

L'Argentine. Ketterer's * *

Le Jet D'Eau, Sydney Smith, * *

(Slumber on Baby Dear,) Music by Watson
G. M. Gottschalk, English words by

Spannlied

H. Litolff

La Carnaval de Venise

Jules Schalkoff

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By Wm. H. Bilden

Bishop Coxe's last day.

The circumstances attending the death of ~~Bishop~~^{Dr.} Arthur Cleveland Coxe, Episcopalian bishop of Western New York, which occurred on Monday July 20, have been interesting enough to be repeated. An unusually brilliant company had been assembled at Clifton-Springs, N. Y., to share the dedication-exercises on the occasion of opening the chapel and the rest of the new edifice of Dr. Foster's sanitarium. The board of trustees is one which was selected by the doctor in 1881, to establish the inviolability of his benevolent plans as perfectly as human foresight could make them. They include, ~~ex officio, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church,~~ ^{ex officio,} among the thirteen gentlemen constituting the board, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church (Dr. Foster's own

denomination), six secretaries of the foreign missionary enterprises in as many of the leading Protestant denominations, and the bishop of the local diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church. These were present Episcopal Church. This order of things brought an invitation to Bishop Coxe as the last-named official ~~and~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~men~~ ~~tioned~~. Right cordially has he ~~order~~ entered into and shared these responsibilities. These were present at the dedication, ^{besides Bishop Coxe,} ~~Bishops~~ Vincent and McCabe, ^{and} ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Methodist~~ ~~Church~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~new~~ ~~mission~~ ~~ary~~ ~~secretary~~ ~~Leonard~~, ^{Secretary} ~~Clun~~ ~~wood~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Presbyterian~~ ~~foreign~~ ~~board~~, who presided morning and afternoon, Secretaries Murdock, Baptist, and Judson Smith and Barton of the American Board. Among all these Bishop Coxe was as a brother beloved, enjoyed in his life and mourned exceedingly when the sudden news of his death fell upon their ears. At the usual Monday prayer-meeting in the ^{new} ~~san~~ ~~itarium~~ ~~chapel~~ the same evening of the sad

Church,
wood

occurrence, Dr. Murdock related an incident that revealed the sweetness which no ecclesiastical limitations could altogether hide. While Bishop, then only Doctor, Coxe was rector of one of the Episcopal churches in Hartford, Connecticut, Dr. Murdock was pastor of the South Baptist church in the same city. The Episcopalians, and Dr. Coxe in particular, had had their eye upon the piece of ground upon which the South Baptist church afterward built their commanding edifice. When the property came under the control of the latter, Dr. Coxe went to Dr. Murdock, expressed courteous interest in his building plans, and proceeded to take such a brotherly ~~share~~ share in their development, as have made the edifice now standing there really a monument in no small part to his own elegant taste and skill in ecclesiastical architecture. Even more than in the significant

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story itself the prayer which followed from St. Murdock's lips and heart told eloquently how tender a sense of bereavement remains among the bishop's late associates in this most catholic [do not capitalize catholic] of institutions.

Bishop Cox was the first to conduct religious services in the new sanitarium building, at the household-worship in the new parlors the day before the dedication on the 10th. He shared the congratulatory exercises on Friday, though not in an altogether satisfactory state of health, and then he lingered, with his wife, for a week and more afterward. ~~Whiston is~~ often called by ~~the~~ its friends.

The contrast between Bishop Cox's last days and those of his eminent father, the Rev. Samuel Hanson Cox, [Printer! please note that the father spelled the family name without the final e which the son added] was vividly recalled by the fact of the former's death by the side of his wife. The death of the venerable Presbyterian pastor's life-long companion

occurred years before ⁵ his own, and broke his heart,
leaving him, I think, fully ten years of lonely old
age. He was never, ^{again} mentally the man that
he had been. But his son has lived, cheered
by his wife's presence, to do much of the best work
of his life, down to its uttermost verge. It is
a very pleasant remembrance at the Sanitarium
to recall the beautiful old-time cour-
tesy with which, if his wife came to the
dining-table after he had been seated,
he used to rise, and, bowing low, remain
standing until she had taken her place.

The manner of his death was one too
 befitting a good man not who mentioned.
 He had become engaged at the dinner-
 table ^{of the sanitarium} in a conversation with the Rev.
 Dr. Corey of Washington, D.C., on the
 subject of the Resurrection, & so busy was
 he over it that he forgot to eat until re-
 minded by the scattering ^{of the} guests. Then,
 eating rapidly — too rapidly, it seems — he
 went ~~to~~ his rooms to prepare for a
 train; was taken with a spasm of indi-
 gestion which might have been relieved but
 for an old ailment of his heart with which
 it became involved, and he fell dead almost
 instantly. It is a saying at Clifton-Spring
 that the place is a ~~half~~ halting-place on
 way to Heaven. It has passed time indeed
 this beautiful ending of a noble life.