







## The Living Church.

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## The Preference for Young Clergymen.

One of the strangest and saddest facts that our clergy have to confront, is the preference generally manifested by our parishes for young clergymen. It is not alone the older clergy who must regard this state of things with concern, if not with alarm. The younger clergy must look forward to the time when they must drop out of the ranks of the favored class, and take their places with the old. They will not long be young; not long enough, surely, to lay up from their small stipends enough to secure ease and independence for their age. The strange depreciation in value which attends advancing years in the clerical profession, concerns every clergyman. And it is, or ought to be, a matter of grave consideration to the whole Church.

It cannot be doubted that to this abnormal condition of our clerical service, we owe much of the present difficulty of supplying vacant parishes. They all want young men, and the men who are ready to serve are not all young. The old must move on, and there is no place to move to. We cannot blame them for holding with some tenacity to the places which they have secured. But often, long before their intellectual powers have been impaired by age, they find the pressure too strong to be resisted, and they have to make way for younger men. These, in their turn, show marks of oncoming age, and a suspicion of that is frequently enough to unsettle them.

It is no less certain that the precarious employment of aged clergymen is one of the greatest hindrances to young men who are moved to enter the Holy Ministry. It not only keeps a large number of our clerical force from active service, but it also discourages a large number from entering the ranks at all. The prospect of useless and penniless age, is one that few men can contemplate with composure. It can hardly be doubted that if young men could be assured that they who serve at the altar shall live of the altar, there would be no scarcity of Candidates for Holy Orders. It would not be wise to make such provision, without sufficient safeguards to insure fitness and fidelity. But as our Church work is now conducted, it frequently happens that clergymen possessing these qualities in large measure, are left homeless and helpless in the period of their greatest possible usefulness. Young men cannot shut their eyes to this fact. They see that in other professions maturity and experience are valued, and that the last days are better than the first. They see that in business, age is an element of success. Years are capital everywhere but in a parish. The sick do not seek the amateur physician. Important litigations are not confided to the care of fledgling lawyers. In trade and law, and medicine, a man may hope to reap what he has sowed. But in the Ministry there is no harvest, as regards one of the necessary elements of life. It is a very discouraging outlook, and there is something wrong in the service that compels it. We do not intensify the trouble by stating it. We should not shut our eyes to it. If we do, the world will not.

The explanation and remedy of the wrong are not so easy. A partial remedy might be found by providing a sufficient fund for the relief of aged clergymen and their families. This we can do and ought to do. It would be the best work that the Church in this country has done for a generation. But we have all sorts of schemes that appeal to the imagination and pride of Churchmen, while one of her greatest needs waits for partial and

precarious supply. We clamor for Candidates, and beseech parents to devote their sons to the Ministry, while our idle veterans seek their bread in stony places.

But it is not enough to provide a scanty subsistence for these twice-reverend brethren. We ought to have something for them to do, as long as they are able to work. As we are now organized, the only recognized agency for clerical usefulness is parochial work. If the aged clergyman does not suit the fancy of a parish, there is nothing left for him to do. Diversities of gifts are not recognized among us. We need to learn how to utilize the manifold gifts of the Spirit. We have a Missionary Committee, a Mexican Commission, a Committee on Liturgical Enrichment, a vast Committee on Centennial Endowment. Let us have a Business Committee, named as you please, which shall organize our Church work on a broad and comprehensive basis. We have had a century of parochialism, and we have made progress. Let us now enter upon an era of general, aggressive work, which shall include education, charity, missions, literature, and all the agencies by which the Kingdom of God may be advanced in this active age.

If there is need that the Church should help her aged clergy, there is also need that they should help themselves. The preference for young men in the pulpit is not without some excuse. It is not always the dread of having to maintain an aged and superannuated pastor that moves a parish to withdraw its support from one advanced in years. Too often it is that as men grow old they lose spirit. They fail in sympathy. They reason more clearly, but they love less fervently. They feel less the imaginative and emotive forces that move men. They grow logical and cold. They argue and dogmatize, and the congregation yawns. They fail to reach the hearts of their hearers, for they have outgrown the enthusiasm of youth.

The young clergyman is intense and earnest, whatever he may lack in judgment. His whole soul speaks out, if not always with the measured words of wisdom. His heart is in his work, and there is a fervid glow of enthusiasm in all that he says and does. The people need this and like it. They wished to be moved. They are, as a rule, convinced already. They do not need argument so much as impulse. They prefer the young man because he gives them this. Let the aged clergyman keep his heart young. Let him live in the world of to-day, and not dwell in the regions of the past. The snows of age may whiten his temples, but the fire of youth must lighten his eyes. Hope and sympathy must beam in his countenance, courage and cheer must be heard in the tones of his voice.

Speaking of pastoral visits, a writer in an exchange says: "When I hear of a city pastor who has made 1,000 or 1,500 calls during the year. I am inclined to think that, where one slice of the pastoral work is buttered so thick, it must be correspondingly thin somewhere else." Nevertheless, it is expected that the pastor shall frequently meet his people at their homes. He must know his sheep and call them by name. He must have a personal and intimate acquaintance with young and old, and show a loving interest in their temporal affairs, if he would know what to say to them in his sermons, and how to say it so as to reach the consciences and touch the hearts of his hearers. There is, doubtless, much precious time wasted in "peddling civility around the parish," but pastoral visitation is a power that should not be despised.

A writer in the *Independent* heads an article, "Is Congregationalism going to the Wall?" and shows that this religious body is not increasing in proportion to others. During the last decade its gain has been thirty-nine per cent less than that of the Church. In many States the increase of population has been in greater proportion than the increase of its membership. In New England, with the advantage of prior possession, prestige, and strong equipment, Congregationalism is losing ground. It is a sign of the times. It is a sign that men want a positive faith, established order, approved standards, and organized unity, in the Body of Christ. They may find all these in the historic Church, with the largest liberty of individual opinion.

## Charity.

"He is truly great who is great in charities," says good old Thomas a Kempis, whose words have been the heart treasures of Christian people for many centuries. And Cowper sweetly sings:

"Fairest and foremost of the train that wait  
On man's most dignified and happiest state,  
Whether we name thee Charity or Love,  
Chief grace below, and all in all above."

Charity hopeth and endureth, suffereth long, seeketh not her own, stoopeth to lift up the fallen, and reacheth out her hand to succor the helpless. Charity is twice blessed. "It bleaseth him that gives and him that takes." And oh! what need has this sin-stricken state of man for charity's sweet ministrations! What burdens of grief and loss, what burdens of sorrow and pain, wait by the wayside of every earnest life! Whatever burdens we may have to bear, for ourselves, by our side walk others whose burdens are heavier, or whose strength is less. There is old age, lonely and hopeless, trembling under the weight of years, forgotten by the young for whom it has toiled and suffered, tottering with feeble step to reach a longed-for grave. There is helpless infancy, neglected by its natural guardians, wasting with disease, and lifting up its feeble cry for help. There is youth staggering under its burden of unfulfilled desire and misdirected ambition. And there are the manifold phases of active life around us, all bearing the marks of suffering, and the scars of conflict. If the curtain could be lifted and we could see behind the scenes of this fleeting show of life, how would our hearts be wrung with pity at the sight! What cheerless gloom, what heaviness of spirit, what human forms bowed down "with burdens too heavy to bear!" Under the bright skies of this month of roses, there are millions of human souls that walk in shadow. Poverty, pain, disaster, and bereavement shut out the blessed sunlight from many hearts. We cannot see it all, and it is well that we cannot. But there was One who was acquainted with the griefs that are mercifully hidden from our eyes. He bore the burden of all the sin and shame and sorrow, under which hearts have been breaking and lives have been wasting in all ages. He knew and felt it all as He knelt in Gethsemane. The wail of the widow and orphan; the despairing cry of the sinner; the hopeless lament of old age forsaken; the inarticulate moan of the infant upon whom the sins of the fathers are laid; the cry of the oppressed in every nation, the complaint of the unfortunate in every clime; were all ringing in His ears. He saw all the hardships of poverty, the fruitless efforts of the weak, the vain endeavors of the wicked, the frantic struggles of the unfortunate. The awful vision and voice of suffering entered into His soul. He groaned in spirit, and His sweat was drops of blood.

Though we may never know the full extent of the world's misery, we may know enough to move us to compassion, to nerve us to do "what we can" to lighten the burdens of God's suffering children, if we can be

"To other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,—  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,"  
we have not lived in vain.

"Charity ever finds in the act reward." Love earns the present recompense of love; and what return is more precious? Gold cannot bring it, and wealth cannot make up for the lack of it. What can we not afford to pay for love? What possessions shall compensate a human heart bereft of love? All healthy souls long for love, and are happy only in its possession. But love goes not forth to those who love not. The selfish spirit surrounds itself with walls of adamant, through which no genial ray of sympathy can enter.

The Halifax Church *Guardian*, in a recent article on Parish Visitation, gave some good advice about visiting the sick. One suggestion was that visits should be regular. It is a satisfaction for the sick to know when to expect the clergyman, and of course such appointments should be kept with scrupulous promptitude. The least delay may cause nervous anxiety, and be a real harm to one who is ill. Long visits and much conversation are not recommended. Sympathy, with bodily pain and mental trouble, should open the way to spiritual ministrations. The priest must not forget that

he is the physician of the soul. The article thus concludes:

Our own experience tells us that there is no better introduction of the priest to the sick and to those who may be present at his visit, than the formula of the office: Peace be to this house and to all that dwell in it. Among other practical hints for the conduct of a priest in a sick room, let the following suffice for the present. A quarter of an hour is generally long enough for a visit, often a very much shorter one is desirable. Except in most exceptional cases, visit no sick man more than once in a day. Keep an appointment most rigorously, for the strain of waiting is severe on the weak. Never allow a patient to be awakened—rather call again. Don't whisper. Never preach or pray at the sick; trust to private intercession, and pray in the first person "we" "us," not in the third. Do not begin arguing, find some point of agreement. It is very important to remember that Repentance and Faith are necessary to salvation, and that the former consists in contrition or godly sorrow, confession, and restitution.

## The Stewardship of Wealth.

No serious minded man can contemplate the deplorable waste of money, time, and energy that is bestowed upon exciting and exhausting amusements, without a feeling of distress. There are so many great works languishing for the want of men and money, while the life and wealth of thousands are thrown away in worse than idle amusements. It seems to be the curse of wealth that it paralyses noble ambitions, smothered sympathy, shuts out the great issues of life, and tempts men to self-seeking and the gratification of low desires. Poverty may press down the soul, frustrate the best endeavors, and check the aspirations. But wealth is liable to pervert the best gifts of body and mind and degrade the noblest endowments to the basest ends.

This is not saying that all who are rich are given over to the lusts of the flesh and pride of life. The greater part of the world's beneficent works are carried on by the enterprise and sustained by the offerings of the rich. But how small is this "greater part" compared to what it might be, compared to what is needed! How few of the rich in this world, administer their stewardship with reference to the great needs of humanity; how many use it only for the gratification of their own vanity or lust.

It is this fact that saddens the hearts of pastors who are striving to imitate their Divine Master in bearing the burdens and alleviating the miseries of mankind. They see on every side the weak who need support, the ignorant who need instruction, the fallen who need reclaiming, the poor who need assistance; and at the same time they see, within easy reach, the means that would suffice for all this. But they cannot command these means. They cannot in very large measure influence them. It is only in exceptional cases that they can provide for exceptional and distressing needs. As a rule, the rich hold back their treasures. Some hoard them in order to increase power and to secure the distinction of great wealth. Some lay up in order that they may leave great legacies for others to squander. Some withhold their wealth to squander it on themselves and families. From whatever motive, the larger portion of the wealth of the world is locked up and shut out from the Lord's work of saving the bodies and souls of men.

It is only as men learn to regard wealth as a stewardship, that it comes to be a blessing to themselves and to the world. While they regard it as a possession, a power of self-assertion or self-gratification, it must continue to be a snare and a reproach. The rich man who makes no use of his money, is a miser. He who uses it only for his own enjoyment, is a brute. He who uses it only for the position and power it gives, is a vain and worthless man, not deserving of respect. Let no such man be trusted. He allows the highest interests of humanity to suffer before his eyes, rather than part with his money, and he will see you distressed and ruined before he will lend you a helping hand. His heart is metallic, and he is dead to sympathy. But there are, thank God, some men of wealth who are unselfish, without personal ambition, humble, kind, and generous. To these how much does the world, and how much does the Church, owe! Their way of life is marked by monuments of beneficence, and their memory is blessed to children's children. They befriend the poor, they find out the

humble and worthy and put them in places of trust, they provide for the sick, they aid in sending the Gospel to every creature, they respond with loving alacrity to the pastors' appeal for aid. And do we ever hear of any such coming to want? Are they the poorer for what they give? Nay, such scattering is only increasing, while it lays up in store a good foundation against the time to come.

On the 13th of June, Bishop Smith, Presiding Bishop, completed 89 years of his pilgrimage and entered upon the 90th year of his age in the happy possession of all his faculties—with a glad heart, and surrounded by loving and devoted friends. One little coincidence was, that a gift of Haver-gal's "Threads of Crimson and Gold," came between two floral offerings; the one a collection of *Crimson* Roses, fragrant and beautiful, and the other a group of *Golden* Lilies surmounting a cluster of snow white flowers, pure and spotless.

Among the epistolary congratulations on the bright anniversary, was an exceedingly affectionate and gratifying one from over the sea, sent by a "dear son in the Ministry" in far off Wales, who wrote his tender words of love and blessing with an overflowing heart. The Bishop has not appeared in better health and spirits for a long time, and he is confidently expecting to take his part in the next General Convention in Philadelphia, the coming October.

## The New Bishop.

This sketch of Dr. Knickerbacker has been furnished by the Rev. W. W. Raymond, of Goshen, who placed him in nomination.

The Rev. David Knickerbacker, D. D., youngest son of Judge Herman Knickerbacker, was born in Scaghticoke, N. Y., on Sunday (St. Matthias's day), Feb. 24, 1833. He was baptized Sept. 20, 1833, in St. Paul's Church, Troy, N. Y., by the Rev. Herman Hooker, David Buel being one of the god-fathers. The young master, David B. Knickerbacker, received his preparatory training and education in Union Village academy, Washington county, New York. On Thursday, April 16, 1849, he was confirmed in St. John's Church, Stillwater, N. Y., (the Rev. R. B. Fairburn, rector,) by the Rt. Rev. Wm. Rollison Whittingham, D. D., Bishop of Maryland, administering episcopal functions in the diocese of New York by the request of the standing committee. The same year, 1849, he entered Trinity College, and graduated in 1853 under the presidency of Bishop Williams, of Connecticut. Without delay he entered the General Theological Seminary in New York city, and took his degree in June, 1856, and was ordained to the diaconate on the sixth Sunday after Trinity, 1856, in Trinity Church, New York, by the Right Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., Bishop of New York, Bishop DeLancey, of Western New York, preaching the sermon. Accepting an appointment as missionary to Minneapolis, Minn., then a frontier outpost Mr. Knickerbacker married Miss Sarah Moore, of New London, Conn., and they took their wedding tour to the mission field. A church-building for Gethsemane parish was erected in 1856, replaced by a better one in 1865 on the same ground, and this latter building is soon to be vacated for the removal of the place of worship nearer to the residence centre of the growing city, where an elegant edifice is now in process of erection. The Rev. Mr. Knickerbacker was ordained a priest July 12, 1857, in Gethsemane Church by the Rt. Rev. Jackson Kemper, D. D., missionary bishop of the North-west. The Brotherhood of Gethsemane was organized in 1869, under the direction of Rector Knickerbacker, and has become a power for great good, being composed of earnest laymen (business and professional men), who undertook, in 1871, the building of a Church hospital in Minneapolis, in which more than 1,500 patients have been sheltered and nursed, chiefly in charity. The property of St. Barnabas Hospital is now worth \$30,000, and a beginning is now made for an orphans' home. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. Mr. Knickerbacker by his alma mater, Trinity College, in 1873.

Dr. Knickerbacker is a sound Churchman, old-fashioned and good-fashioned, given to no extremes, indulging in no novelties, but abounding in good works and kind words; patient, energetic, untiring, and blest with the best of health. It is not known that he has an enemy, or that there is any one to speak ill of him. Con-







