous as those of the free men. Those employed in the gold mines do not work as hard as the California miners. The government gold mines are worked on Sunday, but so are the private mines with free labor. All this takes the wind out of the sails of that extremely sensational article of the demagogue, Karl Blind, which has been going the rounds of the papers.

A Frenchman who was with the Prince Imperial all the time, from his leaving England until the day of his death, has just published a book about him, which contains some most interesting reminiscences. Not many days before the fatal reconnaissance with Lieut. Carey, the Prince, after listening to the author's account of an accident which befell him in the neighborhood of the camp, made these almost prophetic reflections: “I must confess that these small expeditions are wonderfully to my taste, but if I were to be killed, I should be in despair if death overtook me under such circumstances. In a great battle I should not mind so much. But Providence will decide the question. In an obscure reconnaissance it would be most regrettable.” These words were spoken on May 20. On June 1 the Prince lay dead, slaughtered in the presence of his enemies alone. To the question, Why was he let go? the answer is now given. To pave the way for a separate establishment, when he came back. His mother meddled so much with all his affairs, that no one could see him alone on any business of importance, and he had begun to be very restive under it.

Church and State make some queer doings in England; and the last one must make every American Churchman thank the Lord that his Bishop at least cannot thus outrage the sentence of the whole Catholic Church. If ever any body was excommunicated by his fellow-Churchmen, it was Bishop Colenso. Another Bishop was sent there by the Church; and all respected the decision of Colenso's unworthiness to exercise any longer the functions of a Bishop in the Church of God. Not so the State, and not so, it appears, some of the English Bishops. Colenso has appointed the Rev. Mr. Colley to be Dean of Maritzburg, and this is the speech he made. It certainly must make one blush for the three Bishops. “The fact of his coming out (Mr. Colley said) was known of and approved by at least three Right Reverend Prelates who adorned the House of Peers, to wit, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Exeter, and the Bishop of Worcester, which latter diocese he had just quitted. On the 4th July, he had a conference with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace; and the question of his loyalty to the Bishop of the diocese of Natal, and his holding license under his Lordship, was spoken of, but nothing whatever was said detrimental to his accepting office under Bishop Colenso. His Grace appeared fully conversant with the state of affairs here, and of Colonial Church matters in Natal, and hoped that he would be blessed in his work. He gave him his best wishes and God-speed. Similar encouragement was given him by the Bishop of Exeter, who wrote to him stating that he should estimate the work he did here, as much as the work that would be done in the diocese of Exeter. The Bishop of Worcester likewise gave him his best wishes, as also did the Dean of Westminster and others.”

