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OF THE
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OR THE
Church and State in America One Hundred
Years Ago

BY THE
REV. ARTHUR LOWNDES, D.D.
Editor of the Archives of the General Convention

The Founding of the Church in New England
Outside of Connecticut

BY THE
REV. DANIEL GOODWIN, Ph.D., D.D.
of East Greenwich, R. I.

PHILADELPHIA

1916

The Rev. Daniel Goodwin, Ph.D., D.D., of East Greenwich, R. I., delivered the following address upon "The Founding of the Church in New England":

THE FOUNDING OF THE CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND, OUTSIDE CONNECTICUT.

Mr. President Budd, other Officers and Members of the Church Historical Society:

You have kindly asked me to tell you the story of the founding of the Church in New England, so far as I am familiar with it.

When Jackson Kemper was sent out, nearly four score years ago, to be the first missionary Bishop in the Northwest, he exclaimed: "A bishop spread out over a hundred thousand square miles of territory will make a very thin bishop indeed."

But is it not still more obvious that a speaker of one hour, spread out over the history of the founding of the Church, in a province as extensive as New England, will, apart from all other deficiencies, make a very thin speaker indeed? It will be only too easy to see through him.

This, however, is the subject assigned, and the present speaker, having fallen into the habit of Colonel Newcomb, of answering—all too readily—"Adsum," when his name is called, has no recourse but to do the best in his power, with the topic, in the time allotted.

At least, he may claim the advantage of being able, by reason of a long lifetime spent within the territory and of the performance of clerical work in almost every part of it, except Connecticut, to give an inside view of the subject.

As an introduction, will you kindly give attention to a quiet scene of more than three centuries ago?

Two little ships are described lying at anchor in the lee of a fir-clad island. Upon a slight eminence, near the shore, stands a cross, formed from the unhewn trunk of a tree. Presently you behold a number of light shallops, propelled by rowers, plying between the vessels and the beach, on which they land a hundred or more of the voyagers, who proceed to ascend the hillock, with a white-robed priest at their head. When all, at length, stand grouped around the cross, you catch the voice of the clergyman rising in prayer, the people, at intervals, devoutly responding. Then the Word of God is read, a plain sermon is preached, and, after the singing of a hymn, the worshippers, in reverent guise, return to their ships again.

It is a pious act of simple Christian emigrants, long tossed on the sea, but now rejoicing to be able to offer homage to Jehovah, once more, upon the solid land.

That is all. But is it all?

Is not the incident rather a kind of solemn, timely pageant, rehearsing the events which shall be, long hence in the far future, occurring upon these now solitary shores, somewhat as the Greek chorus used, in ancient days, to file out in grave procession in front of the stage, to foreshow the incidents and significance of the drama about to be enacted?

The scene just now depicted is laid upon the coast of Maine, off the mouth of the Kennebec River.

The tiny island observed has been dutifully named by the voyagers, English as they are, after the tutelary saint of their homeland, "St. George—His Island." The two vessels are the fly-boat, "The Gift of God," commanded by George Popham, and the good ship, "Mary and John," of London, Raleigh Gilbert, captain. The emigrants are would-be "planters," to the number of a hundred and twenty, seeking a dwelling place in the New World.

The minister is the Reverend Richard Seymour, a priest of the Church, the leaders of the expedition being likewise loyal Churchmen.

The service said at the foot of the rude cross is the earliest known use of the Book of Common Prayer upon the New England coast, stretching six or seven hundred miles from the eastern boundary of New York, on Long Island Sound, to the Saint Croix River, on the western confines of New Brunswick.

The time is a Sunday in August, in the year of Grace 1607, scarcely above a century after the border of North America had been skirted by the first adventurous navigators of those seas, John Cabot, and Sebastian, his son, and more than a dozen years before the Plymouth Pilgrims will raise "their hymns of lofty cheer" on the wintry Sunday, at Clark's Island, on the Massachusetts coast.

In view of all that this transaction at "St. George—His Island" presaged of the future planting of the Church of Old England throughout the new district bearing its title, how do we seem to hear, above the voices of the earthly participants in the service, the morning stars singing together and all God's sons raising a shout of joy!

Yet soon the high hopes of these settlers were dashed and the brave enterprise came to an end, the auspicious opening proving but a harbinger of what only the distant future day was finally to bring forth. After a single winter, during which a few dozen simple cabins and a rough chapel had been raised, the faint-hearted colonists sought again the Old World, and the work of planting the Church on that western shore, was for many years abandoned. Indeed were one to be asked to give a history of the Church of England in the

New England Colonies, during the greater part of the seventeenth century, he could substantially embrace it in the single sentence, "There was no Church of England in the New England Colonies at that period."

A minority, it is true, of the scattered colonists preferred the English Church.

Churchmen, singly or in small groups, were to be discovered here and there. But it is not until the close of the century that we behold the Church beginning to assume any approach to an organic form.

It is convenient to begin our survey of the founding of the Church in New England with the District of Maine, both on account of its geographic position and as the scene, as we have just been reviewing, of the first prayer book service in the Province.

MAINE.

As early as 1636, probably through the influence of Sir Ferdinando Gorgas, "the father of colonization in America," the Rev. Richard Gibson, a good man, learned and gratefully accepted among those who loved the Church of England, crossed the sea to do the duties of an itinerant along the coast of Maine and New Hampshire.

A few years later, the Rev. Robert Jordan, also, was sent out by Robert Trelawney, to his plantation in Maine, to minister to the various little settlements of the region.

Perhaps it was due to the results of the modest labors of these two missionaries that a certain Thomas Jenner, a Congregational minister, made the rather odd report to Governor Winthrop, in 1641, that "The people of Saco, Maine, were much addicted to Episcopacy." Episcopacy, in the view of this divine, must have been similar to an intoxicating drink or a highly deleterious drug—the baleful hemp of India perhaps—calculated to paralyze the spiritual faculties of the user. At that period, most of the leading men in York, Falmouth, now Portland, where Mr. Jordan dwelt for thirty-six years, Saco, the home of those "addicted to Episcopacy," Scarborough and Kittary, were favorable to the Church, although compelled to support Congregationalism. Mr. Bancroft records (*Hist. U. S.*, I, 432) that, "Maine . . . was not admitted to the Union of the Colonies, formed in 1643, because the people ran a different course from the Puritans, in both their ministry and their civil administrations." But, as has been intimated, the labors of the clergymen and the inclinations of the laymen did not avail, in the seventeenth century, to establish the Church of England in Maine.

The actual founders of the Church there were two men of a much later day, the Rev. Jacob Bailey and Dr. Sylvester

Gardiner. It was not until 1760, in response to a petition of the people of Frankfort and Georgetown, that Mr. Bailey arrived among them, as a missionary of the S. P. G., at London, one sent slightly earlier not having proved effective. Mr. Bailey was a New Englander by birth, and a graduate of Harvard College, being a classmate of John Adams.

A biography of him has been written, under the picturesque title, "The Frontier Missionary." It recounts very vividly the alternating lights and shades which then made up the life of a pioneer of the cross in the wilderness.

What may be styled the "romance of missions" was illustrated more strikingly in the vast northeastern district of New England than in any other part of the province, and in the career of Jacob Bailey than in that of almost any other missionary.

For ten or twelve years he lived, with his family, in an old fort, the chapel of the post constituting all the church he had there. When, after that period, he had built a church at Pownalboro, and removed into a new parsonage house nearby, only one room in it was completed, and he was forced to board the carpenters while they finished off another.*

Mr. Bailey found in the county of Lincoln, which was practically his parish, fifteen hundred families scattered over a territory a hundred miles in length and sixty miles in breadth. Traveling was attended with great difficulty, the whole country being full of rapid rivers and almost impenetrable forests. In the winter, with the extreme cold and the snows sometimes five or six feet in depth, moving from place to place was still more impracticable.

In the early spring of the first year, the missionary reported to the society that, notwithstanding these discouragements, he had travelled six or seven hundred miles, backward and forward to preach among the people and baptize their children, enumerating five principal stations where he frequently ministered.

With a sort of winning simplicity he begged the society to send him, in addition to prayer books and catechisms, some "small plous tracts" for use among the poor, or, as was expressed in another place, "Bibles, Common Prayer Books and other pious tracts."

So sanguine was Mr. Bailey of the success of his grand

*Mr. Bailey was always poor, except in that best kind of wealth, plenty of children, six of whom survived him. One of them, Charles Percy Bailey, contributed to the rather romantic distinction of the family, by being taken under the patronage of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, being given a commission in his own regiment and at last falling, with honor, at the Battle of Chippewa.

undertaking at Pownalboro, that he proudly declared it likely to become one of the largest churches in New England.

At this later date, the town has disappeared from the map, and the church, which seems to be nearest to the locality, reports twenty-four communicants. Portland, then Falmouth, on the other hand, which did not seem on the occasion of his infrequent ministrations, to have particularly impressed him, is now the principal standpoint of the Church in Maine, with its four strong parishes and eighteen hundred communicants. So unstable are the steps of the uninspired prophet.

The last years of Mr. Bailey's services in Maine were embittered by the political disturbances of the period. He considered himself bound by the most sacred obligations to adhere to the royal cause.

Forbidden to pray for the King and yet persisting in doing so, his congregation fell off and he was repeatedly summoned to appear before the Committee of Safety.

To avoid the fury of the patriot men-at-arms, he was, at one time, obliged to flee from his home at night.

While we do not, with our present light, approve his course, we cannot but sympathize with him in his sufferings.

After nineteen years of faithful service as a priest in the valley of the Kennebec, Mr. Bailey felt compelled to leave its well-loved scenes and to withdraw to Nova Scotia. But the fruit of his work remains and redounds to his praise as one of the typical founders of the Church in Maine.*

The lay pioneer referred to a moment since, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, was the founder of the city bearing his name and the great-great-grandfather of our present highly respected leading layman, the Hon. Robert Hallowell Gardiner, of Gardiner.

Dr. Gardiner was born and bred in Narragansett, Rhode Island, early becoming imbued with strong Church principles under the tutelage of that stiff old Churchman, the Rev. Dr. MacSparran.

By a successful professional and mercantile career in Boston, he amassed what was for the time, a large fortune, becoming one of the most liberal and efficient of the King's Chapel congregation. Some years previous to the Revolutionary War, Dr. Gardiner acquired the possession or the managership of large tracts lying on the Kennebec River and extending to the westward, "not further than the coast of the

*Mr. Bailey is declared, by an enthusiastic chronicler with a little pardonable exaggeration, to have endured more hardness and done more real work, among a widely scattered people, than any ten priests, who have yet been in Maine. So much does it cost to plant the Church in a new field.

Pacific Ocean." No sooner had he come into control of the territory than he began to devise liberal things for the Church. To Pownalboro he gave the use, for seven years, of Richmond House and farm, for Mr. Bailey's improvement. For building the church and parsonage there he subscribed fifty pounds sterling, and, what was even harder, volunteered to solicit subscriptions from others. Rather curiously, but with enlightened liberality, he published, at his own sole expense, an edition of Bishop Beveridge's Sermon on the Excellency of the Book of Common Prayer, distributing the copies to a good purpose. To Gardiner's Town, now Gardiner, he also gave a Glebe, built a church and parsonage, and started an endowment, with an annual gift of twenty pounds sterling for the perpetual support of an Episcopal minister at that point.

It was a day of small things, in general, the poor people paying a weekly pew tax of two pence, the middle class one of three pence, while the rich families were taxed four pence a Sunday. It was most fortunate, however, for the Church on the Kennebec to enjoy at such a time the leadership of a layman so generous, so earnest, so permeated with the spirit of the Gospel, and so widely known and honored in the social world of the day, as was Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, and right nobly have five generations of his descendants maintained the family traditions as Churchmen.

It was not until 1820, on the occasion of the admission of the District of Maine to be a sovereign state, that the few Episcopal churches within it formed themselves into a diocese.

In 1847, that remarkable man of God, George Burgess, was consecrated first Bishop of Maine, and labored for nearly a score of years, in season and out of season, with unrivalled energy, ability and devotion, to build up the diocese, but with only moderate visible success. In truth, the people of Maine, without bitter, puritanical antagonism to the Church, simply do not, as a class, want to be Churchmen, and do want to be Congregationalists, and there, at present, is the end of the matter.

During Bishop Burgess's period of greatest activity, a dear old Congregational minister, of Augusta, too frank by half, approached him with a rainbow scheme of practical federation of churches, to be illustrated primarily by the establishment of what is called a Union Church, somewhere on the Kennebec.

The Methodists were to be assigned a generous share in the effort, and the Baptists admitted to the enterprise, while the glad hand of fellowship was held out for the contributions of the few and struggling Episcopalians, all of them

joining in the use of the structure. When the good man took breath, after describing the blessed and harmonious result, Bishop Burgess inquired, in his quizzical, courteous manner, "Well now, my dear Doctor, what do you suppose will be the actual, ultimate issue of this co-operative undertaking?" "To open my heart freely to you, Bishop Burgess," he replied, with engaging candor and not without a suppressed twinkle of the eye, "I presume the final outcome will be the establishment of a nice little Congregational church."

The Church is today comparatively strong in Portland, the seat of the Bishop, and there are some half dozen other strong parishes outside, one of them maintained on a generous scale by summer residents, whose own parishes are far away. But engaging and inestimably precious as is the work of the Church in Maine and whole-heartedly self-sacrificing as have been its three Bishops, the day of its predominance appears to be always retreating.

When Bishop Neely entered upon his office, in 1867, with ripe experience and complete consecration, he soon discovered that there was still much land left to be possessed. The solid northern half of the Diocese was yet unexplored, in a Church point of view, a territory twice as large as the whole of New Jersey, but, of course, very thinly inhabited.

One of his first active steps was to make a missionary journey through the length and breadth of this *terra incognita*, beginning with a course due north from Bangor and Oldtown, two hundred miles on the Aroostook Road, taking with him one of his clergy and two laymen.

As they were to pass many clear mountain streams and had an eye for sport as well as work, they carried, among their paraphernalia, a generous supply of fishing rods. In the course of the expedition they happened to lodge, one night, near the foot of Mount Katahdin, at a village which boasted a weekly newspaper about the size of a man's hand. In the succeeding issue of the journal, it was chronicled, "Last Wednesday night there passed through the town the Bishop of Maine and the rector of St. John's Church, Bangor, on a missionary journey. Judging from a glance at their wagons, we should not infer that they are exclusively fishers of men." The Bishop did faithfully angle for men, as well as otherwise, but it must be acknowledged that the bait was rather rarely taken.

So primitive was the field traveled over that, in a notice of a Sunday morning service, posted beforehand by a friendly resident, no hour was given, but only the intimation that "the meeting would begin when the sun should be about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours high."

One night the party had been dragging wearily along for

seven miles through the almost pitchy dark forest without coming to a single house, when a sort of rough inn was reached, with, however, no ray of light in the windows, the inmates having long before entered upon their slumbers.

It was with great difficulty that anyone was aroused or could be persuaded to open the door, it being urged that only seven miles more would bring the benighted company to the next house.

Nevertheless, when, on the following morning, the hostess discovered that she was entertaining a Bishop of the Church of her birth in England, she pleaded with him to baptize her numerous young children.

After the end of breakfast, a spotless cloth was laid over one end of the table. A white china bowl filled with water from the spring was set upon it, Bishop Neely entered the room, fully robed, the solemn office was said, a half dozen little souls were received into the Ark, and the Church was established in the northern half of Maine, two hundred and sixty years, to a single month, from the date when the initial use of the Book of Common Prayer in the southern half had occurred at "St. George—His Island," in 1607.

So long does it take to make a Diocese in New England.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The history of the introduction of the Church into New Hampshire, which, in early days, included also Vermont, may be said, almost literally, to have been embraced in the annals of a single parish, that of St. John's Church, Portsmouth, known before the Revolutionary War as Queen's Chapel.

The original settlers of New Hampshire, who had planted themselves at the mouth of the Piscataqua as early as 1623, under the auspices of Mason and Gorges, were, however, of the Church, and even built there, previously to 1638, a simple chapel and a parsonage, with a view to the Rev. Richard Gibson's occupancy, in combination, as already referred to, with his ministrations in Maine.

Governor John Winthrop made a somewhat sinister reference to the fact, declaring that some of the members of that settlement were "professed enemies of the way of the churches," i. e., of the Puritan churches.

A grant of fifty acres of land was made to the Church by the provisional government of the period, in New Hampshire, in a deed, by which it is still held, a portion of the land lying in the compact part of Portsmouth.

The chapel itself, however, after 1640, appears to have lapsed into a meeting house, by which name it was called ever

after, being used for worship by the Congregationalists for eighteen years. (Batchelder's History of the Eastern Diocese, I, 139.)

In 1642, Mr. Gibson was banished by the government of Massachusetts, to which New Hampshire belonged until 1679, on the accusation of exercising the unauthorized right to baptize and marry. From that date all traces of any organized Church life in Portsmouth seem to have been suppressed for nearly a century by Puritan intolerance and persecution.

In the early portion of the eighteenth century, however, circumstances became more favorable. Many men of character and substance attached to the Church of England, became residents in the town or its vicinity. In 1732, they combined and erected a church on the high ground above the Piscataqua. The Queen presented to it two large flagons, a chalice, a paten and a christening bowl of solid silver, the chapel being called, in gratitude, as has been already noted, Queen's Chapel.

One of the enthusiastic promoters of the enterprise, whose instruction in the catechism seems to have stopped short of the tenth commandment, cast a longing eye at this juncture towards Rhode Island, and permitted himself to covet the Society's missionary assigned to Providence, the Rev. Arthur Browne. In writing to a gentleman in London, a certain Captain John Thomlinson, judged to have considerable influence with the S. P. G., the Portsmouth Churchman lays bare the grounds of his scheme for removing Mr. Browne, and remarks, after speaking of Portsmouth as a seaport, the metropolis of the King's government, "Now Providence being a country town and but very few professed Churchmen there, and those, too, more in profession than reality, of very different behaviour, . . . and but a small distance from Road Island [meaning Newport, just thirty miles away], where there is a Church established, and I believe were Mr. Browne to write his own sentiments he could give but a very indifferent character of the people there, and such a one as would scarce deserve the Society's care. Besides, as we have built a Church, which hath already cost us near, if not quite, two thousand pounds, etc." Perhaps it was not unnatural that Mr. Browne concluded that there was a good opening for the inculcation of Christian charity, at least in Portsmouth. In any case he accepted the invitation to the pastoral care of Queen's Chapel and remained there for thirty-seven years, until his death. He was a very attractive gentleman, a friend of Bishop Berkeley, an excellent preacher and a faithful parish priest, being reputed to have been the original of the "Parson," in the "Poet's Tale," among Longfellow's

"Tales of a Wayside Inn," although the passage alluding to him there seems scarcely to do him justice:

"The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will."*

The Portsmouth layman's notion, in which there is no evidence that others shared, of the relative importance of the Parson's two charges has hardly been borne out by subsequent history. Portsmouth has but a few thousands of people, with two churches, embracing a little over five hundred communicants, at even the present day, while Providence has reached a population of about two hundred thousand, and contains above a dozen churches, with nearly seven thousand communicants.

One of the powerful patrons of Queen's Chapel was Governor Benning Wentworth, a constant and wise counsellor and a member of the S. P. G., his successor, Sir John Wentworth, being also concerned in the welfare of the parish. By the influence of Governor Benning Wentworth, large tracts of land in many towns of New Hampshire were reserved for the endowment of the Church. With such parishioners as gathered around the new enterprise led by so acceptable and even brilliant a rector, it is not surprising that soon Queen's Chapel became noted, throughout New England for the comparative splendor and social prominence of its congregation. A clergyman from rural Narragansett, who officiated at Portsmouth on a Sunday in September, 1773, set down in his Parish Register, upon his return, with a sort of quaint and bucolic elation, "Preached in Portsmouth Church, which I found to be a small but gay and shining congregation in Respect to Dress and Appearance."**

Since the name of the parish was changed to St. John's, after the Revolutionary War, its prosperity has continued ample, one rector, the Rev. Dr. Charles Burroughs, being at its head from 1809 to 1858, and a large share of the men of education in the town, among them, in former years, Daniel Webster and Jeremiah Mason, being counted as its attendants and giving it great weight in the Diocese.

For about eighty-six years of its history the Church has

**Digest of the S. P. G. Records*, page 852.

** Would it not be entertaining to have pictured for us, if possible, the costumes and adornments, which thus appear to have drawn off the attention of the simple-hearted parson from his own excellent discourse a hundred and forty years ago?

been served by only two rectors. Two other parishes were early organized in New Hampshire in the western section, one at Claremont, about 1773, and the other at Cornish, in 1793, probably as a result of the conformance to the Church of Philander Chase, afterwards the great pioneer Bishop of Ohio and Illinois, but born a Congregationalist. The Church at Rumford, now Concord, belongs to a later date. There is much of very deep interest in the history of these parishes and in the establishment of the great school, St. Paul's, at the latter place, giving to the Diocese its chief present attraction, the Church in New Hampshire, although vigorous and churchly, never having attained great size, even under the devotion and zeal of its most excellent Bishops.

MASSACHUSETTS:

If the Advent of the Church in Maine was, as has been seen, like a tranquil dawn, its introduction into Massachusetts bore a far different aspect.

More aptly might it be compared, with the opposition it there met, to the storming of a grim fortress, where every gate had been bolted and barred and every bridge drawn up. The Puritans were in almost absolute possession of Boston during the middle of the seventeenth century, holding the civil power as well as the spiritual, and they intended to remain so. There was no face of the organized Church of England in the Colony until about 1679. Nevertheless, the situation was not as simple as it might appear. By no means all inside that stronghold had lost their love for the Church of their youth. The Puritans had driven out the Church through the door, but it had come back through the window. Some of them were half ready to undo the bars and draw back the bolts of the castle. There were furtive spiritual traitors within the walls. From many a figuratively grated window was whispered beneath the breath, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion!" The last thing desired or intended by the Royal Commission promoting the Colony, was that it should be occupied by an exclusively Puritan personnel.

Steadily the London adventurers and the Council of New England favored the emigration of those of milder views of religion. The Rev. John Robinson, an arch-Puritan, indeed, but recognized as "the most learned, polished and modest spirit, that ever separated from the Church of England," took the liveliest interest in the plan for emigration to America and was active in negotiations with the Virginia Company. But he himself was never permitted to follow his flock to Massachusetts. He wrote to Brewster, in 1623, "I persuade

myself that, for me, they, of all others, are unwilling I should be transported," and he never came. There was, however, a call for numerous emigrants. Comparatively few Churchmen cared to venture their fortunes in the New World. They had no motive for leaving England. Vast numbers of those of Puritan tendencies, however, harassed by ecclesiastical conditions at home thought they saw relief and happiness in New England and they formed a great majority of the settlers. But many of even them were not out and out separatists, after all. They could not bear to cut the last rope. Winthrop himself was a communicant member of the Church as long as he remained in England and united in an affectionate farewell to it on his departure.

Francis Higginson, when leaving his native shore, exclaimed to the assembled passengers, "We will say, 'Farewell, dear England. Farewell, the Church of England.' . . . We do not go to New England as separatists from the Church of God in England, although we cannot but separate from the corruption of it."

There were many who, in their personal experience, illustrated the favorite and, perhaps, somewhat sentimental apologue, "The Changed Cross." Turned against the Church by the despotic attitude of the King and the proscriptive policy of land, they fancied they should find rest for their souls from their heavy cross in the Congregational order and form of worship. But when they wearied of that, too, and discovered thorns beneath the roses which twined around their new cross, they chanced, at length, upon a form just suited to their needs and just what they could bear, and, lo! their eyes were opened and they saw their own dear old Church itself which had been, for a season, deserted and despised.

Even William Blackstone, who, of course, never thought of separating from the Church but still had been sufficiently galled to be caused to emigrate, found that there was human nature in the saints who joined him at Boston, as well as in the ecclesiastical magnates whom he had fled from England to be rid of, exclaiming, as has been so often quoted, "I left England because of my dislike of the Lord Bishops, but now I do not like the lord brethren," and again folded his tent and found in Rhode Island, as an anchorite, the peace his soul loved. It is an error to judge the men of that time harshly. They lived in days of great spiritual disturbance. The ecclesiastical equilibrium in England was thoroughly unsettled. Nobody was wholly to blame. Great problems of the mind and heart were clamoring to be worked out. A new field for the conflict needed to be provided. Now that the fight is mainly over and the smoke has been blown away, the

air seems all the clearer and no one deeply regrets that the battle was set in array.*

Puritans and Churchmen all were men in earnest. Both parties believed themselves in the right. In a sense, they were both in the right, because they sincerely believed so. We are often warned that two wrongs do not make a right. No less true is it that two opposing rights, even very different ones, do not always make a wrong. Most of the bitterness and strife of the world has arisen from overlooking the principle that in a conflict of honest convictions, both parties may be at root correct.

In the case in hand our sympathies are, of course, heartily with the Churchmen. But if the native New Englanders of today have any iron in their blood, we must remember that it is because they are descended from such sturdy old Puritans as John Endicott and John Winthrop and John Cotton.

The earliest attempt of which we are informed to plant the Church in Massachusetts was in 1623. In that year, the Rev. William Morrell, an ordained clergyman, came with Captain Robert Gorges, and lived for a while at Weymouth, on the south shore, being entrusted with a rather ill-advised commission from the Ecclesiastical Court to "exercise a kind of superintendence over the churches which are or may be established in New England."

He found, outside of Plymouth, where there was naturally no urgent demand for his services, few inhabitants except Indians and no churches at all, to submit to his quasi-episcopal authority.

One of the grim Puritans of the day remarked quite aptly, "Mr. Morrell did well not to open his commission until there appeared a subject-matter to work upon." But no "subject-matter" offering, he quite philosophically wrought the result of his Colonial observations into a very fair Latin poem and resailed for England or elsewhere. It is believed, without absolute evidence, that Blackstone, gentleman, scholar and long sole occupant of Shawmut peninsula, came as a companion of Morrell. In 1629 the two Browns, John and Samuel, members of the Council of Massachusetts Bay Company, as well as staunch Churchmen, arrived in Salem and began to meet in a private house, with a few others, for worship in

*The Puritans believed themselves victims of oppression and persecution, on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities of England. But, when at length they found themselves in the saddle, in Boston, they did not dream of granting the few Churchmen among them, such freedom as they had so bitterly complained of being denied. The fact is, that neither Puritans nor Churchmen, in that age, had learned the lesson of soul liberty. But it has now passed into a common place, thanks very much to that very combat.

the manner of the Church of England. Finding these two brothers to be particularly high spirited and their speeches and practices tending, as Governor Endicott claimed, to mutiny and faction, he told them roundly that New England was no place for such as they and deported them to the Old World, it being nearly a century before any considerable number of Churchmen were gathered again in the town of Salem. Before 1630, there were somewhat numerous settlers in Massachusetts, known as the "Old Planters," such as Maverick, Conant and Woodbury, who held firmly to the Church of England, and were scrupulous in having their children baptized by the Rev. Mr. Lyford, an Irish clergyman of Puritan tendencies, but not a separatist, who came to Plymouth in 1624, and removed into Virginia in 1627, in response to a "loving invitation," not receiving, it appears, "a like loving invitation" to remain at Plymouth.

In 1646, "A Remonstrance and Humble Petition," i. e., conventionally humble, against Puritan repression and intolerance was presented to the General Court of Massachusetts, promoted by William Vassall, of Scituate, called "a man to be feared," and signed by seven gentlemen, notably Samuel Maverick and David Yale, a vigorous Churchman, a grandson of Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham, and father of the famous Eli, or Elihu, Yale. Mr. Yale thus incurred the censure of the General Court for "meddling in other people's business," and is said to have taken refuge with Roger Williams, being believed to have been the first Churchman ever living in Providence.

Elihu, his son, born in Boston, or its vicinity, was only three years old when the family returned to England. He, too, was almost certainly a Churchman, being recorded as a generous contributor to the S. P. G. It was rather in his capacity as a native of New England than on account of any especial sympathy with Congregationalism, that out of a large fortune acquired during his governorship in the East Indies, he made his memorable gift to the New Collegiate School at Saybrook, which later developed into Yale College.

The cosmopolitan character of Governor Yale's life is illustrated by the curious inscription on his tomb in Wales:

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled and in Asia wed.

When Charles II came to the throne, at the Restoration, in 1660, measures were taken in favor of the Church, leading to higher hopes in Massachusetts. An agent of the General Court, deprecatingly reported in London that "Episcopacy, Common Prayer, bowing at the Name of Jesus, sign of

the Cross in Baptism, the Altar and organs are in use, and like to be more."

Two years later, in 1662, the King, in replying to an address of the General Court, especially provided for the grievances of Churchmen, by charging it to allow liberty, "so that they that desire to use the Book of Common Prayer . . . be not denied the exercise thereof."

About 1679 a considerable number of the inhabitants of Boston petitioned King Charles II that a Church might be allowed in that city and in form the plea was granted, although nothing practical appears to have been immediately done. But, in 1684, the charter of the Colony was declared by the High Court of Chancery to be forfeited, and, in 1686, a new order of government was established, the practical result being that the members of the Church of England were enfranchised. In the spring of that same year, Joseph Dudley, himself an independent, but friendly to the Church, came into power, as President of New England. He was accompanied by the Rev. Robert Radcliffe, a clergyman of the Church of England.

The times were now ripe for the establishment of the Church. Although Mr. Radcliffe appeared to have had, in so large a degree, the countenance of the government, the use of any of the three meeting houses of Boston was, at first, denied him, the east end of the Town house and later the Exchange being offered to him as places to preach in. But the day soon came when, in a way to be regretted, the employment of the Congregational meeting houses was in a manner commandeered rather than patiently pleaded for. Sir Edmund Andros soon succeeded President Dudley and immediately sought for the opening of one of the three meeting houses for the purpose of worship according to the usage of the Church of England.

On March 23, 1687, the crisis came. Andros demanded the keys of the south meeting house, so that, as he put it, "they might say their prayers there." On March 25th, the government took possession of the house and had the Good Friday service held in it; so great was the change of relations since forty years before, when David Yale was censured by the General Court for "meddling in other people's business," by protesting against Puritanical intolerance, and driven to Rhode Island.

It is quaintly recorded that "Goodman Needham, tho' had resolved to the contrary, was prevailed upon to ring ye bell and open ye door, at ye Governor's command."

Sunday, March 27th, being Easter, the Governor again occupied the same place and had the full service. Judge Sewall ruefully records that they "met at 11, and broke off

past 2 because of ye Sacrament and Mr. Clarke's long sermon, though we were appointed to come half hour past one; so 'twas a sad sight to see how full ye street was with people gazing and moving to and fro, because had not entrance into ye house."

That was the high-handed and inauspicious way in which Church services were inaugurated in Boston.

It was on June 15th of that same year, 1686, that King's parish was organized, the Rev. Mr. Radcliffe being recognized as minister, or rector, some of the Puritans amiably nicknaming his "Baal's priest" and even from the pulpit stamping the prayers of the prayer book, "leeks, garlic and trash."

In 1688, a plain church of wood, the first Episcopal Church in Massachusetts, was built on part of the ground still occupied by King's Chapel, at a cost of two hundred and eighty-four pounds sterling, the first service in it being held in June, 1689. The present venerable stone chapel, was opened for divine service in August, 1754, one hundred pounds sterling having been contributed towards its construction by the S. P. G., appropriations for the support of the rector having, however, been previously declined by the Society.

The edifice was designed by Peter Harrison, the favorite Newport architect of the day, its lovely and graceful interior being doubtlessly suggested by that of Trinity Church, in his own city, where he had long sat as a worshipper and which is said itself to have been modelled on the ancient St. James's Church, Picadilly.

The resignation of Mr. Radcliffe soon after the opening of the first chapel was followed by the election of the Rev. Samuel Myles, who was succeeded by the Rev. Roger Price and the Rev. Henry Caner. During Mr. Myles's rectorship of thirty-nine years, the members of the congregation were reported as six hundred and communicants one hundred and twenty.

The unhappy circumstances attending the transfer of King's Chapel to the Unitarians, soon after the Revolutionary War, cannot be dwelt upon here. It is impossible, however, to escape noticing that the one church which was established with a high hand and depended for its early existence upon the fiat of the royal governor, should have fallen into the hands of an heretical body and been, for a century and a quarter the scene of the use of an emasculated Book of Common Prayer, almost suggesting a thought of the solemn pronouncement, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Nor can it be doubted that the period is approaching when this antique structure will be gladly and voluntarily restored to its original use, just as the day will surely come, too, in

the evolution of public honesty and honor, when the British nation will carry back the Elgin marbles from the Museum to the Acropolis.

By 1722 it was recognized that King's Chapel was not large enough to accommodate all the inhabitants of Boston, who desired to attend the Church of England.

A new house of worship, of brick, was therefore erected at the north end of the city, during 1723, and named Christ Church. From the outset it had a large congregation, seven or eight hundred attendants, a few years after its opening, it being especially recorded that on Christmas day, 1744, it was thronged with dissenters. The old North Church steeple has become famous from being the scene of the hanging out of the signal lanterns—

“one if by land, and two if by sea,”—

at the time of “Paul Revere's Ride,” the whole venerable building looking today much as it did two centuries ago.

In a half dozen years, King's Chapel again overflowed and steps were taken for the building of Trinity Church, its corner-stone being laid in 1734. This soon became the principal church in the city and has numbered among its rectors at least five who were or have become bishops.

A very different day had dawned in Boston, the Puritan stronghold, when three strong parishes of the Church were founded in it, in the course of about forty years.

It is related that when a fourth church, St. Paul's, was proposed, the Trinity rector of the day exclaimed, on hearing of it, in a manner which showed at once the great change in the social status of the Church since primitive Colonial times, and a rather singular conception of the proper object of churches in any wise: “A new church in Boston! What call is there for a new church? Isn't Trinity large enough for all the gentlemen in Boston?”

At the time of the chartering of the S. P. G., 1701, there was no church in Massachusetts outside the town of Boston. But soon afterwards, in the section around, where many inhabitants were attached to the Church of England and ready to welcome its services, churches sprang up, each interesting and important enough to be worthy of a detailed description, but necessarily to be dismissed here with a bare mention of the name—St. Paul's Church, at first called St. Anne's Chapel, Newburyport, where Bishop Bass ministered for fifty years—St. Michael's Church, Marblehead, where, on account of poverty, there were frequent changes of pastor, the Puritan minister, Mr. Barnard, settled, of course, for life, jotting down jeeringly in his diary that Marblehead must be a very salubrious locality, inasmuch as no rector of St. Michael's ever died there—Christ Church, Braintree, now Quincy, the scene of Dr. Ebenezer Miller's labors—St. Andrew's Church, Scitu-

ate, where the Rev. Ebenezer Thompson so long ministered—St. Peter's Church, Salem, whence the Rev. Mr. Brockwell, missionary of the S. P. G., wrote, in elation, June 30, 1739, that he "was received with great joy and found a handsome, well-furnished church, with the Ten Commandments in golden letters upon black, and the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in black letters upon gold, at the Communion Table"—St. Thomas's Church, Taunton—Christ, later St. Paul's, Church, Dedham—and Christ Church, Cambridge, with another of Peter Harrison's creations for its church, which was styled by the missionary, the Rev. East Apthorp, "decently elegant."

The mention just now of St. Andrew's Church, Scituate, built in 1731, on "Church Hill," suggests an incident which, although it occurred several years previously, may have had some connection with the inception of the church movement in the town and, at least, illustrates the original attitude prevailing towards the Church of England. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, young William Wanton, whose father was a prominent Quaker of Scituate, fell in love with Miss Ruth Bryant, a daughter of an equally decided Congregationalist.

Religious objections against the match arising on both sides, threatening to bring it to an end, the impatient swain exclaimed to his lady love, "Friend Ruth, let us break from this unreasonable bondage. I will give up my religion and thou shalt give up thine, and we will go over to the Church of England and—go to the devil together,"—a proposition which they proceeded literally to carry out—that is, the first part of it.

They adhered all their lives to the Church of England, in Newport, whither they removed, and brought up in it their nine children, the Wantons being the most powerful family of its day in the Rhode Island Colony, five of them becoming its governors.

As years went on many of the religious asperities of Massachusetts, of the earlier period, appear to have been smoothed down. Times grew milder. On one occasion it is recorded that a considerable portion of the congregation of Christ Church, Boston, consisted of "dissenters, decent and composed." In one section after another the requirement that Churchmen should be taxed for the support of the Puritan clergy was relaxed. Governor Dudley, who, although an Independent, seems always, as has been already noted, to have had a friendly feeling for the Church, gave it as his opinion that certain petitioners of Newbury Church "ought not to be taxed or imposed upon for the support and maintenance of any other public worship in the said town."

The casting into prison of certain reputable citizens of Bristol, now Rhode Island, but then included in Plymouth Colony, for refusing to pay imposts for the salary of the Congregational minister, aroused such indignation as hindered its repetition.

One Puritan magistrate called upon to certify to the churchmanship of a citizen who claimed to be free from maintaining the "Standing Order" (it was in Connecticut), is related to have shown his humor, good or otherwise, by inditing, "The bearer of this, John Smith, having taken oath that he has abjured the Christian religion and joined the Episcopal Church, is hereby relieved from the payment of the regular rates."

In what contrast to that day of small things for the Church, when it was forced to fight its way for existence, stands an impressive scene enacted, on a very recent date, in Boston.

The time is the sixth day of October, in the autumn just closed, 1913. A procession is beheld issuing from a large steeple-crowned edifice at the head of Boston Common, and marching along the elm-arched mall to a stately, columned structure across the street, on the left. At the head of the line walks a vested cross-bearer. In the procession are seen white-robed choristers, students in black gowns, a great number of clergy wearing surplices and many-colored hoods, and one commanding figure, most marked of all, clad in Episcopal vestments. It is the Bishop of Massachusetts with his clergy proceeding to his Cathedral Church to sing a Te Deum in grateful recognition of the completion of twenty years since his consecration. On each side are massed crowds of citizens, respectful and sympathetic, swift to show honor to one whom all love. The very building, which has been freely and gladly offered for the robing place of the procession and as its starting point, is most significant of the wonderful transformation wrought since the day when Churchmen were shut out of every meeting house in Boston and compelled to gain admission by the strong arm of the civil law. It is the Park Street Church, long almost the latest citadel of Puritanic domination, the location being popularly styled, by reason of the stiff Calvinism preached in the structure, "Brimstone Corner." No longer are the adherents of the Church a mere handful of people, grudgingly tolerated. Rather do they enjoy an almost perilous degree of prosperity, as the predominant religious body in the city.

A recent census of all that large section lying west of the Public Garden and filled with the residences of the leading citizens, has disclosed the fact that a far greater number of its families attend the Episcopal Church than any other.

The faithful Diocesan can reflect as he enters his Cathedral today, to the sound of the exultant Ambrosian Hymn, that in Greater Boston he has under his cure thirty-five churches, embracing more than fifteen thousand communicants, and in his whole Diocese one hundred and ninety-one parishes and missions, with forty-nine thousand communicants, while the entire State, until lately wholly under the charge of the Bishop of Massachusetts, contains two hundred and fifty-two parishes and missions and sixty-three thousand communicants. So literally has the little one become a thousand.

RHODE ISLAND.*

The introduction of the Church into Rhode Island was almost as dissimilar from its founding in the northern part of New England as if the two sections had been situated in different parts of the world, instead of being separated by only a narrow river. Except in Bristol, then a part of Plymouth Colony, Churchmen had no large numbers of Puritan neighbors to "molest them or make them afraid." The Christian bodies predating them in the Colony were chiefly either Quakers, who evinced little antagonism to the Church, or Baptists, who were precluded by the proclamation of religious freedom, on the part of their leader, Roger Williams, from evincing any at all.

There were established in Rhode Island about the beginning of the eighteenth century, four parishes of the Church possessing considerable strength, no other one, able to endure, being added for nearly a century. These four, however, stood firm, like an invincible strategic quadrilateral, in the four quarters, north, south, east and west, of the Commonwealth, through all the commotions of the Revolution and the succeeding period of exhaustion, and remain in undiminished vigor to the present day.

It is not possible to assert when, after the period of the settlement of Newport, there were not Churchmen in that town. It was in 1698, only two years subsequently to the organization of Trinity Church, New York, that services according to the English Book of Common Prayer began to be held in the seaport of Rhode Island. The instrument to whom this step was chiefly due, was Sir Francis Nicholson, successively royal Governor or Lieutenant-Governor of New York, Virginia and Maryland, credited in an ancient document with being "the original founder and first principal

*Of Rhode Island, the exhaustion of the time, at our disposal, forbids the taking of more than a cursory view.

patron of Trinity Church, Newport." There is evidence that Queen Anne charged Sir Francis to inquire into the condition of American churches.

Among the resident promoters of the undertaking were Gabriel Bernon, a well-known French Protestant refugee; Pierre Ayrault, also a Huguenot; William Brinley, son of Francis; and Robert Gardner, Collector of the Port.

After one or two temporary missionaries, there was sent over by the S. P. G., the Rev. James Honyman, "a diligent Scotchman," who toiled with all his heart for nearly a half-century to build up the parish until his death, like Goldsmith's "Village Preacher," who

"Ne'er had changed or wished to change his place."

The inscription on Mr. Honyman's tomb, hard by the principal church door, quaintly describes him, as "with the arm of charity embracing all sincere followers of Christ."

The time naturally arrived, under his mild sway, when the predominant Quakers and two kinds of Baptists, besides Presbyterians and Independents, are recorded to have "all agreed that the Church of England was the second best," sufficiently satisfactory evidence that it was, in truth, the first best.

The visit of Dean, afterwards Bishop, Berkeley, at Newport, formed one of the principal incidents in the early history of Trinity Church. The Dean was anything rather than a Calvinist, although a generous spirited recognizer of genius wherever he found it. One summer Sunday, in 1729, when he was preaching in the church with all the pews filled to repletion by those eager to hear their favorite speaker, Baptists and friendly Quakers, in their broad-brimmed hats, standing patiently in the alleys, Berkeley, up in the towering pulpit, suddenly waxed warm and pronounced, with mighty emphasis and a merry gleam in his eye, a sentence, probably not to be found in his carefully-written manuscript, "Give the devil his due. John Calvin was a great man."

Over in Narragansett, at about the same period, a considerable group of Churchmen was to be found, the two Richard Smiths, father and son, their kinsmen, the Updikes, the Phillippes, and George Balfour. It is narrated that, for some time previously to 1675, the Rev. William Blackstone, whom we have seen migrating from Shawmut Peninsula to escape the too persistent attentions of the "Lord-Brethren" in Boston, was accustomed, once a month, to ride from his home in the northern part of the Colony, in primitive style, upon the back of a trained mouse-colored bullock, to Wickford, to hold, in Richard Smith's block-house, what are believed to have been the first prayer book services in Rhode Island. Adequate strength was developed to enable the Churchmen

of Narragansett, in 1707, to erect a sightly and sufficiently spacious church, still standing, although used for worship only occasionally in summer. The principal missionary sent out to this nation by the S. P. G. in the eighteenth century was the Rev. James MacSparran, D.D., who arrived in 1721 and labored there for more than a generation with exceptional ability, entire devotedness and eminent success. Hardly anywhere was there, at that day, so strong a country parish as he left when he died in 1757. It can scarcely be conceded that his forceful and churchly influence has yet ceased to be felt in the region.

Like all other profoundly religious men, the Doctor had his pet abhorrances, sounding rather odd in our day—the practice of lay-reading, the establishment of churches without glebes, and the presence of Quakers.* Sometimes, with all his acknowledged predominance in ecclesiastical rank, learning, benevolence and social status, even Dr. MacSparran found his match. There was in the neighborhood of the Doctor's glebe-house, a poor, uneducated Quaker preacher, counted as scarcely more than simple in the world, but mighty in the Scriptures inside the meeting house, and a powerful speaker on First days and Fifth days. Having conscientious scruples against taking money for uttering the Lord's message, he earned his daily bread by the roughest kinds of labor. One day the rector found the humble Friend at his toil, and riding up to him on his fine horse, with just a bit of a patronizing air, exclaimed, "Well, James, how many bowls of bread and milk does it take to build a stone wall?" "Just as many, Doctor," responded the reputed half-witted Quaker, "just as many as it takes of hireling priests to make a Gospel minister." But there can be no doubt that each of these very diverse parties to the passage-at-arms, recognized at its full value the sterling worth of the other.

The third Colonial church of Rhode Island is that of St. Michael's, Bristol, established in 1719. The early rectors, both sent by the S. P. G., were the Rev. James Orem, who remained but a brief period, and the Rev. John Usher, who labored for more than fifty years to build up the parish which has long ranked as the leading extraurban church of the Diocese. One of its chief claims is as the scene of the won-

*As the Quakers were the principal heretics Dr. MacSparran found in his sphere of operation, he made the most of them and chose them to be the particular objects of attack, declaring that when he entered on his mission, "I found the people not a *tabula rasa*, or clean sheet of paper, upon which I might make any impressions I pleased, but a field full of briars and thorns and noxious weeds, that were all to be eradicated, before I could implant in them the simplicity of Truth."

derful labors of the saintly and apostolic Bishop Griswold for a quarter of a century.

The last of the Colonial parishes of Rhode Island is St. John's, Providence, known in those Colonial days as King's Church, whose founders began to build on St. Barnabas's Day, 1722. Many years previously Mr. Blackstone had settled, as already noted, a few miles north of Providence, at what is now known as Lonsdale, on the river still called by his name. There is little doubt that his arrival antedated that of Roger Williams by several months, if not by a year. A visitor of the time somewhat dryly chronicled, "One Master Blackstone lives near Master Williams, but is far from his opinions." There is a tradition that this excellent clergyman held services in Providence at a very early period, his ministrations being highly prized by all, especially by the children, with whom his popularity may not, perhaps, have been entirely unconnected with the fact that, being the first cultivator of fruit trees in the Colony, he was wont to come to town with his pockets well stored with apples, to be distributed after the benediction.

St. John's Church, or King's Church, soon attained a commanding position, several of its early rectors being men of unusual mark, as Rev. Arthur Browne, already referred to in connection with St. John's, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Rev. John Checkley, once the keeper of a little book shop in Boston, called, in old-fashioned style, "The Crown and Blue Gate," and not ordained until he had attained his fifty-ninth year.

The work of St. John's in the nineteenth century was built up and consolidated by the Rev. Dr. N. B. Crocher, who labored for its welfare, with all his heart and strength, from 1807 to 1865.

Upon the foundation of these four Colonial parishes has been reared by Bishop Griswold, Bishop Henshaw and Bishop Clark, the Diocese of Rhode Island, so small in territory, but so strong in comparative numbers and in good works. No other Protestant Christian body in the State today is growing as rapidly as the Church or seems to be offering ministrations as welcome to the population.

In the early summer of the year 1900, the bicentenary of the foundation of the S. P. G. began to be celebrated in London. It chanced that the speaker was present on the occasion and "his lot was to burn incense," in company with a countless host of other Anglican Churchmen, in gratitude for all that the venerable society has been permitted to accomplish. There were a stately service of thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral and services very numerous in other London churches.

But the greatest assembly of all was held in the historic Exeter Hall, on the afternoon of the nineteenth day of June.

Archbishop Temple, of Canterbury, was in the president's chair, supported by more than a score of other Bishops. The Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister of England, was present, and made a notable speech.

There were there, too, the venerable Bishop Doane, of Albany, who presented an address from the American Church, and Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, who also spoke on the occasion. Prebendary Tucker, then secretary of the S. P. G., read a cablegram of congratulation from the rector and church wardens of St. Michael's Church, Bristol, R. I., one of the earliest settlements of the Society. A most inspiring feature of the meeting was the singing of the national anthem by the children of the Chapel Royal, whose quaint uniforms, perhaps unchanged since the formation of the Society, two hundred years before, made a bright patch of color upon the otherwise somewhat sombre black-coated map on the platform.

Nor did a New England Churchman need to feel himself a stranger in this scene, as if the venerable Society were none of his. Rather might he have rightly realized that it was peculiarly his own. The primary purpose of the organization in its earlier inchoate form was the promotion of Christianity in the Northern Colonies of America.

As early as July, 1649, an ordinance was passed erecting a corporation to be called the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, and, again, in the fourth year of the reign of Charles II, the King was graciously pleased to revive and renew the work by creating, through an express charter, "The Society (or Company) for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England and parts adjacent, in America," two score years before the corporation developed into its permanent more general form.

Before the close of the Revolutionary War, the Society had sent and supported eighty-four missionaries at eighty central stations in, as it records, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Maine, Vermont and Narragansett. With that record in our minds, do we need to look far afield for the agencies which founded the Church in New England? Without the fostering care of the Society the Church, as it is in New England, and almost, from a human point of view, the Church at all, would never have existed. Right heartily then do we accord to the ancient association its long-established title, "The Venerable Society."