

THEOLOGICAL QUARTERLY.

VOL. II.

JULY 1898.

No. 3.

Doctrinal Theology.

THEOLOGY.

(Continued.)

WILL.

Will is an attribute of God inasmuch as he consciously prompts his own acts, and is intent upon the execution of his purposes, the accomplishment of his designs, the realization of his counsels, and the fulfillment of his ordinances. Will is one of the characteristics of rational, self-conscious, personal agencies. The acts of a person are that person's acts inasmuch as they are consciously prompted by such person, and an accessory to an act is again a person who consciously concurs in prompting such act, though the *materiale* of the act be wholly or in part performed by another. Thus God is active by his own promptings. Every act of God not only presupposes, but implies volition. And, again, volition is, in God, linked with action, the conscious and intentional exertion of power. This is indicated in the words, *Who hath resisted his will?*¹⁾ Of him the Psalmist says, *Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth,*²⁾ and, *Our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.*³⁾ When God acts, his act

1) Rom. 9, 19.

2) Ps. 135, 6.

3) Ps. 115, 3.

Theological Review.

Charles Porterfield Krauth, DD., LL. D., etc. *By Adolph Spaeth, D. D., LL. D., etc. In two volumes. Volume I., 1823—1859. New York. The Christian Literature Company. 1898. xiii, 425 pages, with portrait of Dr. Krauth. Price, \$2.00.*

Biography is at the same time the most natural, the most instructive, and the most captivating species of historical composition. To describe the lives of eminent men is *eo ipso* to write the better part of the history of the times in which they lived and labored. On the other hand, inasmuch as eminent men, while themselves, under God, the makers of history, are properly rated only as in a way and measure the children of their times, the writer of a biography, to do justice to his subject, must be familiar with the times which contributed to the making of the man whose life he would describe.

Doctor Krauth was, doubtless, an eminent man, who by his word and his pen exerted an enduring influence upon the English-speaking part of the Lutheran church in America. And if ever a great man was very markedly a scion of the time in which he lived and grew, it was Charles Porterfield Krauth. And when the life of such a man has been written by a man who is himself a representative man and has had every opportunity to know whereof he writes, that biography is certainly a book worth having and reading and keeping for future reference. This *a priori* estimate, which flitted through the reviewer's mind when the book was first placed before him, was fully borne out by a perusal of its contents. Even to one who has read nearly all that had been previously published on and much that had been written by Dr. Krauth, this work furnishes many details of valuable historical information. To judge from the volume

before us, which chiefly deals with the making of the man, the second volume, which will presumably exhibit the more important part of his work in and for the church and other spheres of his usefulness, will be even more valuable to the student of history. We do not expect that these volumes will render future original research superfluous, but we do hold that for all future times this work will remain one of the chief sources of information to those who would acquaint themselves or others with the life and labors of Charles Porterfield Krauth. Besides, the biographer has paid due attention to certain historical phenomena which were not strictly part and parcel of Dr. Krauth's life and labor, but which served to call his energies into action or to place him in contrast with his contemporaries on the other side of the question. As a specimen we give the chapter on

THE DEFINITE PLATFORM.

After many years of continued agitation, the principal leaders of "American Lutheranism" at last issued their manifesto. The men who had constantly complained of the multitude and "mass" of Lutheran symbols, quietly attempted to add another one to their "unbearably large" number, without unmaking one of the existing historical standards. The men who had complained of the intolerance of those who limited the name of Lutherans to the loyal adherents of the historical Confessions of the Mother Church of the Reformation, undertook to un-lutheranize all those who were unwilling to join them in their mutilation of the Augsburg Confession. And worst of all, the men who prided themselves on their liberal, enlightened, honestly progressive standpoint, hesitated to come out manfully and openly, as the authors of what claimed to be the most important document for the American Lutheran Church. The new Confession came without a confessor. It appeared as an anonymous document, proving by that very fact that the men who concocted it were not called by God to lead the Church on this Western Continent to a better, fuller, purer conception and statement of the faith of the Gospel, than that of the Fathers.

In the early part of September, 1855, most of the leading ministers connected with the General Synod received, by mail, a small pamphlet of some forty pages, printed in Philadelphia, and bearing the title: "Definite Platform, doctrinal and disciplinarian, for Evan-

gical Lutheran District Synods; constructed in accordance with the principles of the General Synod." Concerning the authorship of the pamphlet, Dr. S. S. Schmucker, ten years after its appearance, wrote as follows: "Although my friend, Dr. Kurtz, and myself passed it in review together, and changed a few words, every sentence of the work I acknowledge to have been written by myself. None of our Western brethren had an opportunity to participate in its composition, although they had aided in determining its principles. And although the subject was mentioned to a few in the East, none but the aforementioned two at all participated in the actual work." (See *Lutheran and Missionary*, May 10, 1866.) It was prepared and published, according to its preface, by consultation and co-operation of ministers of different Eastern and Western Synods connected with the General Synod, at the special request of some Western Brethren, whose churches desire *a more specific expression of the General Synod's doctrinal basis*, being surrounded by German churches which profess the entire mass of former symbols. This "American Recension of the Augsburg Confession," which coolly undertook to alter and set aside that venerable document, the Magna Charta of Protestantism, asked for itself exemption from any future alteration or amendment, naively demanding that, "for the sake of uniformity, any Synod adopting this platform should receive it entire, without alteration." Never mind breaking the Augustana to pieces, only let the Definite Platform be *unaltered* in saecula saeculorum! The Platform charged the Augsburg Confession with the following errors, omitted in this American Recension: 1. The approval of the ceremonies of the Mass. 2. Private confession and absolution. 3. Denial of the divine obligation of the Christian Sabbath. 4. Baptismal regeneration. 5. The real presence of the Body and Blood of the Saviour in the Eucharist. Besides this direct charge of grave errors in the Augsburg Confession, and the open rejection of the Lutheran doctrines of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, in the Apostles' Creed, the Descensus ad Inferos is omitted, and in the Augustana the following articles are changed or mutilated: Articles I., II., V., VIII., IX., X., XI. (entirely omitted), XII., XVI., XVII., XVIII., XXI.; that is, twelve of the twenty-one doctrinal articles of the Confession. The seven Articles on Abuses (XXII. to XXVIII.) are all omitted.

The reception with which this document met throughout the Church was, no doubt, a great disappointment to its author or authors. Of course there were some who were delighted with it, and a few Synods in the West even ventured to place themselves upon this Platform.

"It is the very thing we have long needed in our Church," said one of the prominent Western leaders of American Lutheranism; "it will require every man to declare that he is for or against us, and will secure our American Lutheran Church against the insidious efforts of the Old Lutherans to remodel her. A great many of those who have been leaning towards Old Lutheranism will, when the test is applied, go heartily with the Platform, and those who do not, will be obliged to let themselves be known to the people in their true theological character. And this is all we can desire. Our Church will prosper when thus fully known, no matter how much she may lose from the number of her past apparent adherents." And, urging the adoption of the Platform also on the Eastern Synods, the same writer said: "If the New School brethren do not soon decide whether they will give the Church the positive form which it must take in this country ere long, the Old School will decide it for them by making all their Synods stand on the Unaltered Confession. I do not see what difficulty can be in the way. If those five dogmas rejected are errors at all they are very serious errors, and I do not see why there should be so great a desire to be associated with those who teach them. The difference between the Old School and the New School party is of such a nature that they cannot agree except by being silent, or separate. If we did not intend to push this matter through we should never have agitated it at all."

But the principal effect of the Definite Platform was to open the eyes even of the indifferent and undecided ones, and to cause them to reflect and to realize the ultimate designs of the men at the helm of the General Synod. A storm of indignation burst against the perpetrators of this attack on the venerable Augustana. Many men who were before numbered with "American Lutheranism," and whose full sympathy with the movement was confidently expected, had nothing but stern rebuke for it. The *Evangelical Review* condemned it in a short but strong article. "We trust," it says, "that no Lutheran Synod will be beguiled into the awful movement here so abruptly yet so confidently proposed to them to revolutionize their whole previous history, and declare separation from the whole Lutheran Church of the past, and all their brethren in the present who hold to the faith of the fathers, 'the faith once delivered to the saints.'"

The severest blow, however, was the formal rejection of the Platform by the East Pennsylvania Synod, in its meeting at Lebanon, 1855. At the motion of Rev. Dr. J. A. Brown, it was resolved, "that we hereby express our most unqualified disapprobation of this most

dangerous attempt to change the doctrinal basis and revolutionize the existing character of the Lutheran Churches now united in the General Synod, and that we hereby most solemnly warn our sister Synods against this dangerous proposition," etc. Well might the friends and patrons of the Platform be "amazed" at the action of the East Pennsylvania Synod. "Was there nobody there," asks one of them, "to offer it to the Synod, that it was taken up in the way it was, as an anonymous pamphlet, for which nobody was willing to be responsible? Where were those brethren of the different Eastern Synods that were consulted, and who assisted in framing the Platform? I took it for granted that it would not come before our Synods in that anonymous way without its being introduced by some brother who would at once be responsible for it, and who would explain its history and its objects. I am amazed that there was not only nobody to do this, but nobody to vote against such resolutions of unqualified condemnation as those."

The strongest refutation of the Definite Platform was written by the Rev. Wm. J. Mann, D. D. It was entitled "A Plea for the Augsburg Confession, in Answers to the Objections of the Definite Platform: An Address to All Ministers and Laymen of the Evangelical Church of the United States, by W. J. Mann, pastor of St. Michael's and Zion's Churches, Philadelphia. 'The truth shall make you free.'—Jesus Christ. For the Lutheran Board of Publication. Philadelphia. Lindsay and Backiston, 1856." The history of the origin of this little pamphlet of forty-seven pages is thus related by a member of the Publication Board itself.

"One day, during a friendly colloquium, the conversation turned on the Definite Synodical Platform. This document had come to us anonymously, bearing no visible sign or mark to indicate its origin. Not to converse on a document so shrouded in mystery would be stranger than the document itself. At this fraternal colloquium Rev. Mr. Mann expressed his views on the Augsburg Confession. At the close of his remarks one of the Board, Rev. Mr. Hutter (Pastor of St. Matthew's English Lutheran Church, Philadelphia), remarked: 'What a pity we had not a stenographer in our midst, to take down the remarks of Brother Mann.' Following up this merely incidental remark, Rev. Dr. Stork moved that Brother Mann be requested to write out and submit to the Board his remarks, which was agreed to. One week later, Rev. Mann brought the manuscript sheets of his little volume: they were read, and that brother himself proposed to issue the work on his own responsibility, without the imprint of the Board. From some of the views asserted by the writer several of the Board

openly dissented, and, to avoid their objections, a portion of the work was rewritten by the author. It was only then ordered to be printed."

The subsequent refusal of the Board to publish Prof. S. S. Schmucker's reply to this plea, of course, brought upon them the indignation of the author of the Platform, and to put an end to the war of pens, the so-called "Pacific Overture," was published in the *Lutheran Observer*, February 29, 1856, in which a number of prominent ministers "deprecate the further prosecution of this controversy, and hereby agree to unite and abide on the doctrinal basis of the General Synod, of absolute assent to the Word of God, as the only infallible rule of faith and practice, and fundamental agreement with the Augsburg Confession," etc. H. L. Baugher, M. Jacobs, M. L. Stoeber, F. A. Muehlenberg, Charles Philip Krauth were the men with whom this document originated. To these were added the names of E. W. Hutter, T. Stork, C. A. Hay, W. H. Lochmann, M. Valentine, B. Stadler, J. A. Brown, and others. Dr. S. S. Schmucker, in a special card, gave his signature to it, but while he admitted that "its pledge involved the obligation of abstinence from the newspaper controversy," he reserved unto himself the right of continuing the controversy by writing a reply to Dr. Mann's Plea. No wonder that the "Pacific Overture" did not end the war, and many of the best and most conscientious men in the Church refused to sign it.

Dr. H. I. Smith, in a letter to his friend Dr. Charles Philip Krauth, dated New York, February 27, 1856, very decidedly expressed his mind on this subject, as follows:

I was very sorry to perceive that you and the other brethren at Gettysburg have been induced to sign the "Pacific Overture." I presume but very few will follow your example: the brethren at Philadelphia, at Easton, and at Allentown have refused. Not a soul here in New York is willing to touch it. I can very well see why you would be inclined to favor such a move, for I know your love of peace. But I can see no use in signing that overture: the compromise which it proposes cannot preserve the peace of the Church or prevent a disruption. S. has got up that overture simply because he was utterly disappointed in the effect produced by his proposed platform: because he saw that he had raised a conflagration that was very likely to burn him up. And now, after doing all he could to disrupt the Church, after getting up a platform, the adoption of which would have expelled all of us confessional Lutherans from the Lutheran Church: after much laboring with all his might to fasten the charge of serious errors upon our venerable Confession, he very coolly

comes forward and asks us to sign a compromise, in which, forsooth, we are to declare the points of difference between us to be non-essential; . . . No, indeed. Those points are not non-essential: the Lutheran doctrine of the Sacraments is so completely interwoven with our whole view of the scheme of redemption and salvation; that concerning the Eucharist grows so directly and necessarily out of the great doctrine of Christ's Person, that for me to give up those doctrinal points alleged to be non-essential, is to give up all, to give up the whole Gospel. And what good would come of patching up such a hollow peace? At the first favorable opportunity S. would break it, and even if he seemed to keep quiet, he would be secretly and incessantly working and machinating against our side of the house.

And, what is more, the editor of the *Observer* refuses to sign the overture: he will keep his hands unfettered, to knock us on the head right and left, as soon and as often as he pleases.

Why, indeed, should *we* sign any compromise at all? *We* did not attack the General Synod's basis, or, so far as concerns our connection with the General Synod, either design or propose to abandon or renounce it: why then should we offer to return to it? The Platformists have shoved us off from that basis, as member of the General Synod, and now, as Lutherans, I don't think we shall return to it and declare that we are contending for non-essentials. pp. 356—364.

When the crisis culminated in the publication of the Definite Platform, Charles Philip Krauth made no secret of his aversion to this document. "The American Recension of the Augsburg Confession," he wrote to his son, "doesn't seem to go down well. It has received many hard blows. My colleague don't disclaim the authorship, so that it has a daddy. A more stupid thing could hardly have been originated, taking the standpoint of his projectors. *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*. How will it end? I have thought, in smoke. But I have all along had fears, and they are strengthened of late, that it will divide the General Synod. It is said that my colleague is determined to press the matter to the utmost. I suppose he thinks that he has drawn the sword, thrown away the scabbard, and now must fight. For myself I do not feel a particle of uneasiness; but I regret exceedingly the injury which the church is sure to sustain. Mr. Passavant's idea of a paper in opposition to the *Observer* I approve. There ought to be an antidote to the *Observer* somewhere."

In an article published in the *Lutheran Observer* (February 15, 1856), he defines his position, as over against the Platform, as follows:

1. I opposed and oppose it, because it proposes an innovation in the doctrinal basis of our churches. 2. Because it was brought before the church in an improper way. 3. Because it proscribes brethren of the highest standing, both in learning and piety, members of our Synods, who were received with the understanding that they were to occupy a position co-ordinate with that of others. It proclaims to them that, if they hold certain opinions, they ought to be excommunicated; that, if they hold others, they must regard them as of minor importance. It is equivalent to asking every symbolical Lutheran to withdraw or dishonor himself. 4. Because, if pressed, it must divide that part of the church which is now united, and when division is commenced it will not be likely to exhaust itself in two parties. 5. Because church property and institutions of the united church will fall into the hands of one party, and the other be deprived of its rights. 6. Because it will give rise to religious periodicals and institutions antagonistic to each other in the same territory, so that none will be properly sustained. 7. Because the Platform is definite, as it proposes to be, but allows a larger liberty than the Augsburg Confession, and therefore tends to confusion. 8. Because it leaves unadjusted many important questions on which there is a difference of opinion, and the adjustment of which will most probably cause further division. 9. Because it embodies various statements which present the doctrines of the symbols in a light which I regard as very far from the real nature of the case.

I feel deeply solicitous that our prospering church may not be divided. I shall do all that I can to hold it together. I will pray for the peace of our Zion, and if what is deprecated shall come, I will neither partake in the glory nor the shame.

In the face of such clear and direct utterances, we do not wonder that Dr. S. S. Schmucker was bitterly disappointed in the expectation of gaining his colleague over to the New-School side. In a frank and pointed letter (April 1, 1858,) he summed up all his grievances against Dr. Charles Philip Krauth on account of his alleged sympathy with the Old-School Lutheranism. The principal points charged in this letter were: "Dr. Krauth's sermon in Charleston, S. C., which gave great dissatisfaction to the New-School portion of the church; his administration of the *Evangelical Review* in vindication of the Symbolic System;" his participation in the preparation of an improved translation of the whole of the Symbolical Books (the Newmarket edition of the Henkels; see page 174); his opposition to the Definite Platform, "denouncing it more violently than most other opponents;" his "failure on any suitable occasion to express any public sympathy in behalf of the efforts of American

Lutherans to resist the incessant assaults of the Old-School party, which must naturally have led hundreds of our ministers and intelligent laymen to infer that his sympathies were not with American Lutheranism."

And yet, with all this decided opposition to "American Lutheranism," Dr. Charles Philip Krauth still flattered himself with the idea that the doctrinal basis of the General Synod was sufficiently Lutheran and strong enough to build the church in America on it; yea, that there could be no extensive union except upon such a basis. The Augsburg Confession with a little latitude of subscription, he thought, as things were, the best plan. "If we were organizing anew, it would be a different question; but we must take things as they are, and determine what is best." pp. 372—374.

The Convention of the General Synod, which was to meet in the spring of 1857, in Reading, Pa., was naturally looked for with a great deal of anxiety. It seemed impossible that, in the midst of an agitation which moved her very foundations, the General Synod could abide by her policy of keeping silent and leaving the points of dispute unsettled. But if she had to speak her mind on such a manifesto as the Definite Platform, it seemed equally impossible to satisfy both sides of the house and to keep the antagonistic elements together in one body. "I am decidedly of opinion," wrote Charles Philip Krauth to his son, April 2, 1857, "that the General Synod ought to do something effectual for the pacification of the church. I concur in the views you express, and believe, unless such views prevail, the church must ere long be rent into fragments. Whilst I am anxious for such an agreement in regard to a doctrinal basis as will embrace all the wings of Lutheranism in our country, I very much wish we could agree on forms of worship in accordance with the liturgical character of our church, and erect a barrier against the Fanaticism and Methodism which so powerfully control some of our ministers and people.

The views of Charles Porterfield Krauth, to which the father here referred were fully set forth in a series of articles which appeared in the *Missionary* from April 30 to May 14, 1857. Warmer words were never written in its favor by any friend and advocate of the General Synod. They represent the most ideal and optimistic conception of the history and the prospects of the General Synod. They were written from a standpoint which the author himself, seven years later, characterized as immature, "well meant, but full of inconsistencies brought about by the struggle between the influences of education and the incoming, but yet imperfectly developed, power of a truly consistent Lutheranism." pp. 379—381.

Led on step by step. *Scenes from clerical, military, educational, and plantation life in the south. 1828—1898. An autobiography by A. Toomer Porter, D. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London. 1898.*

XVII, 462 pages, with portrait of the author, and several illustrations; price, \$1.50.

The author and subject of this autobiography is a clergyman of the Episcopal church of America, and the founder of the Porter Military Academy at Charleston, S. C. The story of his life covers by far the greater part of the century which is fast drawing to its close, including *ante bellum* days, the period of the civil war and the subsequent period of reconstruction, and the scenes and incidents described are those of a busy life at school, in commercial pursuits, on a southern plantation, in missionary service, in a pastorate, in a chaplaincy amid carnage, pillage and pestilence, in legislative halls, in travels at home and abroad, as an educator of boys and a collector of funds wherewith to carry on his work. The book is interesting throughout, just such reading as one would enjoy while rustivating and resting. Here are a few pickings which will give the reader a notion of these reminiscences of an eventful life.

The so-called parish of the Holy Communion, as I learned, had originated in the following way: Bishop Bowen lived in the upper wards of the city, and desiring a chapel of ease, had, before he died, held a few services in his own house in Ashley Street. To take up this work, Bishop Gadsden had called a meeting on November 7, 1848, and organized a parish with wardens and vestry. One clergyman after another had been trying their hands at building it up, and in six years they had gotten so far as to buy a lot, for which they had paid three thousand dollars, and to lay the foundations of a small cruciform gothic edifice of forty-five pew capacity. Things were now at a standstill. After telling me this, Dr. Phillips took me to see the building in which the little congregation were worshipping. It stood on the grounds of the United States Arsenal. Major Hagner, the commandant at the arsenal, was an Episcopalian, and had loaned an unoccupied storeroom to the congregation. We climbed up a rough pair of stairs, mostly a ladder, and found ourselves in this desolate

room, a place about seventy-five by thirty-five feet. It was neither ceiled nor plastered, there were no sashes in the windows, no carpet, and no stove. A little rail divided off the sanctuary at one end, a curtain hung over the place for a melodeon, and on one side was a small font. Bare benches filled the rest of the forlorn-looking place.

I asked Dr. Phillips if this was the result of six years? The warden answered very hopefully. He was quite sanguine, and did not seem to think the work offered me was unpromising to a young man. I took care not to let him know my opinion about it. I promised to look over the neighborhood, and advertise service for the following Sunday.

The following days I went over the ground, and found that from Boundary Street, as Calhoun was then called, to the limits of the Neck, as it was termed, from King Street to the Ashley River, there was no place of worship of any description except Saint Paul's Church, and the congregation there was principally a congregation of planters' families, who came to the city in Summer. At the same time there was evidently a good mission field, so I determined to give it a trial.

Sunday came, a raw, drizzly, gloomy day. I went up to the arsenal and climbed up the stairs. I found the room was nearly empty. The congregation in fact consisted of Doctor Phillips, one or two other adults, and a child, Jane Waring. I waited some ten minutes beyond the hour advertised for service, and by that time just eight persons were on the benches. After service I went to my old aunts, where my mother was, feeling very blue. And indeed all the ladies protested against my taking the position, one of my aunts being very emphatic, and saying I would be a fool to waste my young life on a brokendown enterprise that had not the faintest prospects of success. That Sunday afternoon, however, it cleared off, and to my surprise I found twenty-two persons in my new mission chapel. The congregation of the morning had acted as missionaries, giving glowing accounts of the new lay reader, and these curious had doubtless come to see what sort of a young man he was. I was introduced to my flock, only one of them, a relative named H. Laurens Toomer, a member of the vestry being known to me. After the service was over I took a decisive step. Calling Doctor Phillips apart, I said to him, "I left my wife at Georgetown in ill health. I am starting to-morrow for that city, but will be back on Friday. I can undertake the work in this place on the following conditions. If I see all these windows on my return filled with sashes, a good stove set up, a carpet up the middle of this room, and a door shut-

ting off the draught from the stairs, I will put a notice in Saturday's paper, announcing this improvement and advertising divine service. If these improvements are not made, I shall put a notice in the paper to the effect that I will officiate here no longer; for I could not ask people to come to a place where they would catch pneumonia."

I almost took the old Doctor's breath away.

"Why," he said, "we have been here six years and we have not had any of these things."

"Yes," I replied, "and after six years where are you now? Now, if you are in earnest about this mission, I will be in earnest, too. I will do all I can to make it a success, but you will have to show me that you mean business. Among the members of your vestry there is quite means enough to furnish all I ask. Do as I suggest, and we will go ahead; I will accept your invitation. Refuse to do it, and I need not come back again."

"Very well," he said, "I think I can guarantee you all that you demand." pp. 91 ff.

The following Friday I returned to Charleston, and going immediately to the arsenal, found workmen busy there. A stove had been set up. The sashes were nearly all in, the ceiling was going on, and a strip of carpet stood in a roll ready to be laid down. The carpenters promised to finish the work by Saturday night. I accordingly repaired to the newspaper office, and wrote an advertisement, saying that the room had been made comfortable, and inviting all who were interested in the mission to attend the next Sunday, as regular services might be expected hereafter.

On Sunday morning, the congregation had swelled to over fifty, and in the afternoon to seventy-five. Of course, I was very much encouraged, for I realized that if so many came to a service conducted by a lay reader, there was certainly need for the mission. The following Sunday, the 22nd, I gave notice that I would at once organize a Sunday-school for white children in the morning, and for colored children in the afternoon. I requested that all who had children to send would remain after service with such of the congregation as would help as teachers. Quite a moderate-sized class was quickly formed, and during the week I began a house-to-house visitation. I commenced at Boundary Street, visiting as many houses as I could, and gathering a good number of children's names. I notified several who had volunteered to be teachers, and we opened with a Sunday-school for the whites. It took a few weeks to let the negroes know that there would be a Sunday-school for them, but when we were well under way, we had a large gathering of negro children. The

teachers of the white school all enlisted for the colored, and I had to call in more. We had started so well, that an enthusiasm was created, and the room soon filled up pretty well. I went into every hovel in all that section of the town, and found among many whites a dense ignorance, scarcely conceivable. Many nights did I spend going from one lowly habitation to another, and with a lightwood torch in one hand and a Bible in the other, read to them the Word of God, sung a hymn, and prayed, and so induced a number to come to service who had not been to church for years. My congregation was largely composed of very poor people, with here and there a family of a higher class. Among the friends of some of my vestry was a Presbyterian and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. B. He heard a good deal said about the rapid strides the mission was making, and living in the neighborhood, he once dropped in to service with his wife. They came once and again; he became interested in the work, and his wife being a great musician, and he having a fine voice, they offered to take charge of the music for me. A melodeon was purchased, and a choir formed. They attached themselves to the parish, and being not much older than myself, we became fast friends. pp. 94 f.

After visiting from house to house to get aid, I asked the Rev. Mr. Keith, Rector of St. Michael's, to let me preach in behalf of the church. He consented and I preached, he announcing there would be no offering. My text was Titus, third chapter, part of first verse, "Be ready to every good work." I began by saying: "A beggar again. Methinks I hear this thought running through the minds of my hearers. But I wish to say that I am no beggar. I am a minister of the Church of which you are members. I believe what you believe and I am charitable enough to suppose that we are actuated by similar motives. My duty is to show that the work I present is a good work. Then your duty is to see how ready you are according to your ability to help it."

I then told of the work, its needs, what we had done, its prospects, and then very practically showed how each pew could help.

Concluding I said that the Rector had announced that there would be no offering, and I did not wish one; I needed more than the small change usually put into the alms basin, and requested any who were interested to send their subscriptions to Messrs. R. & B. Mr. R. was one of the vestry, Mr. B. was a vestryman of St. Paul's. Next day I went to the office of Messrs. R. & B. somewhat fearful, for when I got back to the vestryroom, Mr. Keith did not say one word about the sermon, and under St. Michael's porch a large gathering were evidently discussing the sermon. I touched my hat and

passed on, no one saying a word. As I entered Mr. R.'s office, the old gentleman threw up his spectacles on his head, and said, "The very man I wish to see. Now I look upon you as a son, and I wish you to go home and burn that sermon."

Then he gave me such a talking so that only his preface made me stand it.

"You will not get a dollar," he said. "I will not give you one myself."

When I got a chance to get a word in myself, I said, "Mr. R., was my sermon scriptural?"

"Oh, yes, entirely so."

"Was it clear? did I make out my case?"

"Yes," he said with animation; "I did not think that you could write such a sermon."

"Was it courteous?" I asked; "for if it was not I should like to apologize."

"It was," he said, "perfectly so."

"Well, then," I said, "it was scriptural, it was clear, and it was courteous; why, then, should I burn it?"

"Oh, but to think of a young man standing up, and talking to St. Michael's, old St. Michael's, in that plain practical way, telling them what they ought to do, and then how to do it. Why, who ever heard of such a thing? If that is the way you are going to preach you will ruin yourself. You will not get a cent. Go home and burn that sermon, burn it so that you can never preach it again."

"Well," I said, "I thought I had been ordained for that very purpose, to tell people what they ought to do, and how they could do it. I will not burn it, and bid you good morning."

I was terribly sore. I strolled up Broad Street, and at the door of the Bank of Charleston, I met the president, a noble layman.

"Good morning, my young friend," he exclaimed, "I am glad to see you. I congratulate you on that sermon yesterday; you have made a profound impression; you will build the church. The sermon has been on everyone's lips, and only in praise."

"Why, Mr. I. K. Sass," I said, "You take my breath away. I have just come from Mr. R."—and I repeated the conversation.

"Pshaw," he answered, "our friend knows more about selling rice than he does about sermons. Come in, and I will show you whether you will get a dollar."

He drew his check for one hundred and bade me Godspeed. I felt better.

The next friend I met was Mr. Charles D. Carr, who had been my tailor since I was a boy. He called me into his store, and came

up rubbing his hands and slapping them together, saying, "I never was more delighted in church in my life. It was good to see a young man get up in old St. Michael's Church, and preach a sermon like that. You did shake up the bones. Why, you made them all look up and wonder.

"Come in," he said, "and let me give you my check. Here is one hundred dollars, and I will duplicate it whenever you need it.

"Now," he continued, "I wish you could go and see Mr. Jas. L. Petigru; he was delighted. Did you see that crowd under St. Michael's porch when you passed? They had gathered around Mr. Petigru, who was speaking in the highest commendation. You must go and see him."

I left him, and as I reached the corner of St. Michael's Church, Mr. Petigru himself turned out of Meeting into Broad Street.

As we met, he said, "I believe I am speaking to the Rev. Mr. Porter, I wish to congratulate you on your effort yesterday; that is the best sermon of the kind I have ever heard, and if I could have gotten to the foot of the pulpit without making us both too conspicuous, I would have congratulated you before all the congregation. Why, sir, you came with a definite object, you stated it forcibly, and then proved to us it was our duty to help it, and how the least person in the church could do his or her part."

Mr. Petigru stood at the forefront of the bar, and was a power in this community, and he overpowered and confused me. "Your church is built, sir," he continued, "and if you always preach like that I prophesy a successful ministry."

Taking from his pocket a check, he handed it to me. It was a large donation from Mr. Petigru, for he was not a man of much means. It may well be supposed that I went home in good spirits, to gladden my young wife, who had passed an anxious morning. It was about six weeks after I had been to the countinghouse of Messrs. R. & B., that I thought I would go there again.

Mr. R. met me very cordially, saying, I had not been there for a long while.

I made some excuse. "You were not a good prophet," I added; "I did not burn that sermon, and I have eight thousand dollars to my credit on it. Mr. Petigru was very complimentary." I knew that Mr. Petigru was Mr. R.'s ideal, and had much influence over him. "Indeed," he replied. "Well, before you go, I wish to add my mite to the sum," and drew his check for five hundred dollars.