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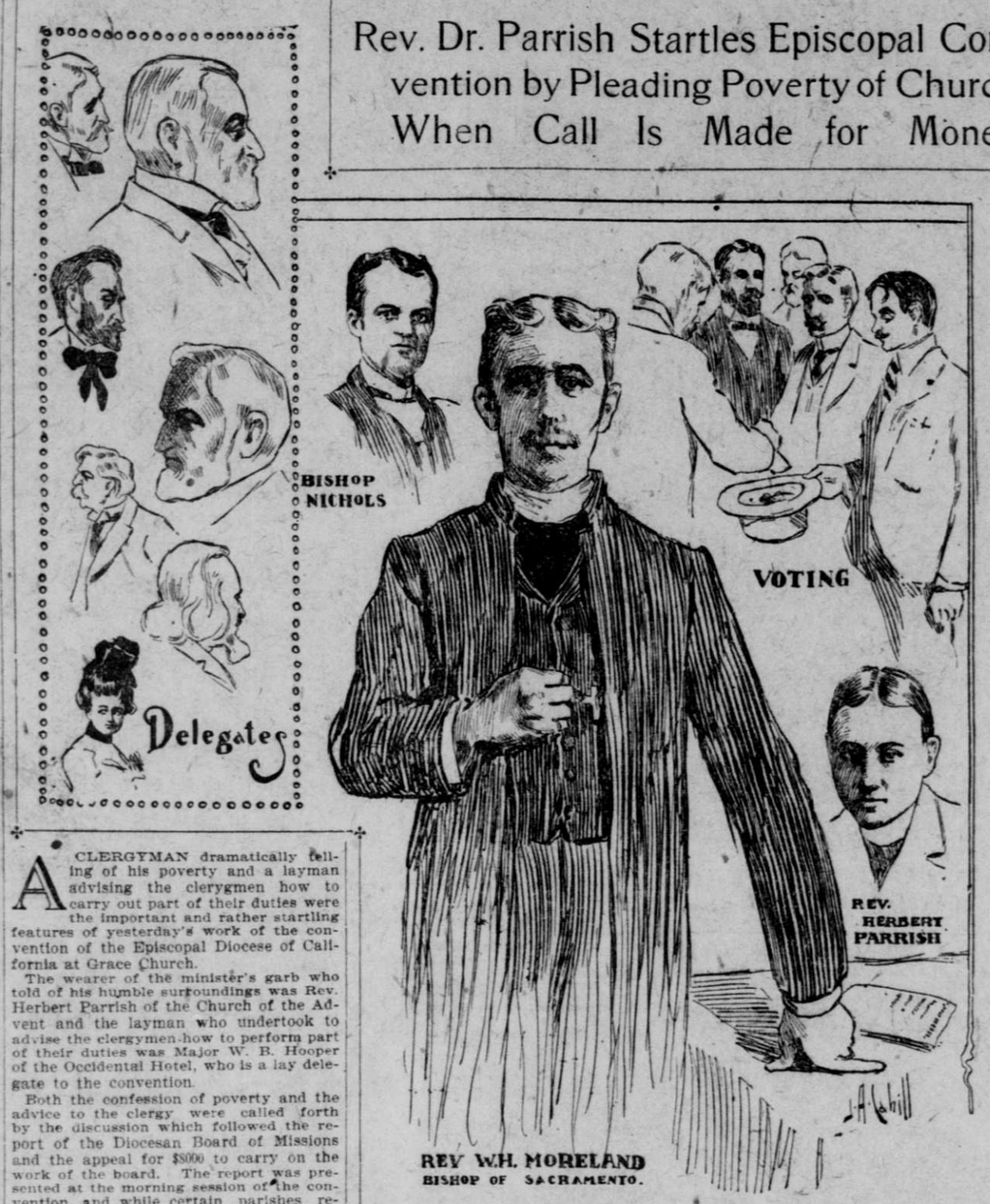
SAYS HE SLEEPS IN THE CELLAR AND MAY HAVE TO BEG HIS BREAD

Rev. Dr. Parrish Startles Episcopal Convention by Pleading Poverty of Church When Call Is Made for Money



MEMBERS OF THE CLERGY AND LAY DELEGATES OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF THE DIOCESE OF CALIFORNIA WHO TOOK PART IN CONVENTION PROCEEDINGS YESTERDAY.

A CLERGYMAN dramatically telling of his poverty and a layman advising the clergymen how to carry out part of their duties were the important and rather startling features of yesterday's work of the convention of the Episcopal Diocese of California at Grace Church.

The wearer of the minister's garb who told of his humble surroundings was Rev. Herbert Parrish of the Church of the Advent and the layman who undertook to advise the clergymen how to perform part of their duties was Major W. B. Hooper of the Occidental Hotel, who is a lay delegate to the convention.

Both the confession of poverty and the advice to the clergy were called forth by the discussion which followed the report of the Diocesan Board of Missions and the appeal for $8000 to carry on the work of the board. The report was presented at the morning session of the convention, and while certain parishes received praise for the past year's records, all were called upon to contribute an equal share to the money needed for mission work for the coming year.

Rev. Herbert Parrish caused a sensation by declaring that it would be impossible for his parish to furnish its quota of the money needed.

"It is hard enough for me to keep my church open," he said, "and as for bearing our quota of the sum needed by the mission board, it will be impossible. I live in a cellar beneath my church and I do not know but any day I may have to go forth to beg my daily bread."

These startling words, spoken in the magnificent edifice of Grace Church, in the presence of men representing some of the richest congregations in the State, created a sensation. Sympathy for the young clergyman was freely expressed on all sides, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, secretary of the convention, leaving his seat at the chancel rail and putting his arms affectionately around the neck of the Rev. Mr. Parrish. Bishop Nichols thanked the Rev. Mr. Parrish for his remarks and said that there was no need to rattle the bones of a skeleton.

Major Hooper, in discussing the report of the board of missions, said that he had a tender spot in his heart for the work of the board. Continuing, Major Hooper said:

"The results achieved by the board are creditable to all concerned. We all remember the opposition to the creation of the office of archdeacon and the incumbent. The Master has surely aided in the good work, but is that work to stop? You clergymen must educate the people in this regard. Your tactics must be changed. Don't depend too much on preaching to raise funds. The mental diet requires change. None of us can carry our means away with us. High and low, rich and poor are laid low by the Master. If you clergymen will approach the laity in the right way you will have no difficulty in raising the required funds for mission work. I am not delivering a sermon, I am only giving you a layman's advice."

Rev. E. L. Parsons of San Mateo spoke of the jealousies existing among the clergy as being detrimental to mission work. The clergyman, he said, thinks more of the name of his church than he does of the souls around him awaiting salvation. The board of missions is hampered by narrow-mindedness and limited in its scope by the boundary of the parish. Every clergyman, he added, must work not for his parish alone but for the entire church, and all petty jealousy must cease.

Rev. Burr M. Weeden of San Jose quoted figures to show that the rich parishes of the diocese were not bearing their share of the expense of the board of missions. Nearly $5000 had been paid in taxes on church property in the diocese and $5647 contributed to the board of missions. Thirteen parishes had paid of this amount $2900 in taxes and had only contributed $2151 to the mission board. The board asked for $8000 and he hoped that ten rectors would pledge themselves to bear a full share of the assessment. He would pledge himself that his parish would pay its full quota of the money required by the board of missions.

Rev. F. W. Clampett followed in the same strain as the previous speaker and said that wealthy parishes should pay more than their quota of the money required. The poor parishes could not be expected to carry on their mission work without the aid of the wealthy parishes. He pledged his church to subscribe $1000 toward the $8000 and if one parish could do this the others in the diocese should be able to raise more than the required sum.

An enthusiastic scene followed the pledges made by Rev. Mr. Weeden and Rev. Mr. Clampett. From all parts of the church clergymen arose and pledged themselves to raise the money required. The clergymen and parishes which promised to raise the $8000 were J. T. Bryan of Oakland; Stockton parish; Trinity Church, Oakland; St. Matthew's Church, San Mateo; Grace Church, San Francisco; St. Stephen's Church, San Francisco; Trinity Church, Menlo Park.

The business transacted yesterday was as follows: Presentation and reception of certificates of lay delegates; report of the registrar of the diocese; report of the committee on incorporated parishes and organized missions; report of the committee on Christian education with a recommendation that it be spread as much as possible in schools and colleges; report of the committee on church charities; report of the committee on the state of the church.

A. N. Drown was reappointed as chancellor of the diocese and St. John's Church, San Francisco, was selected as the place for holding the next convention. The salary of the archdeacon was raised from $1500 to $1800 per year. The deans of the various congregations reported on the conditions of their districts, the dean of San Joaquin stating that the dissolution of his district must occur through want of funds unless it was merged into the district of San Francisco. A resolution was passed that the chairman, Bishop Nichols, appoint a number of committees to take charge of the work to be arranged for the General Convention of Episcopalians throughout the country to take place in this city during the present year. The Bishop stated that he would not be able to make his appointments for some time.

Henry E. Highton delivered an address urging the clergy and laity to support the Pacific Churchman, the official paper of the Episcopal church in California.

Bishop Moreland of Sacramento also delivered a short address, telling of his experiences among the Indians in Trinity County. He painted a gloomy picture of the moral and spiritual conditions of the Indians, and dwelt upon the need of a minister residing among them.

Bishop Moreland paid a tribute to the work of Bishop Nichols and the officials of the church and dwelt upon the benefits which will accrue from the General Convention to be held in this city. He urged all present to stir up enthusiasm in their parishes so that the next convention would be a grand success and reflect glory on God.

Bishop Nichols then read his annual account of his official acts during the past year. He reviewed the work done in the church and predicted a remarkable era for the Pacific Coast and the church workers in its boundaries. He looked forward to the meeting of the General Convention with great pleasure. The spirit of liberty, loyalty and fidelity would be shown in that convention. He urged the clergy to rise above partisan feeling and work for the good of the entire church. A narrow spirit should be avoided and those outsiders who would act as busybodies in the affairs of the church should not be encouraged.

The afternoon session was mainly taken up with the election of officers and was not concluded at the evening hour of adjournment. Those elected yesterday were as follows:

Standing committee—Rev. R. C. Foute, Rev. E. J. Lion, Rev. W. M. Reilly, Rev. R. Auchmuty, Rev. A. N. Drown, C. D. Haven and Major W. B. Hooper.

Board of missions—Rev. T. J. Lacey, Rev. C. E. Swan, Rev. L. C. Sanford, Dr. H. C. Davis, Colonel J. V. D. Middleton, W. Mintzer and G. A. Butler; registrar, Rev. Dr. McClure. Rev. B. M. Weeden, who had the same number of votes as Rev. Mr. Sanford, retired in the latter's favor.

Board of directors of diocesan corporation—A. N. Drown, Rev. J. A. Emery, Rev. D. O. Kelly, A. H. Phelps, W. A. M. Van Bokkelen, J. A. Wright.

Delegates to missionary council—Rev. J. A. Emery, Colonel J. V. D. Middleton.

Deputies to general convention—Rev. F. W. Clampett, Rev. R. C. Foute, A. N. Drown, Vincent Neale, W. A. M. Van Bokkelen and Major W. B. Hooper.

The election will be continued this morning at 10 and the convention will conclude its duties to-day.

A reception was tendered last evening at the Occidental Hotel to Bishop and Mrs. Nichols by the clergy and laity of the Episcopal diocese of California. The parlors of the hotel were decorated elaborately with flags and flowers and a large number of guests were present. An orchestra was in attendance and the younger guests indulged in dancing.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous, nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

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It builds up the weakened nervous system, and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

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CENTURY CLUB LADIES GIVE A COLONIAL TEA

The ladies of the Century Club gave a Colonial tea yesterday afternoon and evening that was, without exception, the most artistic entertainment ever presided over by club women.

The affair was "colonial" in every respect. The ladies looked their prettiest in the fanciful garb of more than one hundred years ago, the programme was one that might have been presented in revolutionary times, and Century Hall was decorated in a way entirely worthy of the ladies and their programme. Priceless relics of Colonial times were skillfully arranged about the reception hall and drawing-rooms of the clubhouse. There were cases filled with old silver, laces, jewels, fans and the dainty articles of apparel with which the belles and beaux of Colonial days were wont to make themselves irresistible. Places of honor were given to a beautiful white satin flag embroidered with the emblematic bird and thirteen stars on a desk at which George Washington had sat and written. The flag is the property of Mrs. Philo Jewett and has a wonderful history, the most marked feature of which is the fact that it was carried by the lady's ancestors at the battle of Ticonderoga. The desk is the property of William H. Wheeler. It originally belonged to General Warren, and Lafayette, as well as the "Father of his Country," had the use of it.

On a platform fitted up to represent a Colonial kitchen the splendid programme was presented. Miss Florence Doane, pretty as a picture in a pink flowered Colonial dress, sang with delightful effect "A North Country Lass." She gave as an encore "Polly Willis," a quaint melody composed by Dr. Arne in 1740.

Herbert Williams followed with an old Irish melody, "By Bendermere's Stream." For encore he gave the old Scotch "My Love Is Like the Red, Red Rose."

Miss Alice Boggs recited with splendid effect "Count de Rochambeau and the Rose."

Miss Ardella Mills brought the programme to a close. Her first ballad, an old English one, "Allan Water," was so splendidly given that an encore was insisted upon. Miss Mills' second number was a song of the year 1650, "Once I Loved a Maiden Fair."

After the entertainment refreshments were served. Cider was offered from a brown jug and pretty blue and white dishes with tempting doughnuts were passed around.

In the evening the same programme which delighted the guests of the afternoon was repeated and many gentlemen joined the ladies to enjoy the club's hospitality.

California Limited.

No extra charge is made for riding on the California Limited of the Santa Fe, although the superiority of the service is really worth something more.

HOME STUDY CIRCLE FOR CALL READERS

A Shakespeare Evening for the Consideration of the Character of Brutus.

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XXV.

(Concluded.)

Benedick, it may be said, was not put to the final test of heroism. But the next in the number of Shakespeare's heroes is tried in the fiercest fire and proves pure gold. It has become the fashion with commentators nowadays to call Shakespeare's Brutus an unpractical idealist, to describe him as the man of books forced by necessity into the world of action and failing in that world; the twin-brother of Hamlet. But this is by no means Shakespeare's conception of his character. Brutus has, indeed, certain traits in common with Hamlet; but he has one great and distinguishing difference, the capacity for reasoned and deliberate action. He fails, it is true, in the task he has undertaken, the restoration of republican Rome; Hamlet, it is equally true, succeeds in his, the avenging of his father's death. But if we look to the inner man, what a difference between Hamlet, ruined by the conflicting elements of his own nature, and Brutus, glorified even in the hour of his death by his unwavering devotion to the ideals typified in his life. The play of "Julius Caesar" opens the great cycle of Shakespeare's tragedies, and in this period Shakespeare deals not so much with the question of worldly success or failure as with the inner struggle of the soul toward victory or defeat. And Brutus alone of all the great characters of these tragedies, Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello and the rest, comes off supreme victor. In every point wherein his character is tested Brutus rises exalted from the trial. He is the darling of the great usurper—for in the study of the play we must regard Caesar as Shakespeare and his age regarded him—and a splendid career was opened to him under Caesar's protection. But it has no temptation for him:

> Brutus had rather be a villager
> Than to repute himself a son of Rome
> Under these hard conditions, as this time
> Is like to lay upon us.

He loves Caesar, but his personal affection cannot for a moment stand in the way of the common weal. The question that agitates his mind, dispels his slumbers, and disturbs the serenity of his temper, is whether Caesar's death is necessary to the state. And when this is once decided, he proceeds calmly and steadily to action with a loftiness of temper that turns a murder to a sacrifice. Brutus is blamed for his refusal to kill Antony along with Caesar, and it is easy to blame him after the event. But the grounds on which Cassius urged the death of Antony, his love for Caesar and his power to harm the conspirators, were from the standpoint of unselfish morality whence Brutus viewed them weak and even blameworthy. It is true that he underestimated the capacity of Antony; men of the Brutus type are apt to despise the gay, pleasure-loving man of genius. But even had Brutus foreseen the danger, it is hardly likely that he would have acted otherwise. He loved honor more than he feared death, and his honor was concerned in making the slaying of Caesar a solemn sacrifice to the republic and not the signal for a general massacre. It was against the spirit of Caesar that he fought, and had it been possible to crush this spirit without shedding any blood, he would have rejoiced.

Again after the death of Caesar, when the civil wars break out and Brutus finds himself at the head of an army, he is exposed to what is perhaps the strongest temptation that can assail a man of action, the seeming necessity of yielding to the consequences of his own acts, and of grasping at any means that will lead him to his goal. It is this necessity that drives Macbeth step by step through a sea of blood. But Brutus still remains master of himself—he will not stoop to wring their hard-earned coins from wretched peasantry or sell his offices for gold. He punishes injustice and bribery even in his own ranks, and almost breaks with his one ally because the latter is less scrupulous of ways and means than he. Unpractical the critics call this, too, but even in this life Brutus has his reward. It is no little thing that a Roman of the period of the civil wars should be able to say as his day is closing:

> My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
> I found no man but he was true to me.

It is the common failing of such men as Brutus, of the puritan as of the stoic, to be cold, reserved and self-sufficient, "faultily faultless." But Shakespeare was too warm-blooded himself to draw any such icy figure of perfection. Brutus is human to the red ripe of the heart, courteous, tender, loving. His kindliness extends even to his slaves, over whom he watches like a father. At the very height of his quarrel with Cassius an appeal to his old affection stops him in his just reproaches. And his relation with his wife is the most beautiful to be found even in Shakespeare. Well may Anthony say of this noblest Roman:

> His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up
> And say to all the world "This was a man."

And after Brutus there is but one heroic figure among all the protagonists of Shakespeare's great tragedies, but he is the "noblest man of man's making," the splendid soldier and pessimistic lover, Othello. Like the other great characters of this tragic period, his soul is caught in the storm of sin and driven to hopeless ruin. But unlike the others his eyes are opened at the last, he sees his fault and the agony of his repentance forces from him the most brokenhearted cry that ever passed the lips of man. If one could write an epilogue to Othello after the manner of the last act of Faust, what other place in it could be assigned this noble sinner than one among those to whom much was forgiven because they loved much? One sees him drawn upward to the heights by the hand of Desdemona, better loved and less wronged than ever Gretchen was by Faust.

The chief feature in the character of Othello is his elemental simplicity. He is so direct, so straightforward and sincere himself that he cannot even imagine deceit or dishonor in his surroundings. Barbarian as he is by birth, he is at heart a very perfect, gentle knight—brave, courteous, loving, gifted with a simple but overmastering eloquence, and cherishing a spotless ideal of honor. He is not as is too often supposed of a jealous nature. There is always something base and degrading in this passion, and one has but to compare Othello with Shakespeare's true portrait of the jealous king in the "Winter's Tale" to see how far the Moor is exalted above its meanness. Even in his darkest hour it is not so much jealousy that feeds upon his heart and drives him to madness and murder as the sense of injured honor. The conflict that rages in his soul is between passionate yet reverent devotion, and a sense of utter shame brought upon him by the ruin of his spotless ideals of wedded love and womanly purity. In the bitterness of the strife his self-command so hardly won and so long maintained breaks down, and the fierce barbaric temper that has once or twice already shown its head breaks loose, and like the simoon of his native desert sweeps him on to the catastrophe. And over that catastrophe what other words can be uttered than the hero's own: "Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!"

One minor figure there is in the tragedies whose nobleness and constancy demand his inclusion in the roll of Shakespeare's heroes, the faithful Kent of King Lear. Even Ruskin in his sentence of exclusion against Shakespeare's men admits that Kent is "entirely noble at heart," though he adds a condemnatory clause that "he is too rough and unpolished to be of use at the critical time and sinks into the office of a servant only." Whether in the extreme of folly that drives Lear on to part his kingdom among his daughters a smoother-spoken counsellor than Kent would have prevailed with him, we may well doubt. Certain it is that his blunt frankness and fearless good counsel to the overbearing and self-willed king do him all honor. Since free speech is forbid at court he accepts the sentence of banishment gladly; but when evil days draw nigh and the summer friends begin to fall away from the old king Kent returns in disguise to be his one faithful follower. All his life henceforth is bound up in his lord's; he follows him from place to place, accepts disgrace for him with cheerful resignation, tends him in his madness, restores him to his daughter and in the last dread scene, when the standersby vainly endeavor to recall Lear from the grave to which he is drifting with Cordelia in his arms, it is Kent who speaks the solemn valediction:

> Vex not his ghost! I let him pass! he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.

After Lear's death his true servant's life has no further purpose; he has reached the very sea-mark of his utmost sail. What are the well-meant offers of restored rank and power in the state to him! He waves them back with the quiet answer that there is no time for these things:

> I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
> My master calls me.

Kent is one of Shakespeare's noblest men, the true picture of the hero as servant.

One more name may fittingly close this catalogue of Shakespeare's heroes, that of a character in many ways the most wonderful of them all. For in Prospero Shakespeare has not only given us a picture of the hero as philosopher and poet, he has thereby unconsciously given us a portrait of himself as he was at the close of his life. "Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt entered very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality, but in no way blighting or perverting it—such," says Dr. Garnett, "are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate perfection of both." And these features as the dullest eye can see are the lineaments of the banished prince, the tender father and the great magician whom we call Prospero. It is not certain that "The Tempest" is the last in date of Shakespeare's plays, but certainly it is in spirit the most fitting conclusion to his work, the best representative of that last period which Dowden has so aptly baptized "On the Heights." From what a mountain top of calm and lofty wisdom, at last attained after hard toil, bitter sorrow and painful experience of the baseness of mankind does Prospero look down upon the world. He is lord of the elements; Ariel, the delicate spirit, and Caliban, the fiend-born monster, are alike his servants. His arts have made him master of men's fates; in his hand are the lives of the enemies who have wronged, betrayed and robbed him. But the only use he makes of his power is to open their eyes to their faults and move their hearts to repentance. Forgiveness, reconciliation, atonement, these are the words that breathe through the harmonies of Shakespeare's latest work like the solemn music that stole along the airs of the enchanted island. Over the wretchedness of the men of sin, over the youthful innocence of Ferdinand and Miranda the great figure of Prospero towers like some kindly ancient god. Yet he is not unhuman. He knows the littleness of man and foresees the coming end. When his work of reconciliation is performed he breaks his magic staff and drowns his book. All his arts laid aside, he mingles once more with the world of men, to rule his dukedom wiseller than before, to see his daughter's children springing up about his knees and to brood not in bitterness nor melancholy, but with the grave wonder of true philosophers upon approaching death. For Prospero knows that

> The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And like the unsubstantial pageant faded
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

There is nothing real in this world, such seem to be Shakespeare's last words to us, but love and forgiveness and a calm expectance of the end.

It is a very long way from Theseus uncoupling his hounds in the fairy-haunted groves near Athens, or Falconbridge scattering his rough jests and plying his ready hand, to this ripened and serene philosopher. It indicates perhaps the distance that Shakespeare had traveled from his early admiration of the men of action to his final recognition of the world's worth. Yet his ideals are by no means incongruous; there are certain cardinal virtues common to almost all his heroes. Perhaps the most striking of these is that quality which gave to the poet his nickname of "gentle Will." Gentleness, in its varied forms, of courtesy toward inferiors and equals, and of reverence toward superiors, is a virtue that Shakespeare is never tired of extolling. He devotes a whole drama to proving that the lack of this virtue may ruin an otherwise noble soul. Closely akin to this quality is a tenderness of heart, quick to respond to an appeal for pity. Shakespeare himself had so deep a sense of the sadness of human life that he could not even imagine a hero devoid of this tender grace. These qualities are re-enforced and strengthened in Shakespeare's heroes by the active virtues of strength, resolution and decision in thought and act. Shakespeare saw nothing noble in the mere man of sentiment, however acute or refined. He preferred Falconbridge to Jacques. Action rather than feeling is after all the aim of life, and the great poet, with all his sensitiveness and depth of emotion, was enough of a practical man to realize the qualities that make action possible. The very foundation of these is self-control—a man must master himself before he can act on others, and in Hamlet's praise of Horatio,

> A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
> Hath ta'en with equal thanks,

We hear the poet himself speaking his mind on the one thing needful. With the single exception of Othello, all Shakespeare's heroes are the masters of their fate, the captains of their souls, and the lack of self-control on Othello's part, or, rather the loss of it under the infernal machinations of the demi-devil, Iago, is, as has been shown, responsible for the most piteous tragedy in all Shakespeare's plays. Yet this self-control never passes into selfishness. That is a quality reserved for the most villainous of Shakespeare's characters—Richard, Iago and Iachimo. It is well worth remark that every hero in Shakespeare who is dominated by one great aim in life sets as his goal an object outside himself—Henry V, his country's glory; Brutus, the salvation of the republic; Kent, the preservation of his King. Finally, since of all vices Shakespeare hated deceit most bitterly, his heroes are all true. Shakespeare had little sympathy with the Ulysses character, the man full of wiles, ready at need. Simplicity, sincerity, genuineness of thought and speech, fidelity to a person or loyalty to an ideal, mark all the characters that Shakespeare deems heroic.

It is time to bring this study to a close. A volume might easily be written on the types of heroic character in Shakespeare's plays and their significance as a revelation of the poet's mind. An almost equally fertile field would be Shakespeare's omissions—the fanatic, the martyr, the popular leader, the conqueror, the seeker after truth. These omissions in their turn testify to Shakespeare's limitations—a subject left practically untouched by his hosts of commentators. But even in this brief study enough has been said to show what manner of men our greatest poet admired, and as a consequence what manner of man he himself in reality was.

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