

A MIRROR FOR A HIGH CHURCH BISHOP.

The Irish Evangelist publishes the following neat satire on the recent proceedings of the Bishop of Lincoln:

LETTER FROM HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX. To His Right Worthy Friend, Charles Woodworth, D. D. (so-called) Bishop of Lincoln.

DEARLY BELOVED,— Amid the weighty cares and cruel persecutions that have fallen on this Chair of Peter, our heart has been rebuffed by the enlightened attitude that you have received grace recently to adopt in reference to certain vain schisms, calling themselves by titles that only belong to the Catholic Church, and to assume which is an act of audacious presumption and sin on the part of these who are outside her pale.

Nevertheless, beloved Brother, bear with us, if in the faithful discharge of the awful trust committed to us, we are constrained to speak plainly on a matter, in reference to which we dare not any longer leave you in doubt as to the attitude of the Catholic Church, and of its divinely appointed head. Like as did our illustrious predecessors of blessed memory from time to time, with no uncertain sound, declare what is the mind of the Church, so we, the unworthiest of all that ever filled this chair—a servant of servants—raise our voice in solemn protest against the assumption of the title of Bishop adopted by yourself and others, your brethren in disorder and schism; for you must well know, or ought to know, that without our authority and appointment, no man has, or ever could have any title or claim to the office of Bishop in the Church of God.

I need not to recall to a ripe scholar like yourself the history of the English Episcopate (so-called); nor need I dwell on certain irregular and wicked proceedings once enacted at the 'Nag's Head,' in proof of this, for you must yourself often have thought of them with shame, and felt in their presence how shadowy and unreal were all the titles that law and wealth could bestow, and perhaps have longed for the true anointing, which can only come from our hands. We therefore proclaim, from the plenitude of our apostolic authority, that there is not within the limits of the kingdom of England one true Bishop, save those who hold their appointment, and derive their unction and rights from us, the successors of Peter.

Still, amid all our sorrows, it rejoices our paternal heart to witness so much zeal for a great principle, and so clear a recognition of a vital instinct of Christianity, as you have displayed in your recent manly and firm denial of Sacred Titles to some whom you rightly regard as in schism; and if, in the exercise of our infallible and awful power we are constrained to withhold from yourself the title of Bishop, we are comforted by the belief that you will see in our action the same fidelity to our weighty trust and responsibility that has, in a lower degree, moved yourself in your conscientious, but alas, mistaken policy toward another; and we are not without hope that our fidelity to truth, bitter as it may be to vain and untaught souls, will produce in you far other fruits, and may even bring you to our feet for that forgiveness which we never withhold from the repentant, and that grace which alone can be found in connection with true catholic unity.

Should our apostolic counsel and rebuke have the results that we pray for, we shall not fail to provide for your soul's health the guidance of some learned and pious doctor of the Church, who, receiving your confession, shall readily bestow on you the full absolution of all your sins, whether of ignorance or of your holy things, and thus in due time fit you for consecration to a real bishopric, which it shall be our earnest concern to provide for you, either in your native land, or in *patiens infidelium*.

Given at the Vatican, the twenty-sixth year of our Pontificate, under the Fisherman's Ring. Prus.

To our well-beloved Charles Woodworth, D. D., of Lincoln.

IN THE WRONG FEW.—Once, so goes the story, the Rev. Mr. Talmage entered an Episcopal church in Philadelphia during the communion, and was proceeding up the middle aisle, when the sexton stopped him saying, "Sir, the communion service is being observed." "I see that it is," replies Mr. Talmage, starting on. "But, sir," said the sexton, stepping in front of him, "none but communicants are allowed in this aisle." "Very well," said the clergyman, again starting up the aisle. "Sir," said the sexton, seizing him by the collar and pointing across the church, "the unconverted sit over yonder."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE PULPIT

NO. III.

May be it is right to touch off the pulpit orators—may be not. I don't well see any harm that can accrue to them, in consequence. I mean it for their good,—but the thin-skinned, the pretentious, and the pompous will possibly feel mortified and wounded. The more discreet however, will probably argue thus—if this would-be "Censor" aims his shafts at imaginary faults and foibles,—creations of his own fancy, that have no real existence, nobody need wince—if on the other hand by common consent, nay by a minority decision there was, there is, ample room for the operation of some such corrective as he administers, who should find fault?

I rather liked that article published in a recent No. of your paper Mr. Editor,—on the subject of "TAILS." It was a palpable hit. When I read it, I said, Bravo! For I considered that the writer had struck a joint. The carving was good, and I was very nearly tempted to throw my Essay into the fire.

A century or so ago, the Puritans, about as pious, godly, devout a class of men as ever graced any age of this wicked world's history, fell into a mistake, so ludicrous, so ridiculous that nothing but ridicule and satire of the keenest kind could unearth and correct it. They imagined—their ministers and deacons—that there was sanctity, and religion among other things, in drawing out their words in a peculiar nasal twang. It lasted for several generations. Butler took their measure, and brought them eventually to their senses.

Could it have been supposed, that now, at this day, and among the would-be thought erudite of religious denominations, a practice has crept into the pulpit, more hateful if possible than Butler ever ridiculed—namely what is called the *monotone* reading of portions of the service among Episcopals—yet so it is. Oh for some modern Butler to turn his battery upon the very same fortresses from which he did good work, in his day, and which may be collected from much that is not worth the preservation.

Not long since I attended the funeral of an eminent member of an Episcopal church where a Bishop, and many of his clergy were present. The service was *monotoned*. But for the fear of being inconsistent, I ain half tempted even now to raise both hands and cry Oh! Oh!—and yet rule out an X and put in another Oh-h-h.

It was a gross caricature on the art of reading. I said so to one of the clergy,—his reply was, the minister officiating was a very poor reader any way. Doubtless the Diocesan thought it excellent, or he would not have sanctioned it. It was puerile—that is what it was—noise. It was a travesty—a mockery, from my stand point.

But what has all that to do with the Baptists? Nothing perhaps—nothing—But it has to do with the pulpit. It has to do with the errors, and follies and whims that prevail in quarters that one might least expect to find them. How few, how very few good readers there are among the pulpit orators of our day. I scarcely know of a higher intellectual treat than to listen to a correct, thoroughly good reader. To have the accent fall surely, on the right syllable, the emphasis on the right word of the sentence, and then the cadence sweetly, correctly rounding off the period. Why don't the Professors of Rhetoric in all the public schools and Colleges, so severely train their pupils that an error, a mistake, a misplaced emphasis or cadence would be as censurable, as a false note in a musical recitation? How few of the many speakers in pulpits or on platforms, can read a passage unexceptionably in prose or in poetry? A kind of coffee-mill exercise, in prose, and a sing-song rise and fall of the voice, with the commencement and termination of the verse, or the line, when poetry is attempted—this is the rule, the absence of the practice, the exception. Every pulpit orator should consider himself among other things, a professor of Elocution, and be constantly aiming to acquit himself accordingly.

Don't misapprehend me reader, don't think I have any desire to substitute the sign for the thing signified—the casket for the jewel. By no means. But as true piety consists not in learning, in peaceful attitudes, in rounded periods, or select phraseology on the one hand—so neither does it consist in ignorance, in awkward

gestures in ungrammatical forms of speech, or repetitions *ad nauseam*.

I never witness a drill, I never look upon a company of soldiers marching, or regard the individual, as with head erect, shoulders braced back, stepping to time, but involuntarily the thought is present what hath training done for these fellows? Compare them now with as many immigrants just arrived perhaps from the same locality where the majority of them enlisted, and behold what the drill sergeant hath done for them!

Not less marked, not less palpable the difference between the well-trained and the untrained public speaker.

MASSILLON.

THE WRECK OF THE "TENASSERIM."

EXTRACTS FROM REV. J. A. CUSHING'S LETTER TO MRS. BENNETT—WRITTEN ON BOARD H. M. S. KWANG-TUNG JULY 25 20TH, 1874—MAILED AT ADEN.

"We went nearly south between the Nicobars—which we sighted—and the main land, crossed the Equator and went westward to the east coast of Africa in order to sight Ras Hatom. The first part of the passage was quite rough, but as we neared the Equator we had very good weather and my seasickness wore off. I slept on deck most of the time, until Monday the 6th of July, when we had very rough weather, the water breaking clear over the after deck. Notwithstanding the skylight was covered with several thicknesses of oil cloth, just as we were going down to breakfast a tremendous wave swept over, breaking a seven inch spar and smashing the glass of the skylight, and flooding the saloon.

The captain had expected to sight the east coast of Africa long before, but as he did not he changed the course of the vessel from N. W. to a little S. of W. directly for the land. About 5 P. M. (i. e. 6th July) I confess that I felt some anxiety when I saw that he continued that course in the evening, for I knew that we could not be very far distant from the land. About 5 minutes after 12 o'clock at night the *Tenasserim* struck. It was so gradual that only a part of us were awakened by it. The first I knew of it was when I heard the Pantry Steward hurriedly calling the Stewards to come on deck immediately, and at the same time the steamer began to beat against the reef, with a dull heavy thud. I jumped from my berth and secured my drafts on London, and went on deck, where there was much confusion. During the day one of the life boats had been stove in by the violence of the sea breaking over the steamer. But the captain gave orders to have the other one and the cutters and small boats prepared for any emergency; though it was evident after a while that there was no danger of the steamer breaking up so long as the sea was quiet. We could just discern the dim outline of the shore a half or the quarter of a mile away. Gladly we welcomed the morning light, and early we descried a few men and dromedaries on the shore,—a black, barren, sandy beach, with mountains a good distance inland. Some of the men attempted to swim off in the morning but the surf was too high. In the afternoon they succeeded and proved to be Somalies—a race inhabiting all the north-eastern coast of Africa. They are athletic, very dark skinned, and have hair of a light brown, which naturally forms itself into curls about four inches long that flutter with every puff of the air. The chief village of this region is Ras Hafom, several miles to the south and is near the Cape of that name, which we could clearly see stretching out into the sea south of us. The Sultan of this district came out with two small boats late in the afternoon from his village. All were armed with dirk knives. Only one boat load was permitted to come on board, and when we pointed to their knives as objectionable they left them in the bottom of the boat. By signs and through the very broken English of a Seuz Arab fireman we were able to have some communication with the Sultan. He invited us to come on shore and sleep, and said he would feed us. We naturally distrusted him because we knew that some had been murdered on this coast in the past. About noon of Tuesday was flood-tide and an attempt was made to get the steamer off. One foretop-sail was set and she swung off from the shore southward, thence toward the ocean. Unfortunately she veered a little and her bows came around to the north grounding her full length on the reef. The masts should have been cut away, and the cargo thrown overboard, before this. Had it been done I think the steamer might have been got off, but the captain seemed paralysed, and

afterwards when the order was given to throw out the cargo but little was done,—insubordination and drunkenness began their reign. As I look back upon it I wonder that there was not open mutiny. Wednesday the captain called the officers and passengers together, and the general feeling was that we should try to land next morning, as the Sultan Ali had agreed to convey us by dromedaries to the North coast, and thence in native boats to Aden. At the same time Mr. Tatam 2nd mate, with a volunteer crew undertook to start in the remaining life boat for Aden. It was a long and dangerous journey to undertake at this season of the year, but it was our only real hope of relief. All Wednesday was employed in getting provisions, water, and a few clothes into the boats preparatory to landing. Thursday morning came, and still notwithstanding the agreement of the preceding day the captain vacillated again and refused to go ashore. The crew got at the wines and liquors in the saloon and almost every man was drunk. However Mr. Fullerton the only energetic man left, had the liquors brought up by a few trusty men and thrown overboard, the captain reserving 6 or 8 cases of wine in his room. He was evidently looking out for himself and refused to departh it to the same watery place for he "never could do without it," he said. Meanwhile the sailors would insolently come to his room, and demand some of it, saying that all were equal now. That night all but a single case was quietly thrown overboard when the captain was away. Toward night a promise was exacted from the captain that he would land the next morning any way. All the passengers and many of the officers and crew desired to go, for while the vessel might last many days, the first storm would break her up. Friday morning came and the captain said he would put the passengers ashore first, but Mr. Arthur and myself and Koanna started early in a Somali boat, which resembles the Madras surf boats. It was tossed by the surf like a cyclone shell, but they took it in so far that we got wet only to the knees. We were taken immediately to the Sultan, when I made motions that the rest were coming. We then left the little brush-wood huts of the natives and went back to the beach where the Sultan had his men assisting in dragging the boats through the surf. To his honor be it said he allowed none of his men to pilfer the things in the boats. Whilst they were unloading them, three of us went for a place of encampment. For miles around it was a low, sandy shore, with only a few thick-leaved scraggy bushes. We found a place and had our few stores and clothing taken there. Then with oars and three small sails, three small tents were made for 43 people. The breeze was very strong, but it blew such a sand storm that we could not have the tents open to the wind at all: hence we were nearly melted with the heat. As it was impossible that day to go again to the steamer on account of the heavy sea we tried to settle down the best we could.

The next morning the natives appropriated our boats and such of our oars as were loose. Had we not appealed to Sultan Ali they would have taken such oars as supported our tents. We were told off two by two to keep watch at night—each watch being only an hour. Water was a mile and a half away, and brackish. It could be only got by digging holes 4 or 5 feet deep in the sandy bed of a dry stream. We were therefore allowed with water three times a day. Hardly any tea was rescued. The stewardess was allowed some. The chief diet was salt beef and pork. The tinned provisions were reserved for an emergency. They quite made me sick and I kept to hard tack and dates, the Sultan having sent us a bag of dates. During the nearly two weeks of being on shore he sent us four sheep—but a sheep was hardly a meal for so many men. The last part a German kindly gave me some tea which he was carrying home. The Sultan wanted to remove us to his village but we refused to go. Before the captain and crew left the *Tenasserim*, the natives began to smash and plunder. I lost all my boxes, and saved nothing but my Shan Dictionary and a few changes of linen and a few outer garments. So did everybody else lose their things, and the wonder is that the few things which we had on shore were not taken from us. Day after day, bales of cotton, bags of rice, &c., were brought ashore. The entire interior of the vessel was ripped to pieces down to the water, I saw many of my clothes trotting about on the backs of the natives—among others, my wedding coat. As soon as we got on shore the talk of conveying us over-

land ceased, were told it was impossible. We however did not give up watching for a steamer from Aden, and to our joy, Friday, July 21st, about 4 30 P. M., a vessel hove in sight. At first we could not be sure she was steering for us, and we put up the British flag on all the pole we had, and set ourselves to watch. Soon it was evident she was steering for the wreck. Our joy knew no bounds. She came abreast the *Tenasserim*, but the surf was too heavy for a boat to land. Some of our men begged a boat and attempted to go out but could not get through the surf. Soon after dawn, Wednesday, the sea was more quiet, and a boat put off from the *Kwan-tung*.—The stewardess, all the passengers, &c., were taken off. The boat could not land and we had to wade up to our necks in the surf. Two men helped me or I never could have stood the strength of the waves. The "pray kept us constantly drenched until we reached the steamer, about a mile from the shore.

The preceding Saturday the life-boat was picked up about 40 miles from Aden and taken in by the steamer *Punambuco*. The *Kwan-tung* was immediately ordered to sea and in a few hours sailed in search of us. The men in the life-boat suffered severely from heat and thirst. Their boat nearly swamped several times before reaching Cape Guardafui. My health is somewhat better than when I left you, but not as much improved as I hoped it would be. My side pains me some almost every day, and for aught I can see always will, I dread the heat of Aden and the Red Sea.

I have lost my translation of Acts, also my Phrase book, all my notes of my Shan journeys except the first (in part) and the very last. With all my losses I feel rather shorn, but the wool will grow again, even though it may be slowly.

I am sorry that so ill a fate has befallen the *Tenasserim*. She has conveyed many Missionaries to and from Burmah.

Yours truly, R. SANFORD.

For the Christian Messenger.

FROM REV. W. S. MCKENZIE.

Dear Messenger,—

I notice that your contributor over the signature of "An Oriental" is yet pursuing his meditations on Siam as a Mission field for our brethren in the Maritime Provinces,—or rather as a field into which it were hardly wise, as he believes, for them to enter at all. It is easy to see that he enjoys the opportunity to thrust, now and then, his lance into the statements made by me in the Academy of Music at St. John, last summer. And one cannot help seeing that the facts culled from some books in his possession, together with my silence, give him boldness as he advances to repudiate more and more emphatically my statements. He writes as if my remarks were without any foundation in truth—as if they were sheer fabrications, because, forsooth, Mrs. Leonowens in her writings, and Mr. Vincent in his, and Missionaries in their communications from Siam, do not convey any information in agreement with what I said. I do not think it is well for me to remain any longer silent. Nor do I wish to conduct a controversy with "An Oriental," with whose candor and sterling good sense I am well pleased. I for one am more and more persuaded that "An Oriental" is desirous of seeing the enterprise of Foreign Missions now attempted with a new departure by our Provincial brethren, put upon a solid foundation. Let him have due credit for sincere motives.

Neither am I a believer in the contemplated project of my Provincial brethren. I say contemplated, for I do not understand that their Foreign Mission policy is fully matured and fixed. Neither do I advocate their Mission to a few thousands of rambling Karens in the almost inaccessible mountains of Northern Siam. And I am yet doubtful at least about the wisdom of their opening a Mission among the Siamese. It seems to me, as to "An Oriental," that there is a broader and better field for their zeal and energy. It has been my deep and settled conviction from the first, that my brethren in the Maritime Provinces should combine their forces with those of our brethren in Ontario and Quebec, and strike without delay for the millions of *Teloogoo*s, taking for the centre, or base, of their operations Coconada, in the Province of Circars, on the coast, and about 200 miles east of Ongole, which is the most northern Mission centre of the Missionary Union. It gives me pleasure to accord with "An Oriental" on this question.

But if the Lord designs Siam to be the Mission field of the Baptists of the Mari-