

rian, Methodist and Protestant Episcopal churches which could be duly called; and should the time ever come for the federation or consolidation of these bodies, it might be found that a House of Bishops and House of Presbyters, like the Senators and Representatives in our national legislature, would support and balance each other, reconciling rival claims and interests and ever securing the new popular institutions of the American church as well as keeping it in the line of historic Christianity. He would be a bold prophet who would strike out either presbytery or episcopacy from the future Christian civilization of this continent.

The chief obstacles to a reunion of our episcopal and presbyterial systems are not so much any doctrinal differences inhering in those systems as the mere accidental influences of denominational pride, inherited prejudice, and general ignorance — an ignorance largely enveloping the clergy as well as the people. Nothing would seem plainer than that both parties left their grievances behind them three thousand miles away, two hundred years ago; and yet the memory of them so rankles in our blood that we still shudder at them as if we might encounter another Laud in some good bishop of an American diocese, or provoke some Janet Geddes to hurl her tripod in response to a Presbyterian liturgy. The political, social, and religious conditions which once kindled so fierce a strife between Presbytery and Episcopacy, and drove them asunder to so rash extremes, could not be transferred to this free land and can never arise among its free churches; but we seem often to fancy that the same battle is still raging, and fill the air with the old familiar slogans and cheer on our champions to new encounters, though all the while no lordly prelates are sitting in our legislatures, and no bloody Claverhouse is abroad pursuing our peaceful worshipers — though no psalm-singing Puritans are despoiling our new cathedrals and no outlawed Covenanters are waylaying our excellent bishops. On the one side, we are ever boasting of a church lineage which we espoused but yesterday; and, on the other side, of a line of martyrs whom we no longer follow. We forget that

those honored Anglican prelates would have dispersed our Episcopal conventions as so many rebels, schismatics, and dissenters, and those revered Scottish worthies would have made swift bonfires of our Presbyterian hymnals, organs, and service-books. And should some candid investigator expose to us, in the clear light of history, how groundless are our prejudices and how foolish our divisions, we can do nothing perhaps but accept his statements, as highly interesting but very useless, and scarcely know whether to frown or smile upon him as, by turns, he provokes admiration or indignation on both sides of the question.

The writer cannot hope to escape such influences. By some of his most respected readers this paper may be viewed as a pure speculation. It will be easy to call it the dream of a recluse or say that the time is not ripe for it. Nevertheless, the present generation might see it becoming real, if only events move forward as fast as they have moved since the former paper was written. And no prophet is needed to tell us what would be the issue. Let the day ever come for a general reunion of Presbytery and Episcopacy, either by formal agreement or by practical fusion, and it would mark the turning-point in the problem of an American Catholic Church. It would be but the forming nucleus of a wide confederation and consolidation of churches and denominations, which are already in ministerial communion and more or less organic connection. Presbytery would include the German, Dutch, French, Scotch, and English types of Protestantism; Episcopacy would involve the Greek, Latin, Anglican, and American germs of Catholicity; and all these varied elements would come into new and vital relations, correcting and molding each other. Our best American Christianity would react upon our whole American civilization against the crying evils of sectarianism, infidelity, and vice. The great vanguard churches of the land, no longer idly saying one to another in the very front of battle, "I have no need of thee," would stand compact together, and grow up in Christ the Head as his living members, and at length, it may be, lead on to one United Church of the United States.

Charles W. Shields.

TWILIGHT.

THE soft voluptuous opiate-shades,
The sun just gone, the eager light dispelled — (I too
will soon be gone, dispelled),
A haze — nirvana — rest and night — oblivion.

Walt Whitman.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

SPRINGFIELD TO WASHINGTON.



As the date of inauguration approached, formal invitations, without party distinction, came from the legislatures of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, tendering Mr. Lincoln the hospitalities of those States and their people, and inviting him to visit their capitals on his journey to Washington. Similar invitations also came to him from the municipal authorities of many cities and towns on the route, and railroads tendered him special trains for the use of himself and family. Mr. Lincoln had no fondness for public display, but in his long political career he had learned the importance of personal confidence and live sympathy between representatives and constituents, leaders and people. About to assume unusual duties in extraordinary times, he doubtless felt that it would not only be a gracious act to accept, so far as he could, these invitations, in which all parties had freely joined, but that both people and executive would be strengthened in their faith and patriotism by a closer acquaintance, even of so brief and ceremonial a character. Accordingly he answered the governors and committees that he would visit the cities of Indianapolis, Columbus, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Albany, New York, Trenton, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg, while to the governor of Massachusetts he replied that the want of time alone constrained him to omit that State from his route of travel.

Monday, the 11th day of February, was fixed as the time of departure, and a programme and schedule of special trains from point to point were arranged, extending to Saturday, the 23d, the time of arrival in Washington. Early Monday morning (the 11th) found Mr.

Lincoln, his family, and suite at the rather dingy little railroad station in Springfield, with a throng of at least a thousand of his Springfield neighbors who had come to bid him good-bye. It was a cloudy, stormy morning, which served to add gloom and depression to the spirits. The leave-taking became a scene of subdued anxiety, almost of solemnity. Mr. Lincoln took a position in the waiting-room, where his friends filed past him, often merely pressing his hand in silent emotion.

The half-finished ceremony was broken in upon by the ringing bells and the rushing train. The crowd closed about the railroad car into which the President-elect and his party* made their way. Then came the central incident of the morning. Once more the bell gave notice of starting; but as the conductor paused with his hand lifted to the bell-rope, Mr. Lincoln appeared on the platform of the car, and raised his hand to command attention. The bystanders bared their heads to the falling snow-flakes, and standing thus, his neighbors heard his voice for the last time, in the city of his home, in a farewell address† so chaste and pathetic, that it reads as if he already felt the tragic shadow of forecasting fate:

"My friends: no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

* The presidential party which made the whole journey consisted of the following persons: Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, their three sons, Robert T., William, and Thomas, Lockwood Todd, Doctor W. S. Wallace, John G. Nicolay, John Hay, Hon. N. B. Judd, Hon. David Davis, Colonel E. V. Sumner, Major David Hunter, Captain George W. Hazard, Captain John Pope, Colonel Ward H. Lamon, Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, J. M. Burgess, George C. Latham, W. S. Wood, and B. Forbes.

Besides these a considerable number of other personal friends and dignitaries accompanied the President from Springfield to Indianapolis, and some of them to places farther on the route.

† This address is here correctly printed for the first time, from the original manuscript, having been written down immediately after the train started, partly by Mr. Lincoln's own hand and partly by that of his private secretary from his dictation.

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