ST. PAUL NEWS.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

The Memorial Service at Red Rock Camp Meeting in Honor of the Great Divine.

The Eloquent Address of Bishop Foss Stenographically Reported for the Globe.

Yesterday was ushered in by a deliciously bright, fine morning and it wooed many to seek the grateful shade of verdant groves and to court the charms of Nature in all her primitive beauty. It seemed a particularly suitable occasion to worship the God of Nature in His own temple, and many sought the beautiful grounds at Red Rock to join the village of worshippers there established. A delightful sail in the good steamer Longfellow revealed to those who had not before taken the trip a wealth of scenic charms too varied and fascinating to admit of description. Swinging down around the great bend in the river, a novel and comprehensive view of the great city of St. Paul was unfolded to the gaze, and from this point one of the best and most satisfying pictures of the city is obtainable. Then West St. Paul slowly expanded, and few, even of the old residents of the metropolis, would recognize in the handsome and large village spread out to view from the deck of the tidy steam yacht the now important Sixth ward.

But the city vanishes, sinking behind high wooded bluffs and grassy hills, and the glories of the country are suddenly revealed. At some points the white, sandstone bluffs form perpendicular walls, their lofty summits bearing stately trees. Here a dense grove reaches to the water's edge, the umbrageous shade strongly suggesting possible picnic pleasures. Now a comfortable farm house, surrounded by substantial farm buildings is seen nestling under a hill, embowered in trees, and surrounded by highly cultivated acres. Thrift is evidenced on every side, and the housekeeper learns that the delicious, fresh vegetables and small fruits that find their way to her table are grown almost within sight of the young lady who holds the scales on the summit of the state capitol.

It is indeed a charming ride, and the traveler hears with regret the sharp signal which announce the approach to the landing place. The speed of the boat slackens and the hot sun asserts himself, the cool breeze caused by the rapid motion of the boat dies away and quickly the pilgrims hasten to the inviting shade of the consecrated grounds.

Yesterday morning was devoted to a memorial service in honor of Bishop Matthew Simpson, the eulogy to be pronounced by Bishop Foss. A light breeze from the river penetrated the grove tempering the fierce heat of the sun's rays, and no suffering was experienced during the interesting and solemn exercises.

Loving hands had paid tribute to the departed disciple, by draping the pavilion pulpit with the emblems of mourning. Festoons of heavy black drooped from the arches in front. The pulpit wore a funeral robe and bore upon its top a portrait of the lost teacher deeply draped with crape, while at intervals appeared a snowy bloom. On the platform below the pulpit stood a massive bank of living green, in the center of which was a mass of beautiful blossoms, charmingly arranged.

At 10:30 the solemn tones of the bell rang out upon the summer air and the scene was complete. Upon the spacious platform sat the bishop, surrounded by many of the preachers and elders, and at the side were the choristers about the black-draped organ. In front was the great congregation, numbering probably one thousand. After an appropriate hymn in which the audience joined, the venerable Rev. Cyrus Brooks opened the service with prayer. It was a most impressive and tender invocation voicing the sentiments of the loving hearts, assembled to pay the last sad tributes to a cherished teacher and guide. The voice of the aged minister rehearsed the sadness which afflicted them at the loss of so good and pure a man, expressed the joy they felt in the certainty that he wore the crown he had so faithfully won, and gave thanks for the grand example he had left for the guidance of the children of the church. The reading of appropriate selections from the Scripture in an impressive manner followed, after which Bishop Foss delivered the following oration extemporaneously, the delivery occupying just one hour:

The Memorial Address, by Bishop Foss.

We meet to-day under circumstances of mingled sorrow and gladness. Sorrow first of all touches all hearts for very manifest reasons. The forces of righteousness in this world are not so many nor so strong that we can part with any of them without regret. In this great battle field of the world, where evil is so mighty, where the soldiers to struggle against it are quite too few and where the great leaders of God's sacrimental host, whose trumpet blasts can awaken thousands and even millions to nobler struggles are so very few, we can ill afford to part with any true and noble soldier of Jesus Christ, still less with any heroic and trusted leader of the sacrimental host; and as we think to-day how much the world has lost, how much, especially, the Methodist Episcopal chuch has lost, how many of us, personally, have lost in the departure of Bishop Simpson, we deeply mourn. But to all this there is another side, and even to-day, while that great and good man still lies unburied in his residence in Philadelphia (for his funeral is to be this afternoon and his burial tomorrow) we must gather some flowers to comfort this hour. Christians can never afford for any two consecutive hours to be in unrelieved sadness and sorrow; "The joy of the Lord is our strength."

When I was a youth death was to me the king of terrors; in my early ministry even, I had not so surmounted the fear of death as not, when a good man died, to feel for the time as though the cause of goodness was somehow shocked, if not, for the time, defeated; but one of the incidents which brought me to another, and as I think, to a juster and better habitual state of mind, was this: I attended in the city of Brooklyn the funeral of Owen Lovejoy, the great American statesman, the great anti-slavery agitator and reformer, the noble patriot, the member of congress at a time when such members of congress could illy be spared; and yet he died. Two of the foremost ministers of the gospel in the country conducted his funeral services. One of them—one of those reformers whose stock consisted largely in hatred of evil—the other, one of those reformers who has little inspiration save love of good. The first read from the Scriptures that solemn passage in the 25th of Matthew depicting the final judgment, and by the solemnity and terrible emphasis of his reading, made us tremble at the thought of that coming judgment day when multitudes should be sent away to the left hand because they had not visited, fed, clothed the Lord Jesus Christ in the persons of the humblest of his disciples. And then he spoke, and during all his half hour's address he made us feel as if the foundations of the earth were removed, as though goodness had had a terrible and almost an irreparable shock, and at the close of his address I really felt as though righteousness in the earth had suffered defeat. Then the other spoke, and with a sun-lit face and a musical voice and a moistened eye began to tell of the sure triumph of goodness and of the kingship of the great God and of the progress of righteousness in the earth, and after a little he said, "We are told here to-day that the nation is in mourning. Well, I am not one of the mourners, I never mourn when a good man gets his work done and goes home. It is a change from toil to rest and from struggle to glory, and, so far as the cause he has represented is concerned, it is only as when you take a drop out of the ocean, another drop takes its place, and the ocean goes singing on in undiminished cadence and power." And then he said, "Who of you believes that the cause of human freedom will suffer because Owen Lovejoy is dead? There is not a boy on the western prairies following his plow who will not gather new inspiration of freedom from Owen Lovejoy's grave,', and so he spoke, and at the close of his address I said to myself, well, that is wholesome and on the whole it's right.

CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

And so, as we gather here to-day, mourning with undisguised and deep sorrow the loss of one of the noblest, and, in some respects, one of the greatest men the great God has made, we cannot but think of the great God and of the cause which Bishop Simpson loved and fostered, and that it is still to go on to triumph; and on occasions the like of this I have often heard from him, in words which I wish I could remember and reproduce, the utterance of the same sentiment. Indeed, not only because of our steadfast and triumphant faith of the righteousness and goodness and entire final triumph may we to-day lift up our glad thanksgiving to God, and bless him for what this great and good man was and also for what he is, but also we may gather some flowers to comfort in the recollection of the length of life God granted to him, the wide-spread and far-reaching influence which he exercised, the well-rounded but mature old age to which he was permitted to live, for, if he had lived until last Saturday he would have been seventy-three years of age, and also the gradual and comparatively painless decay which give us just ample notice that he must soon leave us, the fact that he was permitted to live to attend the ecumenical Methodist conference three years ago and to be one of its most conspicuous members and preaching the opening sermon, and still further, that after notice had come of his early translation, God yet spared him through the prayers of the church until its chief legislature and judicature could assemble, at the end of a quadrennium and then to bless us with the benlzen of his saintly presence and prayers at the consecration, as its president, of the new bishops, and with the final words with which the general conference closed, and then laid him down to die, and by an easy and bright and happy sunset, in three weeks passed away, to the everlasting sunburgs of God's hold presence. "Blessed be the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good." He saw that it was time for the good man to go home: and while we weep, god forbid that any heart should wish to recall him from that excellent glory.

It is no unwelcome, and yet no easy task, that falls to my lot to-day, as one of the junior colleagues of this good man. Called in the order of God's providence to reside here in your midst during the last quadrennium, it is natural that I should stand here and try to speak concerning him, but I could wish that some one more like him, with such comprehension of mind, with such warmth of heart and with such fire-touched lips might unfold the truth of God on this occasion, and delineate the life whose earthly chapter is now closed, and whose eternal record has begun.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

All that need be said in the way of biographical sketch need occupy but a very few words. Bishop Simpson's was one of those lives without marked incident in its early stages, on which we need not dilate at great length. He was born at Cadiz, Ohio, on the 21st of June, 1811. His father died when he was only a year old; and so he is one of those sons (God bless them, and in the sorsow of our mourning over lives we half despair of them), who become God's peculiar care, for, if there is any class of promises with which the scriptures abound, and which the history of the world fulfills, it is the promises to the widows and the fatherless. This boy, orphaned at a year old, had a godly mother, and was brought up at Jesus' feet. Converted while a young man he prosecuted his studies at the academy in the village which gave him birth, and then in Madison college, Pennsylvania. After his graduation there he studied medicine for three years, and intended to be a physician, but the spirit of the living God—the only author of a Christian ministry (as you heard in the Bible reading this morning)—began to tug at his heart, and to make in his heart that strange flutter which every minister well understands, when against one's own wish and against one's own thought of all the possibilities of the ministry the conviction begins to dawn, "I must preach the gospel." And now let me say, the comfort and encouragement of any young man who feels himself altogether inadequate to this great work, that when young Simpson began to feel this call to preach, he most honestly put it off, on the plea that came not only from his own modesty but from the sober judgment of all his friends. He felt, and they felt, that he never could be an orator, for these several reasons: First of all, he had a very thin, squeaky, worthless voice; in the second place, a memory so deficient that he could hardly by any effort commit anything of another man's writings to memory; and still farther, in his declamations, he was so awkward and ungainly that he was the laughing stock of the school, and his friends said, "whatever else Simpson is meant for, he never can be a public speaker." These things were so strong in his own sober conviction that on the ground of them he resisted the call to preach for a long time; he himself tells this elaborately in his Yale lectures on preaching—you can find it there in his own words. The other reason that stood in his way was this, his mother was a widow, he was her only son, and her only child at home and she needed him to assist in her support; and, in those days, to become a minister, was to take a vow to perpetual poverty; so he thought, and in that spirit, also, not for his own sake, but for his mother's, he resisted the call to preach. At length, however, on a certain Sunday, it occured to him that "there is to be no preaching in our church to-night, perhaps I ought to exort the people." But he felt that he could not, and while he was revolving it in his mind, an uncle of his came to him and said: "Won't you speak to the people to-night at the church?" The call of the church generally comes when the call of God comes. And he said, "Why, do you think I could do them any good?" "Why, yes," said his uncle; and that night he spoke to the people, with embarrassment, and yet with joy, at the thought that he might do somebody some good. And I take it that few ministers have been more inspired by the purpose on all occasions to do somebody some good than that of Matthew Simpson. Yet after that he still did not recognize, much less admit to others, the call to preach; but at last the pressure became too strong, and he went to his mother to state the case to her and to hear her objections, and, very likely, find them so cogent that he would be driven from his thought and purpose. But when he opened the subject to her, briefly, her eyes filled with tears and her face shone with delight as she said: "My son, I have been looking for this hour ever since you were born," and then told him how she and her husband committed the infant to God

TO BE A PREACHER.

And yet they had such belief in the indispensable necessity of *a divine call* that they never had mentioned it to him at all. They thought God could tell him when the time would come. Brethren, may this church of our choice and love never lose the impression that God only makes ministers. [Cries of "Amen."] I have but one son, and he is a good and Christian boy, and last year was permitted, on this camp ground, for ten days, to revel in the delights of a child of piety with you all. If God shall call him to be a minister it will be the highest joy of my heart; but, if God does not want him, I would rather he would hew stone or chop wood than enter the pulpit. [Cries of "Amen" and "That's the doctrine."] Of course the boy, finding his mother on his side, entered the ministry, and from the beginning, to the eyes of all others, in spite of the squeaky voice and the imperfect memory and the awkward declamation, the grace of God was so on him, and the power of persuasion was so in him, and the longing to do somebody some good so shown in his face and trembled in his very tone, that from the first they began to make large predictions for his future. So, after studying to be a physician and getting information that was to be of life-long benefit to him, he entered the ministry. At the age of twenty-two he entered the Pittsburg conference and took his first appointment. He was a pastor for four years at first. In those days we had but few thoroughly educated young men among us, for many of our brilliant preachers had to turn aside to the work of education. So it was with Stephen Olin, so it was with Wilbur Fisk, so it was wtth John P. Derby, so it was with Matthew Simpson, and at twenty-six years of age he became professor of natural sciences in the Alleghany college, in Pennsylvania. At twenty-eight he became president of the Indiana Asbury university. He staid there nine years, during which time he was invited to the presidency of the Northwestern university, and also of Dickinson college, both of which he declined. At thirty-seven he became the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and four years later, at the age of forty-one, was elected one of the bishops in our church—the youngest but two, according to my present recollection, of all the men who have ever been elected to that office, Bishop Asbury and Bishop Janes being the two exceptions.

MOST EFFECTIVE, MOST USEFUL.

For thirty-two years, therefore, he moved up and down in the most conspicuous positions that he could occupy, throughout all our states and territories, and from time to time, in Europe, the most prominent figure before the eyes of the Methodist church in the United States of America, and as I verily think, take him all in all, next after Asbury the most effective and useful Methodist in America; and Asbury I make an exception only because of the newness of the work committed to his hands, and of the fact that he could lay foundations instead of building on the foundations which other men have laid. I know that I am liable, in the eulogy I am pronouncing on this great and good man, in the minds of some who did not know him well, to the charge of over statement, but I assure you my statements will be very deliberately made and very candid. I do not believe in extravagant eulogy of the dead and I would not say a word to-day of Bishop Simpson which I do not think the candid and intelligent historian will say fifty years hence; and I will say that in my belief, he was one of the dozen greatest preachers of the age in which he lived, and I don't know but one of the half dozen.

I received to-day, from a minister of our church, one of our superintendents of missions, a letter relating to other matters, but having, of course, a last word concerning this matter: "Although we mourn, yet we all feel that the loss of the church is great gain to the noblest Christian character that ever wielded the scepter of the church in this or any other country." I do not quote this as my own judgment, I give it as his, and a judgment in which not a few share.

I met a layman on the train as I came down here this morning, who said his sober conviction was that Bishop Simpson was the greatest man who has lived on the face of the earth within the last thirty years. I am not prepared to say that, as my own deliberate judgment, but I do believe that God had so gifted him by nature, and then had so gifted him with character by his blessed holy spirit, that there are few positions on earth—in any department of life where a man must work for the good of man, that he could not honorably and grandly have filled. I believe that he could have been a United States senator, among the foremost, in the time of our war and since. I believe if he had turned his attention to the law that his judicial and clear insight would have made him one of the brightest ornaments of the supreme bench of this nation. I believe that we have not had three presidents who have graced the chair more, if as much, as Bishop Simpson might have done. That utters my sober conviction of the general make up of the mind of the man and of his resources for influencing men for good. But God called him for something higher and better, for I hold that of all the occupations outside of heaven, or inside, there is none in its nature better adapted to bring out and use at the best, the capabilities of any man God has ever created, than that work into which he put the greatest man he ever did create, namely, the Apostle Paul, the Christian minister. [Cries of "amen."]

A PRINCE OF THE PULPIT.

I am to speak of Bishop Simpson now, for a few momen ts, as one of the princes of the pulpit. I have already indicated my judgment of the place which belongs to him, a place which the critical reading of his few printed sermons, taken down stenograpically, will not assign him as they do not assign Whitfield to any such place; but you can't *print* the rainbow nor the falling dew, nor the fertilizing shower, nor the lightning, nor the sun-shine, and so you cannot *print* the soul of eloquence; and the greatest orators who have ever lived passed down to posterity, not in books, but in tradition, and in the nature of the case, it must be so, for the reason I have suggested in these analogies just now employed. I hesitate to attempt any analysis, therefore, of the power of Bishop Simpson as a preacher, because it is a thing not to be perfectly analyzed, any more than you can analyze a flower,. And yet these points occur to me from many times hearing him and comparing my own judgement with that of others. He had a rare power of perspicuous and suggestive and fresh and sometimes it may be somewhat fanciful exegesis. He studied the word of God, and had information about it, and had it hid in his soul, and his sermons were drawn from texts and from passages of scripture, and were laid out before the people after the pattern in which God's word utters truth. He did not take a subject and write an essay and then nail a text to it, that was never his fashion, and so I say, you were struck, in the earlier passages of his sermon, by a thoughtful, perspicuous, fresh, impresive, exegesis of some passage of scripture, and that is always grateful and refreshing to a thoughtful and Christian man. Then, after that, he always preached for a purpose; he had something to accomplish by what he was going to say, and was never the simple expounder of truth and the simple utterer of homilies and essays. He was an advocate, and the client was the Lord Jesus Christ, and that was always manifest. He heard the voice of his master at his back and went for human souls, to make them better. Either I have been peculiar in my hearing of him or else that was a distinction of his ministry—I never heard him preach when it seemed to me he was simply trying to unfold a subject. But he always seemed to me to be after men, to lead them to better living, to lead the unconverted to seek the Lord; and again and again, in the days of his earlier power, before he was fifty-five years of age, before the fever which he took in traveling on the Danube and in Palestine smote him, when somewhere about the age of fifty to fifty-five, in the days of that earlier power, I rarely knew him to close a sermon, though he sometimes would preach an hour and three-quarters, and you were afraid he was going to stop, and wished he would keep on all day. [Laughter.] I never heard him in those days preach a sermon but what before the close, when there seemed to be a mingling between tears and fire in his eyes, and whichever way he looked men cringed and almost sank down to the floor, without, turning to the young men in the gallery, or the people in the choir, or singling out the backsliders in the audience, or finding some class of people who seemed to form the special subject to which his words were applied and so applying them that all hearts beat as though before the eternal jugment seat, and all men felt that the eternal God was right there. [Cries of "Yes, yes."]

INFIDELS COWED.

I once saw him, in closing a sermon, turn to a choir made up in part of German infidels, men who were there simply for their voices and nothing else, as he turned and applied the subject to them and his hand swept around; it acted like a sword; they dropped their heads, they wept, they bellowed in their cries, and their cries filled all the house. They felt that the great God had come to them in the person of His apostle.

[Elder Cobb: "Yes, I saw one such demonstration at Rochester."]

The cause of these effects of the marvelous and in some aspects of the well-nigh matchless eloquence of this man is, as I said, not altogether to be stated in words, but in part. I think it was this: He had a vivid, brilliant, robust, realizing imagination, and that imagination, through the transforming powers of God's faith in his heart, enabled him, as few men have seemed to me to do, to see the unseen. Many of his topics were illustrative of this.

NOTABLE DISCOURSES.

One of his texts from which he preached a sermon of grandest power was this: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith;" and the whole burden of the discourse was the power of the vision of the invisible.

Another of his favorite discourses was about the question of that young man to Elisha, "Master, what shall we do?" and Elisha's prayer to God, "Open his eyes;' and his eyes were opened and he saw the mountains were full of horses, and chariots of fire round about," and the audience saw them, that day, too. So far as I am able to analyze them, these seem to me to be the chief elements of the power of this great and good man as a preacher, with this single exception: He had immense pathos, and his pathos was based upon sympathy; and that sympathy struck through him from head to foot and animated his entire person and gave character to his voice and a similar character to his mind. I should say concerning his voice, that inimitable voice so laughed at in his youth, but so mighty in his later years, that its chief characteristic was tearfulness (if I may apply that term to a man's voice), that he could give a notice of a ladies' aid society meeting in tones that would make you weep, and be no theatrical actor about it either. If, at the close of a sermon, he had occasion to give a notice, when he was keyed up to the highest power and sympathy of his voice, you would be very likely to weep under the notice, no matter what it was. I have heard him read a hymn at the opening of a service, such as the rest of us would read and nobody would hardly notice it, and before he was through with the second verse perhaps a hundred people would be in tears, just from the way in which his persuasive tones took the hymn into their hearts, like oil into the bone. The tearfulness of voice was only one specimen of the general sympathetic make-up of the man; his mind and his heart were just like his voice, and when such gifts of intellect and of sensibility were transfused and surcharged with his yearning desire to bring men to Christ, and his nature was also sublimated and lifted up into the grand sense of Divine communion, and for an hour and a half he poured forth the truth of God, heaven and earth came close together, and we seemed to be in the very vestibule and the angels of God were all around us.

AN INCIDENT.

He himself has told an incident, which is suggestive to me, concerning himself, and which I therefore give to you. He says that the great and famous Chrysostum, one of the heroes of the early Greek church, when he first began to preach was elaborate and ornate and logicai and unimpressive, but Chrysostum had a vision, and that vision showed him the angels of God gathered in front of the pulpit and the Lord Jesus in their midst, and he called to stand before them and to preach to the people just beyond; and after that they say he preached as though he saw the angels and their Lord, and his name was changed. It was no longer simply John, it was Chrysostum, "the golden mouthed."

Now, Bishop Simpson seemed to me, many a time, to preach with an occasional upward or outward glance of the eye, as though the angels were there and the Lord Jesus Christ was there, and I have seen him sometimes calling sinners to repentance telling them that the white hands of their friends in heaven were reached down over the battlements to beckon them, and I could see the hands, and I knew whose hands they were, and the call of God came to me, as I believe, to thousands of others. I believe that at the basis of this great ministry which he exercised in part, and in very important part, lay this fact.

AN OPTIMIST.

Bishop Simpson was an optimist. He believed in the world and in God, in man and in the future. He was never a carping critic. He was never a discontented grumbler. He saw the evil that was in the world and the evil that was in the church, undoubtedly, as every good man must; and the better that man, the more he lays such things to heart and feels them as a burden to be borne; and yet this great and good man seeing and feeling the evil that was in the world was a determined hoper. He never gave up in despair; he never played the raven in the church. You cannot point me to the article in a newspaper that he ever wrote or to a sermon he ever preached, the general impression of which was that the world was going to ruin and that the Lord Jesus Christ had abdicated the throne.

BISHOP JANES' VIEW.

In this he imitated Bishop Janes who was his great admiration. Bishop Janes, four years his senior in office, looked with that peculiar admiration on this his loving brother and son which a man feels for one who can do what he cannot, and yet when both are linked to some cause are bound to make it triumph, which made Bishop Janes say, when he became old, in a meeting where it was of great and weighty importance that he should say it, "I have lived a great many years, I have traveled, I suppose, more extensively than any other living man, throughout the length and breadth of the Methodist church, in all its states and territories and in Europe and have tried to be a thoughtful observer of the drift of things in the Christian world, and I wish to say this, "The church of God, in my judgment, was never more devout, and never so intelligent and beneficent for its work as it is to-day." And when my heart has sunk sometimes I have thought of that and taken courage, and said to myself, "Bishop Janes knows more about that than I do." Bishop Simpson was of the same spirit; he took the woes of all men on his heart—a great, sympathetic, palpitating soul cannot help that—but he had such faith in God and men and in the future thet he always had a rainbow to throw around the cloud, and some place to let down rifts of light through it.

MOVED TO TEARS.

I cannot forget that in one of the earliest sermons I heard him preach this appeared and appeared impressively to me, and the incident I give will not only illustrate that thought, but illustrate, as best I can from verbal recollection from what he said the peculiar quality of his illustrations. When I was a youth of nineteen, just called to preach and beginning to try to prepare for it, I went to hear him preach in the city of New York. His text was this: "The steps of a good man are ordered of the Lord and he delighteth in his ways." He went on in his sermon and before he had been speaking five minutes, before he was through with the introduction, I was not only weeping but so violently t hat I was ashamed of myself, and I thought I would disturb the congregation—I was sitting near the front—and pretty soon I turned my head first one way and then the other, to see how much I was embarrassing those around me, and everybody in the congregation was in the same condition. I dismissed my fears and gave myself up to the influences of the hour, and for over an hour he held us spell-bound, thrilling us with his mighty eloquence concerning the special providence of God over believers. In the course of his sermon he gave this incident. He said he had then recently returned from California, and that going by the Isthmus of Panama as they went up the western coast on the steamer "Golden Gate" the steamer struck on a reef, in the night, thirty miles from the main land, and ground heavily and seemed to be soon to go to pieces. The officer of the vessel seemed inclined to give up all for lost. The speaker said his first thought was of his personal relation to God, and in the flash of an eye that was all clear, he knew his Redeemer and was ready to go, and found it as near to heaven in his thought from a reef on the Pacific as it would have been from his own little home in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. And then his next thought ran over the continent to his little home flock gathered there, and he committed them to God and was at peace about them. And then he looked around on the four or five hundred immigrants hastening to that land of gold, some of them crying vainly to the God whom they had never prayed to before and some of them blaspheming His holy name; and he said he leaned heavily on the bulwarks of the vessel and looked up toward heaven for some ray of light, but the leaden-hued sky covered all the lights of heaven. Yet, as he looked, he said lo, a rift through which one lone star looked down upon him, like an angel, and presently another, and then another, and in a half hour the whole heaven was aglow. You can imagine the application he made of that to the light of God shining in the world, and to the star of Bethlehem, filling the universe with its radiance. And always, in all his preaching, this believing, hoping, longing faith in God, gave him the spirit of an optimist.

SABBATH DESECRATION.

He looked for better times. A simple illustration that appeared in one of his speeches, extemporaneously uttered in his old age, at the Ecumenical conference three years ago, is worthy of recall. The subject under discussion one morning was Sabbath desecration. He got the floor and said scarcely more than these few words I shall quote to you. They illustrate the spirit of the man on the point I am speaking about.

He said: "I rise to say that I think the friends of the observance of the Sabbath are liable to make some mistake in admitting that there has been a great decline in its observance. It is one of the means by which infidelity ever seeks to propagate itself, to assume that it is constantly gaining ground; and our young people are taught that the Sabbath is going out of use, and that progress and enlightenment will render it unnecessary. Now, I want to say that, so far as I understand the matter, my own opinion is most clearly, that the Christian Sabbath was never so well observed by so many people, in so many lands, as it is at this day. It was better observed—that is, more strictly observed—by few people in one or two countries. We complain, in the United States, for instance, of a laxity of Sabbath observance, and we have it in certain cities; but it is simply the transfer of a European Sabbath by European immigration into our midst, and these very people observe the Sabbath better among us, with all their defects, than they did when at home in Europe."

Now. I hold that the spirit of holy faith in truth and righteousness which finds some interpretation of dark appearances consistent with a sober judgment and which throws light ahead is essential for a christian minister, for a reformer, for a patriot, for a christain man; [cries of "amen,"] and if in our church we had less threnodies and more hallelujahs I believe it would be better for the church and better for the coming ages. [Cries of "yes, yes."]

Another illustration of the same thing was his frequent reference to his sober faith in the coming of a better age of spiritual power to the church. He longed to see the church holy; he longed for the progress of a better type of Christian experience. It may be that he did not always express himself concerning this in language so dogmatic as some would wish, and yet whoever heard him preach his grand sermons on texts like these: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," without feeling that Christian holiness in its essence had in him one of the noblest advocates and enabled one also to think that in him, in his own consecrated life, it had one of its genuine exponents. [Cries of "yes, yes."]

UNDER THE ELMS.

A reference to the power of the pulpit in the days to come, which he uttered in his lectures to the Yale students, there under those academic elms in New Haven, where so little of the best Methodist preaching has been heard since the days of Jesse Lee, will illustrate what I mean. He said to those Yale students, "when I have heard, as I frequently have, of persons present in assemblies where I have preached, who have been called suddenly away by accidents or disease, I have never felt to regret that my sermon was not more beautiful or more polished, but I have regretted that it was not preached with more demonstration of the spirit and of power. I cannot conceal my conviction, that but for the negligence and indolence of those of us who occupy the sacred desk, this demonstration would be more universal and more powerful. It seems to me that the possibilities connected with preaching have been only partially realized, and that a brighter and more glorious day will dawn upon the church. If there is one thing above all others that I have desired for myself, and that above all things I covet for you, it is the ministerial power, this baptism of fire. Seek for this more than for learning, for wisdom, for oratory; and, above all, more than for any thought of your acceptability or popularity. I believe you all may have such power that thousands shall be converted under your preaching."

I think that was pretty salutary talk to be heard in the Yale divinity school from this representative man of our own beloved church, and very salutary talk for all our young ministers in this age.

Oh, I would to God that the spirit of this ascended Elijah might come down upon the Elishas, and that all through the church there might be—not imitation of his rhetoric or of his elocution or of his personal appearance—but of his spirit of intense zeal for Christ in leading men to seek His face.

A MAN OF THE TIMES.

I believe that another of the reasons besides this habitual and very manifest optimisms which lay at the basis of his wholesome inspiring ministry was that he was pre-eminently a man of the times. Some men preach sermons that would just as well have fitted into the middle of the 13th century and in Patagonia as into the last quarter of the 19th century and in the United States. Such sermons fit in nowhere. They belong to no one. They had better not be preached at all. [Cries of amen.]

Now, Bishop Simpson was a man of the times; I use the words in their best sense, and yet with emphasis. He was *posted* on what was going on in the world. He was not a careful student of the dry abstractions of science, but from the time of his college course and of his proffessorship in the natural sciences department of the university he kept himself posted as to the latest results of scientific research, and could speak intelligently about them. He knew about the movements in the philosophical thought of the time. I don't know whether he found time to learn it. He seened to preserve what he knew. A man so little in his library, perpetually on the wing, on the ocean and on the land, forming and dedicating churches, not only Sabbaths, but in the mid-week—all the while—yet he was so intelligent on these questions that disturbed the religious thought of the time that in all his references to them in our foremost pulpits and in Yale college he said words of which no careful student of our church need be ashamed. And not only so, he understood the political aspect of things, he was no politician, but he knew what the parties were about, he knew what the drift of public thought was, he knew what the causes were that lay at the basis of our war, he knew about the mining interests of the country, and in his general intelligence, while he was perpetually on the cars or preaching dedication sermons or holding conferences, he put to blush many of us, my brethren, who have all our mornings in our studies and ought to have known five times what he did. And so, when he stood up in any great congregation, and judges and lawers and senators were present and heard him preach, expecting merely to hear a Methodist exhorter, they heard a man of philosophical genius; they heard a man of logical power; they heard a man who by his very utterance commanded their intellectual respect and thus found the way for those burning appeals of evangelical truth, which, through the door of intellect, went to their heart. [Cries of "thank God."]

I need not try to add at much greater length what I fain would say. I have given the most prominent thoughts, as they lie in my own mind during these last few to me very busy days, when I have been denied the pleasure of presence here and worship with you quietly in this tented grove; I have given you the salient points, as they seem to be concerning this good man. I pray God—and I am sure that in this prayer the whole church joins me—that so great and good a life as he led not only may be long remembered in the church, but that the holy savor of it may spread abroad long after he is dead, and that by it, he being dead, may yet speak.

A MANLY MAN.

I believe especially that the ministry of the church has been immensely the grander by the life of this great and good man, not only because of his preaching but because of his personal character, because of that silent and yet omnipotent force for the production of character which goes forth through the touch of a genuine and electric man; and if I were going to say the topmost thing I know how to say about Bishop Simpson, it would not be now of the fact that for nearly twenty years I have been associated with him from year to year in the board of managers of our missionary society and so have witnessed the sagacity in his counsel and the excellent spirit of the man, and now, for four years in the far more intimate associations of the Episcopal board, where I got very close to his heart. If I were going, after this intimate acquaintance, to say the only thing which to me now is most characteristic and distinctive, I would not say he was the prince of preachers, I would not say he had a wondrous, glowing fire, I would not say multitudes hung entranced upon his lips,—I *would* say—"*Behold a man, a manly man,*" and I would fain pour into that noun, with its reduplicative adjective, the sense that ought to come to it when we remember who is the pattern man, and what it is to be a man, and what, in the coming ages, when nearest the throne of heaven, right around it redeemed men shall stand, and angels outside to listen to the song of redeeming love, which they can never sing because they have never been redeemed—and then put in their glad amens,—I would fain put into this noun, with its reduplicative adjective, the meaning thus brought, from the genuine conception of what a man is, and now I say again, to me, as much as any other man, and more than almost any other I have known, Bishop Simpson was "a manly man." I have been close to him for four years and very near to him for twenty and I have studied of him for thirty-five, and that is my judgment.

HIS PATRIOTISM.

And especially let me emphasize, and with this I think I will close, one thing: His fourteen colleagues, and the next nearer circle of those who knew him best in the councils of the church I am sure will agree with me that the church is probably more beholden to him for his sagacity, his wisdom, at least his superlative nestor influence in council than for even his masterly speech. I know that he pronounced, a number of times, one of the greatest orations of the century; I know that when the terrible pinch of the war was on us he was Lincoln's bosom friend, almost a right hand counselor; I know that after Lincoln died Stanton asked him to go south and organize the freedmen's bureau there, the arm of the men in high places in state leaned on him, but his answer was "my duty to my church is first." And in the church those same great qualities appeared which rulers came to know and to trust, that is, in this greater kingdom which, when the United States is no more, will still be in its pristine glory and power and will last forever. [Cries of "amen."] In this greater kingdom, along with Wesley and Janes and the other Richilieus of the church will be numbered Matthew Simpson.

HIS LAST EFFORTS.

From time to time, in the board of missions, and still more in the councils of the board of bishops, when for hours matters of grave concern touching the policy of the church were in debate, he would sit quietly, and generally with wide-open eye but with down-cast head, and some of us who were younger would be more garrulous, very fruitful in expedients, perhaps, which were half wise sometimes, and sometimes totally unwise, and often and often, in the very nick of time, when we were at our wits end, he would lift his head and stand half erect and at last straighten up his shoulders and look around him and utter a few meek, modest words that cut the knot and cleared the sky, and generally everyone instantly said, "well, that's exactly right." That is the reason why, for the last four years, his colleagues have been tugging at his skirts and saying, "Oh, Bishop Simpson, don't kill yourself with preaching. Live, if you can, for twenty years, in order that we may have the benediction of your counsel, and of your presence." But God knew best, and by four months of gentle drawing of the pins of the tabernacle he prepared a good man for his glory. I do not learn that there was any halting in his onward step; there certainly was no lack of music in his weakening voice and no lack of light in his brilliant eye. He came the first day, to the general conference, and sat an hour silently, and went his way; he came the fourth or fifth day for another hour, and then when the bishops were consecrated, was able to stand and introduce the service and offer the concluding prayer and give us the benediction; and, on that final day,—very weak and very pallid—to stand up for four minutes; until ten o'clock at night, while the hush, as through a breath from heaven had struck us, was on the vast assembly of the foremost men and women of the church, and they listened, and the music of his voice came out again, and the characteristic tones and suggestions came again, and he was silent; and in three weeks "he was not, for God had taken him."

"My Father, my Father! The chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Oh, that God would multiply, as it falls, and distribute through all the church the talismanic bits of his holy mantle. [Cries of "Amen."] And that our young men might catch them. Oh, that from this congregation to-day God might raise up others—for God's resources man cannot exhaust—who fifty years hence shall be mourned as sincerely as Simpson is to-day. Amen.

The eulogy was delivered in an eloquent and sincere manner, and was most attentively listened to. Rev. W. Macdonald followed in a few remarks embodying reminiscenses of Bishop Simpson, with whom the speaker had been intimate for forty years. The solemn services terminated with a congregational hymn and the benediction.

In the afternoon Rev. William Macdonald delivered a powerful discourse on the text, "Lift up the Banner for the People."

It was announced that at 10:30 on Thursday morning the German Methodists would commence devotional services in their own language, under the direction of the venerable Rev. Dr. Nast, of Cincinnati.

ORDER OF SERVICES FOR TO-DAY.

6 a. m.—Prayer meeting.
8:30 a. m.—Love feast.
10:30 a. m.—Preaching by Rev. Mr. Wagner.
1:30 p. m.—Mothers' meeting.
3 p. m.—Preaching by Rev. Mr. Bushnell.
7 p. m.—Young peoples' meeting.
8 p. m.—Preaching by Rev. J. A. Wood.

Real Estate and Building.

Seven transfers were recorded in the office of the register of deeds yesterday, aggregating $24,020, as follows:

Thos D Simonton to J W Simonton part of lot D, Bazille's addition, $770.

Chas B Wright to C W Schneider, lot 17, block 19, Anna E Ramsey's addition, $400.

D C Robert to T T Fauntleroy, lots 3 and 4, block 7, Clarke's addition, $900.

Martin Hagan to F Von Heyderstadt, lot 5, block 14, Kittson's addition, $11,000.

F B Clarke to Elizabeth Lene, lot 27, block 11, Clarke's addition, $350.

J A Monks to A G Barteau, 2 acres in S 36, T 29, R 23, $7,000.

G C Gardner to R C Jefferson, lot 4, block 30, Rice & Irvine's addition, $3,600.

MONDAY.

J W Bass to C Forger, lot 3, block 2, Collins' outlots, $600.

Same to Agnes Forger, lots 4 and 3, block 2, Collins' outlots, $1,200.

Same to James Forger, lots 6 and 2, block 2, Collins' outlots, $1,200.

Board of Education to Fred Kaese, lot 6, block 38, Lyman Dayton's addition, $1,455.

Swen Johnson to O Rooch, lot 6, block 1, Cruickshank's garden lots, $1,000.

C A Smith to G A Whitehorne, lot 1, block 3, Woodland Park, $3,200.

H R Bigelow to Ann Slate, the W ½ of lot 2, block 6, Robertson & Van Etten's addition, $300.

G L Becker to W H Dicker, lot 1, block 9, Ed Rice's first addition, $500.

P R McDonnell to Alvis Schreier, lot 11, block 62, Barnum & Oliver's addition, $300.

Total number transfers, 9; amount, $9,855.

CRIMINAL CASES.

The First Cases to be Tried—List of the Jurors Drawn, Etc.

The calendar for trial of civil cases by jury for the May term of the district court was exhausted yesterday and County Attorney J. J. Egan will commence to call on the criminal cases of the term for trial this morning.

The first case taken up will be that of F.M Burlinson and Frank McDermott for larceny. These parties were indicted by the grand jury for robbing a man between Bob Diamond's and Minneapolis on St. Patrick's day of $80. They were accompanied by two girls named May Carr and Jennie Albright at the time of the robbery, and all were arrested by the Minneapolis coppers, but the offence proving to have been committed in Ramsey county, the women were released and the prisoners delivered to Officers Knealy and Schweizer, of this city.

At the afternoon session, to-day, the trial of John McGuire, arrested on Feb. 5, for assault, will be taken up.

The trial of L. P. Howell, for assault with a dangerous weapon, is set down for Thursday forenoon. Howell slashed a man named Slama, at the Seibert house, in the Sixth ward, with a murderous knife, now in possession of the police.

Thursday afternoon, the case of Martin Gunderson, indicted for manslaughter, will be taken up. Gunderson killed the Bohemian, John Cass, in a bloody door-yard fight, on Dayton's Bluff, last spring.

For the trial of the criminal cases of the term the following jurors were obtained on regular venire, returnable to the court yesterday morning:

F W Overman,	A N Nelson,
A W Palmer,	Chas A Otto,
John Miner,	J T Reeves,
Henry Orme,	E S Osborne,
O G Miller,	A H Rogers,
Chas J McCarthy,	Wm L McGrath,
Geo H Macheny,	A E McLynn,
C D Parker,	E E Parker,
S T Painter,	H R Nininger,
Robt Paterson,	E H Rood,
C W Miller,	Wm F Paush.

The above being all the jurors obtainable from a venire of thirty-five, Judge Brill ordered a special venire of twelve jurors be drawn, returnable this morning, as follows:

Wm A Naylor,	Robt W Matthews,
Roland R Minturn,	Alois Meir,
W T Maxfield,	A L Nicolay,
John C Maxwell,	E W Partridge,
Fred S Pratt,	E R Otis,
Benj S Osgood,	Richard H Rogers.

Removal Sale.

See our $10 refrigerators and $6 ice chest. White Mountain ice cream freezer 25 per cent. reduced.

WOLTERSTORFF & MORITZ, 183 East Seventh.

A PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL.

Honors for the Victorious Company D —A Committee to Arrange the Programme.

A somewhat informal notice has, within the last few days, appeared in the GLOBE requesting soldiers of the old Pioneer guard and citizens, who desired to do honor to the victorious Company D., Capt. E. S. Bean, to assemble and take measures to fittingly recognize their efforts in drilling which have reflected so much credit on St. Paul and the state. Some misunderstanding seems to have existed as to the place of meeting, and hence but few were present at the court house where the meeting was held. Those attending were enthusiastic and felt that some substantial recognition should be made of good work of the skillful company, and a meeting was organized with Mr. E. S. Chittenden as chairman, and Mr. Henry O'Gorman as secretary. Mr. Harwood Iglehart, hoped that the testimonial would take the form of a suitable token of esteem for Capt. Bean, a substantial remembrancer for the company, and perhaps a public complimentary reception. It was suggested that, not only the old soldiers, but the militia and citizens be invited to participate, thus encouraging future efforts in this and other directions, believing those who do a good thing for the city should receive credit. It was voted to request the chairman to appoint a committee of seven to formulate a plan for honoring the company and to draft resolutions. The chairman will notify the committee, and another meeting will be held at the court house on Tuesday evening, July 15, when a full attendance is expected.

As showing the sentiment of the old pioneer guards the following letter to the chairman is appended:

ST. PAUL, June 24, 1884.

DEAR SIR: I regret that my official duties are just now so pressing as to prevent my attendance at the meeting called for this evening, to devise some appropriate method of doing honor to the National Guard, state of Minnesota. It seems to me fitting that the surviving members of the Pioneer Guard, pioneer in fact, as well as in name, should take the initiatory steps to do honor to our National Guard, and especially to such companies as have, by their thorough military discipline and superior efficiency in drill, won prizes in inter-state contests, and thereby reflected honor and credit, not only on the entire military organization of our state, but on all our citizens as well. If my memory is correct, the first prize in such a contest was won some two years ago by "the Emmet Light Artillery," under Captain (now Adjutant General) MacCarthy, at Milwaukee, Wis., and the last two prizes within the last ten days, by Company "D" First Regiment N. G. S. M. under Captain Bean, respectively at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., and Dubuque, Iowa. To these gentlemen, and the men under their command, especial honor is due, and as one of the surviving members of the "Pioneer Guard," I desire to say that I heartily sympathize with the object of the meeting, and will cheerfully cooperate with my old comrades to do honor to our always worthy and now distinguished citizen soldiers.

Sincerely and cordially yours, etc.,
J. I. BEAUMONT.

Removal Sale.

Oil stoves and oil ranges, also gasoline stoves at reduced prices. Buy one and keep cool.

WOLTERSTORFF & MORITZ, 183 East Seventh.

OSCEOLA MILLS, WIS.

The frequent showers and warm weather of the past week have brought the crops in this county along splendidly. One farmer in this vicinity claims that his corn showed a growth of nine inches in four days. However that may be, crops never looked better here at this season of the year than they do at present.

Circuit court adjourned on Saturday. The only criminal cases tried were those of the state against John Nevers and John Dunkley, who were charged with the burning of the dwelling house of Mrs. Burrell, on the night of the 19th of May, 1883. Both were found guilty and sentenced to the state prison for three years.