

# Memorials of Bishop McIlvaine

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*Memorials of the Right Rev. C. P. McIlvaine, D.D., late Bishop of Ohio.* By the Rev. W. Carus, M.A., Canon of Winchester. London: Elliot Stock. 1881.

[The above publication is referred to in this article.]

Each age has its peculiar characteristics. It is so with the times in which our lot is cast. There are propensities to especial evil: they are counterbalanced by ameliorating tendencies. This is not less manifested in the offsprings of the press. Indolence and inactivity cannot be alleged as its defect, but in the spacious field wheat and tares will grow together. Too often have we occasion to bewail a degenerate and licentious and pernicious tone in literature. But we are also cheered occasionally with works of surpassing merit—grand antidotes to abounding evil. In this we see the gracious hand of our over-ruling God—for this we should give abundant thanks—from this we should deduce abundant profit.

Such the thoughts which warmly swell within when perusing the work to which we now invite attention. In a recent number we expressed our thankfulness that Memorials of the distinguished prelate, McIlvaine, late Bishop of Ohio, were ready for publication. It was joy to hear that records of this illustrious man had been intrusted to Canon Carus, the well-known biographer of Simeon. We anticipated much to charm, to instruct, to elevate, to edify. Notices of this eminent servant of God, selected by a biographer so qualified to do justice to the subject, promised rich repast. We expected much—we say but little when we now state that our expectations are fully realized. We are confident that we confer no common benefit on our readers when we call them to participate in the delight which we have received from the perusal. But we shall best discharge the task which we now gladly undertake by culling some of the fragrant flowers which grow luxuriantly in this literary garden. The introduction warns us not to expect a detailed memoir. The Editor thus expresses his thoughts on the subject:—

Immediately after the death of my beloved friend, Bishop McIlvaine, I received a letter from his honoured coadjutor and successor, Bishop Bedell, expressing his “wish that I would take in hand a Memoir of the Bishop.” Had I been competent to undertake such a work, I might perhaps have been induced to comply with this request, after enjoying the great privilege of the Bishop’s friendship—a friendship of very rare affection and intimacy—for thirty-eight years. But a Memoir of Bishop McIlvaine, recording, as it ought to do, the chief incidents of his eventful Episcopate of forty years, would be a work of far too great magnitude and responsibility for me to attempt to execute; and, further, it appeared to me that the Life of the Bishop of Ohio ought rather to be written by some one of his distinguished friends in the American Episcopal Church. I earnestly hope that such a complete biography may yet be given to the public. In the meantime, some memorials of this eminent servant of Christ, which will exhibit his extensive influence, evangelical principles, and holy walk and conversation, issuing in a most blessed death of “perfect peace,” will not be without interest, and are due to the Church of Christ. Holy men of God ought to be had in remembrance. A record also, though imperfect, of his gifted ministry, will magnify the grace of his Lord and Master, by whom he was so richly endowed, and to whose glory all his varied talents were entirely consecrated.

The object of this volume, therefore, will be to make such extracts from his correspondence and writings as will illustrate these points; and they will be useful materials for the future biographer. Such incidents in his life as came more particularly before me, whether during my intercourse with him or from his correspondence, will form a principal part of these Memorials.

These pages, therefore, present a photograph of his mind and inner converse with his God, rather than a full narrative of his exploits and external work. We hear the breathings of his soul rather than the proclamation of his voice. We cherish the hope that these graphic outlines may soon become a full-length portrait. Surely Transatlantic hearts, fervent in admiration of one of the greatest ornaments of their Church, will not allow the history of his wonderful Episcopate to pass into oblivion. Transatlantic authors are many; they wield pens of great ability. Surely they will find worthy and delighted employ in completing what a devoted friend in our land has thus sweetly, tenderly, and beautifully commenced.

We will now proceed to introduce our readers to some prominent parts in the Memorials. Scotland boasts of being the birthplace of the House of McIlvaine. Records state that in the early part of the sixteenth century the family held considerable property in Ayrshire. This has now passed into the possession of the Marquis of Ailsa. In the early part of the eighteenth century, the ancestors of the prelate left their northern residence and settled in the United States of America. Here Charles Pettit McIlvaine, the future Bishop, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, January 18, 1799. To this descent Bishop Huntington, in his address to the Convention of the Diocese of Central New York, alludes in felicitous terms, worthy of being remembered in the home of his ancestors:—

Inheriting Scotch blood, his mental constitution bore the marks of that ancestry in his theological genius, and his taste and ability in dogmatics, as well as in his strong personal will. Gifted with a quick and capacious understanding, moving always with the dignified and graceful mien of a noble person, and lifted into universal respect by his ardent piety, it might not be fanciful to trace in him some characteristics of his national descent—something of the evangelical unction of Leighton, of the sanctity of Erskine, of the directness of Rutherford, and even the courage of Knox. To these traits lie certainly joined many that go to make up a patriotic and active American.

He was one of a family consisting of six sons and two daughters. His brothers all died before him—his sisters lived to mourn his loss. His parents were distinguished for deep and genuine piety, and he often refers with fervent thankfulness to the blessings of his paternal roof. His early days were hallowed by paternal example and constant solicitude. To his mother he frequently alludes with especial gratitude and love. To her training, under God, he traces the pious impressions which ruled in his youthful heart. Pious mothers may be encouraged by the following outpourings of filial devotedness:—

Often the sweetest thoughts I have amongst strangers are upon my precious mother. No name comes with precisely the same savour. None, away from wife and children, brings such music as that of mother. I believe I never bring more tears from a congregation than when I introduce a *good mother*, and speak of my veneration for that name and the indebtedness of children to parents. The people always see that there is something peculiar in the feeling that excites me, and the associations that rise to my mind. The commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," &c., rises before me, and I seem to say to myself, "*Yes, I will;*" and then I go to work as if I were laying down thank-offerings at your feet. I speak of mothers in general, but the fire of my thoughts comes from recollections of one dear mother, whom I do indeed love to honour. When I hear of, or see anything that I do, in any publication for instance, is much thought of, I

have no personal gratification so sweet as that of thinking that it pleases and honours my dear mother.

When he heard that she was called to her heavenly home, he thus wrote:—

I could not be with her, I was afar off in Cincinnati, when she died. She was found lifeless in her dressing-room, as if she had been seized in the attitude of prayer. She seemed to have risen from bed—to pray. . . . In the morning she was at rest! My darling mother, how sweetly the Lord had taught and prepared you! How affliction had been blessed to you! . . . How God strengthened and sweetened and sanctified all! How didst Thou bless my dearest mother, O Lord! She lived a long time before her death as if always ready. I feel so sweetly sure that she was in Christ, that He had taught her, that she rested wholly and lovingly and ‘humbly on Him only, that she is safe, blood-washed, white-robed, full of blessedness before the throne and the Lamb.

The happy and placid tenour of his boyhood and his youth is marked by few incidents. True piety grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He graduated at Princeton College in 1816. It was during his residence at this Seminary that his soul was awakened to reception of divine truth, and his heart opened to the teachings of the Holy Spirit. This remarkable blessing is thus recorded by him:—

It is more than fifty years since I first witnessed a revival of religion. It was in the college of which I was a student. It was powerful and prevailing, and fruitful in the conversion of young men to God; and it was quiet, unexcited, and entirely free from all devices or means, beyond the few and simple which God has appointed, namely, prayer and the ministry of the Word. In that precious season of the power of God, my religious life began. I had heard before; I began then to know. I must doubt the deepest convictions of my soul when I doubt whether that revival was the work of the Spirit of God.

Bishop Lee thus records the resolve to devote himself to the ministry of God’s Word:—

Upon his graduating, with endowments and advantages of no common order, all the paths of worldly honour and advancement were invitingly open. Success at the bar or in the senate was all but certain. But he esteemed even the reproach of Christ greater riches than the world could give, and laid all his gifts, capacities, hopes, and prospects a freewill offering at the feet of his crucified Lord.

In preparation for this holy work he studied at a Theological College in Princeton. He resided here for eighteen months, and in January, 1820, having reached the age of admission into Deacon’s orders, he was shortly after invited to the pastoral charge of the parish of Georgetown, District of Columbia. In June of this year he was admitted to the office of Deacon. In August he commenced his ministry at Christ Church.

During his continuance here he was united in marriage to Emily Coxe, whom he had known from childhood, on October 8, 1822. This lady proved to be a worthy helpmeet to him—a partner of all his joys and sorrows. Her life was prolonged to bewail the death of her devoted husband. Extracts from his frequent letters to her enrich these Memorials.

When he reached the age of twenty-four he advanced to the order of Priesthood. The high estimate in which he was held in the earliest days of his ministry is evinced by his repeated election to the Chaplaincy of the Senate of the United States. Among his hearers at this time was Mr Canning, who afterwards became Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Observing that it was

Mr McIlvaine's habit to commit his sermons to memory, or at least some considerable portion of them, he gave advice the importance of which will justify its insertion:—

“Young man, you will never succeed if you go on in this way. Prepare your thoughts—have a distinct idea of what you mean to convey to your hearers; and then leave the words to come of themselves.” Upon this excellent advice Mr McIlvaine immediately acted, and became, as is well-known, one of the most powerful and successful extempore preachers of his time.

The climate of Georgetown proved to be injurious to his health. He was therefore induced to accept the chaplaincy of the Military Academy at Westpoint, in January, 1825. This position he held till December, 1827. The narrative of his work at this place forms a most interesting portion of these Memorials. His own relation, committed to writing after an interval of thirty-seven years, rivets the mind and abounds in instruction. The Rev G T Fox, who subsequently was united to him in the warmest attachment, graphically records this important portion of his life. The summary of it by Bishop Lee may not be here omitted:—

This was an era in the history of that institution. The chapel service, which had been looked upon as a weariness, became eventually full of interest. The cadets laid aside their books to listen to the powerful expositions of the Word and earnest appeals to the conscience. New convictions of the truths of Christianity, and their own personal concern therein as immortal beings redeemed by the Blood of the Cross, thrilled many souls. Individuals came to converse with the chaplain, and to ask what they must do to be saved; and then a little group of young converts had courage to meet together openly for prayer. The old days, we are told, never returned. The fruits of this genuine revival were the addition of quite a number to the ministry of our Church, who afterwards occupied conspicuous positions. But these accessions were not the greatest amount of good accomplished. It is said that half the corps became Christian men, many of whom, eminent in military and civil life, adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour. The influence for good thus exerted who can measure?

It is exceedingly important that we should ponder the method of instruction which the young minister here pursued. He says:—

I began my ministry in the dark; not only knowing nothing of the congregation, except of the most negative character, but having no means of ascertaining more, except as my preaching should call it out. Under God's gracious guidance I was saved from a snare, by which often in analogous circumstances one's ministry is made ineffective. I determined to know my military and scientific congregation as differing in no respect, so far as the current character of my preaching was concerned, from any other congregation. I would remember what they were only to give a certain incidental direction sometimes to what I said. But they were sinners, lost sinners, with hearts and consciences and wants like all others; they needed the same Saviour, the same Gospel, and the same manifestation of truth as others: and what God has provided as the method of convincing and converting souls to Christ by the preaching of the Cross, was the method for them in just as much simplicity and directness and boldness and confidence as anywhere else. My preaching, therefore, from the beginning was purposely of the same style as when I was in charge of my previous congregation. On this I rested for such effects, whether of favour or offence, as would develop character and enable me to know the minds of my hearers.

It can be no surprise to hear that other congregations solicited him to become their pastor. He was invited to St. Paul's Church, Rochester, New York, and also to be pastor of Bruton parish, in Virginia; these he rejected, and accepted the pastorate of St. Ann's, Brooklyn. He preached his first sermon there on November 11, 1827. Here he laboured with his wonted assiduity, and with abundant evidence that his labour was not in vain in the Lord. His

incessant work exceeded his bodily powers, and it became apparent that rest was needed. This failure of power was the occasion of his first visit to this country. On March 8, 1830, he sailed for England, with a heart cast down at separation from his family and his flock. On his arrival, however, in London, he was cheered by obtaining personal acquaintance with some of the eminent heroes in the Christian faith who have shed lustre on the Church of England. Among those whose kindness and hospitality were so precious to him, he especially names Lord Bexley, the honoured President of the Bible Society; the distinguished brothers, the Sumners, who presided over the sees of Winchester and Chester; and Daniel Wilson, who afterwards became Bishop of Calcutta. During this stay he visited Cambridge, where he enjoyed interviews with Professors Farish and Scholefield; and here he saw for the first time the sainted Simeon, and a Christian friendship commenced to which he often reverted with grateful joy.

But his heart was with his Transatlantic work; and in the autumn of the same year we find him again at Brooklyn. About this time he wrote his "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity." Great was the fame of this work, and many instances are recorded of the blessed fruits which resulted from it. Canon Carus—no mean judge—thus commends it:—

The editor cannot refrain here offering his testimony to the admirable manner in which the great argument of his work has been sustained throughout; and earnestly would he recommend its perusal to any who may desire to be furnished with a summary of the "Evidences of Christianity," of no ordinary value.

His bright shining light could not be hid. We omit mention of other stations to which he was invited, to record that on September 10, 1831, he was unanimously elected to succeed the retiring Bishop Chase, as Bishop of Ohio. Great were his internal struggles when this selection was announced to him. Let his own words portray his mental wrestlings:—

I can very freely commit the matter to the Lord. I would not remain here if it be His will that I go to Ohio; I would not go to Ohio if it be His will that I remain here. My heart does not thirst for a bishopric. Its honour I could willingly forego, its responsibility I am not sufficient to bear. Its duties are unspeakably holier than any spirit I could bring to them. Should the Lord open the door and point me thither, and go before me, and be my light, I will go in His name, and my song shall be, "My grace is sufficient for thee; My strength is made perfect in weakness."

At last he clearly saw the hand of the Lord beckoning him to acceptance; and on Wednesday, October 31, 1832, he was consecrated at St Paul's Church, New York. His pious thoughts on this occasion are worthy to be deeply pondered:—

Aaron, before his consecration, was washed with water. The act was typical. Jesus, I would come to Thee, and be washed in the precious fountain of Thy atoning blood, and by the purifying baptism of the Holy Ghost. Before entering on this holy office, let the blood of sprinkling be applied to my conscience, and the satisfaction of the Spirit to my sinful heart. I would wash and be clean. Aaron was invested with a robe by the hand of Moses. Put on me, blessed Master, infinitely greater than Moses, the robe of thy righteousness—the clothing of humility—the garment of praise. Aaron was invested with a breastplate, wherein were twelve precious stones, containing the names of the tribes of Israel, which he was always to wear on his breast when he went before the Lord. Give me to be invested this day, O my Master, with the breastplate of faith and love, having on my heart all Thy true Israel, and ever bearing in my affections, and in my prayers, the interest of Thy Church, and the souls of those for whom Thou has died. Aaron was girded with an ephod. May I be girt about with truth, strongly, boldly, patiently, as a pilgrim, as a labourer, ready to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Aaron was invested with a mitre and crown, and had on his forehead a plate of gold, on which was written, "Holiness to the Lord." I want nothing but the last—Holiness to the Lord, and from the Lord. Oh, may this be my glory—this my helmet—this my name! May it be engraven on my heart, be always in my mind—*Holiness to the Lord!*

He shortly after paid a rapid visit to his diocese; but did not reside till April, 1833. Deep were his feelings in tearing himself from his beloved flock at Brooklyn, and removing, to take up his abode at Gambier, the seat of the Kenyon Theological College. This was his main home till he removed, in 1846, to Cincinnati. His first episcopal publication calls for especial notice. Its subject was a revival which had occurred in a parish which hitherto had been without a regular pastor. It gives evidence of quick intelligence—practical wisdom, profound thought, enlarged apprehension, which proves his fitness for the oversight of a diocese, and which signalized all his future course. It soon found its way into England, and called forth the high commendation of Dr. Chalmers. The following extract cannot fail to excite desire for its full perusal:—

DEARLY BELOVED,—Two things I have heard of your state: one has occasioned much hope that you would be built up a spiritual house acceptable to God; the other has caused much fear that you would prove a house divided against itself, and fall from steadfastness in the truth.

With regard to the first, it has been told me that a great increase of attention to the salvation of the soul was appearing among you; that many have taken a new interest in prayer, and some profess to have been recently led to Christ, and to have obtained peace through the blood of His Cross. If these things be so: if the careless have been awakened; if serious, sober, earnest inquiry into the way of salvation has been aroused; if those who were living as aliens from the commonwealth of Israel have been brought to feel their lost condition, and their need of an Almighty Saviour to reconcile them to God; if they have been brought to search the Scriptures, to take pleasure and to use diligence in secret prayer, to renounce all sin, to covet holiness, to love one another, and seek to dwell together in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace; then indeed I do rejoice. It is the work of the Spirit. May it have free course, that God may be glorified. May every soul among you become its subjects! The less delay the more acceptable. But remember that the time of revival, however genuine the work, is especially the time for watchfulness. The most prosperous season in a Church is one of dangerous exposure. The mount is the place to become giddy. Beware of all efforts to kindle excitement. Be animated, be diligent, be filled with the spirit of prayer; but be sober-minded. Sobriety of spirit and humility of mind are inseparable. Let all noise and all endeavours to mere animal feeling be shunned. You can no more advance the growth of religion in the soul by excitement, than you can promote health in the body by throwing it into fever. Religion is principle. It is the peaceful love of God, and can only be promoted by the *truth*, and prayer, united with a diligent waiting upon all duty.

The next publication, which may not be overlooked, was his first charge to the clergy of his diocese, on "The Preaching of Christ Crucified." We believe that for unction, intelligence of Gospel truth, earnestness, enlightened knowledge, affection, impressiveness, it has rarely, if ever, been surpassed in similar addresses. Happy the diocese which received such counsels! Happy would it be if at every visitation such blessed truths were pressed on the assembled clergy! We commend the whole to perusal. Space forbids the entire insertion. To omit a single sentence would be a wrong.

After this exertion, failure of health called for cessation from work. Again he seeks England, which had become dear to him from his former hospitable reception. In this visit his

friendship with Canon Carus commences. It continued with increasing warmth till the conclusion of his life. Truly were their hearts united in devotedness to their common Saviour—in zeal for his glory—in labours for the proclamation of His truth. Happy and blessed in Him, they were happy and blessed in each other! On the occasion of this visit, he addressed the undergraduates who assembled on each Sunday in the rooms of Mr Carus; and he had the great joy of seeing, though for the last time, the sainted Simeon. Sweet and touching are the terms in which he records his interviews with the aged patriarch, whose names will ever shine so brightly in the annals of the English Church.

These precious Memorials are copiously enriched with exquisite letters, addressed at intervals to his family, to his friends in England, and especially to his beloved Carus. For sweetness of style, for beauty of thought, for tenderness and affection, and for heavenly-mindedness—for evidence that Christ was his all, they must always hold high place among epistolary productions. To give many specimens would indeed be delight; yet selection is scarcely possible where all are beyond all praise. But among these letters—so redolent of grace, so characteristic of a heart overflowing with love to all who love the Saviour—there is hardly one more worthy to be retained than that addressed to Alexander Haldane, Esq. All who read it will be thankful for this opportunity of benefiting by its edifying remarks:—

To ALEXANDER HALDANE, Esq., LONDON

Cincinnati, February 26<sup>th</sup>, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—Will you not be surprised to receive a letter from me, whom you last met at Mr. Nevin's Church, St. Saviour's, Chelsea, and to whom you kindly sent a copy of the Memoirs of those admirable servants of God, your honoured father and uncle, James and Robert Haldane? Ever since I read that book, I have intended to express my thanks to you for it—for the copy to me—for the book to the Church. What a father was yours! I had no acquaintance previously with his work and life. With that of your uncle I had only a very general acquaintance. I knew something of his Geneva work; but of his simplicity, faith, boldness, love, power, and the fulness of its fruits, I knew very little. I read to admire and adore God for His grace in the ripeness, beauty, and greatness of His work, in and by each of those beloved names. Independently of all questions about congregationalism and such like, taking those two labourers in their lay characters and their self-appointed work, and laying aside their peculiar adaptedness, *that is the spirit, the work, the labourer* that is needed now; more *ordained* faithful men certainly, but more unordained faithful men to go about as their talents qualify them. I do not say to *preach*, but to teach, to leaven, to testify, to operate, to tell of Christ. Here, in this country (America), we need it very much—not that we have not many men who do it in various degrees—but we need to break up the prevalent idea, that to make known, to testify of Christ, is *ordained work* exclusively. Once more, my dear friend, I thank you for that Memoir, which did my heart great good. . . .

Ever affectionately your brother in Christ,

CHARLES P. McILVAINE.

We find him re-visiting England, accompanied by his wife, in 1853. He had been requested to attend the Jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as a delegate from America. On this occasion he received the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford.

On his return to his diocese an incident occurred, so full of intense interest, and marking the marvellous protection of Providence, that we cannot forbear inserting the account, which appeared in the *Western Episcopalian* of Ohio:—

Cincinnati, February 5<sup>th</sup>, 1855.

The recent wonderful and merciful escape of our beloved Bishop, from seemingly inevitable death, calls for devout acknowledgment and praise to God from his clergy and diocese, and the Church at large. As the circumstances of this escape have been related to me by one who was a witness of the facts, I hasten to lay them before your readers.

On Thursday morning, January 30<sup>th</sup>, Bishop McIlvaine started for Cincinnati, on his return from a visit to Louisville. He took the steam ferry-boat at Louisville for the purpose of crossing the river, and taking his seat in the Jeffersonville train. The day was bitterly cold, and the Ohio was full of running ice going down in large fields to the falls, which lie below Louisville. The boat became fixed in the middle of the river in a large mass of solid ice, and could neither advance nor recede. Instantly she was at the mercy of the current, and began to move towards the falls. The imminence of the danger became at once apparent. There were about two hundred passengers on board—men, women, and children—besides omnibuses, wagons, horses, and their attendants. It now seemed almost certain that all must be lost. Under Bishop McIlvaine's care was a daughter of Bishop Smith. The Rev. Mr. Sehon, a Methodist minister of Louisville, was also on board. It seemed impossible that a soul should survive if the boat was wrecked on the falls. The current, the cold, the breakers, the eddies, the ice breaking over the falls, would have rendered escape, even for the strongest and hardiest swimmer, impossible. Help from either shore could not be extended so long as the drifting continued. Nothing could reach the boat in time to rescue a single person. Inevitable and speedy death was all that the most fearless could see before them. The boat and passengers were given up on shore. Where was help to come from? Some there were on board who did know where to look—and did look there, where all true help is found in time of need. The Bishop then said to Mr. Sehon that he would go into the room where the women were, and draw their minds to prayer. They went together: but though the utmost caution was used to prevent alarm, the word prayer was no sooner uttered than the lamentations and cries rendered it impossible for prayer to be heard. After endeavouring in vain to calm these poor people, some of the quieter ones, with Mr. and Mrs. Sehon and Miss Smith, gathered close around the Bishop, as he offered a brief and appropriate prayer. After this there was more composure. And now the hand of the Lord appeared. Man could do nothing. The boat was drifting on to its apparent inevitable wreck. But—was it not God's guiding in answer to prayer?—*she struck the hidden reef* at the commencement of the rapids! That was the salvation, though it was then not known and recognised as such. How long the boat could hold that place against the pressure of current, and the prodigious momentum of the acres of ice, which constantly struck and ground against it—how soon she would be pressed over, or lifted up and turned over, or crushed under the accumulating mass of ice, where no help could reach her, no one could say. Each new onset of ice was watched with intense anxiety. But that which was terror to those on board proved to be one of God's instruments for their safety. As the ice struck against the boat, it formed such a mass that it rested on the rock beneath and formed a breakwater; and the more violent was the onset of the ice, the more strong and massive did it become. The boat lay, as it were, under the lee of this mass of ice, though some of her length was still unprotected. In this passive resistance to the assaults of the current and the ice, the boat lay about two hours before help came. Meanwhile, the passengers could not see that any movements for rescue were being made on shore. They were too far off to see what was doing. From the Louisville shore they were distant half a mile, and on the Indiana shore there were no inhabitants. During this time high rewards were offered, on the Louisville side, to anyone who would attempt a rescue. The clerk of the *Jacob Strader* had a son in the stranded boat, and offered a large price for his deliverance. The lifeboat of the *Strader* was launched, and three men came out in her, and took out the youth and two young women connected with the officers of the *Strader*. It took the boat an hour to get back. In the course of another hour some four or five boats, capable of containing each from four to five persons, came out from either shore. Meanwhile, the women had become quite composed. Many of them behaved in a very exemplary way throughout the whole period. As soon as these

skiffs came near to the boat, the determination seemed unanimous that the women should go first, and this determination was carried out. The coloured women were as kindly cared for as the white. Whoever came first entered the boats first. The last woman that came was a white woman. Such as had husbands were allowed to have them with them. The Rev. Mr. Sehon went, as was proper, with his wife in the second boat, and to him Bishop McIlvaine consigned, the care of Miss Smith, and bade them farewell. Our good Bishop was strongly urged by those in the skiff and in the boat to go with the lady in his charge; but he resolutely refused to avail himself of the privilege, which all seemed anxious to accord to his age and character. One or two coloured men were allowed to go in the skiff with their wives. Not a word of interference or remonstrance with this arrangement was uttered. "*Remember the Arctic!*" was heard as the women were put in. All the while the ice was crushing against the boat, and none knew how soon she would be driven where no boats could reach her. At length the last woman, as was supposed, had been put in, and the boat was not full. At the urgency of those who were most active, Bishop McIlvaine consented to get into the skiff. But before it was pushed off another woman was found, and he at once called to her to come and take his place. The next relief was a flat-boat, given by Messrs. Gill, Smith, and Co., of Louisville, to whoever would take it. It was manned by a gallant crew, who knew that such a craft *must take the falls*. Two falls' pilots came in her: one steered and the other commanded. Captain Hamilton, a cool and intrepid man, took the command. On her flush deck, which was even with the sides and covered with straw, about fifty men, of whom Bishop McIlvaine was one, were placed. As there was not room to stand, because of the oars, nor room to sit, they were compelled to kneel. By this time the boats which had put off had been carried down, and were just able to reach the island at the head of the falls, where there was much suffering from cold, and whence the women were with difficulty got to the Kentucky shore. As the crew of the flat-boat started for their fearful trial of the falls, Captain Hamilton ordered silence. "Let no man speak to me," said he. He ordered the draught of the boat to be measured. The answer was, "It is fifteen inches." He answered, "It is a poor chance," and evidently thought the case very desperate. He had not expected that the boat would be so heavily loaded. His effort was to reach a particular *chute* of the falls, as that which alone afforded any hope of a passage. All this had occupied but a minute or two. The powerful current had brought the flat almost to the spot where, in another instant, she was to be wrecked, and all lost in the breakers and ice, or they were to be safe. There was perfect silence. What a solemn moment! How appropriate was the kneeling position which was maintained! The Lord saw those hearts that were before Him in a corresponding attitude of prayer and faith. Our beloved bishop sheltered a poor shivering coloured boy under his cloak, and commended himself and his fellow-voyagers, with composure and confidence, to his covenant Lord and Saviour. In the crises of passing down the *chute* the boat struck! It seemed that all was lost! The silence was unbroken. Grating over the rock, she was a moment free, and then struck again. Again she was free, and again struck. Her bottom grated on the reef. Not a word was spoken. The boat floated on. The captain cried out, "Try the pump!" "No water!" was the answer. God had delivered them! The gentleman who kneeled next to the Bishop heard him solemnly murmur, "The Lord be praised for His mercies!" Now the fearful eddies and breakers were a danger not to be thought of, after what had been passed. Three miles below Louisville, at Portland, the passengers were landed safely, with a great sense of gratitude to the intrepid pilots and their brave crew, and most deeply indebted to the mercy of God. They had been about four hours on the water. After this successful passage, a large boat, capable of holding more freight, and without too much draught, took off the remaining passengers, and passed the falls safely. The ferry-boat, with the omnibuses, horses, and wagons, remains on the rock; and the last news speaks of her as being, for the present at least, in a position of safety.

This marvellous escape is feelingly related by the Bishop without any variation. His incessant labours again required that he should seek refreshment in separation from his diocese. He undertakes, therefore, in 1858, an extensive tour. During this visit to England, the University of Cambridge followed the example of the sister University of Oxford, and graced him with the dignity of LL.D.

It now became apparent that, if life were to be prolonged, relief from the arduous toils of his vast diocese must be obtained. Consequently, in 1859, Dr Bedell was appointed to be his coadjutor. In this fellow-labourer he found all that his heart could desire. He thus records his satisfaction:—

“The choice was gratifying to me, because of the good man elected, and because he was elected by such strength of vote as showed the determination of the Diocese to sustain the policy, the doctrine, &c., which have marked my Episcopate. The Lord be praised for this!”

The reminiscences continue to give recitals full of the deepest interest, and which will amply repay thoughtful perusal. Our limits compel us to give brief glance at the most important. In 1860, it was his privilege to give welcome to the Heir-Apparent to the British Crown. His respectful homage—his demeanour so befitting his position—greatly impressed the youthful Prince.

On his visits to the Metropolis, he was always recognized and had cordial reception by the Royal Family. The Queen marked her appreciation of his welcome to the Prince by summoning him to a seat amongst her guests at Osborne. When an unhappy circumstance seemed to endanger amicable relations between our country and America, the knowledge of the high esteem in which high classes in England held him, induced the President of the United States to select him from his intimacy with influential parties to conciliate. His success in this capacity is thus noticed by himself:—

To BISHOP BEDELL.

December, 1861.

I am perfectly relieved from all doubt about the wisdom of my coming, especially as to what would be thought of it here. I found I was *expected*. Some thought I was coming on a *semi-diplomatic* mission: the rest, that I was, at least, on a mission of peace. They instinctively interpreted *my* coming at such a time as meaning that I had some good, kind object for the two countries. They, therefore, neither asked nor needed any explanation, and I needed no *concealment*. Doors of influence are opened on all sides, and among the highest. In two weeks, besides private interviews, I have met three large companies of influential persons, and done my work, and *all* thinking it was the very thing to do, and wishing I could go everywhere. It requires a readiness and courage, a quickness of answer, and a fertility of resources, which I was afraid I should fail in; but I am *satisfied* as yet.

He records another striking interposition of the merciful hand of God in his behalf. Such is his grateful relation:—

I was driving Mrs. McIlvaine and the Rev. G. T. Fox, of Durham, in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. We were ascending a steep and very narrow road, the sides of which were precipitous. I was not aware that a railroad was just at the top. I knew it was somewhere in that direction, but I had not thought of it. When we were about half up the ascent, Mrs. M—exclaimed, “*There comes the train!*” I could only hear the motion. There was no signal, and from the sound I could not judge where it was—how far off. It seemed distant. The narrowness of the road made it very difficult to turn, under the quietest circumstances. I pressed on to get a sight of the train, and see what to do. In a few moments I saw it only a hundred yards off, and at full speed. My road lay directly across its track—on the same level. Now the signal was given, but too late to be of any use. I was close to the track. To go back was impossible. To stop there was the certainty that the horse, frightened by the train rushing right past his face, would back

us down the steep side of the road, some thirty feet. My conclusion must be instantaneous. I saw there was nothing to be done but *press across*. It would have been dangerous for a man to attempt to run across. There was but a moment. If the horse should hesitate at the track, I knew we were to be destroyed. For a perceptible instant it looked as if he would hesitate. I had not time to seize the whip. I shook the reins and ordered. The train had ceased its whistle, probably lest it should alarm the horse. He leaped across, and the train (the engine) rushed behind us, and I do not think there were more than six feet between it and the hind wheels. No doubt the engineer had no hope of our escape. It was a marvel of deliverance! What if the horse had hesitated but two or three seconds! What mercy! what interposition of God's hand! I shudder every time I think of it. Mrs. McIlvaine stood it all silently till all was over, but the retrospect almost unnerved her. Mr. Fox saw all the peril. There was criminal negligence in not giving the signal sooner.

We must, however, restrain the pen which would gladly expatiate on other circumstances in this most blessed life. The concluding scene demands our notice. We make the following extracts from the account which the Editor sent to Bishop Bedell:—

On reaching Florence on Thursday evening, neither Mrs. Carus nor myself felt sufficiently well to take the long journey to Rome next day, as had been proposed; we determined, therefore, to remain a few days at Florence to recruit.

On Sunday I went with the Bishop to the American Episcopal Church. The next morning (February 17<sup>th</sup>) he went to his bankers soon after eleven. He unadvisedly threw off his cloak, and got a severe chill, so that when we arrived he was shivering exceedingly, and scarcely able to walk. We brought him home immediately, and in a few minutes our excellent medical friend, Dr. Duffy, was in attendance. The two next days the Bishop was languid, but still able to spend the day with us, and transacted some important business. On Thursday he was much better. The next day, however, he was not so well, and towards evening became exceedingly weak, and scarcely able to walk to his bedroom. He had then a very disturbed night; he was evidently very ill. Dr. Duffy then desired to have a consultation with Dr. Cipriani; and after examining the dear patient they returned to us with the most alarming intelligence, that the disorder was pulmonary apoplexy, with violent inflammation of the lungs—that there was really no hope for the Bishop's recovery—and that he might depart any hour that very day. This was indeed a terrible announcement to us, and we were quite overwhelmed by it, and could only cast ourselves upon the gracious support and direction of our compassionate Lord. But the beloved Bishop seemed quite prepared for the intelligence, and received it with the most perfect calmness, and prepared at once for his departure to his blessed Saviour. So soon as he learned how near the end might be, he began to dictate messages for us to send to all the members of his family, adding special words of loving counsel to each. He then said to me: "Send to the Bishops in America my testimony to the Gospel of Christ, and my wish I could have made it more strong, and that not a word of it be changed." He seemed indeed to be always in the immediate presence of his Saviour, and never once did a doubt of his acceptance overshadow his mind. "Blessed Lord!" he said, "I have prayed so often that He would be with me at this time, and He will be; I am sure of it." After an interval, during which he seemed to be meditating, he remarked, "I don't see any cause for care or apprehension, I know I am dying, but I have no care. The Lord is my Shepherd; He lifts up the light of His countenance upon me. I wish to lie in His hands, and He will do with me what He pleases. I have no will but His. Oh, what a gracious, tender Saviour He is!"

He fully expected to be with the Lord that night, and enter on the Sabbath in His presence. But it was not so to be:—

The next day he seemed to be much the same, and our earnest prayer was, that he might be spared to see his son-in-law, Mr. Messer. This great mercy was granted, and the following

morning, about eight o'clock, when Mr. Messer arrived, the Bishop was deeply moved, and full of thankfulness as he tenderly embraced him. The day following, February 26th, he seemed really better, and a second consultation was held, and great improvement was pronounced to have taken place.

The dear Bishop then seemed daily to be gaining strength, the cough was less frequent, he was able to take nourishing food, and got much sleep: the right lung was pronounced healed, and the dangerous symptoms were passing away, so that we had good reason to hope he might, after all, be restored to health.

But on Sunday, March 9th, he grew weaker, and the cough at night was again incessant, and deprived him of rest. There had been a manifest change during the day, and in the evening, after a pro-longed examination of the condition of the lungs, the dear Bishop was declared to be again in a very critical state. The malady rapidly increased. The following night was one of great trial to him from the exhausting cough; and in the morning, and through the day, his weariness and weakness became so great that he could scarcely obtain any rest.

Still he took his usual amount of nourishment, and we did not apprehend any immediate danger: so that in the evening, about six, we left him for a short time with his nurse and the courier. But we were soon called back, for after taking his food a change suddenly came on—he said he had had enough, and, after looking very kindly on them and pressing their hands, he gently laid his head back on the pillow and closed his eyes. We were immediately with him, and held his dear hands while feeling the pulse; but so quiet and gentle was the end, that we could not precisely say when the blessed spirit departed.

It was about seven o'clock when he seemed to be gone; for that fine countenance was then lighted up with such an expression of peaceful joy that we felt sure he was even now beholding that dear Lord whom he had so fervently loved and longed to see. It was indeed a literal falling asleep in Jesus.

Thus the curtain falls over scenes which cannot fail to leave enduring impressions on the reader's mind. Well indeed was the tribute deserved which broke from the heart of his loving and admiring colleague, Bishop Bedell:—

In form, and features, and presence, he was a prince among men. Combining dignity with grace, manly beauty with great impressiveness of demeanour; having an eye keen and piercing, capable of a frown that startled, and with a smile peculiarly gentle and winning, he was one of those few noble men whom men instinctively reverence.

Not less just was the commendation of Bishop Lee:—

In England, as well as in America, tears fall upon his bier, and blessings are invoked upon his memory. The Mother Church and the Daughter mourn together. Christians of various names and opinions join in expressions of affectionate veneration for him who was an ornament and bulwark of their common faith—and the nation feels that she has lost one of her noblest sons.

Especially tender was the retrospect of Canon Carus. No one knew him better, loved him more, and had enjoyed more intimately his hallowed friendship. No friend had administered more to his happiness in life and to his peace in death. Thankful are we that Canon Carus undertook the task of arranging these reminiscences. The work has been executed with surpassing wisdom and propriety. We close the volume, blessing God for the grace bestowed on McIlvaine, who, through so long a life, was so bright and shining a light. We bless God,

too, that the biographer of Simeon has been permitted to be in some degree the biographer of McIlvaine. These works will long be prized as precious treasures of Christian memories.

**H. LAW**